

Up in the Air

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“You cannot be serious, girl. Are you actually serious right now?” I was clutching the ticket in my freshly-manicured fingers, staring at the flight attendant with a blank expression while I waited for the punchline of her joke. My expensive, designer luggage was tilted up onto its wheels as I waited for her to step aside. She was being so damn rude, blocking the aisle and acting like I had no good reason to be heading in that direction. I glanced around the cabin at everyone in their seats, expecting that this was some kind of prank being pulled on me. “Where’s the hidden cameras?”

The young woman was beautiful and statuesque, with large, green eyes that were spread across her heart-shaped face. She appeared professional in her neatly-pressed uniform; her make-up expertly applied, while her hair was wrapped-up neatly in a bun. She came across as Eastern European, and in her high-heeled pumps, she stood at least half a foot taller than me, yet her demeanour seemed nothing but kind and approachable. Rather than being emotive at my response, she simply smiled back through her crimson lipstick, almost patiently; her long fingers pressed together at her breast in a prayer-like position. “Did they not make you aware of this during check-in, Ma’am?”

“No,” I said, while beginning to lose my own patience. I adjusted my standing position, swallowing uncomfortably while feeling somewhat flustered as the collective eyes of the cabin began to descend upon me. I licked my lips, and tried to straighten my back. I looked around for reassurance from the other passengers; obviously everyone knew I was suffering a grave injustice. “They certainly did not.”

“Well, I apologise for the inconvenience, Ma’am, but I’m afraid that business class is overbooked.” She continued to block the aisle, before gesturing over my shoulder to the cabin I was currently standing at the entrance of. “Would you like me to show you to your alternative seat?” she asked, warmth exuding from her.

“That’s not my problem and no, I don’t want an alternative seat.” I took a step to the left and made a move towards the seat number that was clearly listed on my ticket. There it was written, clear as day: Ms. Cynthia Brown, with a seat in bloody business class! I pointed at it with determination, and the flight attendant crouched to have another look, before smiling at me once more.

“As I said, Ma’am, that seat is already taken. I apologise for the—”

“I don’t care if someone is sat in it,” I said, while peering towards my usual seat. I narrowed my eyes upon noticing the back of some woman’s head who was already there. “I already know where my actual seat is, thank you.” I’d booked the seat months ago, and even paid extra online so that I could pick the specific one I preferred: a singular business seat, next to the window with extra legroom and full complimentary board. I nodded towards the occupied seat with impatience. “You’ll have to move whoever is already sat in it, because I certainly will not be sitting elsewhere. I’ve been flying with your company for years, and I certainly expect better service than this.”

Before I could make my way down the aisle, while dragging my luggage behind me, the flight attendant, Marketa, as her nametag so elegantly communicated, stood firm and continued to block the way. Despite being younger, and slimmer, she was most certainly taller, and with her spread, wire-like arms, she left no room to veer around. I was taken aback by how stubborn she was being. I mean, didn’t she get the memo? I was an ever-present in business class, and that most definitely wasn’t going to be changing today. I scowled at her in frustration, however, she placed a hand on the headrests either side of her as if to cement herself as an obstacle to my comfort. “I’m afraid that will not be possible, Ma’am. That seat has already been allocated.”

“To me,” I said, aghast that she wasn’t getting it. I turned anxiously for a second and noted the growing impatience of the cabin. “It was allocated to me.” When she remained unmoved, I let out a deep sigh of frustration, really feeling like I didn’t have the time to be wasting on this sort of thing. There were a couple of people already groaning in their seats, close by, and I bit my lip and shook my head in disbelief; they all awkwardly looked away in response, clearly knowing that I was in the right. There was a long flight ahead, and I just wanted to get comfortable and asleep as fast as possible. Usually after a few glasses of complimentary wine, I’d stretch out and swiftly drift off. It was a routine that I was accustomed to by this stage, and as I was heading to another important meeting, I needed as much sleep as possible. Sydney had been particularly hectic whenever I’d previously visited, and that wasn’t even considering the jetlag that was going to wreak havoc on my energy. I mean, my company had covered the cost of the ticket, as they always did, but I’d paid extra to choose the seat. Besides, that wasn’t the point, was it? I almost grit my teeth in a silent seethe, trying as much as I could to stem my anger. I looked her up and down, before putting on my most trusted, vapid smile. “Is there someone else I could speak to about this?” I

glanced around in search of an employee with more seniority. This Marketa was beautiful and all, but she far too young to be the one in charge. “Someone who has the correct authority to move her.”

“I am the lead flight attendant,” Marketa announced, almost proudly. “I have made the airline’s position clear. I apologise for the inconvenience, but the possibility of this occurrence was outlined in the terms and conditions when you booked your ticket. I assure you, Ma’am, you will be taken care of on this flight, but could you first move to your seat please, and then we can get you all settled in.”

I let out a deep huff, before waving my hand around. “Then could I speak to the captain?”

This time, Marketa cocked her head, before biting her lip. Her eyelashes fluttered as if she was becoming annoyed at my insistence. Still, her expression was muted, almost to the point of there being nothing going on inside her head. “As I’ve already informed you, I’m afraid that’s not possible, Ma’am. The captain does not get involved with seating arrangements.” A smarmy smile suddenly appeared. “His responsibility is flying the plane.”

With that, I let out a tut. “Don’t get sarcastic with me,” I said. “There’s no need for that.”

Marketa smiled again, this time showing me a full set of white teeth. “Ma’am, as I just said, the business class section is overbooked. Your seat is no longer available.” She lifted one hand from a headrest, and outstretched it towards the economy cabin behind me. “If you would allow me to show you to your row, you will be seated in no time.”

I blinked, and it took me a moment to process what was actually happening. She was essentially expecting me to sit in economy? I snorted in disbelief. “I’m not going in there,” I said while holding my ticket out again. “I paid for my seat months ago. I travel with you multiple times a month, and I sit in business every time. I sit in the same damn seat, every time! Is this how you treat your loyal customers?” I rolled my eyes, and looked around the economy cabin, almost grimacing at all of the unruly children and sweaty, overweight individuals I’d already easily spied. “You’ll have to figure something out”—I pointed between myself and the economy cabin a couple of times—“because this right here, darling, this atrocity you’re suggesting is simply never

going to happen.” I almost shivered in disgust at the thought of flying coach. God, could there be a worse insult in life?

Marketa was about to say something, before taking a breath and composing herself. She bobbed her head, the little airline hat almost toppling off, before she smiled and said, “Ma’am, would you please just follow me to your seat.” She was wearing a smart uniform with a long, pencil skirt and nylon hosiery that crept up from her pumps. Everything was so prim and proper, ironed and clean, yet, her attitude belonged in the gutter! Why the hell wasn’t she assisting me and just doing what I wanted? She smiled at me again in an almost patronising manner while directing with a hand back towards economy. “Ma’am, as lead flight attendant, I assure you that you’ll receive a full refund, as well as a complimentary voucher for a discount on future travel.” She then gestured towards an empty row of four seats near the front of the economy cabin. “I’ve also ensured that you have an entire row to yourself so that your comfort will be increased, and you will receive the premium meal and complimentary drinks service as would be expected of a business class customer.”

I brushed off all of the benefits she had listed, and instead focused on the meat of my gripe. “How is my comfort increased if I have to sit down”—I pointed aggressively down the aisle with a grimace and raised my voice—“*there?* My days of cattle class are most certainly over.” I leant up onto my tip-toes and tried to peer over her shoulder. “You can move whoever is in my seat to that row if you think it’s so comfortable.” I then looked Marketa up and down; my eyes lingering on her high heels at the base of her gangly legs. “Look at your long legs. How would you like it? If you’ve paid for extra room and get shunted into a box like some battery chicken!”

“Ma’am, I can assure you, I will be on my feet for the entire flight.” She kept her composure, her expression absolutely muted and void of all emotion. “An alternative arrangement is that you may leave the flight, Ma’am. We’ll be happy to seat you in business class on the next available flight. I can have security here to escort you off the plane within a few minutes.”

I blinked. “Umm, when is the next flight?” I bit my lip, and reasoned if I had to wait half hour or so, at least it would be worth it to avoid economy for the next ten hours.

“I believe there is an alternative flight tomorrow morning, Ma’am.”

I was silent for a moment, my mouth hanging open while I waited for her to laugh and reveal this was all a joke. “Are you serious?” I finally asked aghast. “I need to get to my meeting. I can’t hang around the airport until tomorrow.”

“Neither can anyone else,” I heard a guy’s voice shout from the economy crowd. “God damnit, lady, you’re making us all late.”

“Would you mind your own business?” I shouted back, not even entirely sure where the guy was sitting. “The adults are having a discussion and we don’t need any interruptions.” I then scowled back towards Marketa; eyeballing her and almost willing her rigid posture to relent. She may have been taller, but I was far above in her the pecking order, that was for damn sure. I had years of experience in my career, and plenty flying business class in the process. It was part of my way of life by this point, and I wasn’t about to change that for some uppity flight attendant on a power trip. “I want you to move whoever is in my seat. I paid for it first, and I will not be downgraded into economy class with this lot back here.” I gestured my thumb over my shoulder, before putting my luggage in front of me. As a final display of my fury, I slammed down the adjustable handle. “Now, do your job and assist me! You’re a bloody flight attendant, for God’s sake, so attend to my needs, or else I’ll have your job!”

“Would you just sit down already?” I heard a young, female voice shout towards me from the row behind the one I’d been offered. “That deal is more than fair and you’re making the rest of us late! She gave you a whole row to yourself, so just sit your ass down, you selfish cow.”

I turned and gritted my teeth. “Mind your own damn business,” I seethed, as I almost snarled while looking around the economy cabin. “None of you have a damn clue what you’re getting involved in.” My eyes danced between all of their sweaty faces. “As if any of you have ever been in business before. Trust me, none of you would want to sit back here either if you knew any different.”

“God, get a load of her,” said a teenage boy. “If only we knew we were flying with the Queen of England today.”

“Is she serious?” asked a similarly aged girl next to him. “Like, is this actually happening right now?”

One guy, crammed in next to a window, even quipped, “She can trade with me? I’ll take the row to myself if she doesn’t want it.”

“I’ll take her complimentary drinks!” the same girl immediately behind the empty row I’d been offered joked. She popped her head out into the aisle with her brown hair framing her long face; dark eyeliner ringing her eyes. When we made eye contact, she poked out her tongue; a dazzling jewel at its centre. I rolled my eyes in disgust at such a trashy trinket. I looked her up and down, causing me to grimace upon seeing her jean shorts and cheap flip-flops, looking like they were about to fall apart beneath her grubby feet.

This, I thought to myself, this right here is exactly what I don’t want to sit amongst.

A blonde girl next to her began laughing loudly. “Yeah, and I’ll take the meal!”

“Would you all just shut up and mind your business,” I yelled, my hands balled into fists at my side. I almost felt like I had steam bursting from my ears, completely infuriated that they all thought they had the right to butt in. I mean, who the hell were these trashy girls, thinking they could talk to me like that?

“You’re making a drama where there doesn’t need to be,” a middle-aged woman said. “Just sit down and mind your tongue.”

“I will not,” I raged. I turned back towards Marketa. “Listen to them. Look what you’ve riled up against me. I will not sit amongst this rabble when I’ve paid for a seat in business class.”

“Did she just call us rabble?” All the amusement disappeared from the girl with the tongue piercing’s face. “Who the hell does she think she is?”

“She thinks she’s the queen or somethink,” an older guy said. “In my day you couldn’t even travel on planes, so she should be a bit more grateful.”

“Oh, stick your nose somewhere else, grandpa,” I fumed. I pointed down the aisle. “Take me to business, right now, or I am going to speak to your manager and have you fired.”

The blonde-haired girl behind the row of seats I’d been offered had taken out her phone by this point and was recording me. “Look,” she said in a raised voice, her

distinctively Australian accent becoming evident. “We’re known for our nature in the outback, and get a load of this, it’s a Karen in the wild.”

The whole cabin suddenly erupted into laughter, and for the first time, I felt precariously vulnerable and exposed. Why the hell had this stupid girl, Marketa, put me in this situation? “I’m not a Karen,” I said, while glancing around the many rows of seats, each of which had countless pairs of eyes gawping at me.

The brown-haired girl next to the one recording, suddenly sat up so she was looking over the seat. “Would you just sit down and shut up already?” she said with a raised hand. “You’re like, grating us all, you know that, right? Do you think you’re too good for coach or something?”

That question hung in the air while my lips trembled; on the verge of being honest and spluttering the truth. Hell yes, I was too good for economy. However, as I glanced around everyone staring at me, I realised the hostility was growing. It was like some mob that had all united against me; the exact sort of people I tried to avoid on a daily basis. I knew what these sorts were like, often resorting to violence, and I suddenly felt like I was helpless. “Ugh, no,” I said, while feeling my face redden up as I blushed. “Of course not.” I awkwardly cleared my throat, while trying to grab my luggage, only clumsily knocking it over in the process.

Marketa stepped passed me to grab my luggage. “Ma’am,” she said in a soft tone, while placing a hand on my shoulder. “I think at this point it may be better if we put you on another flight.”

“Don’t touch me.” I wriggled free, and wrestled my luggage from her, before struggling to lift and slot it into the overhead compartment.

She watched my attempts, almost bemused, before commenting, “Do you need some assistance with that, Ma’am?”

“No,” I said. “I can do it my-bloody-self.”

I heard a groan from the same girls behind my row. “God, just let her do it for you,” one of them said.

“She’s taking forever,” added the other. “Ruins the flight for everyone else and only thinks about herself. What a total bitch.”

I turned, aghast, at being called such a thing, my cheeks instantly taking on a blushed tinge. It was just so uncalled for and something I wasn't at all expecting; a slut way below the belt. I frequently travelled and never encountered such hostility and insults. The flight attendant should have been going out of her way to mediate my grievances, but instead, she'd roused up the horde and I was getting it from all sides. I stared at Marketa in desperation, waiting for her to do something...anything to rectify the situation, but she merely looked straight back at me as if I was the one causing the inconvenience. Why? None of this was *my* fault, for God's sake!

The longer I waited for her to act, my hands holding the luggage aloft, the more frustrated I grew. Finally, I shook my head, completely at a loss with the situation. "This is the last time I will ever travel with your airline," I said, this time in a rather angry tone, while trying to push my luggage into the narrow space on offer. I had to rise up onto my tip-toes and with a final shove, I accidentally tore the handle off in the process, "God," I said. "Look what you've made me do now."

Marketa stared back at me without any indication of sympathy. "Ma'am," she said, while dipping her head and squinting her eyes. "I offered to assist you with that."

I swallowed nervously, before looking around and noticing that most people were trying not to laugh. "I just—"

However, I was startled as the blonde girl recording me burst out laughing. "I caught the whole thing. Instant karma, right there. This is going on Tik Tok."

I turned and scowled at her, however, when she simply leered back at me, almost smug in the way she was taunting me, I realised that any further reaction was going to make that recording even worse. "Stop recording me." I covered my face with a hand, and sheepishly worked my way to the empty second row, shifting along to sit next to the window, before hunkering down out of view. I still wasn't happy that I had to sit in economy, but I just wanted to be out of the spotlight since everyone was acting as if I were a new exotic animal in a zoo or something. A round of applause spread throughout the cabin, and I felt my cheeks turning purple as I shrivelled in my seat.

I could hear the blonde behind frantically tapping her thumbs against her phone screen. "I'm uploading it right now," she said to her friend, and the pair of them began cackling like witches around a cauldron.

“Wait, she might do something else though.”

I turned to scowl at them, but when they both looked back with smirks, I simply rolled my eyes at their childishness, and was about to stretch my legs out across the row, when Marketa crouched down in the aisle, and said softly, “Now, please would you fasten your seat belt, Ma’am.”

“For God’s sake,” I screeched, before sitting upright and snapping the seat belt across me. “This is the worst flight ever.”

“Not yet, it isn’t, Karen,” the young brunette said in the seat behind me. She gave my seat a firm shove, and I jolted forward in the process, almost hitting my head on the table-tray in front. I noted a man looking at me from between the gap in the seats; though when we made eye contact, he rolled his eyes and looked away, once again, as if I was the one completely out of line. I mean, didn’t these people understand the unjustified treatment I’d fallen victim to? Turning up and expecting a nice smooth flight in business class, only to be relegated to economy? I had ten hours of hell ahead of me, and no one was showing me an ounce of sympathy. If anything, they were making the ordeal even worse!

When my seat was shoved another three times, something dawned on me; it was at that moment, that I realised for the first time, just what an awkward position I’d put myself in. The flight was going to last over ten hours, and I was going to be sat amongst this lot for the whole journey? The very same people that had been shouting insults at me and laughing along at my bad luck? I wiped my forehead with my sleeve as I began to perspire. This was a total misunderstanding, and I wasn’t a bad person or anything. I turned in my seat, and looking through the gap, I awkwardly smiled. “I’m not a Karen,” I whispered back; not sure whether I was trying to convince myself or her, but feeling like I couldn’t let her finish with the final word. “Please don’t call me that. I was just really stressed out.”

The two girls looked at each other, before bursting out laughing and sitting back. Some others in the cabin laughed along with them. I craned my neck and darted my eyes around, and suddenly felt completely outnumbered, like I was the butt of everyone else’s jokes and a laughing stock amongst the cabin. As if to accentuate my increasingly dire situation, my seat shunted forwards again. Their laughter returned from behind me, ringing in my ears, and my eyes widened. My cheeks felt like my skin

was going to boil straight off my face, and I swallowed nervously as I contemplated having to endure a whole flight of this immature behaviour. My hands fidgeted in my lap, with fingers growing sweaty, and I hoped now I was seated, that everyone would eventually leave me alone. However, my seat jerked forwards again, and I knew this was going to be a longer flight than I realised.

Thankfully, Marketa moved in the aisle nearby, and began the safety demonstration, which seemed to calm and distract everyone. The girls behind grew quiet, and after a few minutes, the aircraft was making its way to the runway.

I breathed a sigh of relief, and figured that once we were in the air, all would settle down and I could just get on with getting some sleep. They'd had their fun and made my life miserable enough already, and I reasoned that I'd just keep to myself for the duration of the flight.

The next half hour seemed bliss, even though I was trapped in a shitty seat with barely any leg room. Yes, there were empty seats next to me, but while the 'fasten your seatbelt' light was on, I was stuck upright with no room to spread out. Still, it was quiet, and I was left alone. Although there were a few whispers from behind that I could barely hear, the girls didn't push my seat again. However, my ears perked up as I heard some mutterings about 'that bitch in front' but I brushed it off, figuring I'd misheard them and I was being paranoid. Surely, they weren't still holding a grudge or anything? We were in the air, after all, and they couldn't be so petty that they would keep on about a small confrontation that had caused a minor delay. No one was that petty, right?

But then, just as the seatbelt light switched off, and I was about to turn and spread out, I felt my seat jolt forward as the girl behind evidently pushed the touchscreen monitor with way too much force. I turned and looked between the gap, scowling to communicate my annoyance, however, they were too busy talking to even notice me. I thought about saying something, but in the back of my mind, I had the concern that I would just be mocked for complaining again.

"What you doing?" the brunette said.

"Trying to get this stupid thing to work but it's all frozen," her blonde friend replied. She bore a lip piercing, rather than the tongue jewel like her friend had.

However, she had a similarly trashy tattoo on her bared shoulder; the sweater she was wearing so loose that it hung off her like it was ten times too big.

“You gotta really push it.” The brunette then bashed her finger against the screen multiple times, and I felt like I was riding a wave as I bounced back and forth.

“Kim,” the blonde said. “Quit it. You’re just making it worse.”

“God, I’m only try to help.”

I was about to let it go, figuring I just didn’t want a confrontation, but when it happened another ten or so times, I turned in my seat. “Could you please not push the screen so hard?” I asked in as reasonable a manner as I could muster. I was infuriated that I had to sit here in the first place, and it was for this exact reason that I always avoided doing so. I had a regular routine I stuck to on my travels, first enjoying a meal with a glass of wine, before I settled back in the comfort that business class afforded me. I’d usually sleep straight through the rest of the flight, and awakened fresh and ready for my meeting. It was painfully obvious that this wouldn’t be happening in economy, especially with the inconsiderate pair sat behind me. Had they no clue how flight decorum worked? If there was something wrong with your stupid screen, you didn’t keep bashing it and annoying the person in the row ahead.

“Get a load of her,” the blonde girl said to the other. “She loves a moan, don’t she?”

“Pay her no attention,” the Kim girl said. “We paid for these seats. Our money is as good as that snooty bitch’s.”

I had been on the brink of turning and retorting with something else, but that final insult she’d bestowed upon me gobbled the words in my mouth. I suddenly felt a hot flush come over me, because this wasn’t like arguing with the flight attendant earlier. This wasn’t on par with the polite disagreements that I sometimes entered into with my peers; where even though our opinions differed, a mutual respect existed. These two girls weren’t working right now, as Marketa was, and had no reason at all to be amicable. Clearly, they were from the rabble stock that I always tried to avoid at all costs, and now I was trapped in the seat right next to them. I couldn’t bear arguing for the next ten hours, so instead, I shook my head at their rudeness, then unfastened my seatbelt and spread out across the seats. I stuffed one of the pillows beneath my head

and tried to just drift off to sleep. By this point, I didn't even care about any meal or drinks. I just wanted to snooze right through the flight and get through this hell as quickly as possible.

However, I could barely get a wink, and I rolled from side to side, trying to find a comfortable position. Even when I did so, whenever I felt myself about to fade away, I would be abruptly jolted awake with another prod on the seat. I rolled over numerous times, trying to get comfortable while laying across the seats, but with the gaps, and all of the seat belts, it was truly impossible. Even though I'd lifted the armrests out of the way there was no comparison to the luxurious reclining seat in business class that I was used to. That one even came with an extending leg rest, but that simply wasn't possible in the cramp space of economy. There was literally no chance in hell to relax, especially with the two inconsiderate girls behind; I was never going to be able to sleep. The entire row to myself seemed like a waste, and I was rueing having not just left the flight and re-arranged my meeting for the day after.

Therefore, with a groan, I sat back up, and instead, ripped open the complimentary ear phones and tried watching a movie, being sure to touch the screen as lightly as possible so I wouldn't disturb the man in front. At least some of us could be reasonable and considerate. There was quiet for about twenty minutes and I was left to enjoy my movie in peace, even managing to get into the plot and put my uncomfortable situation out of mind. Thankfully, I assumed the pair of them behind were busy watching their own movies, as they were no longer bashing the back of my seat. I actually started to enjoy the movie, when suddenly, the armrest to my right crashed down and startled me, almost lifting me an inch from my seat, such was my surprise. It had been such a jarring interruption, that I'd contorted my hands to my chest, kind of in a defensive motion.

"So childish," I muttered to myself, figuring that once again they were just trying to annoy me. However, I wasn't about to let a pair of immature teens get my back up, so I settled into the seat and continued enjoying the movie.

It must have been less than a minute before my nose began to twitch, as a peculiar, intrusive smell tickled me. It wasn't awful, but it wasn't pleasant either, and most of all, it was disruptive and kept lingering in the air. Each time I felt like I was getting used to it, I'd take another breath and find the odour had rejuvenated. I thought

that perhaps they were already dishing out the meals, but it seemed way too early. My nostrils flared as I leant forward, looking between the seats to see if the guy in front was eating some kind of stinky food, but he had nothing; simply being sat with his arms crossed and eyes closed, chin buried in his chest.

I was about to shrug it off, when I glanced to my right, and then...I froze.

I had to blink a number of times to truly appreciate just what the hell I was looking at, even taking a moment to wipe my eyes with astonishment. There, reaching through the gap in the seats, and now resting atop the armrest, was a foot. Not just any foot, but from the chipped blue polish, and the stringy anklet tied around the leg, it was clearly the foot of the provocative girl called Kim seated behind me. While noting her flip-flops earlier, I'd caught a glimpse of the cheap string tied around her ankle and that awful polish that had grown out on her nails. It was the sort of things those girls wear who think they're carefree and hippy, and it was obscenely annoying to me. I mean, I got manicures and pedicures, but I'd never allow them to look like *that*. On top of that, was the strong smell, which was almost offensive as it polluted my seating area. I pinched my nose with my fingers, before glancing over my shoulder, truly offended that she thought it was passable to do such a thing.

I almost felt like there was steam whistling out of my ears as I eyed her sat there, such was my annoyance at the sheer audacity of her. I mean, who the hell did she think she was? This was *my* personal space. Everyone knew that, since they'd all been listening in on my kerfuffle with the flight attendant. They'd moved me from business class, and had given me a whole row to myself as compensation. They hadn't given this Kim a row to put her feet all over.

I muted the audio on the movie, and was just about to say something through the gap again, having to awkwardly strain my neck over her foot, when I heard the blonde speak from behind in a hushed voice. "What are you doing?"

For a moment, I thought she was talking to me, before Kim's foot stretched forward even further. "Getting more comfortable."

"You know she's sat there, right?"

There was a muffled giggle, before Kim said, "Duh, like I care about her. No one is sat in that seat, so I'm taking full advantage."

The blonde sniggered back. “You’re so bad. Stop trying to provoke her, will you? I don’t want to hear her annoying voice again. She’s like the most annoying woman on the planet.”

“Yeah, but maybe we’ll get another good video out of it.”

My spine went rigid, and I felt mortally offended, even to the point where I reached up and clutched at my throat. I couldn’t help my voice, could I? It wasn’t like I purposefully tried to sound the way it did. It was not as if I was able to massage the high-pitch out of my voice or anything, was it? My lips parted, and I was about to say something, but then, a very real fear overcame me: was this just a provocation so they could catch me on video complaining again? I wasn’t about to fall into their trap.

I turned back straight in my seat and suddenly felt like I didn’t have a voice anymore. Did they really think I was being that annoying? I was just standing my ground earlier. *I was* the one in the right, after all, wasn’t I? It was unfair that I’d been moved from business class and the airline was completely out of line for overbooking my seat. But now I was being made to feel like the mere sound of my own voice was an irritant to others. Her foot was in *my* space, but *I* was considered the annoyance? It was like I wasn’t free to voice my objections, because they would mock me and record everything again.

“Anyway, I want to see if she’s going to say something.” Kim wiggled her toes, almost provocatively, and I couldn’t help but peek over towards them as she confirmed my fears. It just seemed so damn unfair that she was taking liberties with my area. Marketa had even said that these were my seats. I had the entire row to myself so I could lay down and stretch out, but now, I couldn’t even do that, even if it was uncomfortable, because Kim’s damn foot was in the way.

I shook my head and bit my lip. Despite not wanting to seem like a serial complainer, something had to be said, and it was about damn time I put her straight once and for all. I turned in my seat. “I—”

“Oh, brace yourself,” Kim said, smiling at me in a smarmy way through the gap. She crossed her arms and leant her cheek on her shoulder. “Here she comes. She’s one of those women that just loves a moan.” She turned to her friend and chuckled. “I bet she cries to the flight attendant again.”

With that, I just felt so tiny and small...and... as if my feelings were irrelevant. My lips quivered, as suddenly, I lost all coherence with what I was about to say. I'd been on the verge of telling her to move her damn foot, but, I was now compelled to not be *that woman* they were talking about. I wasn't a cry-baby, was I? Is that how everyone else in the cabin perceived me, just because I stood up for myself and wanted to sit in the seat I'd bloody booked? I didn't want to be known as someone who grumbled about everything, even if I had been justified at the beginning of the flight. Clearly, they were just trying to torment me so that I'd cause another scene and look even worse in everyone's eyes. I rolled my eyes down to her foot; its presence wasn't about being comfortable at all. She'd put it there to bait me, that much was evident. Now I was seated, I just wanted a quiet, undisturbed journey. Therefore, despite wanting to tell her to move her stupid foot, I bit my lip and kept quiet, intent on taking the moral high ground and rising above their immature behaviour. I wasn't going to stoop to her level and give her another reaction that they'd probably record all over again. She obviously just wanted to make me look a fool, and I wasn't about give her what she wanted over a damn foot.

Instead, I smiled back at her, almost sarcastically, and rolled my eyes at her immaturity, before turning back forwards and resuming my movie. This was typical of flying in economy; everyone was just so provocative and childish.

Things went quiet for a while, and I settled into enjoying the movie again. When Marketa passed by with a trolley, I ordered a wine, and finally, things felt like they were going in my direction. Sat with my legs parted, in a row all to myself, glass of wine in hand, I realised that things could have been a lot worse. Just like the guy who had joked about trading seats; at least I wasn't cramped up against the window with three people between me and the aisle.

As Marketa passed me the wine, however, she glanced down at Kim's foot, blatantly intruding into my space. She blinked in surprise, before darting her eyes up to me. "Is everything satisfactory here, Ma'am?"

I too looked at Kim's foot, before rolling my eyes and flicking my hand at it; demonstrating just how over the whole thing I was. "She thinks she's being funny."

Marketa cocked her head. "Do you want me to ask her to move her foot?" she whispered, while leaning over the seat. "This is not normal behaviour."

“I wouldn’t give her the satisfaction,” I said with a shake of my head. Obviously, I wanted her damn foot away from me, but I wasn’t going to be the cry-baby she’d proclaimed me to be. I wasn’t about to have Marketa do my dirty work, just so they could cackle behind me and laugh about how I’d moaned and whined for help. If anything, giving them such a reaction would only encourage them to do it more. If I held firm, and didn’t respond in the way they expected, eventually, they’d probably get bored and stop annoying me. It was only a matter of time.

Marketa seemed bemused, and gave Kim’s foot a final, confused look. “Well, if you insist it is not bothering you.” She stood up and returned to the trolley. “Let me know if you need anything else, Ma’am.”

I raised my glass and gave her a toast, before having a sip of wine and trying to stretch out. My knees were right up against the seat in front, and I looked to the side, realising that even with the gaps and seatbelts, sitting across the seats was way more comfortable. Kim’s foot was right there, however, blocking the way, making those three other seats a complete waste and inaccessible to me. Despite the bile rising in my throat, I grit my teeth, took another sip, and waited for her to stop being childish and get bored. The gap between the seats was tight, and it could hardly have been comfortable for her to jam her leg through like that. She was being nothing but stubborn, and my patient response was going to win through once pain began pulsating through her leg.

A number of times, I even turned slightly, ready to say something, but each time, I was silenced by the thought of losing and giving them what they obviously wanted. I didn’t want her to get the satisfaction of knowing she had annoyed me, feeling like it would only encourage her to do it more. I turned and looked at her, with one leg poked through a narrow gap in the seats and her sole resting on a hard armrest? It was moronic and was hardly the life of luxury. I inwardly laughed at her petulant behaviour, and tried to put her stupid foot out of mind and focus on the movie.

Apparently, the girls behind must have been doing the same, as other than ordering drinks, the two of them were fairly quiet. However, throughout, Kim’s foot remained perched on the armrest to my right. Occasionally, I’d get distracted from the movie when she’d move it slightly, or if she stretched or wiggled her toes. Instinctively, I’d look out of the corner of my eye, as if one would do whenever they thought they’d

spotted a spider creeping along. Even though, I knew what it was, it was as if my sub-conscious would react anyway. On top of that, I'd find my nose twitching whenever I'd catch a whiff of her foot. It was almost cyclical in its effect, the way my nose would adapt, and then someone would walk down the aisle and the breeze would waft a whole, fresh lungful my way. Whenever she adjusted her position, and stretched and spread her toes, I'd catch another whiff, before wrinkling my nose and leaning away towards the window.

Over time, these subtle movements of her foot, and the intrusive smell, became increasingly annoying, and the more she irritated me, the less I could concentrate on the movie. I found that whenever she distracted me, and my eyes would dart over, I'd let out a frustrated sigh. I simmered in my growing frustration, eyeballing her foot and willing it to disappear back between the seats. I could have pretended to accidentally elbow it, but I figured that's exactly what she wanted to make me look like the bad guy. So, I kept quiet, silently cursing her for intentionally tormenting me with her foot. All sorts of responses floated around my head; ways in which I could do something that would make her foot move, but none seemed suitable enough for me to come out a dignified winner.

I kept quiet, until after another fifteen minutes, there was a bit of movement behind me, and my seat was pushed forwards slightly. It happened a few more times, and I awaited Kim's foot disappearing. However, when it remained in place, I muted the movie to listen in to what was going on.

"Kim," I heard the blonde say. "You still have your foot there? She's gonna flip her lid."

"I don't care," I heard Kim say. "It's way more comfortable sitting like this." There was quiet for a moment, and then, I noted confusion in her voice, "She hasn't said anything anyway, so maybe it's not bothering her?"

It was most definitely bothering me. Despite trying to keep my attention fully focused on the movie, I couldn't help but focus on her foot in the corner of my eye. Whenever she'd adjust her position, or her toes would flex or move, I'd catch it as a distracting movement and my attention would be disturbed. On top of that, the smell, though light, kept working its way into my nose, and I found myself uncomfortably squirming in my seat. Apparently, her foot was way more annoying than she realised,

and I wasn't about to confirm to her that she was actually being successful in irritating me; I reasoned that would only serve as encouragement.

Still, despite her ignorance, it was such an awkward intrusion to my personal space that I didn't know what to say, and the two seemed so childish that it wasn't as if they'd listen anyway. I'd had plenty of run-ins with trashy teens in the past, and there was simply no reasoning with them. If anything, a reaction on my part would likely just serve as a catalyst to more of the same treatment. This was why I hated sitting in economy in the first place; the class of people was just so low and tacky. Therefore, I just remained quiet and pretended like I didn't even notice her foot was there anymore. I was so far above them in social class, that I wanted her to feel completely insignificant.

"Maybe she hasn't noticed," the blonde said.

"Of course, she has, she was going to say something earlier," Kim said. "Anyway, I'm comfortable so it's not my problem."

"Can she hear us?"

"I don't know. She has her earphones in."

"Don't you think it's weird?"

"What do you mean?"

"That she's...not saying anything. Like, why not?" There were giggles from behind. "I mean, it must be bothering her."

"I don't know. Maybe my foot is Karen Kryptonite." Kim wiggled her toes, causing me to look and grimace, before leaning away and against the window. More sniggers followed, and I secretly blushed while being the butt of their jokes.

This continued for the next half hour, and after another glass of wine, I found that my bladder was becoming full. Obviously, this wouldn't have been a problem if I actually had the row to myself, but Kim's foot was blocking my exit. I thought about trying to step around it, but with the armrest down, there was no way of climbing over without bashing Kim's foot.

I stewed and squirmed, a burning sensation growing in my bladder as I struggled to stem the tide from spilling over. As my forehead began to sweat, I looked over at

Kim's foot with both frustration and fury. *Just move it*, I thought to myself, *you've proved your bloody point, now get back in your seat*. However, her foot remained resolutely in place, as if tormenting me as I was trapped there in my dire need to pee.

Eventually, feeling as if I was about to urinate all over the seat, I had no choice other than to say something, even though I was concerned of the consequences. Surely, there was going to be some kind of snide comment or mockery, but by this point, the need of my bladder was conquering all.

I turned in the seat, and peeked through the gap. "Hello?" I asked. Both girls were snuggly beneath the airline blankets, while they were watching whatever on the televisions. Only Kim's one leg was visible, poking over from beneath and obscenely stretched through the gap and into my row. It was only when I waved my hand, that both of them looked up at me.

"What?" Kim said, while removing her earphones. "What is it?"

"Excuse me," I said while clearing my throat. "Could you...could you please move your foot so I can pass? I need to use the lavatory."

She almost had a look of disgust on her face, before she leant to the side and peered through the gap in the seats. Then, she bent her knee slightly, so that her foot was pressed flat against the armrest, before moving it back a few inches. I looked at it, then at her, and did so a few more times while I waited for her to move it completely. However, Kim had already re-inserted her earphones and was back to watching her movie.

I groaned in frustration, and had to awkwardly clamber over the end of the armrest as it intrudingly poked into my pussy. Throughout, I struggled to avoid touching her foot, convinced that doing so would only give her an excuse to chide me further. Probably to throw out some dramatics and make me out to be the villain. While almost tumbling upon clearing the armrest, I steadied myself, then meandered my way down the aisle until I could use the restroom.

It was so cramped in comparison to the one in business class, and there was barely any room to even sit and stretch out. My knees were practically up against the wall, the same way they had been so in the seat back in my row. Anyway, it was a relief to pee, first of all because I was in desperate need to, but also, to enjoy some time away

from Kim's bloody foot! Even that claustrophobic restroom, which harboured a urine and chemical combination smell, was a better choice than having to breath in the odours that occasionally wafted over from Kim's invasive foot.

I strung out my break for as long as possible, until someone else knocked the door, then, I sighed, before leaving and returning to my seat. Again, I had to clamber over Kim's foot. Despite making eye contact with her as I returned, and scowling to communicate the inconvenience, she didn't make any moves to remove her earphones or retract her foot. As I looked away and moved into my seat, struggling to hurdle her foot, I even thought I caught sight of a little smirk on her lips.

Once back in my seat, I noticed Kim's foot immediately stretch right out until it was overhanging the end of the armrest. She wiggled her toes, as if to mock me with the amount of space she was taking up. She must have been laying right back in the seat and enjoying the extra room. I sighed, and rolled my eyes at her pettiness, before putting my earphones back in.

I was just about to un-pause the movie, when I heard Kim speak behind me. "Go on," she said. "Do it. Just like I said."

"Noooo," I heard the blonde reply. "She'll go ballistic. She's been quiet for ages and I don't want her throwing another temper tantrum." She let out a sigh. "Remember what she was like before take-off? Total drag."

"Chrissy, I'm telling you, she won't," Kim said. "She's barely said a word about me having my foot there the whole time. I mean, she asked me to move it so she could go to the loo, and then again to sit back down. I barely moved it, and she had to climb over it like a moron." I heard her snort to herself.

"Shhh," Chrissy said. "She'll hear you."

"She has her earphones in. She's not even listening. Look. Hey, lady?" There was a pause, before Kim added, "See. She doesn't have a clue."

"Yeah, but still."

"God, Chrissy, just do it already, you chicken. What you so afraid of? I've been doing it for like an hour and look"—her toes violently wiggled and I grimaced as a fresh wave of foot odour assaulted me—"I'm still doing it."

“Okay,” came a tentative response, and immediately I was on edge.

I remained sat still in my seat, head facing forwards. However, my back prickled with anticipation, and I kept looking out the corner of my eyes, on alert for whatever scheme the pair of them were cooking up. Obviously, there had been a discussion while I was in the restroom, and it seemed they weren’t done with tormenting me yet. Seconds passed by, and nothing happened, before I suddenly flinched, the skin going tight on my neck as I felt something push against my left elbow. Instinctively, I lifted my arm, and buried it into my chest.

“Oh my God,” I heard Chrissy say. “I accidentally touched her. She moved her arm.”

I heard Kim cackle in laughter, but she composed herself, and said, “Okay, so, let’s see what she does now.”

I swallowed nervously, then looked around, concerned by what else they were going to do. I wasn’t entirely sure what she’d even touched me with, but clearly, they were still intent on annoying me as much as possible.

“See,” Kim continued. “Nothing. Do it again, Chriss.”

“Noooo,” I heard Chrissy answer. “Once was enough.”

“Stretch out like I’m doing. I’m telling you, she won’t say anything.”

“Well, okay...”

Once again, my back prickled as I awaited whatever Chrissy was about to do. The saliva was flowing around my mouth as I remained in a heightened state of trepidation, and then, I shuddered as I noticed movement to the left of me. I turned slightly and peered down, just as a flash of something white and red moved onto the armrest. I blinked rapidly as I tried to comprehend what I was seeing. This time, it was obviously Chrissy’s pale foot that was invading my space; shrouded beneath a thin, translucent sock. Her heel rested on the armrest, and her diminutive, red-painted toes, so bright that they blared through the thin sock material, lightly pressed against the wall of the plane. Despite knowing it was weird, I cocked my head and took a better look. Even through the sock I could see her feet were way more well-cared for than Kim’s, with her polish fresh and her toes neatly filed. On the second, slender toe, there appeared

to be a ring with a pink butterfly at its centre. I was so curious in the decoration, that for a moment, I forgot that her foot was only there as a means to goad me.

Therefore, despite her feet being nowhere near as unkempt and unsightly as Kim's, I wrinkled my nose in disgust, continuing to keep my arm lifted in the air and away from them so that they wouldn't touch me again. As a result, despite being sat alone, I found I was forced into a cramped and contorted position. I glanced from side to side, and felt like I was completely boxed in, with two feet invading my space. My composure was completely rattled, and I didn't know what to do. Of course, every instinct was saying I should turn around and yell at them, but I'd allowed Kim to taunt me with her foot so much already that it felt like the moment had passed. If I said anything now, she'd probably just mock me and ask why I hadn't already said anything for the past hour or so. I'd let it build up so much now, that it had become something far weirder than the initial provocation for which it had clearly been intended.

So, instead, almost inconceivably: I said nothing. I didn't say a word. Not even a peep. I didn't turn or glare at either of them. I just sat there, awkwardly and uncomfortably, while both of their feet trapped me within that narrow, solitary seat. I kept my eyes locked to the movie ahead, pretending like I hadn't even noticed that Chrissy's foot was there in the first place. If I adopted a stance of being oblivious, well, then they wouldn't think it was weird that I wasn't saying anything, would they?

"Did you do it?" Kim asked.

"Yeah. I'm stretched out. Her arm is not there anymore." Chrissy's pretty toes wiggled in the same way Kim's did every time they spoke, as if they were celebrating the space to freely move. As they stretched and spread, I awaited the inevitable stink to come, however, none did. Apparently, even though they were closer in proximity, Chrissy's toes didn't wield the same pungent weapon that Kim's grotty feet did.

Kim giggled fully. "Wow, you stole her armrest."

Chrissy began giggling too. "Yes, I guess I kinda did."

"Comfortable?"

"Yeah, it's way better." I noted her foot kick back and forth, before leaning away from the wall and instead reaching out across, hovering above my leg a couple of inches. I pulled my arm in even further so that her toes wouldn't touch my elbow. "So

much better,” she said, and she must have settled back as her foot moved right down the armrest. “Why isn’t she saying anything though?”

The hairs stood up on my neck as she drew attention to my inaction.

“No idea, but I honestly don’t care. Maybe now she’s not picking on an innocent flight attendant, she’s showing her true colours. Maybe she turns to jelly when someone talks back to her.” I felt my seat shift as Kim must have leant against it. “Isn’t that right, bitch?”

A spark ran down my spine as I realised she was talking directly to me. Though, with my earphones in, I swallowed nervously while pretending like I hadn’t heard her.

The two of them cackled to each other. “Yeah, she probably can’t hear us,” Kim said. “I mean, if she heard that...”

“She’d start being a Karen again.”

The two of them guffawed, and I felt my seat jiggle with their laughter. Amidst their amusement, Chrissy’s foot lurched over and her toes touched against my contorted arm.

“Oh my God,” I heard her say.

“What?”

“My foot is touching her.”

“Right now?”

“Yeah,” Chrissy answered. “Wait.” I cringed as I felt her socked toes prod at my forearm a couple of times, and then, I involuntarily shivered as the soft, silky material tickled its way along my skin as she obscenely stroked me. “I’m touching her with it right now.”

“Like, right now?” My seat shifted from someone leaning against it. “She’s just sat there, watching a movie.”

My head may have been pointed straight forward, but I definitely wasn’t watching the movie. I couldn’t concentrate on anything, other than the humiliation of just sitting there while allowing Chrissy to rub her foot all over my arm. I knew it was odd that I wasn’t saying anything, I mean, how could I pretend I didn’t realise what

was happening when her foot was directly touching me? However, I was speechless and completely shook that she'd do something so inappropriate. They were so brazenly goading me and invading my space to extreme levels, that I was caught off-guard. I'd been brushing Kim's foot off the whole time to the point that I'd acted like it wasn't bothering me. I'd allowed the provocation to build up to the stage that now they were evidently comfortable annoying me further.

Suddenly, Kim's foot disappeared from the armrest a seat over, and I let out a relieved sigh. Finally, she'd realised that they were comfortably trotting all over acceptable boundaries, and as a result, I spread out over the armrest immediately to my right, so that I could lean away from Chrissy's foot.

However, before I could even get comfortable, I felt Kim's toes poking against my right elbow. I flinched, and looked down, lifting my arm on instinct, and immediately, the grubby toes of Kim's foot moved onto the armrest that was right next to me. I blinked, and then was surprised to see that her toes disappeared. However, a second later, the toes of her left foot pushed against me, as her right foot returned to the armrest a seat away that it had already been resting on. Immediately, the smell increased, and I squirmed uncomfortably as my nose tingled.

"Wow, this is so much better," I heard Kim say. "I can like spread right out with both feet now." I looked out the corner of my eye at her feet with resentment while I was hunkered down in my seat, squashed right up in the middle in order to avoid the feet either side of me

"One leg is enough for me," Chrissy said. "I already feel way better."

I was biting my tongue, on the verge of spluttering some kind of retort, some kind of insult. Some kind of angry outburst. I had been more than reasonable with this pair of trashy teens; almost acting overly appeasing due to my earlier disruptive behaviour. I mean, I knew I was in the right, but I wasn't an idiot, and had been aware that my actions could be perceived as annoying to everyone else. I didn't want to be *that* woman who complains about everything, but, I also didn't want to be *that* woman that allows everyone else to walk all over her.

My lips were trembling as the anger raged, and when Kim relaxed her left foot so that the top of her toes rested up against my forearm, in effect, leaving me with a foot touching both of my arms, that was enough. I turned towards her, and was about to let

rip with a tirade, when Marketa paused at my row while walking along the aisle. “Would you like more complimentary wine—” She trailed off while holding the bottle; her mouth hanging open in surprise. Our eyes met for a moment, before hers began looping around in a merry-go-round, darting between each of Kim’s feet, myself in my awkward, cramped, position and then finally Chrissy’s foot. After about three rotations of confusion, she looked up at me, and our eyes met once more. My face immediately sank into a deep, humiliated reddened blush, and then, completely mortified by the position she had found me in, I inexplicably looked forwards and pretended like I was selecting a new movie; as if none of this was even happening.

Even as Marketa remained crouching there at the end of my aisle, bottle of wine still poised in her grip, I pretended like I hadn’t seen her and was ignorant to her presence. I even began to hum some ridiculous jingle, as my finger shook while I tapped at various buttons on the screen that I wasn’t even paying attention to. My behaviour was ludicrous, and I could see by her hesitance that she was struggling to understand what she was witnessing; a woman, with two girls’ feet all over her, pretending like it wasn’t happening at all.

In my peripheral vision, I could tell that Marketa was looking at the girls’ feet again, until eventually, her mouth closed, and she stood up. She seemed somewhat flustered, and she turned to continue to walk down the same direction of the aisle, before she paused, then took a step to return up the other. Again, she stopped, spinning and looking back towards my row, crouching down, and clearly about to say something. However, when I ignored her, and continued to mindlessly tap the screen, all while my cheeks were lighting up with embarrassment, she stood up straight, adjusted her skirt, then walked off while shaking her head.

Both girls burst out laughing having witnessed the entire, awkward exchange, which only made me sink into my seat and cower ever more.

“Oh my God,” Chrissy said. “Did you see that?”

“Yeah, shit is wild.”

“The flight attendant was like: what the hell is going on?”

“And she’s *still* not saying anything,” Kim marvelled in a bemused tone. “Maybe she really *does* like it?”

“You reckon?”

“I mean...why else would she let us do this?” With that, Kim shamelessly lifted her leg, slumped down the seat and then pressed the toes and ball of her foot into my cheek. While I gasped in surprise, she pushed until my head was forced right over and near the wall next to the window. Immediately, I was overcome by an intense feeling of embarrassment and I simply didn’t know how to react to something so humiliating being inflicted upon me. On top of everything that was happening with my space being invaded, and with how Marketa had witnessed it all, I felt tiny and without any power.

Part of me had an urge to call out for help, but then I realised, to who? Another part of me didn’t want to bring attention to what was happening. I’d been so animated and aggressive before take-off, that the last thing I wanted was for anyone to see me captive in such a precarious and embarrassing position. It was bad enough that Marketa had already witnessed their feet all over me, but imagine she saw Kim’s foot now pressed against my face too. If I yelled, or screeched in anyway, then everyone else in the cabin would look over and see what was happening.

As her foot sunk into my cheek, I stared across the aisle opposite. Thankfully, the guy immediately adjacent was asleep, along with his wife next to him. Their daughter, in the next seat over, was engrossed in whatever she was watching on the screen in front. The final teen furthest away, was playing some kind of game on a tablet. While I remained quiet, my humiliation was still somewhat secret. I wanted to keep it that way until I could figure out a direction out of this whole, mortifying situation.

“Chrissy,” Kim said, while sniggering as she kept my face pressed towards the window. “Get a load of this.”

I averted my eyes in disgrace, looking towards the ceiling of the interior cabin, just after feeling Chrissy’s foot move from my arm. A second later, I felt my seat pull back, as she’d stood and was holding onto the headrest. She leaned over the seat next to me. “Oh my God,” she said with a snicker while clutching a glass of soda in her hand, accidentally spilling it over the seat in the process. “How long have you been doing that to her?”

“Only a couple of seconds.” Kim released her foot slightly, before spreading her toes, then pressing with more intensity.

“Why is she just letting you do that?” Chrissy asked with shock, and I felt as if I was going to pass out under her watchful stare. I could barely understand why I was letting her do it, but it was such a humiliating action, that my body had kind of gone into some kind of reclusive defensive mode. It was almost like I was curling up into the foetal position, unable to act and hopeful that they would just take pity on me and leave me alone.

“I don’t know, but she’s not really making much of an effort to stop me, so I’m going to keep doing it.” Her toes scrunched and tugged at my cheek. “How about I keep you like this the rest of the flight?” she asked me in a slightly louder voice. “Seems fair, right? I mean, it can’t be bothering you that much, otherwise you’d stop me?”

“I gotta get this on video,” Chrissy said, and I could feel her fumbling for her phone as my seat shifted forwards.

“Ugh, no,” I whined, barely above a whisper, but it was too late. I made to move, but Kim’s foot held me against the wall. As a result, I scrunched my eyes up as I caught sight of Chrissy’s phone in my face, capturing Kim’s toes sprawled across my cheek.

“Got it,” Chrissy said, triumphantly, and she giggled while sitting back down.

There was an awkward cough, and I noted that Marketa’s towering figure was stood at the end of my row again. “Is everything okay—”

There was silence for a moment, as I was completely baffled with how I was supposed to respond. Obviously, everything was far from okay, and I waited for Kim to remove her foot through her own embarrassment at being caught. However, bizarrely, the pressure seemed to increase as she pinned me to the wall.

“Everything is fine,” she suddenly announced before I could think of any excuse to mumble. “Isn’t that right?” She pushed into my face with slightly more pressure.

I swallowed under the weight of her foot, while my mind scrambled for some passable reason for this to be happening. Marketa’s eyes were boring through me, and my thoughts flipped all over the place as anxiety seeped through me. “Yes,” I eventually said in a panic, simply wanting Marketa away and not drawing any further attention to me. The last thing I wanted was anyone else in the cabin to see what the hell was going on in my row. Thankfully, through the gap in the seat, I could see the guy in front

was still asleep. “I’m fine,” I said while flapping my hand, trying to urge Marketa to leave us alone.

However, Marketa remained stood there, and she seemed mesmerised by what she was witnessing. “What...what is even happening here?” she asked, this time directing her question towards Kim.

“I’m making myself more comfortable,” Kim said, before adding, “and she doesn’t mind.”

“Even on her face?” Marketa asked, completely bemused. She then turned her head towards me. “You don’t mind?”

“Please,” I said, while my throat grew increasingly dry and enclosed. I peered between the seats in front again, terrified that the guy was going to overhear the commotion, turn and then there would be another witness to my plight. After the way I’d acted with such forthrightness earlier, it was going to be tragic for everyone to see me trapped in such an astonishingly humbled position. The way everyone had sided against me, they’d probably cheer and declare it fair karma. “Please, just leave us alone.”

Marketa stewed in place, before she nervously scratched at her neck. “I...don’t really know what to do in this situation,” she said. “Nothing like this has ever happened before.” She seemed confused and as if she was talking to herself more than anyone. “I don’t even know what the correct protocol is. I mean, clearly this shouldn’t be happening, but if you’re saying you’re fine and to leave you alone, then well, I guess, whatever the passenger wants?”

I didn’t know whether the question was rhetorical or not, but while I was sweating and squirming beneath Kim’s foot on my cheek, I simply bit my lip, closed my eyes and willed Marketa to just bugger off and let me deal with this alone. The longer she was hovering over me, the more intense and anxiety-ridden the situation was becoming. Thankfully, when I opened my eyes again, I saw that she had disappeared and left us.

“Okay, that’s enough,” I heard Chrissy say. “You’ve messed with her enough. You’ll get us in trouble.”

I heard a scoff, and then I felt a prod against my arm again, this time with Kim's other foot. "What's she going to do? Make a complaint? I'll just say it was an accident." My arm was prodded again. "Oops, another accident."

A hysterical giggle followed, apparently contagious as Chrissy couldn't help but snort too. "It's so weird how she isn't saying anything though, isn't it?" She asked in a curious tone. "Like, why isn't she stopping you?"

"I don't know?" There was silence for a moment, before I felt my forearm pinched by Kim's biggest and second toe, all while her other foot was still pressed against my cheek. The longer it was there, the sweatier my skin was becoming, and I whimpered under the strong scent from her toes whenever I took in a laboured breath. "She had to have felt that." She scrunched her toes against my cheek. "She's feeling this right now, and she's just letting it happen. Not saying a word."

Chrissy popped up for another look, and she made sure to take a couple more photos, documenting my shame further, till after a minute of me struggling and writhing, her shadow disappeared. However, I then flinched as I felt her foot brush against the side of my face from the other side, wedged up between my cheek and the wall. Her socked toe rubbed up against my ear before it returned to the armrest. "I just touched her face too."

"You're lying."

"I swear."

There were gasps and sniggers from behind, and I felt absolutely humiliated.

"Where did the flight attendant go?" Chrissy asked.

"I don't know. She headed towards the captain?" Kim replied.

"Do you think there will be a problem?"

"Not sure."

"Well, just in case." Chrissy's foot immediately withdrew from the armrest next to me. "Come on," she urged. "Leave her alone for a bit."

“Boo,” I heard Kim whine. “You’re such a drag sometimes, sis.” However, much to my relief, Kim released my face, and both of her feet soon returned to her side of the seats.

I breathed a sigh of relief, so thankful that I was finally free of the torment they’d inflicted upon me with their feet. In the reflection of the screen in front, I turned my head and could see there was a light, red imprint of Kim’s footprint on my cheek. I deeply blushed, not sure whether I was more ashamed that the entire debacle had happened, or more so that I had allowed it to and offered zero opposition.

It was the audacity, and entitlement that was annoying me more than anything. I mean, I had tried laying across the seats to sleep and it wasn’t comfortable. Maybe if Kim had politely asked me if she could stretch out, since I wasn’t using the seats, then perhaps I would have been accommodating? I was sat off next to the window, after all, and the seats directly in front of Kim were empty. Perhaps it was just a lapse in judgement and she didn’t appreciate that she could have simply asked me to use that room. I kind of understood, to a degree. The seats in economy were extremely cramped with non-existent leg room. That was one of the reasons I always flew business, and it was understandable that she’d want to stretch out since the opportunity had presented itself. What got up my back was that she did it without my permission, and more so, did it in a way that she knew would annoy me. To that extent, maybe the primary motive wasn’t relaxed, but rather, making my flight as uncomfortable as possible. Was she really so petty that she was going to spend the whole ten hours annoying me because I’d slightly delayed the flight with my predicament?

Her actually sticking her foot in my face was another issue entirely and was completely out of line. I was still trying to process it had actually happened, and therefore, I didn’t know how to respond. I thought about turning and saying something; but what exactly could I say? I’d had the chance to bring things to an end, and in my panic, I’d ushered Marketa away, the one person, other than myself, that could have intervened.

I craned my neck to look ahead to the guy in front, still soundly asleep. The passengers across the aisle were also completely oblivious, and I was baffled that no one else had realised what had happened. Apparently, my humiliation had remained unseen, and in some ways, that justified my decision to keep quiet while it was

happening. If I had yelled or screamed, everyone would have been aware that Kim's foot was in my face. Yes, it would have probably resulted in her getting in trouble, but everyone *still* would have seen her foot in my face in the first place. Regardless of any consequences being directed her way, my reputation would never have recovered.

I almost felt happy with my response after that consideration, but then, I felt a dread wash over me, as I recalled that Chrissy had stuck her phone in my face. She'd recorded a video and taken pictures. There was evidence of Kim's gross, chipped, toes sunken into my pampered skin. "Ugh," I said, while shuddering, and fearing what was going to happen with those. I thought about turning and saying something, demanding she delete them, but I felt completely powerless now that she had such evidence in her possession. I mean, what if she just wanted them to laugh about, and me pushing her resulted in her posting them online? Could I risk such a thing happening?

The next half hour or so was largely uneventful, and as they were no longer annoying me, their feet out of sight, I coned myself into believing that everything was now settled and over. Even though Chrissy had the evidence, she didn't say or do anything further, so, I figured, since she was the one constantly trying to convince Kim to stop, that she probably wouldn't do anything with that stuff. She appeared to be genuinely concerned of any consequences from the airline employees, so why would she expose me in such a way, knowing the trouble it would probably bring her?

I managed to put the awful humiliation out of mind, mostly, and distracted myself with the movie. When Marketa walked along the aisle another time, and paused while noting the girls' feet were now absent, I ordered a vodka and orange juice. She hesitated, as if wanting to ask me something, probably about why I had allowed such a ridiculous thing to happen. However, she remembered her place, and that she was working, before nodding, and heading off to get my drink. At least that was one thing I had going in my favour, since I was stuck in such a crappy seat; Marketa had kept her word, and alcoholic drinks were complimentary. I swigged it down quickly, as after everything that had happened so far, I needed a bloody drink.

The girls behind had been quiet, and I peeked through the gap to see that Kim was now asleep. With that, I almost thanked the heavens for such a turn of fortune. I adjusted my position and carefully lifted the armrests next to me, so that I could stretch out my legs across the empty seats and fully relax. It wasn't possible to sleep,

but at least I could straighten my legs and not be all cramped up. For the first time in a while, I actually felt comfortable, and prayed that Kim and as I now knew, her sister, Chrissy, would sleep through the remainder of the flight. If they slept through to landing, I might even be able to grab my stuff and disappear before they realised what was happening. The mere thought of being away from them was so deliciously inviting.

While sampling my drink, and as my inhibitions were lowered, I considered that perhaps things weren't so bad in economy, you know, besides the childish actions of the sisters behind me. Maybe I'd overreacted earlier. I mean, now that the red mist had dissipated and I had a chance to think things through more clearly, I accepted that Marketa had actually offered me quite a good deal. I was getting a full refund, a voucher, had a whole row to myself, and had the same refreshment perks as I would have enjoyed in business class. If anything, I wasn't even getting the full economy experience that everyone else around me was suffering through, and I was now travelling for free!

Suddenly, I felt rather embarrassed about the tantrum I'd thrown and the scene I'd caused. If I'd just kept my mouth shut, and sat down, no one would have even been aware that I existed. I could have been sat right as I was at that moment, and Kim and Chrissy would never have even thought to bother me. After all, they had been quiet until, in my anger, I'd begun insulting the entire economy cabin. That is what I'd done, I realised, calling them rabble and mocking them for having never sat in business before. In some ways, as I quietly contemplated and reconsidered my actions, I accepted that what they'd put me through was perhaps a taste of my own medicine. I'd called them rabble after all, and they'd only acted within the standards I'd deemed them capable of. Therefore, I wrote off the humiliation as being somewhat deserved, though still immensely mortifying to my dignity. I mean, no one deserves a foot rubbed in their face, but then, no one deserves to be insulted for only being able to afford economy. Not everyone could afford the things I enjoyed in life, could they?

Marketa was just about to pass down the aisle again, and I suddenly felt apologetic. "Excuse me," I said, while leaning back against the window. "I'm so sorry about earlier." I'd slipped my shoes off, and my socked feet were pressed up against the far armrest. I wiggled my toes while enjoying the space, feeling the same way that Kim must have.

“It’s fine,” she said, somewhat dismissively, and with that, she’d already continued along down the aisle. I was rather taken aback, as I’d expected her to be grateful for the apology, but maybe I’d made her job more difficult and she’d ran out of patience with me. She almost seemed like she was uncomfortable talking to me, despite having brought a number of drinks my way. Maybe that whole incident with Kim’s foot in my face had rattled her too, and she wasn’t sure how to talk with someone that would allow such a thing to happen. My response had been pitiful, and I was embarrassed just recalling the way in which I had allowed it to happen.

Thankfully, the next two hours were a dream, and I was largely left to my own devices, laying across the seats and watching another movie. There was only a bit of kerfuffle when Kim must have woken behind me, and for a second, my body went rigid as I braced for another invasion of my personal space. However, she simply stepped into the aisle, then scooted off towards the restroom without even paying me any attention.

I enjoyed another minute of the movie, when Kim scampered back to her seat. She was just about to turn into her row, when she paused at the end of mine, stopping to look me up and down. After a moment of her awkwardly standing there, I hesitantly looked from the screen. Seeing her stood up, I realised she must have been around eighteen or nineteen, and had a kind of chilled-out boho look to her, almost as if she could be categorised as a cross between a surfer and a stoner. She was wearing a loose, pink vest, with a black bra offensively visible through it. Her thighs were obscenely exposed beneath her cut-off jean shorts; looking as if she hadn’t put a single thought into her outfit that morning. There was a similarly pretentious leather headband at the top of her forehead, disappearing back into her brunette hair framing her face. I hadn’t noticed it earlier, as it was somewhat equally coloured to her hair, however, under the light of the aisle, it was jarringly evident. Her feet were bare, except for the chipped blue polish and that string anklet I instantly recognised. I shivered at the recollection of her tormenting me earlier with her foot on the armrest, and I immediately felt embarrassed. Her toes were splayed out on the floor as she stood, and it was rather humbling to consider they’d been similarly spread over my own cheek. Now, she was stood here, having suffered no consequences at all for such a grave insult. I wanted her to just go away, but she remained in place, staring at me, and I realised that I was going to have to do *something*.

She then said something, but I didn't hear as I was wearing the earphones still. I was hoping she'd just roll her eyes and leave me alone, however, her mouth moved again, and again. She raised a hand impatiently, so I muted the movie and asked, "What was that?"

"I said I didn't realise you were sat here," she said with a massive smirk. "Why didn't you say something about my foot?" She cocked her head and poked her tongue out; that awful piercing twinkling amongst its moist pinkness. "Sorry if I was bothering you."

Obviously, I knew she'd been doing it on purpose; she'd shoved her bloody foot in my face after all. Now she was going to play it off like it was an accident? The brass neck of her annoyed me somewhat, but suddenly, I was seduced by the possibility of pretending I too was ignorant of the whole thing. Even though it was absurd, it was just way too tempting. It was almost as if she had presented me with a get out of jail free card, and now I could move on from the whole thing without losing face. Even though I'd squirmed and whimpered beneath her foot as it danced all over my face, could I actually pretend, in an almost ignorant way, that I hadn't noticed? Was this some agreement between us? Maybe while in the restroom, she'd felt bad about her behaviour and thought better to brush it under the carpet. Still, I was lured in by the mere suggestion that all of this disappearing from memory was a possibility. "Oh, it's fine," I said. "No bother at all." If anything, I was thankful that she'd realised the error in her ways and was quite apologetic about it. "I barely even noticed anything." I let out a light chuckle and rolled my eyes. "You know, completely engrossed in the movie." I freed another chuckle, thankful we were now both playing this game where we pretended like nothing had happened.

I expected her to return to her seat, however, she crossed her arms and instead leaned against the back of the seat in front. "That whole scene you caused earlier was embarrassing though, huh? Why would you put yourself through that?"

"I...uh...." I was left kind of speechless by her talking so openly about that whole thing that had happened earlier.

"Have you even apologised to anyone?"

"Actually, I did," I said somewhat proudly. "I apologise to Marketa."

She momentarily wrinkled her forehead. “Ohhhh, Marketa, huh?” she mocked. “You’re buddies now, are ya?”

“No, it’s not like—”

“You going to apologise to everyone else for being so selfish and delaying our flight?”

“Oh,” I said, while kind of sinking into the seat. I swallowed shamefully. “Yes, I’m sorry about that.”

Kim stared at me, her expression blank and unmoved by my limp apology. She raised an eyebrow, a subtle tut emitting from her plump lips. There was almost an intense suggestive prod within her expression, and my composure wilted.

“I’m really sorry,” I said, while dropping my eyes disgracefully. The more I thought about the spectacle I’d caused, the more embarrassed I felt about the whole thing. Usually, whenever I’d throw a strop, I’d get my way and would swiftly move on from the situation. This time though, I hadn’t got my way at all, and now I was stuck amongst the people that I’d annoyed with my drama, for the next several hours. It didn’t even enter my head that Kim should be the one apologising for shoving her foot in my face, because I felt so belittled beneath her judgemental stare.

“You said my foot wasn’t bothering you?” she asked while looking down her nose. “Especially not in the way you were bothering everyone else earlier, right?”

“Right,” I said sheepishly, while feeling mortally embarrassed while considering that the eyes of every passenger had been on me during my meltdown. I blushed, imagining that they’d similarly been looking at me while Kim had been rubbing her foot all over myself. Thankfully, my restrained behaviour during that assault had prevented another public meltdown, and on that occasion, I hadn’t invited every living soul to witness my performance.

“So, you don’t mind if I continue to stretch out then?” She glanced down at my legs across the seats. “It’s not like there’s anyone here, is there?” She dipped her head. “Do you really need all this space for one person? It just doesn’t seem fair, does it?”

I cleared my throat; my toes gripping the armrest. “Well, I mean, I did originally pay—”

“For a business class seat, yes, I know.” She blew a raspberry with her lips. “You realise you announced that like a hundred times to everyone? We’re bored of hearing how much better you are than all of us.”

“I don’t think I’m—”

She lifted her palm and silenced me, then looked me up and down another time, while chewing her lip. “How’s cattle class working out for you?” She stretched her arms out. “It’s so cramped, right? Like everyone’s sat on top of each other. So annoying when someone gets up in your space too.”

“Yeah, it’s—” Before I could finish what I was saying, Kim steadied herself with an arm on the headrest, before lifting one of her bare feet up in my direction. I flinched as her foot shot out and leered obscenely close to my face, her toes spreading and then clutching at the air. Her sole shook me with how dusty and callused it was, dirt seeming to have settled within her wrinkles. Immediately, I was reminded of how awful it had felt while trapped beneath her foot earlier, and I grimaced while realising just how mucky her skin was. I gulped and felt ridiculously embarrassed, before she outstretched her wrinkled sole to barely a couple of inches from my face. The same intense musk as earlier tickled my nose, and I felt completely invaded and taken advantage of once more. It was difficult to explain, but akin to someone boldly inserting themselves into my personal space and then farting. I awkwardly shifted and uncomfortably squirmed as the smell continued to make me feel uncomfortable. All sorts of thoughts were rolling around my head, as my eyes darted around, mortified at the possibility that someone else was going to notice what was happening.

I thought about grabbing her ankle and forcibly removing her foot from my space, but I just couldn’t lift my arms. They remained almost paralysed at my sides, as the humiliation she was inflicting upon me completely immobilised me. It was just so unnerving and not something I had ever experienced so relentlessly before. I was still emotionally dealing with what had happened earlier, and how to move on from it, and now, it was happening again. It was like an endless barrage of humiliation after humiliation, and I was becoming uncomfortable in my own skin. It threw me off guard, because I was used to people bending over backwards whenever in my presence, and now, I was trapped amongst this swarm of delinquents that wouldn’t stick to the rules. The overcome was me now functioning completely out of my comfort zone.

Kim seemed to seize upon my lack of action, and I instinctively flinched once more as her grimy big toe flicked against my forehead. She retracted her foot slightly, before peering at me, waiting for some kind of response. However, I was still rooted in place, shocked that she had just touched her foot to my face again and unable to react in any way. She was still steadying herself on the armrests, and she turned to look up both directions of the aisle, as if checking that anyone else was watching. Obviously feeling safe, she glanced back towards me, a mischievous smirk settled on her lips. Before I even realised what she was plotting, she'd pushed her foot forwards and pressed the ball against my mouth, squashing my lips harshly back against my teeth. I spasmed in place, and was about to turn away when she added pressure and trapped my head back against the window all over again. I tried to say something in response, but my words were muffled and garbled beneath her foot.

“What was that?” she asked, while leaning forwards so the pressure only increased on my face. She hunkered down and whispered, while trying not to burst out laughing. “You want to smell them, do you? Okay!” With that, she closed her toes around my nose, trapping it within the sweaty groove.

Without even thinking, because my mouth was blocked, I took a deep, intake of breath. My eyes shot open wide as the full, intense, sharp, uninhibited stink of Kim's toes shot freely straight up my nose. It was way stronger than the earlier teasers of smell that I had encountered, and my entire body sagged in the seat, wilting under the intoxication.

Kim's eyes also widened, and she then burst out laughing, her head jiggling as she attempted to cover her mouth. She put her foot back down and then stood hands on hips, almost leering at me with her head cocked and a mocking, teathy smile on her face. “You just smelled my foot,” she whispered, stating the obvious.

I should have said something, told her to go away or leave me alone, but I found the whole affair rather unnerving; the humiliation having demolished my former reality as a proud, confident woman. Her foot stink was still fresh in my nose, and it had almost made me light-headed. It was like a combination of surprise and embarrassment, I mean, someone shoving their foot straight in your face on a plane was not what I'd consider a hospitable trip, and if anything, it confirmed that I was better off in business class. Someone forcefully making you smell her foot; your nose

shoved straight between her toes, well, that was something else entirely. Something I was still trying to grasp had actually happened.

As a result, I simply blushed, and shied away, looking back towards my screen and awkwardly fumbling with the buttons, just as I'd done earlier. I didn't say a single word. I nervously fidgeted and put my earphones back in, all the while Kim stood by and watched, seemingly baffled that I had allowed her to so forwardly mock me without any repercussion. As the seconds ticked by, my face reddening with unease and my throat feeling like I'd swallowed an apple, I was eventually relieved to see that out of the corner of my eye she shrugged and raised a palm to the ceiling in a display of perplexing confusion. Seconds later, she'd returned to her seat behind me, her mouth covered by her hand as she struggled to suppress a chuckle.

Despite having my earphones in, I kept the sound on the movie muted, worried that I was going to be on the receiving end of even more mockery. Worried, or was it actually curiosity that was fuelling my behaviour? I wasn't sure whether I was more embarrassed about having smelled Kim's foot, or about what Chrissy was going to think of it; maybe she'd even sympathise and urge her sister to leave me alone? Whatever was going to happen, I swallowed nervously while hearing Kim shuffle into the seat behind me, before notable giggling rose up.

"Oh my God," I heard her say to her sister. "That woman there is wild." When there was no response, Kim added with a commotion that bumped my seat forwards, "Chrissy!"

"What?" Chrissy responded in an obvious annoyed manner. "What is it? I'm watching a movie."

"I just shoved my foot in her face again and she didn't even say anything still." There was a clear tone of bemusement evident as she gushed. "Like, right in her face. Like, I stood there and wrapped my toes around her nose and stared straight into her eyes. She just lay there and let me do it."

"What?" Chrissy's voice was carelessly raised, before she recovered and whispered, "You did what?"

Kim's voice was enthused and frantic with its joy, and honestly, way too loud. I was cringing in my seat and terrified that someone else was going to overhear her

triumphant announcement. “I put my foot right in her face, and she just sat there and didn’t say anything!”

“Like...you touched her face with your foot again?” Chrissy seemed completely baffled. “Why...why would she let you do that?”

There was silence, before Kim gushed, “I dunno. She was like a deer in headlights. Completely shut her up.”

“Why did you do it, though?” Kim must have shrugged or something, because Chrissy continued, “Come on, tell me. I said we should leave her alone.”

“I dunno. I was just talking to her, and then, I, like, I couldn’t control it. I just thought: ‘shut up, you stupid bitch,’ and I made her smell my foot.” There was suddenly a bombardment of sniggering from behind, almost harmonic as the two of them revelled in my weak response to such a goading. They cackled together, like a pair of witches, before Kim spoke again, “I can’t believe after the way she was acting earlier. Like, she was so stuck-up, and now, I just grab her nose with my toes and she says nothing. She even took a breath!”

“Yeah, it’s kind of weird,” Chrissy said. “I don’t really get it.”

“I know. I’ve had my foot through the gap for like the last hour; she said nothing. I pretended like it had been an accident, and she apologised to me? Like, what the fuck? It’s like she’s being the complete opposite of the loudmouth she was earlier. It’s so weird. I put it in her face earlier, and she says nothing, even tells the flight attendant it’s cool. Now, she smells my toes and just lays there like a moron. Maybe I’ve found a way to finally make the bitch shut up?” More giggles followed, before she added, “Maybe that’s all it takes is a foot in her face and she goes mute?”

“Are you messing with me?”

“What? No, don’t be stupid.”

“It’s just this sounds ridiculous.”

“I swear, I’m telling you the truth.”

There was a short pause, as Chrissy must have been considering something. “Would you do it again?” she asked hesitantly, before adding, “I wanna see.”

I felt a chill run down my spine as there was silence behind me, before Kim mused, “You want me to do it again?” More silence as she was apparently lost in consideration. “I mean, I’m pretty sure she won’t say anything.”

“Yeah, do it again.”

“I thought you said we should leave her alone?”

“Well, we should, but, like you said, maybe she likes it?”

“Hmmm,” Kim said, before she must have shrugged and finally stated, “Okay then.”

I froze in my seat, my body suddenly rigid with anticipation as I waited for whatever Kim was going to do to me. Still, even though I knew it was coming, I couldn’t find the courage to just turn around and tell the pair of them to knock it off. I was usually so vocal and forthright when I felt like I was the victim of some injustice, however, this whole inclusion of feet into the equation had disrupted my usually steady composure. I was already on edge, being forced to sit somewhere that I was completely uncomfortable in, and these two were making the whole thing even worse. They were turning an inconvenience into an ordeal, and I was stumped in how to respond. I mean, what was I supposed to do, complain to a flight attendant? Marketa had already seen them doing it and I’d stupidly told her it was okay because I was embarrassed by her witnessing it. Could I complain to one of her colleagues? Then I would have to admit to someone else that Kim had stuck her foot in my face; what the hell kind of pathetic complaint would that be? What was the flight attendant going to do anyway? Shrug and tell her not to do it again? The exact thing I should have done in the first place. But I hadn’t, had I? And now that simple act had built up into something so much worse. The staff would probably be as baffled and unsure how to act as much as Marketa was. I mean, how do you help someone who is having a foot rubbed all over their face, when that very same person is telling you that everything is okay and to go away?

I swallowed nervously, again and again, awaiting my fate, flinching momentarily as a shadow appeared on the table tray to my right. I closed my eyes for a second, trying to build up the courage to get through what I knew was inevitably coming my way. She was going to stick her foot through the gap again, just as she’d done earlier, taking liberties with the seats the flight attendant had said were for me. Marketa’s words were

still fresh in my mind. *I've given you four seats together*, she'd said. *You can stretch right out and relax. It'll be as close to business class as possible*. Had it been like that? No, I couldn't stretch out as I pleased, because Kim's damn feet had been in the way the whole time; she'd relaxed in comfort because I hadn't had the guts to tell her otherwise. Instead, I'd been trapped in my cramped seat while her feet had been taking up two of those that should have been mine to lay out on! Now I was finally able to lay out, and what had happened, she'd made me smell her bloody foot!

While still nervously focusing on the movie I wasn't even paying attention to, I grimaced while noticing something in my peripheral vision snaking into view. I glanced down, then felt overcome by an anxious rush, almost leaving me light-headed as I noted this time Kim's foot had intruded onto the armrest immediately next to me again. Evidently, she'd been emboldened by my inaction last time, and had felt comfortable invading my space further. As she moved her foot forwards, it even brushed up against my elbow, forcing me to instinctively move from the armrest, leaving my hand in my lap. A giggle came in response from behind me. She lifted her foot slightly, tickling up the length of my arm, until she poked at my shoulder. I cringed and squirmed some more, until her foot violently shot forwards and pressed against the side of my face again. While I struggled to escape, she clumsily shifted in her seat, bending her leg so that she grabbed my nose between her toes. I immediately, wrenched my face away, and managed to break free.

"See," I heard Kim announce triumphantly. "She's not even saying anything."

I noted a shadow on my screen, as someone was stood and apparently peering over the seats. "Maybe she hasn't noticed," Chrissy said. "Did you really do it?"

Chrissy's comment put me slightly at ease, as if I may be able to get away with the whole thing through perceived ignorance once again. You know, pretend it never happened? However, Kim's foot suddenly lifted from the armrest again, and instead angled towards me, her toes moving over slightly, before pressing against my forearm. I swallowed nervously, trying to fake my attention on the screen, while slyly looking down, fearful she was going to grab my nose again: this time while her sister was watching. Her grim toes were right there on my pale wrist, her chipped blue polish almost mocking me. I couldn't even move my hand, as it was pinned to my lap, and I knew doing so would make it obvious that I was aware of what was happening. If I

moved, then I would have to follow it up with some other action, like telling her to stop, and I just felt too uneasy and cowardly to do such a thing.

“Look,” Kim urged. “I’ve put my foot on her and she’s not saying anything.”

“Huh?” Chrissy replied, and suddenly the shadow darkened my screen again. Out of the corner of my eye I could see her leaning over my seat to get a good view. Kim’s toes then wiggled and drummed my wrist victoriously, before she twisted her foot and held my arm in place. “Make her smell it then,” Chrissy added, while she was perched in place to witness every detail.

I gulped, and then, Kim’s foot inexplicably grabbed my nose again; her toes easily wrapping around and immediately covering my nostrils. She did it with such comfort, as if it was natural, that I was completely taken by surprise, even though it had already happened mere seconds ago. I tried to turn away again, however, this time, I felt Chrissy’s hand on the back of my head, holding me in place.

“Oh my God,” she said, while her fingers gripped my hair. “Go on, sniff it.”

Kim leant forward so that her face was pressed up against the gap in the seats. “Yeah, sniff it, bitch,” she ordered in a far more aggressive tone than her sister. “Sniff my damn foot, right between the toes.”

I tried to hold off as long as I could. To keep my breath until Kim finally released me, however, I could feel that I was about to pass out, and just before doing so, I gasped and inhaled a huge intake of breath, right from between Kim’s biggest and second toe. Immediately, my eyes almost rolled back in my head as I melted under the humiliation of being forced to smell something so horrid. Even as I was forced to take another stinky breath, my eyes darted around the cabin, mortified that someone else was going to see what was happening.

Chrissy released my hair, and there was a gasp. “Oh my God,” she added, having obviously witnessed my nose clutched between her sister’s toes and seen me breathe it straight in. Her figure abruptly disappeared. “Oh my God,” she said once sat back down behind me. “You’re not even lying.”

“Told ya,” Kim chuckled back.

“But why? Why isn’t she stopping you?”

“I don’t know,” Kim answered with confusion, “but I’m totally going to leave it there until she says something.”

My breath quickened at hearing that, because I knew deep inside that I wasn’t going to say anything, despite still sitting there and breathing from between her toes. Aside from my behaviour earlier, I actually disliked confrontation, especially when I had no advantage. The minutes ticked by, and all the while, Kim’s foot remained perched on my face; her toes gripping my nose, and seemingly intent on remaining in place. I glanced down at her foot a number of times, noting how easy it would be to lift and move it aside, yet, I couldn’t do so. The brazen intrusion to my personal space had completely immobilised me, and I didn’t know what to do; shock had rendered me useless. I even tried to squirm up against the window, but Kim’s toes remained held against my face all the same.

Instead, I stared straight forward, watching the screen while not even processing what was happening upon it. I closed my eyes in shame, and just hovered there in place, not really feeling like I was a person anymore. I just breathed in that sharp, tangy, pungent scent, over and over again, each time feeling my dignity die just a little bit more.

“This is actually pretty comfortable,” I heard Kim whisper to her sister. “Why pay for business when I can sit like this?” I then felt her body shift behind, and then in a slightly raised voice, she said. “And since it’s apparently not bothering her, I guess I’ll settle down for a nap.” The two of them giggled, while I felt Kim’s toes clutch at my nose a final time, before she yawned and said, “Let me know when food arrives.” Her foot then abruptly dropped down onto my lap with a thud.

“Sure,” Chrissy said, and with that, there was no further sound from behind.

Therefore, in what had been one of the most awkward and uncomfortable situations I had ever been in, for the next half hour, I sat rigid in my seat, desperately trying to pay attention to the movie while failing with each passing second. Throughout, I could feel Kim’s leg across my arm, her toes occasionally shifting in my lap, even scrunching and squeezing my skin at certain points as she enjoyed her spread out position. Eventually, as an almost indication that she was asleep, her foot left my arm, instead stretching out further to the point that it was carelessly strewn across my lap and balanced on my knee. It was such a brash, unadulterated display of

inconsiderateness, that I was fearful that anyone that passed by would judge me. I mean, Marketa had already done so, that much was evident.

A few other passengers did make their way down the aisle, and in response, I lifted my pillow and balanced it atop her foot, hopeful that none would notice the truth of what was going on.

Though, even with her foot covered, I could still sense the odour of Kim's toes in my nose, and I shivered and squirmed as I realised that I had been so close to being outted. Anyone could have looked over and seen me sniffing her foot, however, I had been extremely lucky and gotten away with it. If it wasn't for the fact that it was awkward for her to keep it held up, her toes would probably have still been wrapped around my nose.

Just as I was lamenting my position with Kim's foot on my lap, I felt Chrissy's socked foot press up against my left arm as it nestled onto the armrest. I didn't even react this time, basically used to such an invasion of my space by this point. When her foot settled upon my forearm, and her toes lightly pinched at my skin as she searched for a comfortable position: I allowed it to happen. I allowed her to use my own body to make herself comfortable, the exact same way her sister was doing. Gradually, her foot too snaked around as she lay back and got comfortable, till eventually, both sister's feet were settled in my lap.

We stayed like this for a while, the two of them occasionally shifting and moving during their naps. Meanwhile, I remained on edge the whole time, knowing the situation was ridiculous with every passing second. I couldn't even reason why I was allowing it to happen. All I needed to do was lift their feet and tell them to fuck off, but it was like they had made me their own. As if they had first taken over my row for their own comfort, and now, they'd taken over my body too. They appeared to have no qualms about resting their feet all over me, despite it being an obvious rude thing to do. Meanwhile, I would be mortified if someone else noticed, whereas neither of the sisters seemed to care. I mean, our embarrassment would hardly be comparable, would it? There's quite a difference between using someone as a footrest and being used by someone else.

I spent however long performing all sorts of metal gymnastics as I tried to reason a way out of this for myself. To come up with something clever. Some magical

explanation I could say that would underdo all of the hours of past weakness and inexplicable behaviour. A token phrase that I could offer, where anyone, even Marketa, would nod their head and reason: *yeah, that totally makes sense*. Just a few words which would justify why I had allowed Kim to trod all over me. I wrinkled my forehead and scrambled for something, anything, but nothing came to the fore.

Right then, I almost jumped, startled, as a voice at my side said, “Will you be eating, Ma’am? I have your—”

I turned and gulped as I saw that Marketa, while holding a tray of food out towards me, had paused while noting Kim’s and Chrissy’s feet in my lap again. Despite trying to hide them with the pillow, with Marketa being so up close, it was obvious what was going on with their legs jammed through the seats. Her eyes were locked in place, and her usually professional and pretty face was screwed up; her eyebrows almost arched along with the wrinkles in her forehead, an evident display of her confusion at what she had seen. The tray shook in her hand as she held it out, while she nervously peeked between their imposing feet and my horrified face.

I, in turn, felt absurdly embarrassed. Each time she revisited my row, she seemed to witness a whole other humiliation that the sisters were putting me through, with me just sat here, inexplicably, accepting it. It was almost as if I’d been on a declining path ever since I’d challenged Marketa upon boarding the plane. I’d felt so confident that I was in the right and was going to get my way, and now, thanks to Kim and her repugnant feet, I was losing further with each passing second.

“Umm, thanks,” I said, while my cheeks inflamed, the tray continuing to clatter in my own hand as I took it from her.

“Ummm,” Marketa said, seemingly as nervous as I was. “This is the business class meal you were promised.” She noticeably gulped, seeming flustered as she pointed at the various items on the tray. It was so odd, to see such a previously assured and beautiful woman completely shaken by what she was witnessing, but I guess that was the effect that Kim’s feet were having on us all, though in varying ways. “You have the premium meal, along with the extras and a choice of alcohol beverage. Which would you...umm...prefer? Wine or the vodka and orange or...?”

“Wine,” I said anxiously. “Wine.”

“Red or white?”

“Any!” I just wanted the woman away from me before this ordeal became any worse. I nervously pulled down the fold-out tray, though accidentally knocking the pillow from my lap in the process.

Marketa caught sight off both girl’s feet in my lap and as her face turned puzzled, I realised that my left hand was bizarrely resting atop Chrissy’s socked foot. Why? I couldn’t even say. I didn’t even realise I’d been doing so. Perhaps in the midst of leaning to take the tray, I’d grabbed whatever was nearest. I immediately released her foot, and in a panic, brought the fold-out tray down further to cover the embarrassing sight. However, in my haste, I only succeeded in tapping the top of Kim’s big toe in the process.

“What the hell,” I heard her say from behind, before her foot violently kicked against my tummy. “She just hit me.”

“Sorry, it was an accident,” I said instinctively in my defence. “I didn’t mean—” I bit my lip as I realised what I was doing, but it was too late.

Marketa offered me a look of bemusement, her mouth dropping open in surprise while her eyes darted between my face and Kim’s leg. She then stood up, before peering back at the girls behind me, then hovered there, apparently lost in thought for a moment, seemingly baffled at what she was seeing. She flustered in place, before eventually she stepped away and continued to move down the aisle. She paused just as we made eye contact a final time, and I saw her lips quiver as if she was about to say something, her hesitance evident.

However, I blushed deeply, before looking away, back down towards my meal; Kim and Chrissy’s feet still in place beneath the tray. In the corner of my eye, I saw Marketa continue to look my way, before she eventually moved the trolley to the girls behind.

“Will you be eating, Ma’am?” I heard her say to Kim behind me in a slightly uneasy voice.

“Oh yes, of course,” Kim said, without a hint of her own nervousness.

“What’s going on?” I heard Chrissy ask as she stirred; her toes lightly digging into my tummy. “God, my knee is killing me.” She straightened her leg and stretched it out, before pulling it back between the seats and leaving me with only Kim’s foot in my lap. Obviously, Marketa witnessed the whole thing; the comfort in which Chrissy casually stopped using me as her footrest, though she didn’t say a word.

“Food time,” Kim said, and her face pressed into the gap while she took a look at my meal. “Looks great.”

“What we having?” Chrissy asked.

“Fish,” Marketa said, and there was suddenly a groan from behind.

My seat shook as the girls pulled out their own trays. “Will we be getting premium meals too? Because these look gross.”

“No, Ma’am, sorry, these are the economy meals.”

“Typical,” I heard Kim say. “So, loudmouth gets a business meal just because she caused a stink?”

I felt a tingle run up my spine as Kim was so unashamedly disrespecting me in front of the whole cabin and the airline staff. She was talking so loudly that someone must have overheard. I looked down my row anxiously, and saw that the father was now awake, and sat up. He was peering in my direction, though, thankfully, Marketa’s trolley was currently blocking his view; Kim’s foot low enough that it remained unseen.

“Not at all,” Marketa said defensively. “It’s because she originally paid for a business class seat. That was part of the compromise.”

“What if I want one too?”

“What?” Marketa asked in confusion. “You can’t? You get this meal, as you paid for, Ma’am.”

“Well, I want what she’s having,” Kim said in a truly bratty tone. My seat then jolted forwards as she must have pushed on it. “Hey, lady,” I heard her say rudely from the gap between the seat to my right. “You wanna trade meals?” She then sniggered while enjoying putting me in an awkward position once more.

Obviously, I didn't want to do that, but once again, I pretended like I hadn't heard anything. However, my meal almost bounced from the fold-out tray as Kim deliberately kicked her foot into the underside. "Lady, I'm talking to you," she added.

"Ma'am, please stop," Marketa said, and I was silently thankful for her intervention. "You can't do that. Please behave in an orderly way."

"Why not? She hasn't told me not to. Obviously, I'm not bothering her, am I?"

"Well...I...just..." Marketa seemed to trail off as she considered Kim's logic, and I realised that I'd put myself in an even worse situation. She'd seen that Kim's foot was all over my lap, we'd made eye contact and I hadn't said anything. I hadn't communicated in any way that it was bothering me and against my will. If anything, I'd looked away sheepishly and embarrassed, as if I'd been caught amidst some seedy act. Even worse, earlier, I'd told her everything was fine while Kim had shoved her foot in my face. I basically had no conceivable defence by this point.

"Ask her if she wants to trade meals with me?" Kim said without any hesitation. I felt her ankle rotate in my lap, and suddenly, her big toe was digging into my leg.

"What?" Marketa said, bemused once more. "I can't ask that."

"Why? It's only a request."

Chrissy then piped up over a chuckle. "If she doesn't want to, she'll say no, right?" I could almost sense that she was nudging Kim in the arm while the two of them were exchanging knowing looks. "I mean, if it was me, I'd say no. No difficult, is it?"

"Yeah, she'll say no if she doesn't want to do something," Kim added. "You know, just like a normal person does."

"Well...ummmm..." Marketa was still stood just behind my row of seats, and seemed hesitant with what she was supposed to do. Obviously, the request was ridiculous and went against all her professional procedures, but perhaps she was still rattled by everything she had so far witnessed. Maybe she even disliked me after the way we'd come to heads earlier. With the trolley being in her way, she had to lean over and tap me on the shoulder. "Ma'am," she asked.

I made a show of jumping, as if startled, before pretending like I hadn't been eaves dropping to the whole exchange. "Yes?"

“Ummm, I’m sorry to ask...” She trailed off while seeming to reconsider what she was about to do. She paused, looking back towards Kim. I too turned in my seat, following her eyes, maintaining the fallacy that I was oblivious to what was happening. I peered slyly between the gap in the seats, just catching sight of Kim’s expectant face. She almost seemed annoyed that Marketa hadn’t asked me yet, and she offered a subtle nod for the woman to continue. The arrogance in her expectation that this was a reasonable thing to ask was almost astonishing. “Ummm, I know this is not a normal request”—there was another pause as she nervously looked towards Kim a final time—“but would you be interested in switching your meals with the lady behind?” Marketa’s eyes flickered sideways while she seemed to reconsider the ridiculous nature of what she’d just asked.

I glanced down at my meal. It was just so much better than the ones that were on offer in economy. Of course, it was. This was one of the reasons why I always sat in business, because I got a gorgeous, luxurious seat with a delicious, gourmet meal. There was none of the tin foil over the top of my food, like the gruel in economy always received. There was a steak fillet on a plate, along with carrots, broccoli and a wine-laced sauce. Each ingredient was so beautifully arranged on the plate, and along with the main, there was an appetiser of creamed spinach and mushrooms, with a brownie as dessert; melted chocolate dripping over the top.

Who the hell did Kim think she was, and that she was entitled to my meal? She’d already been stomping all over my personal space, and now she felt like she had the right to take my meal too. This was simply a step too far, and even while her toe was digging into my thigh, as if encouraging me to bend to her will, I kept tight lipped and shook my head.

Marketa placed a hand on her chest, and almost seemed relieved that I’d actually stood up for myself for the first time. “I don’t think she wants to trade,” she said, and I heard her slide a meal onto Kim’s tray.

“Yes, she does, she just doesn’t realise yet,” Kim said without a hint of hesitation, before raising her voice and saying, “She doesn’t realise that while I’ll be eating her meal, she can sniff my toes.” She shoved my seat. “Sound fair?”

“Take it,” I said, lifting the tray while my cheeks were burning in shame. My voice was already turning to a squeak as I glanced around the cabin, horrified at what Kim

had just announced so loudly. A few of the other passengers had looked over, though either hadn't fully heard what was said or didn't understand. Most seemed pre-occupied with their own meals. Only the guy in front paused for a while, looking back with raised eyebrows. "Take it," I said, almost shoving it over the seat towards Marketa's bemused self. I was frantic to give Kim exactly what she wanted before she said, or even worse, did, something else even more humiliating. "She can have it."

The two of the girls behind burst out laughing, whereas my eyes immediately shot to Marketa, who took the tray from me while remaining speechless. Even as I gave up the meal, some part of me was reasoning that I was going to get a full refund anyway, so it hardly mattered if I ate an economy meal, did it? It was like with each passing defeat to the girls behind, my mind tried to reframe and process it in a different way from reality, like some kind of coping mechanism. Another part of me considered that perhaps this would bring the whole matter to a close, that if Kim got her way once and for all, maybe she'd stop tormenting me with her foot and I could just live in peace for the remainder of the flight.

Marketa raised an eyebrow. "You're...you're sure about this?" She picked up Kim's original meal, and looked between the two trays in her hands, the disparity in quality being undeniable. It was like choosing between scraps for the peasants and a banquet for royalty.

With that in mind, I had a final thought: maybe there was a way I could play this off and appear magnanimous after the way I'd embarrassed myself with my performance earlier. Perhaps I could redeem myself before the eyes of the whole cabin by making such a selfless gesture. Kim was forcibly taking it from me, the four of us knew that, but we were in a collective bubble, and everyone else wasn't party to the absurdities going on within our two rows. "You know what," I said in a slightly louder voice, making sure the guy in front heard, all while trying to sound as reasonable and polite as possible. I smiled for the first time on the flight. "Why not? I'm not really a fan of steak anyway." I turned and gestured towards Kim. "You can go ahead and give it to her. I don't mind."

Marketa bit her lip, nodded, and then without saying a word, she hesitantly turned and seemed confused, moving her arms back and forth, before she gave the premium meal to Kim. A second later, she offered me the other tray; handing me the

gross economy meal. Immediately, I noted it was missing any kind of dessert; a section of the tray notably empty where Kim had likely swiped it. My lips parted to say something, but I already wanted this whole thing to come to an end.

“Thank you for your considerate attitude,” Marketa said, while awkwardly shifting in place. “I...” She didn’t even finish what she was saying, before she patted down her uniform, smiled, and then left me alone.

I placed the meal down, and as Marketa continued to hand out meals to the passengers opposite, I waited for Kim to remove her foot from my lap. Now that I had acquiesced to her demand, I figured that she would let up on me, considering she’d completely got her way. She’d proven her point after all, and if she’d wanted to teach me a lesson for my behaviour earlier; well, she’d certainly done that. I was intent on keeping to myself for the rest of the flight and causing no more bother. However, I could already hear her cooing about her victory; her foot still rudely pressing into my thigh.

“God, look how much better this meal is,” she said, and I silently nodded my head. That meal had looked completely saliva-inducing, and my tummy was already groaning that I was not going to get to sample it. Perhaps this was the first, and maybe the only experience of business class cuisine that she’d ever get to sample. Still, I didn’t want her to think I was listening in, and I put my earphones back in, despite the volume being muted.

“Is...is everything okay?” I heard Marketa ask with some hesitance.

“Yes, everything is fine,” Kim said back, and I felt her toes pinch at my thigh, causing me to blush deeply.

“It’s just that...well...oh...”

“What?”

“Oh, it doesn’t matter,” Marketa said, and then the sound of the trolley wheeling further down the aisle brought the exchange to an end.

“Do you think she saw your foot?” Chrissy asked.

“Maybe,” Kim said. I felt my seat jolt forwards, as Kim must have pushed it from behind. “If she did see it, Miss Loudmouth here still hasn’t said anything, has she? So,

I guess she's not bothered with it?" I then felt my seat shunt forwards a further time, almost causing me to spill my drink. I then felt Kim's hot breath on my arm as her face was apparently up in the gap between the seats. "Are you bothered by my foot, lady?"

Yes, the hell yes, I am, get that horrid thing away from me, I wanted to scream, but almost absurdly, I instead pretended like I hadn't heard her, picking up a bun from the tray and awkwardly attempting to butter it with the plastic knife; my hand shaking throughout.

"You hear me?" Kim added, and I flinched slightly, almost dropping the bun as her toenails dug into my inner thigh. "Stop pretending like you're not hearing this."

I was swallowing so nervously, my mouth almost filling with saliva, my cheeks burning up in complete shame, as I inexplicably continued down the path of ignorance. It was almost like some process of self-preservation, where if I refused to acknowledge what was occurring, then I could pretend that it wasn't actually happening. It was almost as if I entered into some kind of out of sight, out of mind way of reasoning, as if I was burying my head in the sand. I mean, I couldn't be accused of being weak and allowing this to happen, if I pretended I hadn't noticed, right? As if I was blissfully unaware, enjoying my movie and my in-flight economy meal, because I had generously given up my premium steak to the poor, young girls behind. I mean, that's how everyone else would see it, right? That I was so engrossed in my movie that I hadn't even noticed that Kim was trying to irritate me. She was just some bratty teenager that had no experience of plane etiquette and I was the classy lady willing to rise above it all.

But then, while settled in my ignorance, the earphone in my right ear was abruptly yanked out. I instinctively went to grab for it, before Kim's foot retracted from my lap, and had already buried the bud in her scrunched toes. As a result, my fingers clumsily touched the top of her toes, before I recoiled in horror, stuffing my hand into my lap and pretending like it hadn't happened.

I heard Kim snort to herself, before she said, "Stop pretending like you didn't just stroke my toes, lady."

Chrissy too giggled, and her foot immediately poked at my left elbow. "Maybe she wants to stroke my toes too?" she teased from the seat behind, then I heard her tearing open her own meal, as if her taunting of me was as normal as unfolding her napkin.

I immediately felt my whole body throbbing all over. It was as if my skin was vibrating amongst intense, abject embarrassment, the kind of which happens when you're uncontrollably flustered in surprise. My mind seemed to enter a mode of auto-pilot, and I continued to clumsily butter my bun to the point I accidentally dropped a dollop of butter onto the armrest. Kim must have noticed, as a second later, she'd moved her foot to smear her biggest toe straight through it.

"Were you going to eat that?" I heard her ask, and suddenly, things had become very real. She lifted her foot above my tray, so that it was obscenely hovering over my meal. In that position, it was so obvious that it wasn't possible that I could pretend I hadn't seen it. My hand remained frozen in the air, clutching my half-buttered bun while Kim's foot tauntingly provoked me with the butter. "Answer me," she said, almost in frustration. "Say something, lady, god damnit."

Yet, despite my lips quivering in need, in a desire to say something forceful or witty, anything that would win the exchange in my favour and put this whole awkward situation to bed, not a squeak came from within my mouth. Instead, I was forced to watch in silence, aghast, as Kim had her way, moving her foot so that she smeared the butter all over the bun that was held in my hand. The worst part was, it took her three attempts, adjusting the angle and position of her foot in order to make sure her toe was cleaned of any trace, and throughout, I just watched, paralysed and mesmerised as she freely rubbed her butter-covered toe, with its awful chipped polish, all over the bun in my fingers; the bun I had been fully intent on eating.

"Enjoy your meal," she said with a snigger, and then a second later, almost thankfully, her foot retracted and disappeared out of view.

I was still ridiculously holding the bun when I listened in to the two of them. "What you eating?" Kim asked, seemingly already having lost interest in ruining my own culinary experience.

"I think it's fish," Chrissy answered. "What about you?"

"It's this steak thing. Looks too bloody to be honest." I grimaced at her ignorance of a perfectly-cooked steak. A chuckle then followed. "But definitely better than what she's eating in front."

"She's eating the same as me," Chrissy said aghast, as if mortally offended.

“Nooo, you don’t understand,” Kim said. “Hers is way worse. I made sure of it. Anyway, you can share some of mine.”

I heard the sound of plastic cutlery dropping to the tray behind me. “What do you mean?”

Kim sniggered again. “I rubbed my toes in her butter than put it all over her bread roll.”

There was a loud gasp, before Chrissy whispered, “What the hell, Kim? You serious? She just let you do that?”

“Fuck yeah,” Kim said with a giggle. “Why not? She acts all mighty but she’s weak as hell. It’s obvious. Listen.” Her voice then became louder as she adjusted herself so she was speaking directly into my ear. “Is my foot bothering you?” Her toes immediately crept through the gap again, before gripping at my elbow. She waited for a second, but when I just swallowed nervously, and didn’t respond, she let out a sigh. “This is actually frustrating. Well, if you’re not going to say it is, then I’m just going to assume that it doesn’t bother you, right? That seems fair?”

I turned, and for the first time, I saw Kim’s brown eyes staring me down from behind the gap in the seats, not with anger, or hatred, or mischief, but rather, confusion and genuine intrigue. Up close, her eyeliner was so clumsily applied, a load of it collected in the corners. She was awkwardly leaning over her own meal tray, her foot jammed through the gap, while her head was pushed over the top. It looked bitterly uncomfortable, yet, she seemed committed to annoying me regardless of her own distress. “Well?” she asked, nodding her head and urging me to answer. With the leather hairband wrapped around her head, her hair draping down her face, she looked almost like some kind of native about to spear her prey.

“I...I...I...I” I just couldn’t do it. I couldn’t voice the absurd reality. The mortifying realisation that Kim was provoking me because she could, and I was too weak and a fraud. I may have had confidence when I thought I was in my own element, but I’d tried to stand my ground amongst economy and had been found wanting.

Kim squinted at me, almost in disappointment. She gestured at me, somewhat encouragingly with her hand. “Come on, say it.”

“I...I...I should eat my meal,” I said with a gulp, before turning back and picking at the pathetic fish dish.

“My God,” Kim said while sitting back in the seat. “This woman sure is wild.” She outstretched her foot towards me, then roughly shoved it into my lap, right beneath the pull-out tray. “I’m just going to put this here,” she said arrogantly. “Since it doesn’t bother you at all apparently. Enjoy your meal.”

I didn’t say a word in my defence. I just allowed it to happen, and while I ate my meal, grimacing at its cardboard-like taste, Kim’s foot remained in my lap the whole time, a forcible intrusion to what should have been an enjoyable break in the dullness of the flight.

I knew it was weird throughout, I mean, having another girl use my lap as a footrest while on a flight? It was extremely bloody weird, but it was kind of for that reason that I didn’t want to acknowledge it. It was like I’d adopted some counter-productive stance of ignorance that I was using to just try and get through until the end of the flight. The last thing I wanted was to make a huge scene, as I’d done earlier, and raise the attention of the whole cabin to the fact that the girls behind me had been literally stepping all over me for the past few hours.

I’d placed the bun in the corner of the tray, and while working my way through the rest of the meal, I eyed it with disappointment. It was probably the one inclusion that wasn’t dry as hell, and since my dessert was gone, I was just left with the awful main course. As I chewed through the overcooked fish, I lamented the fact that I’d been weak and traded meals with Kim. All it had taken was that initial look of confusion in Marketa’s eyes, as Kim had announced my smelling of her feet, and I’d completely capitulated and freely given my gourmet meal up.

“Are you still touching her with your foot?” Chrissy suddenly asked, just as I was finishing up with the last of the fish. I paused as I was about to spoon it between my lips.

“Yeah, it’s been in her lap the whole time.” Kim spread her toes, and I shivered as I felt them tickle near my belly button.

“Oh my God, what is even happening right now?”

“I don’t know, but I’m not moving it. She hasn’t said anything anyway.”

There was some shuffling behind, then I felt Chrissy's socked foot nuzzle its way beneath my left arm, before her toes dug into the underside of my breast. "Well, I'm going to sit like that too then," she said, before adding in a raised voice, "Since she doesn't mind and all." I blushed as the two of them were so openly talking about me, and things became even more embarrassing when I heard Chrissy whisper through the gap near the window, "You can take my sock off if you want." The cutest giggle followed.

I hesitated while that suggestion stumped me. Of course, I didn't want to take off her sock, why would she even think that? I glanced down at her socked foot in my lap, barely visible beneath my breast and the fold-out tray. What did she expect me to do? Take her sock off for her and pass it back through the seats? Why didn't she just take it off herself. I mean, it was one thing for them both to shove their feet all over me, with a clear motivation to torment me, but it was another entirely to expect me to willingly remove her sock for her.

I shifted uncomfortably in the seat, and in doing so, Chrissy's toes slipped from beneath my breast, her heel remaining on my thigh, while her foot angled outwards. I looked down again and could see the toe ring through the translucent sock, along with that bright red polish. Her feet looked way more pampered and pruned than Kim's unkempt claws, and a thought crossed my mind: if I showed an interest in Chrissy's feet, would that mean that Kim might get jealous and leave me alone?

I obviously had no interest in feet, but if given the choice, I'd choose a well-taken pair like Chrissy's pressing all over me. Still, the thought was ridiculous, and I quickly shook it off, even blushing slightly while considering what I was thinking. However, as if sensing my hesitance, Chrissy lifted her socked foot and abruptly thumped the heel down on the corner of my pull-out tray, rattling the remainder of my meal in the process.

"I bet she wants to take my sock off," I heard her say to her sister. "She's probably been wanting to take it off this whole time."

"I reckon so too," Kim whispered back. "You should have seen her face while she was sniffing my foot. It was like she was drugged up or something. I reckon she actually loves it."

“Yeah, she probably wants to sniff my foot as well.” The two of them then burst out laughing. Chrissy must have leant forwards, as I heard her voice closer once again, “Go on,” she urged. “Take my sock off for me. You can even rub my foot if you want.” She wiggled her toes within the socks. “You can sniff it, if you like?”

I heard Kim scoff while I was truly melting under the anxiety of them speaking about me in such a way. It was bad enough that they were provoking me constantly with their feet, but now they were taking my feebleness as a sign that I liked it?

“She’ll probably do that,” Kim said, and then I shuddered as she added, “I reckon she’s going to eat that bun too, just because my foot touched it.”

Chrissy scoffed, then her words became jumbled as she began eating something, “I doubt that very much.” Her toes spread almost tauntingly regardless, stretching the see-through fabric between her red toes.

The bun was the only thing left on my tray, and I had no intention of eating it. I picked it up for a closer look at how she’d ruined it for me; the bread smeared messily with butter that had earlier been on Kim’s big toe. I lifted it slightly, and stared at it, thinking about whether there was dirt mixed in. She’d been walking around the plane barefoot, and had probably been in the restroom without shoes too. Not to mention, that she’d been wearing flip flops before. From the state of her chipped toenail polish, it almost seemed like she didn’t give the cleanliness of her feet a second thought, and yet, she hadn’t been at all hesitant when casually rubbing her foot all over my butter and bun. Even as I was staring at the bun, both of their feet flexed and shifted, reminding me of just what a predicament I was in.

“How’s your food?” Chrissy suddenly asked.

“I’ve had better,” Kim replied, and I balked at the audacity of her. I bit my lip, fighting an urge to tell her that she wouldn’t know a classy meal if it hit her in the face, but the last thing I wanted was to draw their attention while they were seemingly busy with something other than provoking me. “Take it,” she said, and I heard her slide the meal over for her sister.

Things became quiet as they settled down and finished their meals, and as they were not paying me any mind, I placed the bun down on the corner of my tray. While awaiting Marketa to return and take away the trash, I kept sneaking glances at

Chrissy's socked foot. I didn't want to, as each time, I was reminded of how much an intrusion it was in the area where I was eating. I stared beyond at the screen, trying to distract myself and focus, but I couldn't help niggly little glimpses at her foot as it taunted me. It really was so much prettier than her sister's, and I felt somewhat annoyed that it was Kim's foot that had been forced into my face. I didn't want a foot in my face, but if I'd had the choice...

What the hell are you thinking, Cynthia? I thought to myself, and I swallowed down a loud gulp, truly terrified by where my thoughts were leading. I was honestly thinking that there were positives to having a foot in my face? I cursed myself for not putting Kim's arrogance in check as soon as it had reared its ugly head. I'd allowed her to pretty much get away with murder. It was bad enough that I'd been relegated to economy, but she was making my situation so much worse, and I hadn't offered a peep in retort.

Suddenly, my seat jolted forwards, and the pair of them laughed behind. "Hey lady," I heard Kim say, and I remained looking forward and ignored her, pretending I hadn't heard. Seconds later, her foot lifted and thumped against the side of my face, leaving me no choice other than to turn; an expression of resignation and fear likely evident.

"Cheers." Kim was mocking me with a complimentary glass of wine that should have been mine; why the hell had Marketa given her that too? She winked, before raising the glass and taking a sip. She then offered some to her sister, before saying, "I assume I get comp drinks for the rest of the flight, right?"

"I would guess so," Chrissy said. "I mean, if you're getting her meal, you should get the perks that come with it, right?"

"Seems fair to me," Kim said, and then I felt her toes pinch my arm, causing me to yelp. "What do you say, lady? Is it fair I get comp drinks for the flight?" When I didn't answer immediately, she raised her voice, "Hey, foot sniffer, you hear me?"

"Yes, whatever you want," I said, nervously stewing and squirming in my seat. I looked out towards the aisle, defensively, concerned that everyone else could hear what was happening in my row. That they'd know, simply from seeing the girls' feet trotting all over my personal area, that I was basically being bullied by a pair of girls half my age. That's what it came down to, didn't it? They were tormenting me the way

popular girls would pick on the nerd at school. A social outcast truly vulnerable while out of their element. I was of business class stock, lumped into economy with this swarm of trash, and I was like a lamb to the slaughter. I simply didn't know what to do, because my pride felt like the more I opposed them, the more attention I would draw to their behaviour and that in itself would only make me look even worse. I was a proud woman, and having to admit that I needed help because these awful girls were provoking me with their feet was almost as embarrassing as them doing it in the first place.

Therefore, I let out a huff, before acting like Kim was inconveniencing me with her questions. I poked and messed around with the screen in front of me, pretending like I didn't have time for her bother. "Do whatever you want," I said, trying to mask it with an impatient sigh.

"Well, we are," Kim scoffed. "We have been for hours, and you're not even telling us to stop. What's up with that?"

"Yeah, we get extra leg room," Chrissy teased, and she lifted her foot in the air, blocking the screen I was pretending to be distracted with. "We didn't even pay for it, but we'll just use yours, yeah?"

Kim began cackling quite loudly, while trying to suppress it beneath her hand. "God, Chris, you're getting worse than me."

Chrissy shook her foot near my face, and I flinched in response. "I felt sorry for her at first, but the more she let you get away with it, the more I just figure: why not? I mean look." Her foot suddenly arched, her toes curling back, and before I could manoeuvre away, she'd pressed the groove between her socked toes right up against my nose, pushing my head back against the headrest. "Sniff it," she said, as my eyes widened in shock from the fresh assault. "Sniff it like you sniffed my sister's. I know you want to."

I squirmed and struggled as she held me in place, yet, even though my arms were completely free and able, I merely curled them up against my breasts, almost as if I was a t-rex with totally useless limbs. Being a proud, independent woman, it's quite the thing to have another young girl's foot shoved straight in your face. It's such a humiliating and humbling experience, that it almost immobilises you. All of my years of dealing with clients and my peers had never prepared me for the correct way to

respond to such a disparaging insult. What was the appropriate retort to such a forthright display of disdain towards me? I'd always carried myself with an air of superiority, as if people in the service industry simply existed to fulfil my demands, and now, two girls that very much belonged from that class of people, were toying with me in a way that I couldn't deal with. They were operating outside of the rules that I'd lived my life by.

Despite being able to freely lift Chrissy's foot from my face, I simply panicked, taking in a series of rapid breaths. Immediately, my eyes rolled up as I inhaled the light, distinctive scent from between her toes; and it almost seemed like a perfume in comparison to Kim's rancid, smelly feet. There was a flowery fragrance breaking through, as if Chrissy washed her socks with a particular detergent, or perhaps used some kind of scented moisturising oil to soften her skin. Whatever it was, it was so delightful when held up against her sister's toes, that I instinctively began taking short breaths from between her toes; my nostrils tingling from the musky aroma.

"She's sniffing it," Chrissy said in surprise as her toes settled around my nose, scrunching and gripping so I had nowhere to escape. "I can totally feel her breathing between my toes."

"Maybe she really does love it," Kim snorted.

"I think so," Chrissy said, and suddenly I felt her fingers tapping on my shoulder. "Take my sock off," she teased. "I know you want to."

My eyes darted to the left in confusion as I continued to breath the satisfying fragrance from between Chrissy's socked toes. It was so strange, as the more I breathed in that rose-like scent, the more I seemed to partition away from the fact it was coming from a foot. Yet, even though the smell was somewhat enticing, I still held some semblance of awareness and realised I was doing something socially ridiculous. I glanced across the aisle, and the husband was tapping on the screen in front while looking for something to watch. He only had to turn to the left slightly, and he would witness the entire humiliating debacle. Therefore, in desperation, I reached into the netted pocket of the seat in front, and plucked out the flight safety instructions, before lifting it up to the side in order to shield my face from the aisle. It was a pitiful attempt at remaining incognito and protecting my reputation, and I didn't even consider that this made me fully complicit in what was happening to me.

“Oh my God,” Kim said with a giggle. “Look at her, hiding so she can keep sniffing your feet. She loves it!”

That only caused me to burn in shame even more, and as Chrissy’s toes tugged and gripped at my nose, I felt my skin rising in temperature as the absurdity of such happenings overwhelmed me.

“Take it off,” Chrissy urged again, her toes spreading. “Take my sock off already.”

I could barely comprehend what was happening as my arm seemed to take on a life of its own, pinching the heel of Chrissy’s sock between my fingers. I closed my eyes, submitting to the shame as I lightly tugged at the material, trying to ease it from her foot while her toes were still gripped around my nose.

“You never taken a sock off before?” she whispered in my ear; her breath hot as she leant up through the gap by the wall. “Pull at the ankle already.”

“Is she actually doing it?” Kim asked in a bemused voice, and I felt her shifting in the seat behind to get a better look. Her foot retracted from my lap, and suddenly, I was left entirely beneath the foot of her sister Chrissy. Immediately, it felt like a weight had been lifted, like no longer did I have to suffer at all, but could instead cope under the lesser of two evils.

With that, somewhat emboldened by the absence of Kim’s foot, I clumsily grabbed at the ankle of Chrissy’s sock, before fumbling and pulling it free. Bizarrely, as the sock curled free from her toes, I instinctively buried my nose straight back into the now bare, sweaty groove, almost as if it that was where it now belonged.

“Woah,” Kim whispered in a snarky tone. “Looks like she loves your feet more than mine, huh?”

By this point, I was in such a dreamy state while breathing in the flowery aroma from Chrissy’s feet, hardly believing that feet could smell so nice, that I didn’t even care what Kim was saying.

However, Kim didn’t seem satisfied that her sister was subduing me, and I was disturbed by her annoying face slotting into the gap between the seats. “You going to eat that?”

I was confused while her sister's toes were still wrapped around my nose. "Huh?" My eyes were almost glassy from the invigorating scent that was almost hypnotising me from Chrissy's sweet, dainty foot.

Kim nodded towards my tray. "Your bread roll, are you going to eat it?"

"Huh?" I asked again, while wrinkling my forehead. I rolled my eyes towards the bun on the corner of the tray, still smeared with butter all over the top. The same butter that Kim had tarnished with her toe. While my nose was still buried amongst Chrissy's delightful toes, I could barely think straight. Her skin was just so soft and smooth. "Ummm."

"I think you should eat it. You should stop sniffing my sister's toes, and just eat that roll," Kim said with a chuckle, before her face disappeared. A second later, her foot manoeuvred its way back through the gap and took up its usual place on the armrest next to me. "She's totally going to eat it," I heard her say once she was safely settled back in her seat.

"Maybe she will," Chrissy said, and with that she relaxed her toes and lifted them from my face. "The way she's loving my foot smell, I'm kind of thinking she'll eat that roll if it means I'll let her carry on."

I whimpered as her foot moved away from my nose, instinctively craning my neck forwards to nestle back safely in the warm, sweaty groove of her toes. However, she kept them out of reach, and instead, I whined as I saw how flawlessly applied her toenail polished was. There was not a blemish or callus in sight on her soft skin, and the cute little toe ring, with the butterfly attached to its top, only made her feet appear all the daintier and more delicate. Her foot drifted down towards the armrest near the wall, before settling in place. I whimpered again without even considering how pathetic that sounded. What was I whimpering for: because Chrissy's pretty foot was no longer on my face? I could barely even understand my own motivations. I mean, if I *had* to have a foot on my face, obviously I'd choose Chrissy's pretty foot over Kim's grimy one. However, I was currently given the option of having no foot on my face, and I was inexplicably whining for that not to be the case. Did I actually *want* Chrissy's foot in my face, forcing me to breathe in its scent? Did I *like* how they smelled?

I remained there for a minute or so, my head cocked to the side while I eyed Chrissy's pretty toes with their red nails. I had an urge to just lean over and grab her

foot, before pressing her soft sole against my face. However, just as how I was powerless to respond whenever they humiliated me, apparently, I was similarly powerless to act when I actually wanted something. I *did* want her foot, right? I was so confused, that I was beginning to doubt my own desires. I mean, why the hell would I want Chrissy's foot in my face? I couldn't fathom why, but the longer I stared at her red-painted toes, the more I felt like they belonged wrapped around my nose.

"God, look at her," Kim said in a petulant way. "I think she's in love."

That comment shook me, and I immediately contemplated just what I was doing, awkwardly shifting in my seat as I dropped the safety instructions back down. I looked around, frantically concerned that someone else may have noticed how I had been gawping over Chrissy's foot. Thankfully, everyone else across the aisle was busy finishing up with their meals, but then, I was startled when Marketa rolled up the trolley next to my row.

"Are you finished, Ma'am?" she asked with a smile. "I'm taking the trash away now." She went to reach for my tray, but then paused as she noticed Kim's foot on the armrest, her toes spread out. She cocked her head with interest, looking at the foot, before then glancing up at me. "You're still happy with this?" She looked down at Kim's foot again, and tried her best to hide a little smirk, especially when her eyes lingered and she noted that Chrissy's now bare foot was resting against the wall. Her smirk turned to a smile of bemusement; almost as if she was pleased at what she saw; satisfied that the sisters were continuing to torment me. "Is everything comfortable here?"

"Yes," I said anxiously, before taking the tray and almost dropping it clumsily. Obviously, I wanted Kim's foot away from my seat, but I didn't want to acknowledge the fact that I was allowing it to be there. Needing the same flight attendant that I'd yelled at, to now come and rescue me was a most humiliating admission. If anything, I just wanted her away from me without raising further attention to the precarious situation I was currently in. It was bad enough that Kim and Chrissy were freely taunting and provoking me with their feet, and the last thing I needed was a third party questioning why I wasn't doing anything to halt it. "Oh, yes, thank you," I said, while lifting the tray towards her; my face already blushing as I had to steer it over Kim's

intruding foot. I swallowed with apprehension, once against just wanting Marketa away from me so I could be left to my humiliating position in peace.

Marketa noticed the bun on the corner of the tray. “Do you want to keep that or are you finished?”

“Oh, I’m finished,” I said with a nod.

She smiled back, and lifted the tray towards the trolley. As she did so, I turned and peeked over my shoulder, catching sight of the two girls between the seat. Chrissy was now fully engrossed in whatever she was watching, while Kim was more relaxed, sat back with her leg stretched out into my row. While her foot was planted on the armrest, like an invading force in my territory, she was busy scoffing the delicious chocolate brownie and cream that had come with my gourmet, business class meal. Such was her joy in feasting, that she had smears of chocolate sauce all over her chin.

I found myself almost blatantly staring as I felt overwhelmed with a real feeling of unfairness. I’d been demoted from business class, and hadn’t even got to enjoy the meal, because it had been seized from me by this low-class cow. Why the hell had I even let that happen?

I looked down towards her foot, and there it was, still taunting me. The same foot that had been annoying me for hours by this point. The same foot she’d made me flinch like a fool with when she’d jokingly flung it in my face and made me sniff her toes. The same foot that had been poking and prodding me, and had spent the entire meal in my lap. Why the hell hadn’t I told her to move it the very first time she’d shoved it through the partition? It wasn’t even as if it was pleasant like Chrissy’s foot. At least in that case her skin felt soft and her toes actually smelled nice. Why couldn’t she have been the one to stick her toes in my butter? I thought back over my behaviour, and rather than attempting to keep the peace, as I’d deluded myself, I’d been acting like nothing but a pushover.

Kim had no right at all to be shoving her feet in my row, and most certainly in my personal space, but I’d allowed her to do so. For hours, and even after Marketa had noticed, I’d allowed this skip rat Kim to take liberties. I’d allowed her to make me look like a damn fool, and now she was enjoying a dessert that should have been mine, while I was relegated to having my own food thrown away because she’d shoved her foot in it.

Her entitlement was off the charts. I grimaced and looked up towards Marketa, just as she was about to scrape the bun into the plastic bag, and then, as if on cue, Kim's foot began to move from side to side, almost as if she was dancing. My jaw dropped, and I peeked back once more, just to see that she had her headphones in, and was jiving along to whatever she was watching. The chocolate was still smeared all over her chin and lips, though now, she was sipping from the complimentary glass of wine. She was paying me no mind at all, and apparently, she felt no remorse for everything she had done to me.

Her words were suddenly ringing in my head again, "She's totally going to eat it," she'd said, while snickering after rubbing her toe all through the butter.

I suddenly felt a chill run down my spine, and my cheeks flushed over with a warm sizzle. My stomach was already beginning to squirm and drop; all because a simple thought entered my head. A ridiculous, absurd thought that made no sense at all, but had lodged itself in my mind all the same; what if I did actually eat that bun?

I looked to my left, and saw Chrissy's beautiful foot there, taunting me in a completely different way. Its prettiness was alluring, and once my eyes were focused on her fire-engine red toes, I felt captivated and unable to look away. Had she been right? Would I actually eat that bun if it meant that I'd get to sniff her toes again? I mean, I seemed to like sniffing her toes, didn't I? The smell was most endearing, especially the way it reminded me of a blooming garden; not how I'd expect something like a foot to smell at all.

Without even thinking, I leant to my left and brushed my arm up against the top of Chrissy's foot, and her toes wiggled in response. Immediately, I saw a shadow appear near the window, and a few strands of Chrissy's blonde hair crept through as she placed her face up into the gap. "What was that?" she asked.

I gulped, and thinking about how I could show her just how much better her feet were than her sister's, I turned towards Marketa and said anxiously, "Wait."

Marketa flinched and looked startled for a moment, her hand in the process of pushing all of the trash from my tray. The bun was teetering on the edge, on the brink of keeling off and dropping into the bag. All I had to do was keep tight-lipped and it would be gone, however, I kept picturing Kim's smug face, and her laughing at me while she ate my dessert and drank my wine. I imagined her legs crossed in my lap

against my will, all while I greedily devoured that bun and slurped up the butter she'd rubbed her horrid, callused toe through. It would be a fitting marker to my relegation from business class, wouldn't it? The real icing on the cake.

I thought about Chrissy, grinning while she mocked me for eating the bun, just so I could smell her feet again. How she'd look all smug, knowing I had only eaten it because I enjoyed sniffing her toes. It was like the two of them were reaching me in completely different ways. They were making my life a misery on the plane, but strangely, some part of me felt like I deserved it after the way I'd behaved.

"What is it?" Marketa asked.

"I...I haven't finished with that," I said, while leaning over and taking the bun, right as it was just about to roll off the tray.

"Oh," she said, with a perplexed look. "I thought you said you were finished?"

"I forgot this," I said, while blushing, somewhat concerned that she was perhaps aware of the reason why I was rescuing it from my trash. Had she seen Kim smear her toe all through the butter and then rub it all over my bun? Had she realised what was going through my head as my eyes lingered all over Chrissy's beautiful toes?

"Enjoy," she said, with a smile, before dumping the remainder of my tray into the trash. She rolled the trolley to the girls behind, and I hunkered down, hiding the bun so it was out of sight. I slipped back into my seat, and in the process, inexplicably caught Kim's foot with the sleeve of my shirt. Immediately, I saw her head shift so that she was looking through the gap, and I raised my hand as if to say sorry; without even considering that I was holding the bun.

"Oh my God," Kim said, while yanking her earphones out. She excitedly nudged her sister in the arm. "Look at this, Chris, look at this. What the hell?"

"No," I said, "That's not...no...wait." I hid the bun from view, just as Chrissy's face popped into view too.

"What is it?" she asked, clearly annoyed at being disturbed.

"She's going to eat it," Kim said with a clap of her hand. "I told ya, didn't I? She's going to eat the bread roll I stepped on because she likes it."

“W-what?” Chrissy asked, clearly bemused by what she was hearing. “Stop messing.”

“Show her,” Kim said with a more assertive voice. When I failed to do as told, she narrowed her eyes and pointed at me accusingly, before saying slightly louder. “Show her the bread roll.”

Immediately, Marketa turned to look at me, obviously curious by the furore that Kim was making a show of. My relentless brunette menace then turned to her and smiled, “She’s going to eat it,” Kim said with joy. “She’s going to eat the bread roll.”

Marketa looked between the two of us, and seemed confused and perplexed. “Yes,” she said, as her voice lingered in the air. “I know.”

“I stuck my foot in it,” Kim said victoriously, without any hesitation at all.

Instantly, I felt a lump catch in my throat; a sort of throbbing, buzzing feeling tingling all over my skin. How could Kim have said something like that so openly with Marketa right there? I’d only been going along with their provocations so no one else would see, and now, she’d just blown my efforts right up in my face anyway? Self-preservation took over, and I immediately attempted to change the topic. “Could I have another drink?”

Marketa’s focus didn’t leave Kim, however. “W-what?” she asked, and her face seemed to light up with a red tinge even more embarrassed than my own. “You did...you did what?” Finally, she turned and looked at me, almost out the corner of her eye; her expression the pivotal example of bemusement.

“I rubbed my toes right in the butter,” Kim said with a giggle, before cocking her head while eyeing me. “Now, now she’s going to eat it. Aren’t you?”

I swallowed nervously, and abruptly turned back in my seat while facing straightforward. A new movie was now playing on the screen, but I couldn’t concentrate on anything other than the awful way I was feeling. It was like I was overcome by a lingering dread, an impending sense of doom, that was finally coming to fruition after I’d skirted around allowing her to get away with murder. How Marketa had constantly noticed Kim’s foot bothering me, but hadn’t mentioned it. It was like an unspoken understanding, whereby everyone knew what she was doing, and subsequently what I was allowing to happen, but as long as no one voiced or

acknowledged it to each other, then we could all just pretend we hadn't noticed. How Chrissy was now completely invested in my debasement too, and how she seemed to be sensing there was something else growing inside me, something that Kim's arrogance was completely oblivious to.

However, now, evidently fuelled by the free alcohol, Kim had broken the seal and well and truly kicked the hornet's nest. Suddenly, all of my apprehension and worry was brought to the fore, and I had genuine concerns that my policy of appeasement had only delayed the inevitable. If I'd nipped her shenanigans in the bud right from the start, I'd probably have enjoyed a peaceful flight from take-off. Stupidly, I'd allowed things to fester, concerned that I was only going to draw more attention to myself. Now, Kim was doing that for me, and after having already seen her feet tormenting me for the past hours, Marketa's expression was shifting to curiosity more than bewilderment.

"Really?" Marketa asked, while cocking her head and staring at me with wonder. "But...but...why?"

"Think of it as a punishment," Kim cackled.

"Yeah," Chrissy added. "She's going to eat it to make up for the way she treated you earlier. For delaying our flight." She then giggled slightly. "Well, that's one reason she's going to eat it." She lifted her toes and tickled my ribs. "We both know there's another reason, don't we?"

I squirmed away from her foot, and though I tingled inside at her suggestion, I wasn't about to admit such a thing, something I didn't yet understand myself, especially with the flight attendant standing right there.

"Really?" Marketa asked with narrowed eyes. Her head darted back between the three of us, a slight hesitance still there as if she didn't quite believe this was all happening. Her expression then seemed to ripple, as if a sense of gullibility was overcome. "Why?" She was now addressing me directly; and I remained looking straight forward, unable to make eye contact with her as I contorted my body, attempting to escape Chrissy's wiggling toes as they continued to torment me. "Why would you do that?"

I couldn't even offer any answer, because I had no intention of eating it while the three of them were watching. I couldn't even understand why I'd felt compelled to save it from the trash in the first place. Eating it, while nobody was aware, was like a private, almost masochistic indulgence, playing into Kim's rampant entitlement and subjugation of me in a secretive manner. It was like a silent acknowledgement that I'd do such a disgusting thing as an admittance that I bizarrely liked sniffing Chrissy's flowery toes. Almost like an homage, but not one I was comfortable in them being aware of.

Actually being forced to eat the bun for their amusement as if I was on show, well, that was another thing entirely, and not something I was going to enjoy. I already had those same feelings of exposure that had occurred when I was fumbling with the overhead compartment shortly after boarding. How I'd suddenly realised that all eyes were on me and I was making a scene of myself; how I was completely abandoned of all allies. If I ate that bun, there would just be so many connotations. Kim would think it was because I liked her feet, when I didn't. Would that result in her putting them all over me even more? Chrissy would know it was because I enjoyed sniffing her toes, which I did. Would that mean she'd allow me to sniff them again? Was getting to sniff Chrissy's rose-like toes worth the risk of Kim shoving her grubby digits over my nose again? Marketa...well, at this stage, I didn't have a clue what Marketa would think of the whole thing.

"Go on," Kim urged. "Eaaaaat it. We all wanna see you stuff it in your mouth after the way you were talking to her earlier." Suddenly, she leant back, and her foot lurched through the gap in the seats. Before I could even consider what was happening, she'd clumsily grabbed the bun from my hand, squishing it between her biggest and second toes.

I stared down in shock, my jaw dropping open. The bread didn't look at all delicious anymore, the way it was misshapen and squeezed between her grubby toes; the chipped polish making it all the worse. She lifted her foot and taunted me with it, shoving it towards my face which only caused me to cower away.

"Oh my God," Marketa said, while covering her mouth in surprise. She was so loud that the guy in the seat in front actually shifted and turned for a second, though

thankfully not enough to see what was happening. She leant closer and whispered, “Is she really going to eat it?”

“Hell yeah, she is,” Kim said, and with that, she pressed the bun into my cheek. “Go on,” she urged. “Eat it straight from my foot. I know you want to.”

I squirmed and grimaced, already noticing that the butter was beginning to liquify from the heat of her skin and ooze between her toes. The mere thought of humiliatingly eating that bun from Kim’s foot, while all of their eyes watched me with fascination, made my stomach turn to the point of dizziness. “Please, stop,” I said, while looking at Marketa shyly; hopeful that she would intervene and move me away from these horrid, tactless girls. She had the power to rescue me, even if I hadn’t asked for her assistance. I mean, she wasn’t an idiot, was she? She could see the pair of them were harassing me and making my journey a misery; she could see that I was only going along with it all because I was out of my depth. It was part of her responsibility to do something about it. That was her purpose as a flight attendant, wasn’t it? To ensure my bloody comfort!

However, her face was completely unmoved; not a hint of sympathy within sight. It was almost as if while she stared upon my humiliation, there was a slight satisfaction inside while she remembered how much of a bother I’d been earlier. I mean, she wasn’t actively encouraging my debasement, but she was making no attempt to stop it either. While I looked at her in hope, she notably blinked, before glancing down at the bun pinched between Kim’s toes. She focused on it momentarily, before her eyes shifted up to meet mine, then, as if communicating a secret desire, she flicked her eyes back to Kim’s toes, seeming to drag my own eyes along with them. The message was clear, despite her lips remaining sealed: she wanted me to eat that bun, even if her professionalism prevented her from stating so. Though knowing it was wrong, she was going to stand and watch while I did so.

Suddenly, I felt an overwhelming pressure to eat it. It was an incomprehensible compulsion that grew and throbbed with each passing second of their expectation. The more I sweated and squirmed beneath their stares, the more I felt like I needed to act; like I needed to do what they wanted. That I needed to suffer through the awful taste and humiliation of devouring that foot-smeared snack, so that they in turn could laugh

and revel in my debasement, just as everyone had laughed when I broke my expensive luggage.

Kim lifted her foot again, and she manoeuvred her ankle, twisting and contorting so that it was arched in my direction; the bun pretty much impaled on her biggest toe by this point. “Come on,” she said, while leaning forward and thumping the seat, causing me to bounce forwards; the butter-spattered bun squashing against my lips. I was about to yank my head away, when I felt a hand pressing against the back of my hair. I turned, only to see that Chrissy was now stood and leaning over the seat, watching intently. My eyes lurched to the left, and I noted her foot was no longer there. Chrissy’s beautiful foot had abandoned me. It had abandoned me to the grime of her sister’s toes. If I wanted her foot back, close enough to savour its meadow-like scent, I was going to have to eat that bun, wasn’t I?

As Kim pressed the bun against my lips again, almost flattening it against their reluctance, my eyes danced all over the aisle at the seats adjacent, terrified that someone else was going to witness what was happening. Thankfully, everyone was either busy watching the monitors on the seats in front, or already cosily asleep after their meal. Bizarrely, I almost felt relieved that the four of us were the only ones aware of my embarrassment, as if there was safety in our exclusive club.

Marketa seemed mesmerised, almost lost in fascination as she watched the sisters subdue me in such a masterful way. Though still watching, she sensed my concern, and pushed the trolley back slightly, so that the whole fiasco was blocked from the eyes of everyone else. She leant on the edge of the headrest and just observed. She said nothing at all. She just stared and awaited what was inevitably going to happen. She had the power to stop all of this at once, but stood by and allowed the girls to have their way. She’d obscured everything from the rest of the cabin, because she wanted to see me eat that bun from Kim’s toes, didn’t she? She didn’t want anyone else to intervene and rescue me from this torment.

“Eat it,” Kim said again, while trying to wedge the impaled bun between my lips. “Eat it, eat it, eat it.” She grunted and grimaced in effort while mashing the bun against my mouth clumsily, her frustration growing evident with the rising in her voice.

“Yeah, eat it,” Chrissy said encouragingly, her hand holding my head firmly in place. She leant down slightly over the seats, and whispered in my ear. “Eat it, and I’ll let you sniff my toes again. You want to, don’t you? I know your little secret.”

My eyes widened as if my shame was fully revealed. If Chrissy’s foot was clutching that bun, I’d have probably already gobbled it down, greedily licking the butter from between each of her young, soft toes. However, this was Kim, and her feet were something I simply didn’t want near my mouth. Despite Chrissy’s gentle cooing in my ear, I still tried to keep my lips held closed, but as I looked up at Marketa desperately, I saw her own lips parting. Her expression was lost to captivation; her big, green eyes almost glassy as she watched me in disbelief. Her lips quivered as her body seemed to take over, even though her mind was struggling to remain professional. Though not a sound came out, I read the words she silently spoke: eat it. She was on board, she wanted me to be humiliated as much as they did. She wanted to see Kim’s toes feed me that bun.

With that, the remainder of my resistance seemed to crumble, and my own lips parted; Kim’s toe victoriously plundering its way inside. Immediately, she gasped, before shrieking in delight to the point that a few other passengers murmured disapprovals at being startled. The bun filled my mouth, and broke off from her toe almost without effort.

“Eat it,” Chrissy whispered in my ear, and I did just that. While her fingers remained gripped in my hair, I chewed through that buttery bun, wincing and cringing as I accepted just what I was doing. She whispered in my ear again, “You’re only eating it so you can smell my feet again, right?” My body shivered throughout as I struggled with that fact. “It’s okay, I won’t tell my sister.”

“Oh my God,” I heard Marketa say, and then she abruptly fidgeted and struggled to remove the trays from the seats behind. Even while I continued to chew through the buttery bun, I could hear her fumbling and tipping all of the trash into the bag. Meanwhile, the sisters continued to watch me with interest as I swallowed the last of the bun down.

Chrissy lightly patted my head once I was done. “Well, that was something different,” she said with an adorable giggle, before settling back into her seat.

As Marketa rolled the trolley further down the aisle, I suddenly realised just what a fool I had been. Why the *fuck* had I eaten the bloody bun while the three of them had been watching? It was bad enough to do it for the amusement of the two awful sisters, but while Marketa had been watching too? What if she went and told all of the other flight attendants about what she'd just witnessed?

I couldn't even process why I'd done it. It was almost like I'd been seduced into it for multiple reasons. The absurd surrender to Kim's arrogance and her grimy toes, the irresistible draw of Chrissy's pretty toes and strangely, the wonder in Marketa's curious eyes. It was like I knew it was the wrong thing to do, and would put me in an even more precarious situation for the remainder of the flight, but for that reason, I had walked the plank and allowed it to happen while buckling beneath the pressure.

Kim withdrew her foot and sat back, and I heard the pair of them frantically cackling to themselves. "Oh my God, I can't believe she ate it," Chrissy said. "Like, I thought she might, but to actually see her do it. Why would someone put themselves through that, right here, in front of everyone?"

"I know," Kim snarled. "I got to eat her business meal, and she eats a freakin' bread roll from between my toes in exchange. This bitch is wild."

Chrissy's voice became excited. "How did it feel?"

There was silence as Kim seemed perplexed by the question. "What?" she asked after a few seconds. "What do you mean?"

"I mean, what was it like making her do that after the way she was moaning earlier, did it feel good?"

"Fuck yeah it did. Why?" Kim stuttered, before asking questioningly, "Do you wanna try?"

Immediately, I felt queasy and as if I was about to throw up as a realisation hit me: this wasn't the end of it? Was this only the beginning? I couldn't bear another humiliation so soon after, and I needed to escape while I had the chance.

With both of their feet out of the way, I abruptly stood, almost collapsing over the seat next to me. I clumsily scooted along, only peering back to see if the girls were intent on doing something else. However, they were whispering and laughing to each

other, while Kim was wiping off excess butter from her toe with a napkin. I was only thankful that she hadn't insisted I suck it off.

While they were distracted, I moved into the aisle, before stumbling my way down to the restroom for a quick break. The earlier wine had gone straight through me, and I felt on the verge of vomiting after having eaten that atrocious bun. After I had relieved myself, I tried hiding away for a bit, but unfortunately, another passenger knocked the door.

I eventually headed back to my seat. However, I paused in the aisle as I returned; a notable head with dark hair leaned back against the aisle armrest. I stumbled closer, and my stomach dropped as I realised that Kim was now laying across my entire row.

I paused hesitantly nearby, not knowing what to say. I was loathing a confrontation, especially after everything that had already happened so far on the flight. She had her arms crossed behind her head, while her feet were crossed at the ankles, resting against the wall. The intention was clear; she was deliberately putting herself in a position where I would have to confront her as I now literally had nowhere to sit.

As I scooted up right next to her, I glanced in the row behind, and a thought hit me: should I just go and sit next to Chrissy? That would surely blow her little scheme apart, and then I could be up close to Chrissy's prettier feet. I mean, not because I wanted to or anything, but just because if I had to choose between them, well obviously I'd pick Chrissy's. It's not like I was into feet or anything like that, I think...

That idea went out of the window though, when the couple across the aisle looked at me, before the wife whispered to the husband, "Look at that. That girl is laying in her row."

The husband squinted over, before chuckling. "Did you see they traded meals earlier?" He replied. "She gave up her more expensive meal?"

"After that big scene she caused earlier?"

"Yeah, quite the turnaround, huh?"

Despite hearing every single word from behind me, I resisted turning around. Instead, I felt almost compelled to protect my honour. To, at the very least, put up

some kind of effort to stand up for myself, having done the complete opposite ever since I'd sat my ass down in economy. It was bad enough looking like a fool in front of the sisters and Marketa, but now, other passengers had noticed and my dilemma was seeming to grow beyond all control.

"What are you doing?" I asked Kim with nervous trepidation. "This is my seat." I squeezed the headrest. "Please could you return to your own seat?"

I expected the change in my attitude to take her by surprise, but she barely reacted at all. She merely smirked up at me, before uncrossing her legs and wiggling her cruddy toes. "Actually," she said with some arrogance. "That is your seat." She lifted her feet, and gripped the armrest of the seat nearest the window with her toes. "These other seats are free game, right?"

"No," I said, feeling forced to stand my ground since the couple across the aisle were clearly listening in. "The flight attendant said I had the entire row to myself." I figured that would be enough to get her to move, and this was obviously another scheme to annoy me, however, she failed to shift.

"Really?" She asked while turning her head and looking at me with suspicion. "Is that really what she said?"

"Yes." My voice became a little hesitant. "She said I had a whole row to myself."

"I mean, I heard the whole thing, and she said she'd seated you in a row with no one else. She didn't say anything about the entire row being reserved for you, did she? You have one seat, just like the rest of us, and since you're not using these seats, well, I'm going to really enjoy spreading out and relaxing."

"I was planning to use them," I said. "After I finished my meal."

She cocked her head. "Your economy meal, right? As far as I remember"—she placed a palm against her breast—"I was the one that ate a business class meal, so it's only right that I'm the one that gets to stretch out with more leg room." She narrowed her brown eyes, while almost challenging me. "Isn't that right?" She then snatched the other pillows from the floor, before stuffing them behind her and up against the aisle armrest.

“Excuse me,” came a voice from behind, and I flinched in surprise. There was a mother with a little girl, obviously on their way to the restroom. “Could I get passed?”

“Huh?”

The woman gestured down the aisle beyond me. “I’m taking my daughter to the loo. Please could you sit so we can get by?”

“Huh?” I looked back towards Kim, still sprawled out and blocking my seat. “I...ummm...”

“There’s room here,” Kim said, before lifting her legs and bending at the knee. “You can sit in your seat.”

I paused while looking at my sad little seat near the window. I’d be cramped right up, while Kim was laying across the other three. It was bad enough that she’d been annoying me from behind for the duration of the flight so far, but if I wedged myself into that seat, she’d have free reign to torment me without any hindrance. I stared at her mucky toes as they gripped the armrest; taunting me with their chipped polish and lack of care. I mean, having both rubbing all over me was going to be so much worse than her merely poking one foot through the gap in the seats as she had been. If it was Chrissy laying there, well, the idea would be much more appealing, with her feet being so clean and pretty, maybe it would even be enjoyable. I instantly felt embarrassed simply thinking of such a thing, and wiped my sweated brow.

To make matters even worse, Marketa had pushed the trolley back down the aisle from the other side, now that she’d collected the trash from all of the other passengers. “Ma’am,” she said while rolling up. “Please could you be seated?”

I turned and looked at her, before glancing back towards Kim with a nod of my head. I expected Marketa to do something, at the very least to insist she move, however, she just stared blankly back at me. Therefore, I leant back towards the row behind, and saw that Chrissy was snuggled up in the corner, wrapped beneath a blanket with her legs tucked beneath her. She’d lifted the armrest between the girls, and for the first time, I realised that it was just the both of them back there: thank God for that. But then, I considered what that meant...two girls sharing four seats. They already had loads of room to stretch out and relax, and yet, they’d chosen to stick their feet through the seats and annoy me instead.

As a result, the three empty seats next to Chrissy were incredibly enticing, and I made a move to squeeze passed Marketa's trolley. Even if Chrissy told me to move, at least I would momentarily annoy the pair of them, the same way they'd been annoying me.

"Please return to your seat," Marketa said, while nodding back to my own row and failing to roll the trolley back a few inches for me.

"Could I sit here instead?"

Chrissy looked away from her movie and squinted at me, though with her headphones still on, she wasn't party to the conversation. She looked so cute wrapped up in the corner, her blonde hair close to the tone of her pale skin. As I glanced down, I noted there were a discarded pair of sneakers on the floor; she must have freed her feet straight after take off and had been using them to tease me ever since.

"Ma'am, please just return to your seat," Marketa said in an impatient tone. "You can not block the aisle like this."

"My daughter really needs to use the loo," the mother said.

For the final kick in the teeth, the wife sat in the aisle opposite, felt the need to pipe up and get involved. "Could you please sit? I'm feeling claustrophobic with you stood there," she said, all while her husband nodded in agreement.

I turned and looked aghast. "Claustrophobic?" I asked. "Are you serious?" Did she even know what the word meant? Try being pinned in your seat by the feet of two unruly girls sat behind you, for hours, without anyone to help. Now, she wanted me to squeeze into a seat so that one of those very same girls could taunt me even further. The woman looked utterly perplexed, and for a moment, seemed to regret having goaded me. For the first time in hours, I felt empowered. "You know what? Why don't—"

"God," Kim interrupted in a tired drawl. "Stop being such a Karen and sit down. You're always trying to cause a scene, aren't you?"

There were a few sniggers and snide remarks from the people nearby, and suddenly, I felt like I didn't have a choice. Once again, the entire cabin seemed to be ganging up on me, even though I was the one completely in the right.

Marketa could see that Kim was in my bloody seat, but she didn't seem to give a crap. "Ma'am," she said a final time; both hands gripping the trolley. "Please, be seated, right now."

At that, other people began to look over, and I felt my face reddening from embarrassment. So, while everyone watched, with my head dropped in shame, I scooted along the row, trying my best not to touch Kim in any way. Once I was near the window, I squeezed into the seat, and noticed that I had to keep my arm in my lap, since Kim's unkempt toes were curled over the armrest. I'd barely been in place a few seconds, before my nose flared at their disturbing stink.

With the other passengers still lingering nearby in the aisle, and especially with the child present, I felt safe to voice my frustration. Obviously, Kim wasn't going to do anything like stick her foot in my face with a load of people watching, was she? "Why are you doing this?" I asked, finally seeming to muster some courage. "Why won't you give me a break?"

Kim let out a frustrated huff. "Obviously I'm making myself more comfortable," she said, and then, while my entire body went rigid, she settled back against the pillow and lifted her feet so that her heels rested on the armrest directly next to me; her dusty, callused soles facing me. "Do you have a problem with that?"

"Please, you can't do that," I said, in an almost pleading voice while cowering away from her feet. "I was going to sleep here."

"Well, I guess you should have been quicker then, hadn't you?"

I glanced down at her feet with distaste. Such was the cramped area of the seat, that the soles of her feet were almost pressed up against my side. If it hadn't been for the fact that she was so petite, then she probably would have been sat all over me already. "Could you please move those away from me?"

Kim raised her eyebrow. "Move what?"

"Those," I said, while shyly indicating towards her feet with my pinkie finger. "Your...your feet."

“Wow,” Kim said with a snigger. She sat up and looked truly enamoured with my bashful posture. “It’s only taken you like five hours to finally say it. So, you want me to move my feet away, do you?”

“Yes.” I leant away towards the window, but in the process, my arm pressed up against something. I turned in confusion, only to see Chrissy’s pretty foot once again pressed through the gap between the seat and the window area of the plane. I gulped while realising that I now had literally nowhere to escape, and wondered whether this had all been some plan they had cooked up together while I was in the restroom.

“Ummm, excuse me?” I heard from the seat behind. “Can you be more careful, please? That actually hurt.”

“I’m sorry,” I said, instinctively, almost feeling bad that I had apparently hurt Chrissy’s cute feet, however, I then realised how ludicrous it was to apologise to someone intruding in the seat I’d paid for. “You’re actually resting your foot in my space,” I said feeling emboldened having finally breached the topic with Kim, before adding, “You’re both invading my space. Could you please stop doing that?” Even if Chrissy’s feet were pretty, I was so exhausted, I just wanted to be left alone.

I flinched as I felt Kim’s feet press up against my leg. “Does this bother you too?” she asked, while cocking her head.

I suddenly felt completely apprehensive and, in a panic, I hit the flight attendant button on the console above my head. Why? I don’t know.

“What are you doing?” Kim asked with an amused smirk. “Calling for help, are you?”

“What is it, Ma’am?” Marketa asked, still only a few feet away.

“Please could you ask her to return to her seat?” I gestured towards Kim with my finger.

Marketa looked between the two of us, before pushing the trolley so she was stood at the end of our row. I breathed a sigh that she was finally going to do something, but then, she leant over, switched the button off, and continued to push the trolley down the aisle. My jaw-dropped, and I realised, that all pretence of Marketa being

professional with me had disappeared the moment she'd watched me eat that buttered bun.

Kim scowled in my direction, before lifting her foot and slapping the ball against my cheek. "Don't do that again. You're like a child crying to the teacher when you can't get your own way."

"Please," I said anxiously, feeling overcome by a desperate need to get out of this situation and now accepting that I had nowhere at all to turn to for help. It was way different to everything that had happened while they were sat behind me. Now, Kim was looking me straight in the eyes while she was taunting me, and there was no chance for me to pretend like I wasn't aware of what was happening. Besides, any hope of that had disappeared when I had willingly eaten the bun from her foot. I was terrified that all barriers had been broken down, and with her close proximity, Kim was intent on upping things for the remainder of the flight. "I need to use the restroom. Please, let me up."

Kim cocked her head and raised an eyebrow. "What are you going on about? You literally just came back from there."

"I need to go again."

She snorted, before rolling her eyes. "God, you're pathetic, you know that, right? I can't believe you're the same woman that was ranting and raving earlier." She prodded my cheek again with her toe, and I leant away, only nudging Chrissy's foot with my elbow in the process.

"Ouch," I heard from behind, and then I felt her kick my arm in retaliation. "Sit still," she fumed from behind. "I'm trying to watch a movie."

"I need to go," I said, as if talking to myself. "I need to get out of here."

"We're on a plane," Kim said with a snigger. "You're not going anywhere until we land. Unless you're planning to open the door and jump out."

My eyes fell vapid as I actually considered that option, before I shook off its preposterous nature. "I really, really need the restroom," I said again, my voice shifting to a whine.

Kim considered me for a moment, looking me up and down, before she shrugged. “I’m not stopping you. I’m literally resting my feet near you, that’s all. You’re hardly pinned down, are you?”

“Well...”

“Why don’t you stop causing such a drama again? If you want to go to the loo, just go, instead of acting like I’m in your way. You always gotta make a big deal out of everything, don’t you?”

I was about to say something, when all words abandoned me. I was so confused by Kim’s attitude. Did she want me out of the way, or did she want me stuck here so she could provoke me some more? I honestly couldn’t tell anymore. All I knew was that I felt completely uncomfortable near her, and as if I was on my own. I appeared to have no allies anywhere close by. Even Marketa, who was supposed to act cordially and with professionalism, had completely abandoned me, as if leaving me for the wolves.

While my lip quivered and I was on the urge of sniffing, I stumbled to my feet and clumsily shunted my way past the reclining Kim. Throughout, she watched me, as if she was considering doing something, and I side-stepped with total apprehension. As I was just about to pass her, she lifted her leg, flung her foot in my direction and said, “Boo.”

I jumped and almost fell into the aisle as a result, which left her giggling to herself; her face buried in her hands in disbelief at how on edge she seemingly had me. It was such a strange experience for me, usually being so assured and in control. It wasn’t even as if I was cowering due to violence or anything of the like; it was simply her feet that had me so off my game.

Thankful to be away from her, I tripped my way down the aisle, making eye contact with a number of passengers that I had just passed barely minutes before. I looked at them sheepishly, convinced that each of them knew about everything that happened. I even attempted to cover my face with my arm, worried that my expression was going to betray me and communicate the humiliation I’d been through. They all must have known; the way Kim had stolen my meal and had been tormenting me with her feet throughout the entire journey so far. They just had to have known, it was obvious, wasn’t it? She must have been sat behind me, gloating, while pushing her legs

between the seats and rubbing her feet all over me. I'd been so nervous and constantly looked around to check no one had been looking, but what if Kim hadn't? For all I knew, she could have been pointing at my row and drawing attention towards the fact that she was freely provoking me with her feet.

As I neared the end of the cabin where the restrooms were, I was blocked by Marketa who was just filing the trolley away. She turned, and upon seeing me, she looked up towards the ceiling with a groan; her big, beautiful eyes rolling back in her head. "Ma'am," she said. "Will you please behave yourself? This plane is not your playground. Please return to your seat."

"I need the restroom," I said.

"You just used the restroom barely five minutes ago."

I pouted, as clearly, I was free to use the restroom as much as I liked. Honestly, it was none of her business, yet, our relating to each other had reached the stage now where Marketa wasn't even attempting to be professional with me. Evidently, all respect for me had dwindled to the point of non-existence after she'd seen me willingly eat that buttered bun from Kim's toe. I could hardly blame her though, could I? Such a thing was the height of pitifully pathetic behaviour.

Marketa raised a hand in expectation, waiting for me to explain myself. However, I just cupped my hands in my tummy and remained silent, feeling like I had no reasoning to justify.

"Fine," she eventually said, before pushing the trolley slightly further so that there was a small gap for me to squeeze through. The impatience and disdain for my mere presence was undeniable, and was such a change to her demeanour when I'd embarked the plane. Even when I'd been complaining and threatening her, she'd simply smiled back and repeated her stance. Now, she could barely make eye contact with me, and was treating me as if I was nothing but an inconvenience.

"Thank you," I said appreciatively, wanting to get inside that restroom as quickly as possible. Even though she was being a bit of a douche, I was still grateful since I just wanted to hide somewhere away from Kim. Thankfully, the restroom was vacant, and I eased my way inside and locked the door. Obviously, I didn't need to relieve myself, and I felt like I was back in school, hiding away in a stall while avoiding my class bully.

The two sisters had completely rattled my composure and I was left as nothing but a nervous wreck. They'd even made me look like a weakling in front of the flight attendant; a woman who I had previously reprimanded. But, more worryingly, Chrissy seemed to be detecting something else in me that I didn't completely understand, and that unlocked a whole new fear. Why did I look at her toes, not with disgust, but desire? Was it just because they were so much better than Kim's, as if I was leaning towards the lesser of two evils?

Since I didn't need to actually pee, I just sat there, and took a moment to enjoy the solitude, thankful that I was now granted a reprieve away from those sisters and everything they had been putting me through. They were making it clear that every prejudice I'd ever held for economy class was correct. These simply weren't the kind of people I associated with, and frankly, their behaviour had been rude and completely inappropriate. To make matters worse, Marketa now seemed happy enough to let them get away with it; hell, I was letting them get away with it. I wondered if this treatment was somehow justified, as if it was bad karma for the way in which I had spoken to Marketa and insulted everyone in the cabin earlier. I wondered whether other passengers were actually aware of what was happening, I mean, Kim had been so loud on a number of occasions while excitedly tormenting me. Maybe the whole cabin was looking on with approval as I was 'put in my place' in their eyes. Perhaps I was being tortured on this flight due to my own damn fault, and I just had to get through the ordeal and off the damn plane. Everything then could be returned to order, but for the time being, I was considering how the hell I could get through the remainder of the flight with as few incidents as possible.

I looked around the interior of the restroom and even considered remaining here for the rest of the flight. Perhaps I could hide away and avoid returning to my seat for the next few hours. I turned to the side and looked in the mirror, feeling disgusted with myself and wondering how I had sunk to such depths. I was still wearing my best designer clothes, the same way I always did whenever I flew business. "Cynthia," I said to the mirror. "Why are you letting them get away with this? Is this the kind of woman you are?" I was deeply ashamed, hiding away in a lavatory like I was cowering from my school yard bully? It was utterly pathetic and definitely unbecoming of my stature. My colleagues and clients would look at me with disgust after becoming such a tragic specimen.

Suddenly, I was jolted by a loud thumping on the door. “Is anyone in there?” I heard a muffled voice rudely yell from outside. “You’re hogging the stall.”

“It’s taken,” I said, while wiping my eyes with some tissue. I stood, and straightened my blouse, before flushing the lavatory, intent on faking that I’d actually been using it. I was annoyed that my escape had lasted barely minutes, but I could hardly hide away while someone else wanted to use it. I even washed my eyes and patted my forehead with cool water. With fingers on the handle, I took a deep breath, and prepared myself with what was to come. I was going to return to my seat and tell that bratty bitch to move and get away from me.

As I opened the door, my resolve immediately evaporated as I realised it was Kim that was stood outside. “What took you so long?” she said with annoyance. “You’ve been gone ages.”

I was taken aback, as if she considered my using the restroom for so long as being some kind of mortal sin. As if I didn’t have her permission to be absent for so long. As if it was my place in life to be constantly teased and tormented by her.

“I wasn’t—”

Her scowl silenced me, and she glanced passed me towards the restroom interior. “You know other people have to pee too, right? Still thinking the whole damn plane is yours to do as you please.”

“No, I wasn’t—”

I let out a gasp as Kim planted a hand on my chest and roughly shunted me back into the restroom. Before I could even comprehend what was happening, I’d stumbled back and tripped, landing on my butt on the seat and knocking my head against the wall behind me. “Oww,” I said, aghast.

Before I could clamber to my feet, Kim had already bundled inside and closed the door, locking it behind. Such was the cramped nature of two of us in there, that our legs were almost interlocked. She put her hands on her hips and frowned down at me. “You know you’ve been hiding in here for like twenty minutes? I’ve been waiting for you to come back to your seat.”

I blushed and looked up at her sheepishly, worrying that my worst fears had now come true. “I needed to go,” I said. Obviously, I wanted her out of the restroom and away from me. She was overstepping boundaries even more so than she already had, invading my personal space within the most intimate of private areas. I could barely believe she had the confidence to do such a thing, but she seemed to be one of those trashy girls that only ever cared about herself. As a result, while cowering beneath her imposing presence, I felt completely vulnerable and helpless. We were alone, and there was no one here to help me anymore; not that they had been anyway. She had me cornered, and from the twinkle in her eye, it seemed that she was about to take total advantage of the situation.

“You got the shits, have you?” She giggled to herself. “Was it that bread roll you ate?”

“No...”

Kim then stood tall, and I cowered as her breasts were forcibly shunted into my face, causing me to lurch back and hit my head against the wall once more. “It’s a bit cosy in here, isn’t it?” she asked, while looking around. “It’s not really built for two people.”

“No, it isn’t,” I agreed, while looking away from her with embarrassment. I peeked out of the corner of my eye, and each time I saw her cleavage displayed in that obscenely revealing top she was wearing, I was overcome by a greater sense of inferiority. Obviously, I was more financially successful than Kim; the fact she could have never afforded business class being evidence of that. Still, her physical presence left me feeling like I was second best, despite our obvious disparity in social stature. She may have been trashy, but I couldn’t deny that she was pretty, even if personal hygiene apparently meant little to her. Her arrogance and lack of self-consciousness was just the icing on the cake. I mean, the things she was doing to me in front of a plane full of people; I would never have been able to treat someone in that way, if anything, worrying about how bad it would make me look.

“So, what should we do in here?” she said while the vision of confidence. She folded her arms across her stomach, propping up and exemplifying her large, juicy breasts even further. “Any ideas?”

“I was just about to leave,” I said tentatively. “I’m all finished.”

Kim chewed her lip, before unfolding her arms and twisting a few loose strands of hair between her fingers. She peered down at me, almost with a sense of disappointment and pity. “Awww, really? But I’m totally ready to play.” She cocked her head and pouted her lips. “Especially now I’ve got you all alone.”

I gulped. “What...what do you mean...play?”

She raised an eyebrow. “You know how couples are always squeezing into the loo together on a plane, right?” One side of her mouth raised into a half-smirk. “How people join the mile-high club?”

“I’m...I’m not into”—I couldn’t help but pause to swallow nervously—“that sort of thing.” She really couldn’t mean *that*, could she?

“You’re not into eating something straight from someone’s foot either, are you?” She stared at me in an accusatory way. “But you did that without being forced, right?”

“That’s...I don’t know why I did that.”

“Well, anyway—” She abruptly covered her mouth while letting out a hiccup.

“Are you drunk?” My worry revved right up at the realisation that she may be intoxicated.

“Maybe a little,” she said, before offering me a ridiculous smile. “That bottomless wine of yours really hits the spot.”

“I should be heading back to my seat now,” I said, attempting to stand while feeling increasingly nervous.

Kim, however, merely placed a finger on the tip of my nose, before pushing me back down onto the seat with ease. “You’re not going anywhere,” she slurred, before giving a pronounced blink. She turned and looked in the mirror, almost squinting at herself, before she blinked a few more times, hiccupped again, then almost snarled, “You need to be taught a lesson.”

“You...you already did that.” I almost sniffled while overcome with concern. “I’ve learned my lesson. I said I’m sorry. I’ll behave for the rest of the flight, I promise, you won’t hear another peep from me.” I spoke so quickly and frantically that my apprehension became obvious; the realisation quickly dawning on Kim from the obviousness of her devious expression.

“Well, that sounds wonderful, but, you know what? It’s not enough.” She looked towards the mirror again, before leaning over and reaching for something near the small sink. However, as she did so, the plane must have hit some turbulence, knocking her from her feet in the process. She let out a giggle as she keeled over, collapsing and sitting across my lap. “I thought you weren’t into this,” she said while letting out another hiccup. “You suddenly trying to get down and dirty? What happened to you being a stuck-up cow?”

“Please get off,” I pleaded. “Let me out of here.” My plight suddenly got the better of me, and I felt immensely anxious and trapped, especially beneath Kim’s weight. “Help—”

Kim’s hand rapidly clamped over my mouth before I could even finish my frenetic wail for rescue; her bracelet jingling and smacking against my chin. “What the fuck was that?” she said with a scowl. “You about to cause another scene?” I tried to speak but her fingers continued to muffle my words. While they were still fixed over my mouth, she leant back over and squirted a load of soap into her hand. “I need to wash your mouth out so you stop talking crap.”

My eyes widened at the threat of that, and I trembled somewhat as she held her palm out; a pool of soapy liquid at its centre. It almost seemed reminiscent of a cum load and the suggestion that it was going into my mouth bordered on a violation. She moved it closer until her cupped hand pressed against my chin, before she released her other hand from my mouth. “Eat it up,” she said, while rolling her eyes down towards the soap. “Just like you ate up that bread roll. Wipe that awful mouth out for me.”

The hypocrisy was blaring. Yes, I’d acted up a bit, and had been quite rude to the airline employee, but I hadn’t cursed or anything, had I? Whatever social crimes I may have committed with my frustrated outburst, didn’t warrant the prolonged punishment that I seemed to be going through. Whereas Kim’s language was constantly vulgar, especially after she’d overindulged in tippie. Yet, I was the one that needed to have my mouth washed out? That didn’t seem justified at all, but while she was still sat across my lap and I was trapped in the cramped restroom with her, I felt like I honestly had no choice. Self-preservation was flowing through my veins, and as like when she’d been tormenting me with her foot, I felt like I needed to do whatever it took to just make the situation go away.

She cocked her head; her devious smile turning mischievous. “Lick it up,” she said. “Wash that mouth out.”

I glanced up at her surprised that she was going to demand such a thing of me. Forcing me to do it was one thing, the kind of behaviour you’d expect from an awful bully. However, expecting me to freely do it myself was a whole other element of abuse entirely.

“What? Why? I can’t do that?”

She simply shrugged, and seemed almost annoyed that I hadn’t done it already. “Why not? You ate the butter from my toes, didn’t you? Why you suddenly acting like you’re too good for a bit of soap?” She nodded towards her jean shorts pocket. “You want me to record it? We can pretend it’s some challenge or something, if that makes you feel better?”

I blushed at the raising of the butter incident, but still, even though she’d rubbed her toes in it, it was butter: it was food. Soap was awful and licking it up was going to leave me on the verge of retching. “Could I...could I do something else, please?”

Kim bit her lip and shook her head dismissively. Despite her young age, she seemed so confident and in control, effortlessly harnessing seizure of the situation and leaving myself, a much older woman, completely out of my comfort zone. “Nope, you can go ahead and lick that soap up right now. Wash your mouth out, and while you’re doing it, really think about how sorry you are for everything you did earlier.”

I glanced at her open palm again, that pool of liquid sunk into the wrinkles of her skin. Even though I felt kind of bad for how I’d performed earlier, and particularly the way I had treated Marketa, this felt like a step too far. “I can’t...”

Kim let out an impatient, exhausted sigh, before she then snapped her head up and narrowed her eyes. “What about if you lick it from my toes. Is that your thing? Just like with the bread?”

“What? No,” I said completely flabbergasted. “I don’t have a thing.” I blushed while recalling how I had been pretty much drooling over her sister’s toes, and my mind wandered to whether I’d be so reluctant to the idea if it was Chrissy sat on my lap and demanding such a thing. That soap dripping all over Chrissy’s beautiful, red-

painted toes, even if it tasted awful, would still be a more pleasant experience to lick it from such smooth skin. Better than Kim's tired, dry and callused feet anyway, right?

I suddenly felt exposed, and I looked towards Kim guiltily, concerned that she would realise exactly what I was thinking. However, she simply rolled her eyes and guffawed. "Yeah, sure you don't. You just sat there and let me rub my feet all over you for an hour." She flapped her other hand at me. "Don't pretend that's not weird, because it is. I had my foot in your lap, and you just sat there and said nothing. That is fucking weird. You ate a freakin' roll from my toe. That is weird and you're a weirdo!"

I didn't even have a response to that, instead dropping my head in shame. I knew it was weird while it was happening, but the longer I allowed it to go on, and the longer I allowed her to get away with such inconsiderate and provocative behaviour, the more I realised it was too late to say anything. I mean, after an hour of her poking and pinching me with her toes, while I pretended to ignore it, how could I suddenly then say: *would you please stop putting your feet in my space?* I'd already tried it once, and she'd simply laughed at the fact it had taken me so long to do so!

My behaviour literally made no sense, and was a complete flip from the way I'd earlier asserted my position with Marketa. It was almost as if the simple inclusion of Kim's feet had rattled me, completely obliterating my composure and humiliating me in such a way that I lost all senses of being a confident woman. There was an obvious disparity in our social classes, yet, her grotty, unkempt feet with that cheap, chipped polish had brought me right down to her level. Her toes had poked and prodded at my self-esteem, unnerving me to the point that I felt voiceless. Such was her effect on me, that when she requested we switch meals, well, it almost felt natural, as if she deserved to take it from me, the same way she'd taken my personal space in my own row. I mean, as she'd so bluntly stated: I'd sniffed the sweat from between her toes. How could I ever think I was better than her having done such a thing?

"You don't say a word or tell me to stop, then you eat food that I've rubbed my toes all over." She dipped her head and stared at me with piercing disbelief, "And you say you don't have a *thing*? So, then why do you do it?"

"I...I don't know."

She adjusted her position on my lap, turning to the side, before she curled one leg up and held her foot so that the sole was pointing towards me. While I watched in

awe, she trickled the soap all along her foot, almost like it was melted wax. “You’re going to lick this off, right now, because I’m telling you to, and there’s nothing you can do about it, is there? You can’t run away and cry anymore, because it’s just me and you now.”

My lips parted uncontrollably as I stared at the soap meandering its way down the wrinkles and curves of Kim’s arched foot. It almost seemed artistic, the way the liquid traced along the shape of her instep. The blue aura of the soap was quite a contrast to Kim’s almost naturally dirty soles; her soles rough and callused from walking around barefoot so much. She looked like one of those pretentious free spirits, who spent her days smoking weed with zero in her bank account. From the way she constantly walked around the plane barefoot, and with those beaten up flip flops she was wearing, her soles had seemed to take on a brownish tinge; evident dirt engrained into the wrinkles as if it was ever-present. Now, that was being diluted by the soap, and I almost welcomed it. Still, I wasn’t about to do what she wanted and lick them, was I? This wasn’t Chrissy’s immaculate feet, after all. At least licking them wouldn’t be so unhygienic.

I sneaked a hand towards the sink. “Could I just wash them for you instead, please?”

In my eyes that seemed like a reasonable, if not still humbling offer. Having her feet obediently washed by an older woman from business class would be quite the victory for her. However, Kim’s face shuddered in surprise, before her eyes narrowed. “What do you mean clean them? Are you saying my feet are dirty?”

“Ummm, no, I just—” My head suddenly yanked to the side, a crick in my neck sounding as she violently slapped me right across the cheek. I momentarily froze in shocked disbelief, before I then grabbed my face, already feeling the burn festering in my stinging skin. My lips trembled, perhaps on the verge of finally standing up for myself, or maybe on the brink of bursting out into a wail. I wasn’t given the chance to find out because Kim was rampant in her pursuit of castigating me.

“Lick my foot right now, you stuck up cow,” she bellowed. “Who the hell are you? Saying I’m some kind of bogan with filthy feet? Just cause you paid for business class? Well, you’re not in business class today, are you? You’re stuck amongst us lot, and you’re about to learn what that means. If you think they’re that filthy, why did you let

me rub them all over you?” Her one hand tickled its way up my trembling spine, before she slipped her fingers amongst my hair and gripped tightly. “If they need a good clean, then you can lather them up with that soap and give them a good scrub with your tongue.”

Immediately, the force increased, and despite my best efforts, I found my head being encouraged down towards Kim’s expectant sole. I squealed, grimaced and tried in vain to resist the pressure, but she was far stronger than I, her body toned and in good shape. Her youthful physique was evidently superior, and despite gritting my teeth and pushing against the wall, I was unable to prevent her from mushing my face straight into her slimy sole. Where my cheek was still stinging from her slap, it was suddenly plastered in a layer of soap.

“Lick it,” she said while shaking my head. “Get your tongue in that soap and spread it all over my foot. Clean it right up for me.” She giggled to herself. “I might only be able to afford coach, but I want first class treatment on my feet.”

However, despite her encouragement, my tongue remained firmly within my mouth. After everything that had happened so far, this was a humiliation beyond all others, and there was a big difference between my strange decision to eat the buttered bun, and now willingly licking this awful girl’s foot.

There was suddenly a knock on the door, and my heart skipped a beat as I prayed for an end to my plight. “It’s taken,” Kim snarled aggressively, and when an apology came through the door, I knew my torment was only going to continue. She wrapped her hand around my hair even tighter. “Lick my foot,” she said with venom in her voice. “Lick it, right now.”

“Please,” I whined again, however, that only brought a rapid series of shakes from her. When I still failed to do as she demanded, she twisted my head so that my cheek was bared; another stinging slap followed, this time splattering soap all over my cheek, before she mushed my shocked face back into her sole.

“Lick my damn foot right now, bitch,” she said. “You’re the bogan here, not me, so start licking some feet.”

“I’m not a bogan,” I wailed, however, my voice was soon muffled as Kim placed her slippery foot flat against it. Her toes scrunched at my forehead as her heel planted firmly against my chin.

“The sooner you lick my feet clean; the sooner I’ll let you out of here.”

The mere thought that I could be out of this restroom and away from her was enough to convince me to tentatively poke my tongue out. The way she had my hair wrapped up in her hand, while she was sat all over my lap, well, I simply wasn’t getting out of that cramped prison until she allowed me to do so. As my tongue touched her weathered sole for the first time, I flinched and immediately brought it back into my mouth. There was a sharp, overbearing sourness that sent a shockwave through my taste buds. Whether it be due to the soap or Kim’s dirty feet, it didn’t matter. What mattered was that I had licked her foot and that was something I could never take back.

“That’s wild,” I heard her say joyously, and then she released my chin and fumbled with her shorts. She almost dropped her phone as she took it from her pocket, and while her foot was still plastered against my face, she began recording. “Look at this bitch licking my foot,” she said. “This is what happens to snobby bitches when they cause a scene. Not on my watch, you stuck-up cow,” she cackled. She twisted my hair ever tighter, causing me to squeal. “Ain’t she a right bogan?” she howled. “From business to bogan!”

“Please, stop,” I said, however, when that only made her laugh even more, I desperately licked the arch of her foot with the flat of my tongue. “I’ll do it,” I said with a whine. “I’ll lick your feet.”

“Oh, I know you will, bitch,” she said, and she continued to hold the phone nearby as I lapped at her soap-covered sole.

With each further lick, I screwed my eyes up and wrinkled my nose, coughing and gagging at the vulgar taste. It didn’t get any better with each lap, and whenever I brought my tongue into my mouth, I found that I was desperate for a reprieve. All saliva seemed to dry out, until eventually, there were suds collecting in the corner of my lips. Kim’s sole too was covered in a blue-white bubbly foam, with brown tinges in place where the dirt was being rubbed free from the effort of my tongue.

“That’s it,” she said with a smirk; her phone recording every detail of my depraved service. “You clean my feet right up. That’s the kind of treatment we expect in coach.”

I groaned to the point of gagging, having to bite my lip before working on her heel with renewed effort. Such was the stubbornness of all the dirt there, that at one point I resorted to using my teeth. The toes weren’t much better a task, and as my tongue popped between the gaps, flailing around desperately while probing her flesh, she giggled while documenting every moment. “How’s my foot taste?” she asked.

“Awful,” I whined.

“Too bad,” she said. “Because you still haven’t done the other yet.” I jumped as there was another knock on the door. “I’m busy,” Kim said through gritted teeth. “Go away.” However, when there was another knock, she released my hair with a sigh. “Go use one of the others.” She took a good look at her foot, making sure to record its length with her phone. It was way cleaner now that my tongue had got to work, and there wasn’t the same smudges of dirt and dust. Even the calluses on the balls of her foot had been smoothened out, and I was awestruck that she’d used my mouth to basically pedicure her foot.

Kim stood, and I figured she was done tormenting me. I moved from the seat and reached for the door, my hand trembling uncontrollably as I was about to slide it open.

“Where do you think you’re going?” she asked accusingly. “I’m not done with you yet?”

My eyes flickered in surprise. “What?” I asked, almost astonished, while there was still foamy soap collected in the corners of my mouth. “I licked your foot clean like you asked.”

She shrugged. “I still need to pee.”

My eyes widened, and I covered my mouth in disbelief as my jaw hung open. “No,” I said, while backing away in fear, my back pressing up against the door. My hand dropped behind, desperately in search of the lock to slide it over. “You can’t mean it?”

Kim brushed up against me while lifting the seat, before turning and unceremoniously yanking down both her jean shorts and black, lacey thong. As she sat, I almost did a double-take as her shaved pussy was lewdly revealed, and instantly I felt ridiculously shy, averting my eyes and looking off towards the ceiling. Her action was just so confident and brazen, that it only seemed to trample all over my own composure even more, or rather, whatever was left of it. At that moment, I realised the generational divide in our attitudes. Never in my life would I have done such a thing, but her youthful, carefree nature seemed completely open to such depravities.

I gulped when the sound of her pee trickling began to drop against the hard bottom of the airplane toilet. The sound was completely jarring, and I almost felt like it wasn't actually happening and I was in a dream or something. I looked away awkwardly, while biting my lip, before that sharp, distinctive odour made my nose wrinkle. Then, Kim shook me to the core with another aggressive order, "Get down on your knees, bogan lady."

I flinched, and looked down at her surprised. "What?" I asked, while flicking my eyes to her pussy for a second; the stream of yellowy liquid vulgarly clear. "W-why?"

"Because I said so." She kept eye contact even though she was in the midst of doing something so disgustingly intimate. We stared at each other, while she continued to let out the stream of warm nectar. "Get down on your knees next to me while I pee. I want you to fully appreciate what a mistake you made earlier when you called me rabble."

I swallowed anxiously, then looked around the cramped restroom. I felt so uneasy and trapped, being commanded to do something so strangely alien to me by a younger woman I didn't even know. It was just such a weird request, and didn't seem at all necessary. She'd already proved her point and made me feel worse than I'd ever felt before. I'd never talk back to a flight attendant ever again. There was no need for her to take things to this debauched level. "But...but...why?" I asked again in a panic. "I can leave you to it. I'll go back to my seat."

Kim merely bit her lip and shook her head, before lifting a hand and silently pointing down to the tiny space that was available on the floor. "Right now. Get down. You have a few seconds before I stop peeing, and you better be down there before I'm

finished or you're going to regret it." She cocked her head. "I mean, what if I need to do something else too? This is the loo, after all."

"What?" I asked while a tingle ran up my spine. "You can't..." I trailed off while noticing the seriousness in her expression, before I gulped, looking around awkwardly, then clumsily dropping to my knees. The mere threat of such an awful, disgusting thing was enough to dismantle any trace of reluctance. Such was the small space available, that my chest was pressed up against the basin of the toilet, right between her legs.

"Good," she said, then she abruptly lifted the other dirty foot and lazily pushed it into my face, her toes splaying out across my lips and chin. My head thumped against the door behind me, and before I could comprehend what was happening, Kim began digging her biggest toe into my mouth. "Open up," she said, while the stream of pee continued to tinkle beneath her. "You still have the other foot to clean." She mockingly imitated the persistent tremble in my own lips. "Awww, but no soap this time, you'll have to clean them without any help."

I moaned and whimpered in distress as her toenail dug into my lip. I tried to turn my head again, but Kim simply reached out and planted her palm atop, her fingernails digging into my scalp. "Just get on with it," she said. "Before I make you drink some of my own complimentary wine."

With that awful image piercing my mind, my lips eased open and Kim's eager toes snaked their way inside my mouth. With the back of my head pushed against the door, she forcibly lodged my tongue between her biggest and second toe, and this time, I was made to endure the true earthy flavour of her feet. There was no soap to dilute the acrid taste, and the bitterness overwhelmed me, almost absorbing the saliva and drying out my tongue. I coughed, while her toes were still buried deep into my mouth; the roughness of her skin feeling coarse against my fragile tongue.

Kim sniggered, before lifting the other foot and planting it on my shoulder. Her smile instantly turned to a frown. "I'm in desperate need of a pedicure, aren't I? The state on my nails. This was always more of Chrissy's thing, whereas I don't really care." She reached out and picked at one of her chipped toenails, running the tip of her finger along its sharp edge. "They need a good filing." She then squinted her eyes at me, the amusement already becoming clear on her face before she'd even spoken. "Is that

another service they offer in business class? Pedicures on demand, because I definitely want to take advantage of that right now.”

I briefly made eye contact with her, before bashfully rolling them away. It was hard to look her in the eye while we were both doing something so vulgar; her peeing while I was sucking her toes. However, Kim pulled her toes free from my mouth, before planting the biggest toe on my bottom lip. “Go on,” she said with a nod. “Chew it down. It’s all uneven.”

“Really?” I mumbled, the word unclear as her toe stopped my mouth moving properly.

“Really,” she said while oozing conviction. She moved the phone back to my face, apparently intent on recording this further humiliation. “You chew that toenail right now. I wanna see you nibbling on it.”

“But—”

“Now!”

With that, I jumped and did it. I nibbled along her big toenail, biting it off in tiny fragments. Kim watched in fascination as I moved along its length, and as I reached the end, it broke off and settled on the tip of my tongue. Like a fool, I just knelt there, tongue poking out while her nail sat on the end like some kind of offering.

“Well, what are you doing?” she asked.

I stared up at her blankly; my tongue already beginning to ache.

She groaned, screwing her face up in impatience. “Well, chew it up and eat it, moron. I don’t want it, do I?”

I blinked a number of times, barely able to process what she was telling me to do. She wanted me to eat her toenail? That was so disgusting, so very disgusting. However, the fury was evident in her eyes as she held the phone camera towards my face.

“You better start eating it, right now,” she said, “before I give you something else to eat.”

Seeing her on the toilet, I was already chewing and crunching my way through that nail in total fear of something so much worse. Once it was broken right up, and

saturated by my saliva, I had to swallow it down with an audible gulp. Obviously, Kim found this totally hilarious, breaking out into a loud cackle while slapping herself on the thigh. She then shrugged as if she was already bored by the disgraceful act, just as the final droplets of her pee clattered against the bowl. She gestured towards the toilet paper. “Give me some of that.”

I nervously reached over, and pulled off a couple of squares, feeling utterly ridiculous and insignificant, before offering it up to her.

“Go on, wipe,” she said, without a hint of hesitation.

I balked, and looked up at her terrified. “What? No, please.”

“God,” she muttered, before snatching the paper from me. “Can’t you even take a joke? So uptight.” She dabbed at her pussy before looking around the room for the trash; her eyes paused on me, and a devious snigger appeared. “Where’s the trash?”

I too glanced around. “Ummm, I’m not—”

I retched and spluttered as Kim caught me by surprise, stopping me in my tracks by stuffing the toilet paper straight into my mouth. Despite immediately gasping and spitting it out, before bending over and spluttering, I screwed my face up in disgust as I registered a tangy, almost zing-like taste on my tongue. “Ugh,” I belched, while struggling to fight the urge to vomit. “Why...why...why did you do that?”

“Why not?” Kim sniggered. “How’d it taste?”

“Awful,” I wheezed. I yacked a couple more times, while she giggled and recorded every moment. “Like pee.”

“What’s pee taste like?” she asked with a straight face, placing a hand against her breasts. “Because, honestly, I wouldn’t know?”

My face almost caught fire as the full connotations of what she was teasing me about hit home. I thought I was better than her. I thought I was better than everyone in the economy cabin, but I wasn’t, was I? Because I knew what pee tasted like, whereas Kim didn’t. That was a simple, indisputable fact, that our bank accounts and social statuses could never overcome. Not only that, but I’d licked her feet clean and eaten her toenail clipping. I’m sure I was the only person on the entire plane that could admit to such a thing.

“You want another lick?” she teased while pointing between her legs. “Maybe this time you can lick it straight from the tap?”

I tried to back away in fear, but there was nowhere to go. I wanted out of the restroom more than anything, and I didn’t want that toilet anywhere near my mouth again. I darted my eyes around for a distraction, and seeing her foot still poked out towards me, I slipped my lips over her second toe while frantically nibbling on her nail. At least if her toe was in my mouth, then she couldn’t stuff anymore pee-soaked tissue in there.

“What are you doing?” she said, before pressing the flush button. The abrupt vacuum-like suction of the toilet bowl startled me, and she pulled her toe free from my mouth.

“You...you told me to chew your toenails? That’s what you want, isn’t it?”

She rolled her eyes and blew an obnoxious raspberry at me. “Not after you’ve been sucking on my dirty toilet paper I don’t.”

I was speechless, and just knelt there, in silence, completely flawed by the suggestion that it was fine to put her pee-soaked toilet paper in my mouth, but not anywhere near her feet.

“What?” she asked. “You got a problem?” She raised a hand with her palm open.

I flinched, closing my eyes and bracing myself for another slap. However, there was a repetitive, jingle-like knock on the door, and this time Kim sighed, before answering, “Yeah, I’ll be out now.”

“What?” I asked in surprise; for the first time considering the ramifications of someone else seeing us in here. “No, someone will see?”

“So?”

“They’ll....they’ll see we were in here together. They’ll think—”

“That we just had sex?” She shrugged. “That’ll be the least of your problems. Should I let them think that; that you’ve just joined the mile-high club?”

“What, no, I haven’t.”

“Well, you have, haven’t you?” Kim said while cackling. “You’ve just joined the mile-high club. Well, the mile-high foot in mouth club. That’s what you did, wasn’t it?” Her toes forced their way back in and wiggled in my mouth a final time, causing me to garble and gasp for breath. “How’s dealing with the ‘rabble’?” she sneered. “Are we everything you hoped for? Maybe next time you’ll keep your mouth shut, so I don’t have to shut it for you.” The jingle tapped at the door again. “Okaaaay,” Kim said playfully, and she pulled her toes free from my lips with a plop.

I was exhausted, my jaw truly aching, and I breathed a sigh of relief that the ordeal was finally over. “Are we done?” I asked, while coughing and wheezing. “I can’t take any more of this.”

Kim raised an eyebrow while appearing completely unsympathetic. Even though I still had the salty taste from between her toes fresh in my mouth, it seemed not to trouble her at all, almost as if she thought that was a fair thing to have happened. “You think this makes up for the way you behaved earlier? For the things you said about us?”

“I’m sorry,” I whined and desperate to finally defend myself. “I was just frustrated because I’m used to sitting in business. I wasn’t implying I was better than anyone else.”

“That’s exactly what you were implying,” she snarled. “Don’t want to sit with the ‘rabble’. That’s what you said, wasn’t it? Is that what you think I am, some kind of bogan or something?”

Obviously I did think that, but I wasn’t about to admit it straight to her face. I averted eye contact. “No, not at all, I don’t think you’re a bo—”

Kim had already stood and leant with an arm against the wall and forcibly lifted her foot, taking me by surprise and shoving it back between my lips. “Who is a bogan now, you stuck-up bitch?” she sneered while jamming her foot right into my mouth. All five toes were wedged in, pressing against the back of my tongue and tickling my tonsils to the point I gagged and almost threw up.

I fought to tell her that she was wrong, that it wasn’t what I thought at all, but such was the ferocity of the assault; her hand clutched to my head while her fingers gripped my hair, that I struggled to breathe, never mind squeal out a single word. She

slipped her foot in ever further, to the point my cheeks bulged out and I felt as if the corner of my lips were about to tear. My head thumped against the door behind me, almost mimicking the same jingle that the knocker had used.

Please, I pleaded in my head, but the word came out as nothing more than a vibration in the back of my throat. My tongue was pinned to the base of my mouth, and I desperately breathed through my nose as my breaths became convulsions.

Kim laughed at my torment, and then, to my disbelief, she slipped two fingers into my nostrils, completely blocking off my airflow. I clutched at her ankle with my hands, tugging at her leg desperately to dislodge her foot from my mouth. In return, she simply grunted and extended her leg, mercilessly forcing me backwards with my head pinned against the wall behind.

The same melody thumped on the door from outside again, and Kim grimaced before snarling, “God, I said I’ll be out now.”

I could feel myself becoming light-headed, my fingers desperately gripping at her ankle, though becoming weaker with every passing second. I even tugged on the string anklet, almost ripping it from her leg. I was just on the brink of collapsing, the room transitioning to a bright light when air rushed back into my nose. I then gasped as she pulled her foot free from my mouth; lurching forwards and butting my head against her toned thigh.

“Thank you,” I gushed in a croaky voice, in so much appreciation that I could breathe.

Kim chuckled. “Are you actually thanking me for gagging you with my foot?”

“I...” My throat was so parched, that I couldn’t even speak a further word, even though I realised that’s how it sounded. I was simply relieved that I could actually breathe and wasn’t about to be asphyxiated in a cramp, aeroplane restroom.

Kim slipped the lock across, then pushed the folding door open. She stepped outside, and my face dropped as I saw the smiling face of her younger sister looking in from the aisle. Her bright, blonde hair framing a fascinated and mischievous smile while loose sweater hung from her slim form. If Kim hadn’t already completely exhausted me, then I’d have probably welcomed Chrissy straight in; at least licking her feet wouldn’t be as disgusting, and it would be time spent away from her awful sister.

“You come to play too?” Kim asked, while nudging her sister in the arm.

“You damn right I’ve come to play.” She then scoffed while looking at the state of me, my hair dishevelled, my lipstick smudged and streams of mascara trickling down my cheeks. “What did you do to her?”

Kim leaned in and whispered in her ear.

“That’s the least she deserves,” Chrissy said, while nodding with conviction.

“I spread it all over my foot first though.”

Chrissy’s mouth shot open in surprise, then she had to cover it while she was overcome by a barrage of giggles. Kim continued whispering something in her ear which I couldn’t make out, but Chrissy’s face shifted from disbelief to fascination. “Really?” she asked. “Like, for real?”

Kim backed away and merely bit her lip, before nodding.

“Well, okay then,” Chrissy said, before rolling her eyes and heading into the restroom. She turned and faced me, before grinning. I couldn’t help but glance down, but felt disappointed that she was now wearing both socks again. “You coming in?” she said. “My sister said you’re an excellent pussy wipe.”

I blushed, mortified that first she’d said something so vulgar, and secondly, she’d announced it so loudly. My eyes lingered on her socks, and as I made out the red polish and toe ring, for a moment, I considered it. Even though I was completely exhausted, and humiliated beyond belief, I thought about following her in and going through all of that suffering again, simply because her feet were beautiful in comparison to her sister’s. She lifted one foot, and held it aloft, and for the first time, I saw her smooth, shapely sole through the translucent sock.

My eyes were transfixed, and my lips moved without thought. “Ummm, maybe I—”

“You wish,” she cackled to herself, and with that, she slid the door closed.

I stood there completely jaded in the aisle, not sure what I was supposed to do. For a moment, I even absurdly felt disappointed that Chrissy had shunned me. I mean, why? Why did I have to suffer all of that with Kim, but Chrissy wasn’t interested? Wasn’t I good enough for her feet? Did I only deserve disgusting, dirty feet?

I glanced around the cabin, and my eyes darted between everyone as my head frantically bobbed around. No one was looking. No one was concerned by why I'd been in the restroom so long. No one had even noticed that Kim and I had been in there together. Everyone was either asleep or watching something on the monitor screens. Even Marketa was busy gossiping with one of the other flight attendants. It was as if they were completely oblivious to the travesty that had just taken place. I mean, hadn't anyone heard me call for help? Hadn't anyone heard any of the vulgar things Kim had been saying or doing to me? How hadn't anyone noticed the commotion as she bundled me around and shunted my head against the door with her foot? Where the hell were the flight attendants in all of this? Surely, they should have shown some concern that the restroom was occupied for so long, but it was as if my mistreatment hadn't played a part in anyone else's journey at all.

"Come on," Kim said, while pushing me in the back. "Let's go back to the seats." She then loudly raised her voice for the whole cabin to hear, "The loos don't exist only for you, you know. You're not in first class now, lady." When one woman turned and looked with disapproval, Kim rolled her eyes. "She thinks she's the queen or something."

I was too shell-shocked to even say anything in my defence, and with Kim stalking behind me, I clumsily made my way down the aisle, knocking a few of the seats in the process, which only caused the occupants to turn and look at me in confusion. Each time, I averted my eyes, convinced that they knew the secret shame of what had just happened in the restroom. That I was now a member of the mile-high foot in mouth club. That the girl mere inches behind me, had just shoved her foot into my mouth while insulting me mercilessly. That I knew what her pee tasted like. I almost yacked once more as I stumbled back to my row. I was so jarred by the whole restroom incident, that I ambled straight past my seat and bumbled my way through a curtain, straight into the business class section.

Immediately, Marketa hurried over from the other side of the cabin and blocked the aisle, all while her colleague looked over with curiosity. "Ma'am," she said. "Please, we've already discussed this. You cannot keep causing problems on this flight."

"I'm sorry," I said. "I didn't mean—"

“Enough,” Marketa said, raising her voice a bit too loud that the woman who was sat in my booked seat turned around. The lady appeared quite wealthy, and was relaxed with her feet up on the accompanying foot rest. She looked down her nose at me and seemed far from amused. “Sorry, Ma’am,” Marketa said towards her. “This passenger is being disruptive. She’s wandered in from economy.” She narrowed her eyes. “Despite being told many times that she doesn’t belong here.”

The woman tutted at me, before rolling her eyes. “Some people,” she said, before settling back down into the seat and returning to her nap; her bare feet almost mocking me from the foot rest. She just looked so relaxed and in the height of comfort; a far cry from my own experience in my cramped seat.

“That should have been me,” I said to Marketa, completely distraught. “That was my seat!”

“Ma’am,” Marketa said, while placing a hand on my shoulder. “Return to your seat immediately or I will alert the captain.”

“Yes. Tell him,” I said. “Tell him everything that’s happened to me because you wouldn’t let me sit in business where I should be.” I narrowed my eyes at her. “I know you’ve seen *everything* and you’ve turned a blind eye.”

Marketa paused, then she raised an eyebrow, looking overcome with momentary confusion. For a second, she almost seemed hesitant, threatened even, as if she was worried for her job. But then, something washed over her, and she dipped her head and leant in close, whispering towards me from her pursed lips, “Do you really want me to tell the captain about *everything* that has happened to you?” She glanced up and down, before lifting one of her high-heeled pumps and nodding towards it. “*Everything* I have seen?” She raised an eyebrow and her thick, European accent was almost seductive as her tongue rolled out the words, “*Every* little detail?”

I too looked at her high-heel pump, and the threat was clear. I was already imagining being sat in a room with the airline’s management, making a complaint while talking through every single humiliating thing that had happened to me. I could already picture the confusion on their faces as they tried to process the depraved things I’d speak of. How they’d scribble down notes and query why I hadn’t told the girls to just stop. Girls that were half my age.

Maybe Marketa would even be in the room too, explaining how she'd offered to assist me, and I'd waved her away and assured her everything was fine. I could already picture the captain's face, as she detailed to him how I'd consumed the buttery bun from Kim's toe. I'd done so willingly, hadn't I? There was no denying it.

"No," I whispered as the strength waned from my voice. "Don't do that."

For a second, Marketa smirked, seemingly fascinated by the power that such a threat had given her. It was almost the same excitement that I'd heard from Kim the first time she'd poked me with her foot and I hadn't done anything. Marketa lifted one of her manicured fingers, then forcefully pointed towards the economy cabin. "Go back to where you belong, Ma'am," she said. "I'm sure your friends are missing you."

"They're not my friends—"

"Go, now," she said with another point. Her green eyes widened slightly, her lips quivering as if she was about to say something else; something crueller that her professionalism was trying to stem. I could see the wheels turning in her head, and similarly, her shoulders twisted, her posture distorting between just turning away and leaving me, and staying to voice whatever it was building up inside her. She placed her foot back down, and at the moment she witnessed my eyes drop in defeat, a small smirk came to her lips. She adjusted her position to stand to her full, daunting height, and after a quick look over her shoulders to check that no one else was paying attention, she placed a fingertip beneath my chin. With the slightest of pressure, she eased my head up until our eyes met. "Go back to economy, right now," she said in a quiet voice. When I didn't respond, and merely looked up at her with a trembling lip, she smirked and became further emboldened. She leant in so she was whispering right in my ear, and spoke entirely just for me, "Or maybe I'll shove my foot in your face too."

My knees buckled, and I staggered backwards, knocking against the safety door as my mind struggled to comprehend what the hell was happening. Now the damn flight attendant was threatening to humiliate me? How had things gone so wrong?

"Careful," Marketa said with an annoyed expression. "Go back to your section before you kill everyone on this plane!"

I looked at her shamefacedly, as if a scolded child, before I turned and made my way through the curtain. As I returned to our row, with the thought of Marketa's large

foot smashing into my face clouding my mind, I hesitated upon seeing that Chrissy was now sat in my seat while holding a fresh glass of wine. Meanwhile, Kim was stood in the aisle, almost scowling at me with impatience. “Where the hell did you go?”

“What?” I asked, hesitantly, and I went to lean on the seat next to me. However, I was so fearful of Kim, and still shaken by Marketa, that I didn’t look properly and missed the headrest, instead almost tumbling over into the row and accidentally knocking some guy’s drink from his table.

“The hell?” he asked, while removing his headphones. “What you doing?” He seemed enraged, until his expression became concerned as he realised I was a complete mess. “She alright?” he asked Kim, as if I wasn’t capable of answering myself.

“She’s fine,” Kim said, while taking a step towards me. “She just gets a bit motion sick on planes.” She noted there was now a clear stain all over his pants, and almost seemed like she was about to laugh. “Sorry about that.” She nodded at his crotch with a smirk, and the guy instinctively covered it. He furrowed his brow in confusion, before looking between the three of us, then shrugging and returning to his movie.

To make matters worse, before I could even consider what to do, Kim had pushed me into the row, and I stumbled and fell into the middle two seats. In a flash, she’d followed me, and suddenly, I was trapped between the two sisters. “Get on the floor,” she insisted, without any hesitation, and she pointed towards her sister’s feet. “Right down there.”

“What?” I asked, completely confused. I looked down at the floor. “What do you mean?”

“Down there,” Kim insisted, while jolting a finger towards the floor. “Sit down there.” It seemed that after the complete debauchery in the restroom, all preamble had gone completely out of the window. Now, she was intent on ruthlessly humiliating me for all to see, right here in the cabin! Obviously, that chilled me to the bone.

“No, please,” I said, however, when I spied no change in her expression, I turned desperate and looked for an excuse. “There’s no room.” I glanced around the floor, and there was hardly any space at all. This wasn’t a business class seat, was it? This was economy, and the leg room left little to be desired. “I can’t fit down there.” I was already

feeling apprehensive after what had happened in the restroom while I was on the floor, and I didn't want a repeat performance while the whole plane was watching.

I knew, as anxiety rippled through my body, that I needed to finally, and indisputably, take a stand, without any half-measures. As I looked down towards the floor, it became clear that no good would come from being down there. However, Marketa's words were still ringing in my ears. *Go back to where you belong*, she'd said. *Go back to economy*. I wasn't worthy of business class anymore, and I could feel it in my bones. Kim had put paid to that. I wasn't someone who got to relax on a flight and rest up, like the rich woman that was currently occupying my regular seat. Now, I was the kind of woman who knew what pee tasted like and ate food straight from the foot of a trashy girl. Even if I knew in my heart, that I needed to stand up to Kim, I couldn't any longer, because she'd brought me to my knees.

I stared down at the floor, and gulped, knowing it was exactly where I belonged. It was exactly what I deserved for the way I'd treated Marketa earlier. I'd seen it in her eyes while she held her fingertip to my chin. She loathed me, and had only been pretending not to while doing her job. I'd recognised the sparkle in her eyes, the same sparkle that was constantly in Kim's. If Marketa could have shoved her foot in my mouth without consequence, she probably would have already done so.

"Perils of cattle class, huh?" Kim jibed. "Well, too bad, make it work." She placed a hand on my shoulder, before trying to encourage me to the floor. "Come on, Chris," she urged, and with that, Chrissy also began tugging down on my other shoulder.

"You know you want to," Chrissy said, and she lifted one of her socked feet and playfully wiggled her toes. "I *know* you want to."

I blushed, and averted my eyes away from the seduction evident in Chrissy's movements.

"There's room," Kim said. "It'll be a tight squeeze, but you'll fit."

"I can't sit on the floor," I whined, almost raising my voice a bit too loud. I then hunkered down with embarrassment, before looking around the cabin. "Someone will notice. Someone will see." That seemed to be the primary concern that always entered my head. It almost wasn't as if I cared about sitting in business class at all, I just needed

other people to recognise that I was doing so. The same way I needed other people not to notice that I was being ruthlessly humiliated with each passing minute.

Kim rolled her eyes, before glancing behind her at the row across the aisle. The two nearest passengers were now asleep, their eyes covered by the complimentary masks. The two children on the far side were playing some kind of game on the monitor attached to the seat in front. “No one cares,” she said. “You’re not as important as you think you are.” She shrugged. “No one would have even noticed you earlier if you hadn’t started with all the dramatics, whining about not getting your way.” She cocked her head. “Do you even realise how boring and average you actually are?”

“You’re really not that special,” Chrissy said, in an almost pitiful and sympathetic voice, and for some reason, it hurt so much more when coming from her.

I suddenly felt Kim’s hand on my back, which was swiftly joined by Chrissy’s, and in the next moment, I was being forcibly eased from the seat and down onto the floor, all while looking around and bemused. I had to cross my legs Indian style, and even then, I found the frame attached to the base of the seats in front left no room at all. I was cramped right in, and I could already feel that the cold metal was going to be hurting if I remained there.

“Get her in there,” Kim said, and Chrissy lifted the leg that was closest to me; placing her foot flat on the seat behind me. Kim lifted her own foot and lazily pushed it against my cheek, as if encouraging me towards her sister. “Scoot over,” she said.

“Where?” I asked in desperation, noting that the only place I could go was further along the floor and between Chrissy’s legs.

“Here,” Chrissy said, while tapping the edge of the seat in front of her. “Come sit over here.”

“Why?” I asked in fear. “Why do I need to do that?” I looked up in panic between the seats in front, only to see the man tapping the entertainment console with his fingertip, seemingly oblivious to what was unfolding behind him and only inches away.

“Because we said so,” Kim laughed. “You said this was cattle class, right? We want you to get the full experience.”

“Yeah, come on,” Chrissy urged, while slipping her hand into my hair, tugging on it lightly enough not to hurt me, but making me lean in her direction nonetheless. She continued to do so as I shunted across the floor in her direction; Kim’s foot pressed against my cheek as her leg straightened and eased me into position. My left shoulder was forced beneath Chrissy’s own left knee, and she lifted her foot so that my crossed legs were pressed right up against the wall housing the window.

Once I was sat between Chrissy’s legs, I stared straight ahead to see the seat in front, feeling embarrassed and awkward. It was lewdly intimate, to be positioned between the legs of a girl I barely knew, and it made it all the worse when Chrissy shifted in position, before bringing her right leg back down so that my head was clamped between her thighs. She then placed the soles of her socked feet on each of my knees, and suddenly, I was completely trapped. “Wow,” she said with a giggle. “It’s like being in business with my own footrest.” Her fingers settled into my hair, and she began kneading and massaging my scalp. “Is this the business class treatment you paid for?” she sneered from behind me. “You know, since you’re too good to sit amongst us lot and all.”

“I never said that—” I tried to squeal in my defence, but Chrissy harshly tugged on my hair in the process. Still, I was desperate to argue my case. “I don’t think I’m better than anyone.”

Kim scoffed, before she settled back against the armrest, and crossed both feet atop her sister’s knee. She arched her foot so she was able to freely tug and play with my hair amongst her toes. “Well, that’s obvious,” she said.

Instinctively, I grasped at the back of Chrissy’s calves, as I squirmed and tried to escape from Kim’s gross toes. The mere sight of them was a reminder that they’d been in my mouth, and I wanted her grubby feet nowhere near me. Why couldn’t the sisters have switched? Why couldn’t it have been Chrissy’s clean feet that were being rubbed against my face?

I groaned, stuck down on the floor, legs awkwardly crossed amongst the seat fixtures, while the weight of Chrissy’s legs kept me in place. Her thighs remained clamped to my chin, and I was suddenly overcome by a feeling of claustrophobia. I could barely grasp that things had got so bad, that the sisters had orchestrated such a ludicrous situation to find myself in. To make matters worse, no one else on the plane

seemed to be aware of just what they were putting me through. I mean, Marketa was in on it by this point, of course, but all of the other passengers appeared completely oblivious.

Chrissy shifted and leant forwards, tapping my screen and closing the movie I had been watching. She hummed to herself while looking for something else to entertain her; her toes drumming against my knees. Meanwhile, Kim's toes continued to tug at my hair, between brushes against my cheek. She was stretched out across three seats and completely relaxed, while looking for something to watch herself.

Throughout, my legs were beginning to spasm from being cramped up so much. I could already feel sweat trickling down my back as I was stuffed into position awkwardly. Each of my limbs longed to stretch out and feel freedom, however, I was stuck, and the longer it went on, the more frustrated and desperate I became. Over time, the weight of Chrissy's feet on my knees became unbearable. "Please," I mumbled, without even thinking.

"What was that?" Chrissy asked, while parting her thighs slightly. My cheeks almost stuck to her flesh with sweat. The hot pants or whatever she was wearing left little the imagine, and seemed such an odd choice when worn in tandem with the loose sweater.

"Please, let me up. Please, this is so uncomfortable."

"Well, that's just too bad," Kim said. "This is what sitting in coach is like. Quite a reality check for you, huh?"

"This is worse," I lamented, while dropping my head in defeat. "So much worse."

"What are you two doing?" Marketa suddenly asked, and I flinched and looked up at her initially with hope. When I saw curiosity, rather than concern, I was then overcome with a blush having being discovered by her in such an embarrassing and precarious position. "Could you please return to your seats?"

I flinched upon her saying that, and my mouth hung open. Finally, Marketa was going to do *something* that her job bloody expected of her.

"We're not bothering you, are we?" Kim said, nudging my face with her foot and almost challenging me to oppose her.

I looked up at Marketa hopefully, convinced my torment must have been evident on my face.

“Is there a problem, Ma’am?” she asked, cocking her head with a somewhat challenging snicker. “You only need to say.”

I made eye contact with Kim, who was almost snarling in my direction, and while turning to avoid her, I saw the amused sneer of her sister Chrissy. The pair of them terrified me, and as I noticed the growing smirk on Marketa’s face, I knew nothing good would come from opposing them. “No,” I said in defeat, a totally weak specimen, while staring down at the floor. My legs were already going numb from being crossed up so tightly; my skin dancing from pins and needles. “Everything is fine here.”

“Wow,” Marketa said while dipping her head. “Why does she keep doing this?”

“It’s weird, isn’t it?” Kim said.

“Yes, especially with how she was acting this morning. She gave me such attitude.” She looked me up and down. “Now look at her.”

“I think it was really rude the way you spoke to her earlier,” Chrissy said, before crossing her feet in my lap. “I think you should apologise to her for your awful behaviour.”

“I’m sorry,” I said, feeling completely ashamed, all while keeping my head dipped. I couldn’t even turn and look Marketa in the eye. I just felt so ridiculously pitiful while trapped down there between Chrissy’s legs; Kim’s toes casually pressing into my cheek with no resistance at all from me.

“Well, good,” Marketa said.

“Do you want her to rub your feet or something?” Kim whispered towards Marketa, and I nervously glanced up and looked between the seats in front. Whoever was sat there hadn’t seemed to react, and as I fearfully leaned forwards from beneath Chrissy’s legs and peered at the seats opposite; I noticed most people were either asleep, or were busy watching some movie, their attention completely on the screen with headphones in their ears. It was so jarring to me, and made me finally accept just how much no one cared about me here. I’d always pranced around figuring everyone

always looked at me with envy and jealousy, but now I was realising, most people just wanted to go about their own business and didn't give a crap.

"What?" Marketa asked somewhat confused. She glanced down at her high heeled pumps.

"You've been on your feet the entire flight," Kim said. "I've noticed how hard you're working." She then shunted her foot against my face. "And this bitch right here has shown you nothing but disrespect."

"I couldn't..." Marketa seemed lost in thought, as if torn between which direction she should go in. "That wouldn't be appropriate." Her tongue twitched between her lips, as she glanced both ways down the aisle. She was quiet for a moment, before she shook her head. "It wouldn't be professional." She then stared at me for a second, before averting her own eyes as I looked back in resignation. Honestly, massaging the flight attendant's feet would seem like a welcome break from the sisters at this point. "I'm only turning a blind eye to this whole thing because of the way she was behaving earlier." She then shrugged. "And because apparently she's not bothered by it."

"She's really not bothered," Chrissy said with a nod of her head while lightly squeezing my shoulder. "If anything, she likes it. You should have seen how much she was getting into sniffing my feet earlier."

I felt the temperature rise in my face, but, I could see it was rising even further in Marketa's. She seemed so uncomfortable and anxious, as if she was embarrassed for me by-proxy.

"Yeah," Kim said, while lifting her foot and scrunching her toes on my chin. She cocked her head while watching me. "I mean, if she didn't like it, she would have told us to stop, right?" She then squinted at me. "Do you want me to stop, lady?"

"I—"

I couldn't even get into what I was about to say when Kim lifted her leg and forced her toes into my mouth. Immediately, my words became garbled, and she chuckled while cupping her hand to her ear. "I'm sorry, I can't hear you. It sounds like you're renewing your membership to the mile-high foot in mouth club."

“Oh my God!” Marketa said, way too loudly, before covering her mouth in surprise. The guy in the seat in front shifted, and peeked through the gap in the seats with curiosity, an obvious look of annoyance on his face. However, when Chrissy smiled and waved back, he blushed and returned to whatever he was doing.

Seemingly forgetting she was actually supposed to be working, Marketa crouched down, watching, both fascinated and bemused as Kim’s toes completely had their way with my mouth. She seemed completely stumped that I was just sitting there and allowing it to happen. I mean, I was hardly being restrained, leaning up against Chrissy while her fingers were casually resting against my shoulders, offering no force at all. In the other seat, Kim was leaning up against the pillows with her arms crossed, only the foot in my mouth restraining me in any way. “What is even happening here?” Marketa added, before awkwardly standing. She straightened her uniform, then took two steps to the left, before pausing, cocking her head, then watching for a few seconds more. A shake of a head later, and she checked herself, before walking off in the other direction, while muttering, “This is the strangest shift I’ve ever had in my life.”

I blushed and shrank in shame, all while Kim’s toes continued to have their way with my mouth. She then flipped down the table tray on the seat in front of her, along with the one next to it, and suddenly, I was completely obscured from view. In some ways, I was thankful that I was now safe from any prying eyes, however, the aggression of her foot increased, and before long, I was gagging and gasping while her toes delved further between my lips. I may have been safe from people seeing me, but I certainly wasn’t invisible and safe from them hearing my slobbering lips.

“Suck them,” she said, while kicking me in the cheek with the other foot. “Suck my toes, you little bogan.”

The pair of them sniggered to each other, before Chrissy added, “You’re right. She is a total bogan. You see the state on her clothes?”

“Yeah,” Kim chuckled. “She thinks she’s classy, but she’s nothing but a filthy toe-sucker.” I felt her toes gripping at my tongue. “You see her luggage? Total fake. Fell apart like it was made in a sweat shop.”

My hands had robotically clasped her heel, taking away some of the weight, and I was hunkered down and sucking on her toes as if my life depended on it; anything to bring this whole thing to an end. Throughout the ordeal, I was constantly holding onto

the hope that I could satiate them in some way, even as they mocked and ripped my life apart. That if I did this one more thing, they'd eventually feel satisfied and leave me alone. That they would return to their seats before anyone else noticed the things they were doing to me. Even while they were insulting me and calling me a bogan, tearing apart my fashion sense and style, something I had never had happen to me before, I didn't care, because I just didn't want anyone else witnessing what was going on.

"That's it," Chrissy whispered down to me encouragingly, her words barely audible while my chin was once again clamped between her thighs. "Be a good girl and suck my sister's toes for her. Give her a 'first class' service."

The pair of them sniggered while I urgently slurped all over Kim's rotten toes. She easily slipped each between my lips, and I spluttered and gasped, my tongue lodging between her toes, desperately intent on pleasing her and bringing this whole treatment to a conclusion. She'd even walked back from the restroom barefoot, and I shuddered while considering all the filth her moist soles had collected; filth that I was now eagerly Hoovering up.

A moment later, Marketa returned with a blanket, swinging at her side, just in view from beneath the table-trays. "Where is she?"

Kim tapped one of the trays with her fingers. "She's under here."

"Oh," Marketa said with hesitation. "I brought you this so you could cover her up."

The sisters giggled again, apparently happy that they'd roped someone else into their stupid game. I then flinched as the table-tray lifted above me. My eyes rolled up and I saw that Marketa had been the one to do it, unable to stop her curiosity. I was overcome with shame while Kim's toes were still in my mouth. I looked at Marketa bashfully, all while my lips were obediently slurping and sucking all over that vulgar girl's toes.

However, after a momentary frown of disgust, Marketa seemed entirely unmoved by my plight. She shunted a hand out in my direction, offering me the blanket; her eyes looking away as if she couldn't face the scene she was seeing. She crouched and

whispered in an annoyed voice, “This could cause so many problems.” She looked at Kim and her expression seemed serious. “This is a problem for safety reasons.”

While Kim’s big toe was stuffed in my mouth, it’s sharp, salty flavour completely stinging and burning my tongue, I wasn’t able to respond.

Marketa then turned her attention towards Chrissy. “You really can’t have her sat down there. If there’s an emergency, I need her in the seat. Could you have her sit on the seat instead?” She waved her hand around. “I don’t approve of any of this, but I’ll just pretend I haven’t seen it if you sit properly in the seats.” She then looked me directly in the eyes. “I don’t want any of your weirdness causing me problems.”

I looked away with embarrassment, feeling mortally offended that all of this was considered *my* weirdness.

“Fine,” Kim said with a sigh. “Can she lay across the seat?”

Marketa shrugged. “Just don’t sit on the floor.” She then pointed at Chrissy specifically. “If something happens, you can’t even access your lifejacket with her down there.”

“Oh yeah,” Chrissy said. “True.”

Marketa raised her arms aghast. “As long as you’re all safe and you’re not bothering the other passengers.” She flicked her finger between the three of us. “I’ll pretend I don’t even know any of this is happening.”

Kim unceremoniously popped her toe from my lips, and I found myself absurdly sucking at the air, as if I was so committed to the task that I was doing it robotically.

Marketa noticed and squinted in disgust. “God,” she said. “I can’t believe she’s the same woman from earlier.”

“I know,” Kim added with a giggle. “The only person bothering anyone was her, so you should be thanking us for putting a stop to it.”

Marketa glanced between the three of us, before handing Kim the blanket. “Cover up what you’re doing so no one else complains.” She then scooted away without saying anything more.

“Boo,” Kim said, before she turned in her seat so that her feet were straight forward.

Chrissy then lifted her feet up so that I was no longer trapped beneath them. “Come on, hurry up,” she said. “Don’t keep us waiting.” She then lightly tapped my head. “Maybe I’ll even let you suck my toes too.”

I turned my head in surprised, my eyes widened as I looked at her smiling face.

“God, she’s pathetic,” Kim said. “I think she’s actually in love with you or something.”

“What do you mean?” Chrissy asked.

“You think I haven’t noticed how excited she gets about your feet?”

Chrissy shrugged, before turning back to me. She dipped her head to the side and squinted her eyes. “Is that true? Do you get excited for my feet?”

“Ummm.” I peeked between the two of them, feeling incredibly embarrassed and exposed. “Ummm, I don’t know.”

“Get up,” Kim said, and with that I grabbed the seat and tried to lift myself. I could barely feel my legs, and I limped up to sit on the seat as the blood flowed back into my legs.

“What you thinking?” Chrissy asked her sister. “Shall we let her suck my toes for a bit? I have to admit, I’m kind of curious how it feels.”

Kim narrowed her eyes and almost looked annoyed. “She’s not finished with mine yet.”

Chrissy turned to me and shrugged. “What’s your opinion?” she asked in a lowered voice while squeezing my shoulder. “You want to suck my toes or carry on with Kim’s?”

“Ummm,” I said again hesitantly. “I...I don’t know.”

Chrissy blinked. “Do you really not know?” She let out a huff. “Because if you don’t want to suck my toes, well, then I guess my sister may as well have all the fun for the rest of the flight.” She crossed her feet at the ankles, before curling them beneath the seat out of view.

I swallowed nervously, before looking at Kim with fear. My lips trembled, wanting to tell Chrissy that I'd pick her if I had a choice, that obviously, I'd pick her pretty toes to be the ones going in my mouth. I mean, if I had no other choice than to suck toes, then I'd choose Chrissy. Obviously, if I had the choice to not suck any toes at all, then that would be my preference. But, I'd swiftly learned, that I didn't really have a choice anymore. I was in total fear of Kim though, especially after the vulgar things she'd made me do in the restroom. Deep inside, I harboured a worry that if I voiced my genuine preference, and chose Chrissy's toes, that I'd only infuriate Kim and live to regret it.

"I...I...I...I..." I stuttered, while lacking the courage to say something. Even as I winced at the idea of having to suck and slobber all over Kim's horrid toes some more, I couldn't shake the very real worry of annoying her.

"God," Kim said. "You blubbering idiot." She then sat up in the seat, before putting her hands to her mouth and yelling out in a moderate volume, "This lady wants to suck my sister's toes."

Instantly, my body went rigid and throbbed all over, and I dropped back down into the gap at the front of the seat, hunkering in so that I was hidden. I shook there, terrified, as the silence in the cabin felt daunting. The guy in front shifted in his seat again, while a few people across the aisle stirred from their sleep and seemed confused. "What was that?" the guy in front asked while turning.

"What?" Chrissy said, putting on some confused expression.

"Did you say something?" he asked, while looking between her and Kim. I remained crouched in the gap, but could just spy his long nose and glasses as he poked his face between the seats. "I thought I heard something?"

Chrissy shrugged. "I don't know."

He then blinked, before scratching his head. "Where did that other woman go? You two weren't sat here earlier."

Chrissy cocked her head. "We've been sat here the whole time, Sir," she said, with a big smile.

“They said we’ll be landing in a couple of hours over the speaker,” Kim added, before smirking and nudging me with her knee.

“Oh, right.” The guy still looked confused, as if reconsidering his whole life, before his nose then disappeared back to his row, and I breathed a sigh of relief.

However, as I looked over, I noticed that the wife was staring straight at me from across the aisle. After Kim’s outburst, she’d lifted the eye mask and taken a look over.

Kim noted the look of fear on my face, and she turned towards the woman. “She dropped something.”

“Oh,” the woman said. “Do you need a hand?”

“No, we’re fine,” Kim answered, before turning back.

“Oh,” the woman said again. She looked between the two of us a couple of times, before slowly covering her eyes again with the mask and settling back into the seat.

“See,” Kim said. “You’re always making a big deal out of nothing. No one cares that you want to suck my sister’s toes, so just bloody say so.”

“I...” I looked up towards Chrissy and she grinned back at me, almost at the point of bursting out laughing. I dropped my eyes, filled with shame, before she swung her feet back out from beneath the seat. As soon as I saw the red polish glowing through her socks, and that toe ring gleaming on the second toe, I knew sucking on those was going to be way more bearable than being anywhere near Kim’s feet. I’d willingly suck Chrissy’s toes for the rest of my life if it meant I never had to see Kim again. “If...”—I looked towards Kim a final time, before hesitantly continuing—“...I had a choice.” I gulped. “I mean, if I had to choose, then, yes, I would choose”—my cheeks were red to the point of combusting as I admitted something completely ridiculous—“Chrissy’s toes...to...suck.”

Chrissy covered her mouth with her hand, her baggy sweater almost completely covering her wrist. She couldn’t help but break into a barrage of laughter, before she reached over and lightly pushed her sister on the shoulder. “Guess my feet are better than yours.”

I expected Kim to be angry, but instead, she merely rolled her eyes and snorted. “Well, duh,” she said while raising a hand in contemplation. “I can’t believe it took her this long to say so.”

Chrissy squinted and shook her head. “I’m always trying to get her to join me for a pedicure, but she’s cheap and does them herself.”

“Shut up.” Kim then abruptly stood, before stepping out into the aisle. After I looked up at her in confusion for a moment, she sighed with annoyance, before gesturing towards the seats. “Get up and lay down.” She then looked at her sister. “Actually, you should move over here instead. Sit by the aisle.”

Chrissy shifted across the seats, bumping me with her knee in the process, until she was sat where Kim had just been.

“Okay, get up,” Kim said.

“Ummm, okay,” I said, moving as if on autopilot. I clambered onto the seat, and lay in the same position Kim had been, except for poking my feet out to the side and away from Chrissy. Even after everything the pair had done to me, and the way in which they put their feet all over me with ease, I knew that doing that to someone was rude, and instinctively, I kept my feet away from her.

“Sit up, moron,” Kim said, while scooting past her sister and leaning over me.

Such was her effect on me, that I instantly sat up. Kim squeezed past me, before sitting in the seat nearest the window. She then wrapped an arm around me, and tugged me down so my head was resting across her thighs. “You can stay like this,” she said.

While I looked up at the ceiling, I felt Chrissy shifting around at the other end of the row. She parted my legs, before turning and squeezing into the gap. Each of her socked feet then came to rest on one of my thighs, while she wedged my own feet either side of her. “This isn’t so comfortable,” she said, while digging her nails into my ankles.

“It will be better once you spread out,” Kim said.

“I guess.” Chrissy then lifted her feet, and without any hesitation, she stretched out her legs until both socked soles rested against my chin. Instantly, that familiar, flowery scent tingled my nose, and without even thinking, I took in a deep breath.

“God,” Kim said, almost in disgust. “She’s literally sniffing your feet like she loves it.”

I flushed with embarrassment, but still, I continued to lightly breath the fragrance from Chrissy’s socked toes as they delightfully wiggled above me. “Take them off,” she then said abruptly, before leaning down and scooping up the blanket. While I fumbled with the hem of her socks, she rolled out the blanket across my length, before saying to her sister, “Can you cover it all with this?”

“I think so,” Kim said, and she pulled the blanket over until my face was entirely hidden.

“You think that’s good enough?”

“Yeah, I reckon so, just looks like you’re relaxing.”

I was still struggling with Chrissy’s socks, which was made all the more difficult now my vision was obscured by the blanket. The material was thin, with some light creeping through, however, it was kind of stuffy, and with Chrissy’s socked feet pressed up against my chin, things were already becoming pretty humid.

“Take them off already,” Chrissy said impatiently, and I felt her slap my thigh lightly through the blanket. Even though she seemed like the nicer of the two sisters, she also wasn’t afraid to humiliate me ruthlessly. “You said you want to suck my toes, but you’re not really showing me you mean it, are you?”

Even though I was out of sight, I still felt a tingle on my skin as I listened to her say something so weird out loud. I was taken aback with how neither of them seemed to have any filter, a classic attribute of girls of their class. It’s like they honestly didn’t care what anyone else thought of them, whereas I was constantly on edge and concerned for my reputation. Perhaps it’s because they didn’t have any reputation in the first place, and therefore had little to lose.

“Where’d that woman go?” I heard a female voice say, and I froze beneath the blanket.

“You what?” Kim asked.

“That woman who was on the floor looking for something, where did she go? Did she find it?”

I remained completely motionless beneath the blanket as the wife across the aisle stuck her nose in again.

“Ummm...” Chrissy said hesitantly.

“You know what?” Kim then said. “She actually got her way in the end.”

“What? What do you mean?” the wife asked.

“She complained so much, they moved her to business class.”

“Are you being serious?”

“Yes, so unfair, isn’t it?”

“After that tantrum she threw earlier?” I heard the woman huff, and there then was silence as she probably went back to sleep.

I heard Chrissy and Kim both share a giggle, and then, Chrissy pressed both of her feet against my face. I took that as a sign to continue, so I peeled each of her socks off, and just allowed them to fall wherever they may. Instantly, she flexed her feet so that the balls and arches were really pronounced, her toes stretching back and spreading. Despite the secluded view, I was granted an up-close glimpse of her smooth soles, and I marvelled at how soft they seemed when compared to her sister’s. They just appeared to have undergone so much pampering and spoiling, likely from many spas and exfoliating sessions. The light wrinkles of her flesh, coupled with the blemish-free nature of her skin was just so damn inviting, and without even thinking, I lifted my head and sunk my face straight into her meaty soles.

“Mmmm,” I whimpered, as my nose sank into the sweaty groove of her toes. After wearing her socks for so long, there was a moist warmth which only amplified that intoxicating flowery scent. Even with the strong perfume-like fragrance, the honest, girly aroma of her natural sweat broke through. “Mmmm,” I moaned again, while taking in an even deeper breath, responding to a girl’s foot scent in a way I would never have imagined. It was almost like I was breathing in cologne from an attractive suitor’s neck!

“God,” Kim said. “Do you hear her?”

“Yeah, she loves it,” Chrissy whispered, and as she said so, I felt her soft toes cup around my nose, almost as if she was granting me permission to sniff until I was content.

So, I began breathing through her toes, just as she clearly wanted, feeling a tremor throughout my body, as if I was inhaling the strongest of drugs. With each breath, a tingle would tickle along my skin, right down to my own toes. It almost felt orgasmic, and it was such a strange feeling, considering that I was doing this simply because they were forcing me to. They’d backed me into a corner ever since I’d first sat in the seat in front of them, and my inability to simply tell them to bugger off at the first opportunity had led me right here.

I couldn’t explain my response, but without even considering what I was doing, I breathed in her scent while dancing my nose all around her toes. The longer my face remained nestled against her soles, the more humid and warmer everything became. My cheeks and forehead began to become clammy beneath the intense heat of the blanket and Chrissy’s soles as they pressed and massaged themselves against the features of my face. So invigorating was the experience, that I actually forgot I was laying down in public completely surrounded by strangers. I even forgot I was on a plane!

“It actually feels pretty good,” Chrissy said, and she lifted the blanket slightly so that I could see her smiling face at the far end from between her flexing toes. She was wearing her headphones, and she took a sip of wine while in the height of comfort; pillows propping up her back against the armrest. “I’m going to watch something for a while,” she said, before dropping the blanket back down. “You can go ahead and do what you want now.”

I blushed slightly at the implication that this was what *I* wanted, and as soon as I felt her lean and start messing with the screen to watch something, she withdrew her toes from my nose. They probed and prodded around my face in search of their target, then, they pressed against my lips. The softness was extraordinary, and this time, as hadn’t happened with Kim, I opened my mouth and invited her tantalising toes inside at the first insistence.

Beneath the secrecy of the blanket, I felt emboldened to experiment with a strange thought that had been growing inside me. Whenever I caught sight of Chrissy’s

pretty toes, or she teased me about them in some way, I kept finding my mind wandering to how they'd taste in comparison to her sister. Would their appearance make that much of a difference? Considering that Kim's feet were rough and neglected, would it be like eating the gourmet business class meal in comparison to economy?

With that in mind, I wrapped my lips around Chrissy's beautiful, soft big toe, and instinctively slipped my tongue into the gap between the second. Immediately, I felt her posture soften and she let out a deep sigh while settling back against the armrest.

Kim's legs occasionally shifted beneath my head, but I was so concentrated on slurping and sucking all over Chrissy's delicious feet, that I didn't even care whether her sister would get angry. All that mattered was feeling that wonderful softness in my mouth, and their texture was almost soothing, as if I was being nurtured and assured that everything was going to be okay. It didn't really matter that I'd spent hours being humiliated at that point, because now I was getting to do this. It was all worth it, really, wasn't it? Perhaps the ordeal before was just the gauntlet I had to run to reach this moment. I never would have considered I'd have a *thing* for feet, but while my lips were hungrily guzzling up every taste of Chrissy's young toes, I myself accepted that I most definitely had *something*.

As I moved between each toe, digging my tongue into the gaps between, Chrissy lifted the blanket sporadically, sneaking looks and smirking to herself as I showed her gorgeous toes the devotion they deserved. I couldn't even explain why I was doing such a weird and depraved thing, but it felt almost natural, as if her feet had tamed me and put me in my place. I thought back to how I'd been behaving so poorly, and the difference in my attitude now I was sucking up to Chrissy's feet. I was almost mewling like a pet as I nuzzled my nose into her moist toes so that I could massage the ball of her foot with my tongue. In some ways, their goading of me had been affective, I mean, I was no longer a problem for the rest of the cabin anymore, was I? I was certainly not a problem for Marketa. Everyone else had been enjoying a peaceful flight, while the sisters had wreaked havoc on me. Who knows what would have happened if they hadn't got involved. I may have even spent the whole journey complaining about every single little thing, just because I could. Moaning about how terrible economy was and how I was much too good for it. I was never given the opportunity, and now, my mouth was too pre-occupied with Chrissy's feet to even consider spitting out any complaints.

With that, as I began suckling at Chrissy's other foot, she lifted the blanket to enjoy another peek of my worship. I was so engrossed in the task, that I hadn't even realised she'd slipped her phone beneath and was filming me while in the height of my passion. That was until Marketa walked up behind her. She crouched down and whispered something in Chrissy's ear, and in the process disturbed me from whatever haze I'd been operating under.

I noticed the camera, and immediately slipped her toes from my mouth, bashfully trying to hide my face beneath the blanket. Chrissy didn't even seem to care, as she was beginning to giggle by whatever Marketa was saying. Her eyes widened as something tickled her. "Yes, yes," she said, before covering her mouth and stifling a giggle. "Yes, definitely. Do it. I swear, we won't tell anyone."

Marketa grinned, and almost looked excited, before she quickly skipped down the aisle.

While my head was still nestled in Kim's lap, Chrissy was in the process of aimlessly rubbing her saliva-sopping feet all over my face. Her butt was really starting to dig into my thighs, but still, she didn't seem at all bothered by my discomfort, instead casually poking and prodding at my facial features while the two of them enjoyed whatever movie they were watching. However, beneath the blanket, I felt bizarrely safe, even with the heightening humidity and the disgraceful acceptance of what I was doing. It felt so abundantly wrong to be at Kim's feet, but strangely right when staring at the pampered and soft digits of her sister. Beneath the blanket, it was as if it didn't matter what humiliations I was currently suffering, because no one else could see them. No one could see the way in which I was nuzzling and suckling on Chrissy's beautiful toes, so I felt comfortable to plunge myself into whatever feelings were arising within me.

"You can't let anyone know these came from me?" Marketa urged as she returned. "You understand? This is very important. I don't want to get in trouble."

"What's going on?" Kim asked, and I felt her rest her hand against my forehead through the blanket.

"I brought these," Marketa said. I couldn't see what she was showing, but whatever it was, was enough to make Kim giggle to the point that I was rocking on her lap.

Chrissy scoffed. “Oh, don’t worry. She’s not going to be telling anyone, especially with the video I’ve just taken of her. Isn’t that right, you little toe sucker?” She playfully slapped my cheek with her foot, before waving her hand beneath the blanket and encouraging me to respond. “Come on, put the poor girl’s worries at ease.”

I swallowed nervously, while considering the video that Chrissy now had, along with the one Kim had recorded in the restroom. If either of those went public, well... “I won’t tell anyone,” I said from beneath the blanket, utterly terrified of those clips getting out. Until this moment I’d been concerned about other people on the plane noticing, but now, I was worried that people around the world might see the depraved things they’d made me do.

“I’m serious,” Marketa said with evident concern in her voice. “I’m not involved at all, got it?”

Chrissy lifted the blanket, and noting the fear on my face, she smirked. “She’s definitely not going to be telling anyone, don’t worry.”

“We got it,” Kim said, and with that, Marketa attempted to look inconspicuous behind Chrissy, turning and glancing around the rest of the cabin while sneakily slipping something into her hand.

“It’s your lucky day,” Kim said, while lifting the blanket from my head and peering beneath. It seemed so strange to be staring at her smiling face, the ceiling visible behind her. Even from beneath the blanket, I could see the overhead bin behind her, and I cowered as a passenger moved along the aisle, though thankfully not paying attention to what was going on right under their nose.

Chrissy flattened her feet against both of my cheeks, then dropped them until each of her big toes forced their way into my mouth. Kim instantly snorted at what she was witnessing, and before I could even react, she’d taken her phone and snapped a photo. I closed my eyes in acceptance, and lamented that my life had become such a joke.

Without any care or consideration, Chrissy used her toes to painfully wedge my mouth open, forcing my lips into a lurid smile. “Here you go,” she said while reaching beneath the blanket and moving something towards my mouth. “Here’s a present from the hardworking employees of this airline.”

Beneath the darkness, I couldn't tell what she was doing until some kind of fabric was forced into my mouth. Immediately, I recoiled, my face screwing up in disgust as a strong salty flavour battered my senses. It was the same flavour that I'd tasted upon slipping my tongue between Kim's toes that very first time; it was the unmistakable, intoxicating sting of foot sweat. Long, bitter, deep-seated foot sweat, not like the delicious and soft flavours of Chrissy's feet.

"That's hours of flight attendant foot sweat you're sucking on right now," Chrissy beamed while continuing to stare down the tunnel of the blanket. The toes of one foot then cupped over my nose, forcing me to breathe in the light fragrance of the sweaty groove beneath them, all while the strong, sopping freshness of the flight attendant's nylons had their way with my mouth.

"Suck it," Kim said, while staring down at me. "Suck all of the sweat out of her nylons. It can be your way of making up for how you acted earlier." She placed one hand on my forehead, while the other pressed beneath my chin. Meanwhile, Chrissy's toes remained firmly locked to my nose, and at that moment, I was completely overwhelmed by everything that was happening.

Staring up into Kim's cruel eyes, while sniffing in the delightful scent of Chrissy's feet, to the juxtaposition of Marketa's soaking, stinking nylons, was too much for me to bear. With each further taste, I imagined Marketa's smiling face and the satisfaction of knowing I was doing this likely brought her. A tear meandered its way out of my eye, and my chest began to heave as I hyperventilated, gasping and wheezing while I lost control of my senses.

Kim raised an eyebrow, then looked towards her sister with a concerned expression. She almost seemed embarrassed for the first time. "Is...she...is...she having an orgasm?"

Chrissy covered her mouth and gasped. "I hope not, because that would be soooo inappropriate."

With that, I couldn't bear it anymore, and I began heartily sniffing under the barrage of feet stimulus shoved in my face. To suggest that I was the one being inappropriate was just too much to bear. After everything these sisters had put me through, the constant provocations and teasing, the blatant overstepping of boundaries, and now, the unforgiveable depravities they'd forced upon me. To

insinuate my uncontrollable emotional response was one of sexual pleasure was a humiliation above all others.

Kim cocked her head. “Actually, I think she’s crying,” she said, then, in another display of her callousness, she balled a fist to her eyes. “Boo hoo,” she said, “Looks like someone doesn’t like the taste of their own medicine.”

“I don’t...deserve this,” I said in a final outpouring of grief, though my words were completely muffled by Marketa’s nylons.

“It’s not the taste of her own medicine she doesn’t like,” Chrissy teased. “It’s the taste of stinky flight attendant feet I think”

The pair of them cackled together, and at that moment, almost as if she’d overheard, Marketa came back up to our row, and leant over Chrissy for a better look. “Is she doing it right now?”

“Yes, she’s giving them a good suck right now,” Chrissy said. “Honestly, feels like she can’t get enough.” She giggled to herself. “I think she’s enjoying the taste so much that it’s overwhelmed her to the point she’s crying.”

“Can I get a look?”

“Sure,” Chrissy said, and she lifted the blanket so that the aisle was visible behind her.

Marketa crouched down, and as our eyes met, I saw the shock ripple through her beautiful face. It was so strange to see her there in her uniform, watching me suck the sweat from the nylons she’d spent the whole flight wearing. She rapidly covered her mouth, and her head disappeared as quickly as it had arrived. “Oh my God,” I heard her say in a bemused tone, before, for the first time, she too giggled, joining the sisters in their laughter. “I can’t believe this.” She trotted off down the aisle, and yet, I was still laying there, sucking on that gross nylon almost contentedly. The flavour was so strong, and so fresh, that each time I sucked, I found another whole mouthful of salty saliva working its way around my mouth. All the while, I was taking soft breaths through Chrissy’s toes; my eyes crossing as an abundance of stimulation wracking my senses. The fragrance of her toes was almost like a dangling carrot, encouraging me to continue sucking the acrid taste from Marketa’s nylons in order to maintain my place at Chrissy’s feet.

Kim was surprisingly quiet, almost seeming bothered that she was being disturbed while fully invested in whatever movie she was watching. Occasionally, she'd lightly stroke my hair through the blanket, or tap me affectionately on the shoulder. It was almost as if I was a pet that she was softly comforting in her lap, and as if she deemed the torment I was being put through to be completely normal.

Eventually, Chrissy dropped the blanket back down and left me sucking upon the Marketa's nylons all alone; resigned to my fate and accepting the pathetic nature of my predicament. It was such a bizarre element to this whole thing, that I was now sucking the foot sweat of the very woman who I had lambasted for being downgraded. Never in my wildest dreams would I have imagined that such a humiliation was possible, and I felt ridiculous while thinking back to the way I had raged and shouted at her. *It's not fair*, I had screeched, while she'd stared at me completely unmoved by my postulating. *I want to speak to the captain right now*. Oh, what a fool I must have currently looked to her.

She could have relented in the face of my rampant tirade. I mean, on many an occasion, employees had wilted beneath my tantrums. I was perfectly justified in being annoyed, after all, I *had* paid for a business class seat. Maybe the manner in which I had spoken to her was out of line; it wasn't her fault after all. But, I had expected her to cave. She could have moved someone else out of business, couldn't she? She could have done something, anything to placate my justified grievances, but she hadn't. Despite my pleas and protests, she had relegated me to the very section of the plane which I had just insulted. Yeah, I had a whole row to myself, and still a business meal, but both of those had subsequently been stolen from me by the very people I didn't want to sit amongst!

Chrissy's other foot came to settle around my nose too, and I found my face buried beneath her ten dominant toes. In combination with the choking flavours of the flight attendant's hosiery, the strong, intense, aroma of Chrissy's feet had an almost hypnotic effect on me. If anything, I felt like I was being tamed and nurtured by the sensory assault, and I almost felt like I deserved this treatment after the way I had behaved. I gagged while thinking about Marketa's smiling face some more and her beautiful green eyes. How she was being the ever present professional for every passenger on the flight. Patient and considerate with everyone's needs. She was probably assisting someone right at that very moment, yet here I was, being subjugated

to her foot sweat while no one else was any the wiser. I heard multiple people pass by along the aisle while I was subjected to my fate, and if any glanced in our direction, they wouldn't have even noticed that anything was amiss. Across the four seats, it probably appeared like Chrissy was spread out beneath the blanket, her feet resting up against her sister's legs. I was completely buried beneath them, yet silently suffering, Chrissy's increasingly squishy and slimy toes freely dancing all over my face while I swallowed sweat-laced saliva from my efforts on the flight attendant's nylons. It was almost like I was performing a service for her; cleaning her hosiery while she was still on shift; a somewhat legitimate penance for my earlier behaviour.

Now, in some kind of fucked-up apology for my attitude, I was being forced to consume the sweat that had festered in her dripping nylons. The very same hosiery I'd noted she'd been wearing from hours ago. All of those journeys up and down the aisle, moving between the cabins and pushing along the trolleys to serve the passengers. She'd already done the rounds three or four times, dishing out drinks, meals and collecting the trash. She'd assisted countless people, and as far as I knew, she'd spent the entire flight so far on her feet.

Eventually, once I'd fully sucked the taste from Marketa's nylons, Chrissy tugged them free with her toes. "Eww," she said, while she reached down to grab them, before placing them somewhere out of sight. My jaw was already aching from the effort, and I stretched while hoping I could rest for a bit. However, Chrissy's toes soon slid between my lips, and once again, I realised I was expected to be of service. I could feel the coolness of her toe ring; the sharp edges of the butterfly wings digging into the roof of my mouth. However, despite my discomfort, I knew it was better not to act up. I'd learned my lesson by this point; making a scene was not the best course of action.

After a while, as I sucked each of Chrissy's toes as if they were a pacifier, I almost felt like I was drifting off to sleep. Neither of them bothered me, apparently content with watching movies while I diligently sucked on Chrissy's toes. I expected at some point they would want to switch positions; however, Kim didn't seem at all bothered for a repeat performance. I guess, in her eyes, she'd well and truly put me in my place, and that was enough.

Time drifted by, my mouth continually probed without abandon, until I was startled when the 'fasten seatbelt' sign dinged up above, and within seconds, Chrissy

had pulled her toes free from my mouth. Such was my labouring, that her toes had actually wrinkled from the length of time they'd spent between my lips.

As if nothing untoward had even occurred, both sisters pulled the blanket free, before sitting upright in their seats.

"We're landing soon," Chrissy said.

"Finally," Kim replied. "This has been the longest flight ever."

As I too sat up in my seat, feeling most awkward between the pair of them, I wondered how she had the gall to suggest such a thing. It had been the longest flight for me, yes, because they had made it such an unbearable deal.

The wife in the row opposite squinted at me, and she pointed as if about to say something, however, she bit her lip and instead kept quiet. Thankfully, to my mind, because after everything, I just wanted to land in peace. I'd endured ten or so hours of humiliation, and I was doubtful I could take a single second more.

For the next twenty minutes, I sat between the sisters while they occasionally sniggered and shot each other playful looks. When one would begin laughing, as if contagiously, the other would soon join in. Even some of the other passengers looked over, and in turn laughed as well, not at myself, but rather the fact the girls were chuckling so much. No one seemed to know that I was the butt of all jokes, but they laughed all the same.

Marketa did a run through at one point, to check all of the seatbelts were fastened. She paused next to our row, and Chrissy handed her the nylons back. Smirks were exchanged, and then she was off to check the next row.

It wasn't until we finally landed that either of the girls addressed me. "Move," Kim said. "I need to get my stuff." Just like that, she bundled past me, and the pair of them were fluffing around trying to get their luggage. It was typical economy behaviour; everyone standing like a fool in the aisle while waiting to depart. Everyone was far more dignified in business class, and I looked around as multiple passengers stood awkwardly, clutching their luggage while cramped into the aisle. *What's the rush*, I thought to myself, *don't you lot know how to act on a plane?* I didn't say it though. Oh, I definitely didn't say it. I'd learned my lesson and kept my mouth firmly closed.

Once the plane began to clear, I expected Kim and Chrissy to say something. To mock me in some way, to turn and offer me a final insult. I faced straightforward, braced for it, however, they simply walked down the aisle like everyone else and left. Such was the unceremonious way that they just left me there, that I couldn't quite believe it had happened. I just kind of stayed in my seat, shell-shocked by the events of the flight. Everything had left such a lasting impression on me and had ingrained a huge impact on my confidence and demeanour. Never again would I clap-back at a flight attendant, yet for the sisters, it seemed like I hadn't left any sort of impression at all.

Eventually, I climbed to my feet, collected my luggage and made my way to the front of the plane in silence, my head bowed while I tried to avoid drawing any attention. Along with a few others, Marketa was waiting by the exit door, ready to say goodbye to each passenger. As I approached, I sheepishly looked towards the floor, feeling completely embarrassed.

"Thank you for flying with us today," she said, almost offering a smirk in my direction. "How was your journey with us?"

"Fine," I said nervously, looking between all of their high heels and convinced that they all knew what had happened. Her smirk was so patronising and provoking, that she had to have gossiped between the lot of them. I kept my head down, ashamed, and noted that they were all wearing the same uniform. The neat skirt, with the button up blouse and the chiselled blazer bearing the airlines familiar logo. How each of their hair was tied into a bun, and how they were all wearing the same, small flight attendant cap. It was almost like they were synchronised, right down to the detail of them all wearing the same blue, high heeled pumps. Even their nylons were the same, disappearing beneath their skirt. All except for Marketa greeting me with that patronising smirk. Her nylons were notably absent, and my stomach dropped at the realisation that it was because I'd been sucking on them earlier.

Did they all know what had happened, and that for the majority of the flight, I'd had toes stuffed in my mouth? I swallowed down a mouthful of saliva, still tasting the sweat from her soaked nylons, and nervously avoided meeting any of their eyes. "Have a nice day," I said. "Thank you for your service."

“You too,” Marketa said, and she patted a notable bulge in her blazer pocket, before offering me a beaming smile. “And thank *you* for your service.”

I didn’t say another word as I scooted off the plane.

As I departed through customs, and made my way to the baggage collection, I froze while noticing the sisters at the carousel. They were laughing and joshing with each other, looking as carefree as the moment I’d first noticed them on the plane; almost as if the entire events of the journey hadn’t even occurred. Kim was now wearing her flip flops again, while Chrissy had her socked feet tucked into her sneakers. It seemed so strange, to look over at those two young girls, those two strangers, who I had been so intimate with in the weirdest of ways. To me, they’d left a life-changing impact, but as they laughed and joked, I realised I hadn’t figured in their day at all. Meanwhile, the taste of their feet was sure to haunt my sleep for the remainder of my days. I waited in the wings, terrified, until the two had collected their luggage and departed.

Only then, did I feel safe to head to the restroom. I looked at myself in the mirror, and frowned at the redness of my eyes. I looked truly exhausted, and in no condition to meet a client. Even after rinsing my face off, tidying up my make-up, and then washing out my mouth; I could still taste the acrid flavour of Kim’s toes and Marketa’s sweaty nylons. Even when I caught a light trace of Chrissy’s flowery foot scent tickling my nostrils, it wasn’t enough to overcome the intense bitterness of the filthy, depraved activities I’d partaken in. As I headed towards the exist, I paused while spying an open stall; toilet paper strewn all over the floor. I wrinkled my nose, then shuddered with disgust as I recalled what Kim had done to me. How every time I visited a restroom and took a pee, I’d remember how it tasted.

I was tentative as I left and reached the arrival hall, spotting the sisters once again, and feeling overcome with fear. I lingered, while making sure to hover out of sight while the two of them fumbled with a drinks machine. I only felt safe once they’d climbed into a cab and disappeared into the night. Just like that, they were off to live their lives, while I was tip-toeing around the airport like a petrified chicken.

Finally, I leant against a wall and breathed a sigh of relief. My muscles were aching from being contorted in various positions throughout the flight: crammed into

the restroom, on the floor, then awkwardly squeezed up on the seat while the two of them had made me suck Chrissy's toes for the length of a whole movie.

I shook my head and was thankful the ordeal was over, straightening my clothes and heading towards the airport exit with some semblance of pride. I even noticed a few other passengers who had been sat opposite my aisle, and none of them had any inkling of what had happened. To them, they'd enjoyed a smooth flight, completely oblivious to the seedy events that had occurred mere inches from them. Yet, that in itself was a relief; other than the sisters, and to some extent, Marketa, the entire plane was completely ignorant to the depravities that I'd had forced upon me. Most people glanced at me as I strode through the hall, and I saw the looks of envy as they noticed the brands I was wearing.

A security guard nodded politely in my direction, and I whispered a greeting in response. He gestured towards the exit, never knowing that the very mouth that had just greeted him, had earlier been filled to the brim with sweaty and stinky feet. That when the gaggle of flight attendants would later walk by, he may even notice that one was bare-legged and without her nylons. Even if he did, he'd never know that the reasoning was because the earlier woman he had smiled at had spent a good hour sucking the sweat from them.

I blushed shyly, feeling like merely thinking of these things was a betrayal to my charade, and that he would somehow sense my worries. I was about to follow his direction, when I spied the customer service desk off to the side, and then, I remembered: I'd been promised a full refund, and a voucher or whatever. The flight had been such a disaster, even worse than I could ever have imagined, that I simply wanted to get the hell away before it could get any worse. But, I wasn't about to waltz out of there and pay for business class in the process; not when I'd suffered through the nightmare that was economy.

I headed over towards the customer service desk and stood in line. Minutes ticked by, and I shifted from foot to foot, anxious and eager to get everything resolved so I could escape before someone recognised me. Before someone strode up and pointed at me accusingly while declaring for everyone that I was the woman sucking toes on the plane. The mere thought was enough to make me stew in place, crossing my legs and shamefully digging my chin into my chest.

“What are you doing?” I heard from the side, and I turned in surprise, before gulping.

Marketa was stood there, still in her uniform; her small carry-on pulled at her side. There was a look of concern on her face. “Are you going to make a complaint?” Her eyes narrowed. “Are you planning to blame that whole thing on me?”

“I—”

“Because I didn’t do anything wrong,” she said, while fumbling with her purse. She seemed agitated and completely on the attack. “If you try anything, I’ll just airdrop this to everyone.”

“I’m not going to try any—”

With that, she turned her phone, and I cringed while seeing the photo of me beneath the blanket that Kim had taken, hungrily sucking on Chrissy’s toes while Marketa’s nylons were stuffed in my mouth. From the way my eyes were closed, it almost looked as if I was lost in passion. I looked in fear to the passengers either side of me in the queue, convinced that they’d seen that awful snapshot of me too.

“Why do you have that?” I asked in anguish.

“That girl airdropped it to me before she left,” she said bluntly. “You know, just in case you tried to do something like this. Just to give me evidence to defend myself.”

“But, I’m not doing anything, I swear!”

She moved towards me, whispering her threat as she looked down, “If you make a complaint, I’ll airdrop this photo of you sucking that girl’s toes to everyone in the arrival lounge, right now.”

“I’m not,” I said, my lips already trembling with panic. My voice lost all conviction as I dithered, “I’m...I’m...I’m not making a...complaint. You...said I could get a...umm...a refund.”

Her face rapidly lost its aggression. “Oh,” she said, as if she’d completely forgotten about that whole thing. “You’re still going to get a refund?”

I looked from side to side. “Ummm, can I?”

Marketa turned her head. “If you want?”

I swallowed while still noting the strictness of her sharp features. “I won’t make a complaint,” I whispered, trying to reassure her and placate the situation. “I won’t do anything.” I adjusted my handbag and twisted gawkily on the spot, before staring straight forward, my face completely blank. “I’ll never make a peep at a flight attendant ever again. I swear it.”

She considered me for a moment, seeming to notice that I was now in complete fear of her and especially the power that photo held over me. No longer was she in the position of subservience. She snorted to herself, and immediately her demeanour relaxed and all of the professionalism disappeared. “I mean, I wouldn’t get in trouble anyway, would I? I was a complete professional. It was just a squabble between passengers.” She waited for me to speak, before impatiently leaning forwards, dwarfing me from her towering height while insisting, “Right?”

“Yes,” I said. “You didn’t do anything wrong.”

“I was the model professional, wasn’t I?”

I gulped, and lowered my eyes in shame. “Yes, you were very professional. You did your job exemplary.” I was gritting my teeth and struggling to get the words out. She’d known exactly what was happening on that flight, and she’d let it happen anyway. Her behaviour was far from professional, especially when she’d brought her sweaty nylons over for Kim to stuff in my mouth. That in itself would be a scandal for the airline, but, did I really want news of that spreading around? Even if I received financial compensation; did I want total strangers around the world knowing I was the victim of such a humiliating ordeal? I could already imagine the looks of sympathy from my employers and clients; trying and failing to mask the honest laughter and embarrassment they’d no doubt harbour for me. I mean, how could I ever advise a client with a straight face, knowing that I was the kind of person that allowed myself to be subjugated in such a way, in bloody public no less?

Still, I wasn’t about to tell her that while she was staring me in the face, and that mortifying photo was safely in her possession. “Yes, you were,” I said while licking my lips. “You were a true professional throughout the whole flight.”

She snorted to herself in amusement, before biting her lip and nodding. She then dipped her head, and spoke to me as if I were a child. Her entire posture relaxed and almost became formidable, rather than the prim and proper way she’d handled herself

throughout the majority of the flight. “Maybe I should airdrop that photo to everyone anyway. You know, to teach you a lesson?” She lifted an eyebrow. “You were extremely rude to me, this morning.”

“Please,” I said with a gulp. “I’ve learned my lesson.” I widened my eyes and shook my head while recollecting the flight. “I’ve more than learned my lesson.” I couldn’t help but shudder while imagining the taste of Kim’s toes and the taste of her...pee. “I’ve learned my lesson a thousand times over.”

Her head cocked again, and she taunted me in that riveting accent, “Have you really, though?”

“Yes.” My eyes shot to her in disbelief. “I’ll never disrespect someone just doing their job, like you, ever again.” I nodded my head frantically. “I’m so sorry. I know it wasn’t your fault. I was completely out of line. You are a fantastic flight attendant, the best I’ve ever had!”

She scoffed at my pandering, before her eyes darted around while she was lost in thought. She then adjusted her luggage so that she could use it as a seat.

Just at that moment, another of the flight attendants noticed us, a smaller, Asian woman, and she scooted over while waving. “Marketa,” she shouted as she neared. She had to catch her breath for a moment, and in that time, thankfully, the phone, and my embarrassing photo along with it, disappeared into my tormentor’s purse.

“What is it?” Marketa asked.

“We’re going to check-in, drop off our stuff and head out for dinner and drinks, you coming?” The Asian woman paused, before looking me up and down. “Is everything okay?”

“She’s just a passenger from today,” Marketa said, before smirking. “She’s just praising our service today.

The other flight attendant cocked her head, before smiling. “Oh, okay!” She then completely returned her attention to Marketa. “You wanna join us around eight?”

“Sounds perfect,” Marketa said, her eyes never wavering from me. “I’ll just get finished up here, then I’ll join you. O’Callaghan’s as usual?”

“Sure.” The Asian flight attendant scurried off again, while Marketa continued awkwardly eyeing me.

She chewed her lip, huffing while she seemed to revel being in complete control of the situation. In turn, I dropped my head, and my lips remained firmly sealed.

“Anyway, what were we talking about?” She then seemed to relax and stretch out, a satisfied little smirk appearing on her face. “I like you a lot better like this,” she said, seemingly marvelling at the power she now held over me. “I wish I could silence passengers like you whenever you’re being annoying.”

“What...what are you going to do with that photo?” I asked fearfully, and when she didn’t immediately answer, I glanced up sheepishly. “Please, don’t show anyone that.”

Her lips were pursed, and she seemed lost in thought. “Why? Do you want me to delete it?”

“Yes,” I said desperately. “Yes, please delete it.”

Her eyes suddenly narrowed. “Why would I do that? You were threatening my job earlier. Now you want me to do you a favour?”

“I’m sorry,” I said. “I won’t ever threaten your job again. But please, tell me, what can I do so you’ll delete it?”

The line shifted forwards, and Marketa nodded towards the customer service desk. “You’re up,” she said. “Go and get your refund.”

I shifted awkwardly, dithering in place, before gulping and heading towards the desk. I spent the next few minutes stuttering while explaining the situation of my overbooked seat, and the employee was way more sympathetic than Marketa had been. Within minutes, I’d been given a full refund, and a voucher, just as Marketa had promised from the start.

Suddenly, I realised just how much of a douche I’d been on the plane. All I had to do was sit down and shut up, and I basically would have flown for free and received a refund. I mean, my original flight was covered by my company expenses anyway, but they’d comped the refund directly to me, so if anything, I’d been paid to travel. Yet, I’d kicked up a huge stink and provoked the entire cabin, riling everyone up against me.

While I finalised all of the details, I noticed that Marketa was still resting on her luggage within earshot, clearly listening in to check whether I was going to make a complaint about everything that had happened on the flight. Obviously, I had bloody good reason to, and the things the sisters had done to me were unforgiveable. Yet, I felt like with that photo, Marketa had me dangling over the edge of a cliff, and I would only make things worse.

Instead, since I knew she was listening, I tried to suck up to her; to appease her in the exact same way I'd spent the whole flight appeasing Kim and Chrissy. It was almost as if I hadn't learned from my mistake, and somewhat felt compelled to try and save myself any public embarrassment, by giving into the whims of my tormentors. "Could I just say, I had one of the best flight attendants I've ever witnessed in my life," I said, in a slightly raised voice. "She was so helpful, and made the entire flight a wonderful experience." Even as I was saying the words, I could taste the acrid, sweaty flavour of Marketa's nylons that I had so obediently sucked on earlier. The way she had scampered down the aisle excitedly to hand them over to Chrissy. She was complicit in my debasement, and now, here I was, about to praise her to her superiors.

The girl behind the desk smiled back. "That's great to hear."

Still, I glanced back, and note that the corner of Marketa's mouth was lodged up into a smirk. This only gave me greater confidence that I was doing the right thing. "Do you have some kind of form I can fill in, just in case she can get rewarded or something?"

"Yes, sure," the girl said, while fishing a piece of paper from a pile. "Just fill in the details here and I'll have it forwarded to management."

I spent the next few minutes writing a load of hogwash about how Marketa was the greatest employee of all time, and how she'd been so sympathetic and considerate of my situation. It was all lies, but I wrote it out all the same, even remembering to take a photo of the finalised document so I could proudly show it to her afterwards. Once filed, I left with my voucher, and immediately passed my phone to Marketa.

She sat quietly while reading through the form, before smiling up at me excitedly. "That's very good," she said, "and the complete truth, isn't it?"

I just nodded glumly, then was taken by surprise as Marketa dialled a number on my phone. “What are you doing?” I flinched to take it from her, but she turned her body away.

“Just making sure I can keep tabs on you, in case you have a change of heart and file some petty complaint.” She glared up at me. “I know women like you can’t be trusted. I’ve dealt with enough of your type in my time.”

“I won’t,” I said, and felt somewhat offended that I’d been lumped into a bracket of annoying women.

“I know.” She shrugged, while raising a hand in contemplation. “I’m ninety-nine percent sure you won’t, but, just in case.”

I stood idly by like an idiot as she saved my number into her own phone, before abruptly putting hers away in her purse. “So, what are you planning to do now?”

“Ummm, I guess head to my hotel?” We were done as far as I was concerned. I wasn’t going to complain, and I just wanted to get the hell away from the airport and most importantly: away from Marketa. But, that twinkle was still in her eye, and I got the feeling that she wasn’t ready to let me off the hook yet.

She nodded her head. “That’s what I thought.” She turned her butt on her luggage, so her legs were outstretched towards me, her high heel pumps displayed as she crossed her feet at the ankles. “How was sucking the sweat from my nylons earlier?”

I blushed, and looked around apprehensively, worried someone else in the queue might have overheard. Considering her reputation and job was so important to her, she was being carelessly loose with her words. I whispered in a hushed tone, “Could we not talk about this here, please? I just want to forget it ever happened.”

That only brought a smirk from her, and she seemed intent on mercilessly toying with me now that she knew she could do so in complete comfort and without any fear of consequence. “You know, my feet are super sweaty again.” She lifted one foot, and popped the pump free, her glistening arch visible as she dangled the shoe from her toes. “I’d say it’s even worse than when I was wearing the nylons.” She shrugged. “That’s kind of your fault, isn’t it?”

I swallowed nervously, before whispering, “How...how is that my fault?”

“Well, I only took my nylons off because of you.”

I blinked rapidly, looking behind me to check everyone was still a few feet away. “I never asked you to do that. That was all those awful girls’ doing.”

Marketa simply shrugged. “I mean, I never overbooked your seat, did I? But you still blamed me and made it my problem. So, that’s just too bad. It’s your fault, by association.” She straightened her leg, as if taunting me with it. “It’s your fault my feet are all sweaty.” I recognised that same cruelty that had briefly emerged as I’d bumbled my way into business class. How she’d placed a finger to my chin and looked me straight in the eyes, before exiling me back to where I belonged with the threat of shoving her foot in my face. I felt my temperature rising as I looked down at her large foot with its perspiring sole; she wouldn’t actually do that, would she? I suddenly felt like I needed to pander to her even more, to talk her out of whatever thoughts were catalysing in her vengeful mind. “I’m sorry,” I said, while dropping my eyes to the floor. “I’m so sorry.”

“Sorry? Sorry, for what?” As I peeked up, I noticed her face was the picture of confusion, as if I had said something she wasn’t obviously provoking me to say.

“For making your feet sweaty,” I mumbled, barely above a whisper.

“What? You’re going to have to speak louder.” Her hand was cupped to her ear. “We’re in a loud airport, and I really can’t hear you.”

There was a blaring speaker above, announcing something or other, and I felt comfortable speaking slightly louder, though still somewhat concerned that a stranger may overhear. “I’m sorry for making your feet sweaty,” I said, and as if by magic, the speaker system went quiet at the exact moment I spoke. Instantly, loads of people in the queue behind turned to look our way; their faces a mixture of confusion and disbelief. It was almost as if they couldn’t quite comprehend what they had heard.

Obviously, I shrivelled with embarrassment, mortified that such words had come from my lips and that others had heard it. Marketa, however, simply sniggered to herself, before ushering me closer with a crooked finger. “Stop saying such things in public,” she said. “I’m still in my uniform and you’ll damage my reputation.”

My mouth twitched, on the verge of passing the blame, but I thought better, and get schtum.

While I simmered in place, she grinned at me. “You know,” she mused, while crossing her legs at the knee and kicking her foot up and down. “The airline books us a room at the airport, so we can rest before the return flight. Isn’t that great?”

“Umm, yes,” I said, suddenly feeling a need to agree with her constantly. I felt so vulnerable and at her mercy, knowing that she was now in possession of that awful photo. I couldn’t believe that Kim had actually sent that to her. But, for the first time, over ten hours later after boarding the flight, I realised that I was only now getting a real glimpse at Marketa’s personality. During the flight, she’d been playing a role, a professional flight attendant that adhered to guidelines and protocols. Now, she was off her shift, and suddenly, I was realised that she was playful, and perhaps to my detriment: ruthless. Suddenly, having pissed her off was becoming even more of a regret, and as I focused on her dangling pump, I began to consider that I was in a load of trouble. I mean, she had been complicit in me sucking her sweaty nylon, and even bringing a blanket over so that Kim and Chrissy could humiliate me out of eyesight. She’d given her approval to my treatment, and that was in the midst of doing her job and in her professional capacity.

Now we were off the plane, what the hell was stopping her from treating me just as poorly? I needed to defend myself, this time, before any further humiliations developed. I needed to act. “I need to be going,” I said. “Thank you for your service today. I hope you enjoy your rest.” I reached for my bag, and made a move to step away, however, Marketa reached out and grabbed my sleeve.

“Why are you running away?” she said. “Are you afraid or something?”

“A little,” I said honestly. “You know, after everything that happened on that flight.”

She laughed. “You mean, how you sucked on those two girls’ feet?” She cocked her head and smirked with mischief. “How you sucked on my sweaty nylons?” She patted the bulge in her pocket again.

We were still in public, and obviously, saying such things caused me to blush. “Could we not talk about this here?”

“Sure,” she said, standing abruptly and taking me by surprise. “Let’s head to my room then. It’s in the adjacent building.”

“What? That’s not what I—”

She held a finger to her lips and at once silenced me. “You’re the one that suggested we talk about this somewhere else, so I’m just giving you exactly what you want.” Her big, beautiful eyes widened as they glistened with possibilities. “I kind of feel like you made up some for your bad behaviour, but to the wrong people, you know?”

“W...what?”

“Well, I never got my toes sucked, did I?” She bit her tongue as she noted the panic in my eyes. “And I was the one that was stood on my feet all day.”

I almost collapsed right there as my knees went weak, just as they had done in the business cabin. I had to steady myself on my luggage, while my mind struggled to process what Marketa had actually just said. It all felt so different coming from her; there were so many other connotations involved considering she was an employee of the airline and all.

She smirked and giggled, before saying, “Come.” While still holding onto my sleeve, she led me across the airport arrival terminal while I plodded along as if in a daze. I stumbled following her, dragging and bouncing around my own luggage while she appeared the picture of statuesque elegance; her heels clicking along the polished floor. I thought of tugging free and running away, but each time, a scared part of me talked the courage out of myself, fearful that the photo of me would swiftly do the rounds.

So, with little opposition, she continued to lead me outside, and while a barrage of cab drivers yelled at us, she encouraged me towards a hotel that was connected to the airport building.

Once inside, the receptionist immediately hooked a key from the wall behind her. “Welcome once again, Miss Ivanovic,” she said. “Your usual room is booked. The airline has taken care of everything as always. Let me know if you need anything.”

“Hi Sandy,” Marketa said while taking the key. “My friend is just coming to drop off her luggage, then we’ll be heading out, is that okay?”

“No problem.”

The whole thing was almost passing me by as if I was in a daze, and as the ‘friend’ I found myself following Marketa, firstly into the elevator, and then down the hallway towards the room.

At the door, she paused while the key card opened it with a beep. For a moment, she seemed almost regretful, before she looked at me with concern. “This is entirely inappropriate, bringing a customer back here. This could cause me a lot of problems, but you’ve learned your lesson, right? You’re not going to cause me anymore problems from now on, will you?”

“No, I won’t,” I said desperately. “I promise. I won’t bother you ever again.” I signalled down the hallway with my thumb over my shoulder. “I’ll leave right now. You’ll never see me again. I’ll fly with a different airline in future. Whatever you want. Just tell me what to do, and I’ll do it.”

“Well, that’s reassuring,” she said after a second, while biting her lip, “But, right now, what I want is for you to step inside, because as nice as that all sounded, it’s way easier than what you deserve.”

I sighed, a bit too loudly, while my shoulders dropped in defeat. “Please,” I said a final time, but Marketa wasn’t at all interested in my protestations.

She opened the door, then marched over towards the desk at the end of her bed. While I watched from the doorway, she pulled the chair out, and turned it to face me, before sitting and elegantly crossing her long legs. “Come here,” she said, “and close the door behind you.”

I nervously stepped inside, taking a deep breath as I clicked the door closed. I was too afraid to turn around and face her, so instead, like a fool, I just stood with my back to her, breathing heavily while anxiety began to wreak havoc through my nerves.

“What are you doing?” she asked.

My lips were already dry; my teeth chattering as I neared light-headedness. “Why?” I asked with a stutter. “Why do you want me here?”

I heard the sound of something hitting the floor behind me; something clunky that bounced off the carpet. “Take a look,” she said.

I had to gulp down another lump in my throat, before I slowly turned and sighed with defeat. Marketa had kicked one shoe free, while elegantly crossing her long legs. Her foot was angled in my direction, toes curled back while her large, long sole was bared straight at me. Even from across the room, I could see that her skin was moist and sweaty.

“Please,” I said, while beginning to shake. “Please, no. Not again. Don’t make me again.”

“Apologise,” she stated bluntly. “Apologise for your behaviour today.”

“I’m sorry,” I said frantically, desperate to talk my way out of what I feared was coming.

She dipped her head slightly, all while her foot tauntingly kicked up and down. “Do you really mean it?”

“Yes. Yes, I mean it.”

Marketa clenched her teeth, turning her head to the side while she lifted her shoulders. “I don’t know, it just doesn’t seem enough, does it? You know, after the way you behaved?”

“I’m sorry,” I said, as sweat was already dripping down my back. I glanced down at the floor, before pitifully dropping to my knees in desperation. With hands clasped in a praying position, I looked up at her begging eyes. “Please, Marketa. Please forgive me. I am so sorry for the way I spoke to you today. I am so sorry for not just sitting down and being quiet.”

She sat there listening, nodding her head with each apology, seeming to enjoy what I was saying. However, as I was about to continue, she raised a hand. “Like I said, I kind of feel like you haven’t made up to me enough. I mean, your words are nice and all, but I’ve been on my feet all shift. I had to watch you licking and sucking all over those girls’ feet. At first I thought it was weird.” She shrugged and rolled her eyes. “Oh, it is most definitely weird, but, you know, the more I saw you do it, the more I wanted to do it to you as well.” Her eyes suddenly narrowed. “Because, you know what,

Cynthia? That is your name, right? You do deserve it. You deserve it for thinking you're better than me and that I'm some nobody that just exists to take your crap."

My back was already trembling under the tension of her anger. "I don't think that—"

"Shut up," she suddenly snapped. "Shut up. Shut up. Shut up. That's what I wanted to say to you while you were complaining non-stop. Shut up, you old witch. Shut the hell up!" Her face turned to a scowl. "Do you know how exhausting and frustrating it is to deal with people like you on a daily basis? To have to smile and patiently state the obvious to you while you rant and rave?" She turned her head slightly and stared at me through a squint. "Do you even know how annoying you are? Do I book the bloody seats? No, I don't, so sit down, and shut the hell up!"

With that, as her tirade punched holes in my already fragile dignity, I confusedly took her words literally, dropping back and sitting on my butt.

Marketa balked, her face recoiling while she looked down at me with confusion. "What are you doing?"

"I...I thought you wanted me to sit down. You said sit down and—"

She squinted at me, before screwing her face up. "Is that why you let those girls do all that stuff to you? Do you just do whatever people say?" She looked off towards the ceiling, and wrinkled her forehead, before removing her flight cap and tossing it aside. A finger winded its way inside her bun, and a second later, her beautiful sandy hair was freely draping all around. Her sharp features were still jumbled amongst a mixture of confusion, but there was now a deadly intention evident in her green eyes. "So, could I have just told you to shut up right at the start of the flight, and you would have done so?" She considered me while the wheels were turning in her head. "Could I have just shoved my nylons in your mouth and told you to suck it for the whole flight?"

I blushed while considering the humiliation of that very thing happening. Marketa lifting a finger during our argument, right in front of all the other passengers, before kicking off a heel, yanking down her nylon and brazenly shoving it in my mouth. *Shut up*, I imagined her saying in her accented voice. *Go sit in economy where you belong*.

A chill ran down my spine and I let out a gasp; a notable shudder wracking my entire body.

Marketa clamped a hand to her mouth as she watched my reaction. “Oh my God,” she said. “You would have, wouldn’t you? You would have just shut the hell up and sat down.” She uncrossed her legs and stretched them out towards me; the bare sole angled straight at me atop her other ankle. “Wow,” she said. “I’ve never met anyone like you before.” She squinted again. “Wait, do you like this? Were you just causing a scene today so those girls would take revenge on you?”

“What? No!” I said. “I didn’t mean to cause a scene, I just—”

I was abruptly stopped in my tracks, as Marketa rolled the chair forwards, lifted the foot, and slapped the ball against my mouth. Even though the contact was brief, it took me by surprise; the moistness of her sole clearly being deposited on my lips. Instinctively, I lifted a hand, wiping my mouth with my fingers, then looking at her sheepishly. Already I could smell the strong odour of her foot, and my nose involuntarily wrinkled.

“You were saying?” she asked. “Go on, continue.”

I swallowed nervously, before I looked away from her, feeling completely embarrassed after she’d just silenced me in such a humiliating fashion. I mean, who just shoves their foot straight in someone’s face like that? Why the hell was this happening to me so much today? First Kim, and now Marketa!

“Wow,” she said again. “Those girls had you figured out, didn’t they?” She adjusted her position in the seat, almost coming across all giddy as she sat upright, crossing one leg over the other again. “Let’s try something.” Her face immediately became far sterner, and she pointed at her foot with her long fingers. “You were an awful passenger today. Complaining non-stop, and you need to apologise, so you can do it properly and kiss my foot, right now!”

The demand took me surprise, and as a result, my cheeks immediately flared up with a rosy tinge. There was a noticeable lump in my throat, and my lips trembled. Obviously, the right course of action was to tell her no way and to shut up, however, for some reason, as with the girls when they were sat behind me, my ability to speak up and defend myself seemed to disappear whenever someone’s feet were involved.

Even now I was free from the plane, I was still back down on my knees at another woman's feet and still similarly feeble in the face of humiliation.

"Kiss it," she said again with impatience, not seeming to understand why her order hadn't worked. "Kiss my foot and apologise for being a terrible passenger."

My eyes were darting from side to side, taking a glance at Marketa's foot, before shyly looking away as I actually thought about humbly kissing her sole. It was provoking me, ripping at my pride and dignity, the same way it had earlier when Kim had first forced her foot through the gap in the seats. It was just such an overstepping of boundaries, and it dishevelled my composure from its usual assured position. I knew I had every right to be annoyed about being downgraded, and now, being forced to kiss Marketa's foot and apologise for rightfully feeling aggrieved was making my tummy squirm with nervousness. Especially since Marketa had just stood by and allowed those wretched girls to punish me again and again. I'd already suffered endlessly for any perceived slight against Marketa for doing her job, but kissing her feet, well, it was making my tummy flip in the most bizarre of ways. It was just such a reversal from what I was used to; the flight attendants were supposed to run around after me while I lazed about in business class!

"It wasn't fair," I said. "I paid for that seat though."

Marketa smirked. "I know it wasn't fair, and you know what, if you were nicer about it, I might have been willing to help you out a little more. But you were a child, and right now, I want you to apologise and kiss my foot. I want you to admit that you threw a tantrum and you deserved to be punished."

Flashes of the confrontation were shooting through my head as I stared at Marketa's foot. Her toes were obscenely long, the second seeming to reach out even further than the biggest. Each were painted with a black polish, which was quite the contrast to her pale skin. I could barely even comprehend how big they were, though seemingly matching her statuesque build. I thought about how I had stood my ground, and demanded to sit in business. It was what I had paid for, and what had Marketa done? Just smiled back at me patronisingly and told me there was nothing she could do, again and again. At that very moment, whether she knew it or not, she'd already sealed my fate as the terrible twosome had been listening in. Marketa had pressed my buttons and I'd reacted and caused a scene.

Right at that moment, as I knelt before her, she was flashing that very same patronising smile at me, and I realised at that moment, that beneath the façade of being a polite employee, she'd enjoyed every moment of me being forced to change seats. She'd enjoyed watching me spit and fume, and how nothing I did could talk her around, because she was the one with the power. She'd enjoyed throwing me to the wolves, and now she wanted me to apologise to her.

I stared at her foot again, and I felt something rising up in me, something overcoming every instinct in my body that was compelling me to defend myself. Something inside was urging me to crawl over to her, kiss her foot and apologise; to just give up and submit to her. Even though I had paid for a business class ticket well in advance, I was expected to kiss Marketa's foot and apologise for being a bad passenger? It was so bloody unfair, but here I was, on my knees, and with little choice.

"Kiss it," she said in a much more forceful tone. She leaned forward, and the intention was clear as she thrust her finger towards her long toes. "Kiss my foot and apologise, right now!"

I gulped a final time, and as nerves tingled throughout my entire body, a feeling of dread freely flowing through me, I dropped forwards to my hands and knees and hesitantly crawled towards her, not actually believing what I was about to do.

"Oh my God," Marketa whispered as her posture softened. "You're actually going to do it." She blinked a few times, and then adjusted her position so that her foot was closer to my head. "Come on," she said. "I'm going to enjoy this so much. Do it!"

With that, as I reached her, I bowed my head, and pressed a respectful, soft kiss upon the top of Marketa's large foot. My body was trembling with the humiliation of submission, my muscles aching to keep me from collapsing as the symbolism of what I was doing tugged at every inch of my body. "I'm sorry," I whispered, while my forehead was still pressed against her ankle. "I'm sorry for being such a bad passenger."

Merely saying those words was enough for me to drop my head in shame. Now that I'd said them out loud, it was as if they were true. I was a bad passenger, wasn't I? Even if she hated me secretly. Even if Marketa had been tired of dealing with women such as myself. She was still professional and patient, and I had been nothing but rude and arrogant. She deserved an apology, and I deserved to be punished for my

behaviour; Kim had already drilled that into me well enough, and now, it was time to demonstrate what I had learned.

As a result, I leant forward, and kissed Marketa's foot again, this time, without her insistence. "I'm so sorry," I said one more time. "Please forgive me."

Marketa moved the top of her foot from beneath my lips, before rubbing it against my cheek. She smirked excitedly, obviously revelling in the feeling of having an unruly passenger at her feet. Clearly, this whole situation was taboo and entirely inappropriate, and would never, have ever happened if Kim hadn't got involved, and to some degree, her sister too. Despite now knowing Marketa's true feelings, it was clearly evident that she was a model professional, and never in her life would she have put herself in such a compromising position as we were in now. However, Kim and Chrissy had put me in a way worse position, and now that they had empowered Marketa with that photo, well, there was no stopping her from exacting her revenge upon me. She probably had years of frustration built up from dealing with passengers like me. Spending hours walking up and down the aisles in those high heels, while customers complained and demanded service. All of that built up rage was about to be taken out on me, because she now knew she could do so without any consequence. There was no way in hell I wanted that photo to ever get out, and I just knelt there, braced to accept my fate.

She suddenly swivelled her foot, and then planted her long, sweaty sole right in my face, before shamelessly squishing and rubbing it all around. Immediately, the intense, heated stink hit me like a tonne of bricks, and I almost collapsed as the sheer brutal, pungent odour shook me to the core. "Oh God," I moaned and groaned in disgust, feeling the sweat from her long shift being transferred to my face, I was taunted by the sounds of her clapping her hands and laughing. "You're the worst passenger I've ever had in my life," she said, while wiping her sweaty foot all over my face. "Who the hell do you think you are? You think I make the decisions about where you sit?"

"No," I moaned, while my senses were completely obliterated beneath the relentless onslaught of her sweaty foot. "I'm sorry—"

"Shut up," she sneered while gritting her teeth. "I had enough of your stupid voice on the plane." She began flailing her arms around, while mocking my voice. "I want to

speak to the captain,” she said, before rolling her eyes while jiggling her shoulders. “Do you know how stupid you sounded? Everyone in the cabin thought so.”

“I’m sorry,” I wailed again.

“I said shut up,” she growled through gritted teeth, and with that, her big toe was wedged forcefully through my lips. Immediately I choked and spluttered, such was its size, and I struggled to keep my head in position as she ruthlessly jack-hammered it in and out of my mouth. “Shut up, you stupid, stuck-up, awful passenger,” she fumed. “You’re the worst passenger I’ve ever had in my life. You know that? This is exactly what you deserve.”

Right at that moment, something clicked inside me, and as her toe brutally had its way with my mouth, I accepted every word that she was mercilessly dishing out. While barely being able to comprehend my behaviour, I lifted my hands, cradled her ankle, and with that, I wrapped my lips around her big toe and sucked. I attempted to placate her in a way I now knew was befitting of a woman like me.

Marketa froze, and her foot remained motionless in my grip as I slurped up and sucked down on her toe. She gushed for a second, sinking back into the seat, before fanning herself with her hand. “My God,” she said. “No wonder they kept making you do that. It actually feels really good.”

I plopped my lips free from her toe, and said what now felt natural to me. “I’m sorry,” I said. “You’re the best flight attendant in the world, and I’m the worst passenger. Please let me make it up to you.”

Marketa sniggered, and then dismissively flicked a finger at me. “Go ahead, make it up to me.”

For the next half hour, I remained kneeling there, sucking and licking all over Marketa’s large foot while she continued to castigate and chastise me. She freely insulted me again and again, letting out all of her frustrations as I snaked my tongue between her toes and sucked out all of the sweat, digging the tip into any crud I could find, caked in from over ten hours on her feet. “You’re pathetic,” she snarled, while watching me, her beautiful face contorted in disgust. “This will teach you for being so rude.”

“I’m sorry,” I said, as I rolled her foot sweat around my mouth. “I know I deserve this for being so rude to you.” I tongued the grime between her toes again, and closing my eyes as I felt it dislodge.

“Yes, you do, so eat it,” she growled, watching me with clear venom in her face. “No more business class meals for you, huh? You can eat the dirt from between my toes from now on, because this is exactly what you deserve.”

“It’s exactly what I deserve,” I repeated, almost robotically, before chewing and crunching my way through the grit I’d removed from between her toes. Marketa merely screwed her face up with disdain, before nodding and encouraging me to continue. While she watched, I plunged my tongue between the next two toes and swallowed whatever I could find. Marketa clapped and mocked me as she listened to the morsels of filth crunched between my teeth.

Once her foot was squeaking clean, Marketa made a show of crossing her legs, before arrogantly pointing at the next pump. She looked almost regal in her uniform, statuesque in her posture as she flicked her fingers despairingly and ordered me around as if a lackey. “Kiss it first,” she said while peering down her nose. “Then do all that other weird stuff you just did.”

I bowed my head, and repeated the performance, cringing and wincing as I tasted the fresh sweat from between her toes. Throughout the ordeal, as I grimaced and occasionally gagged upon my tongue pressing up against some slimy gunk between her toes, I thought back to our confrontation on the flight. How I had been so assured that I was going to get my way and would relax back in business class, just because I’d been willing to stand my ground. Now, as the taste of Marketa’s toes were running rampant in my mouth, such an occurrence seemed like a fantasy. That life of luxury seemed painfully out of reach, and I feared my future was going to be filled with further humiliations at the feet of women I’d always believed were lesser than me.

Nearby, her discard pumps taunted me with their stink, and my entire existence seemed to become a slave to Marketa’s sweaty feet. When she took out her phone, and began recording me, I didn’t even react. It was almost as if I was used to it by this point, and it was only a bother trying to fight it. Instead, I wrapped my lips around her long second toe, sucking on its tip while she lodged her big toe up one of my nostrils.

She giddily recorded my humiliation, laughing into my face while she stretched and contorted my features with her large foot, forcing me to lick and suck all over her long soles. I moved on to sucking each of her toes, almost hungrily, after popping my lips free, I muttered the words I knew to be true. “I deserve this,” I said, and Marketa smirked each time.

“Yes, you do,” she agreed as I popped my lips from her big toe a final time, and while she settled back and cradled her phone, smirking at the screen, she abruptly shoved a foot in my face and pushed me away.

I knelt there and licked my lips, and after a moment of being ignored, I hesitantly asked, “Ummm, what are you doing?”

“I’m sending a picture back to that Kim,” she said, as if it was a totally normal thing to do. “It’s only fair? She sent me hers. She’s going to love it.”

“No, please,” I said, however she simply rolled her eyes, before stretching out one of her long legs and hooking the foot behind my neck. While I lurched forwards, she buried my face in her other foot, her clammy toes harshly gripping at my nose. Immediately, their strong, sweaty fragrance engulfed me; persistent despite my oral efforts, and my words caught in my throat. “Oh God,” I mumbled, as the stink from over ten hours of being stood on her feet was forced right into my nostrils all over again. Even though I’d already licked and slurped all over her feet, it was as if the sweat was resolutely clinging on.

“Shut up and lick my feet,” she said, before casually fingering her phone again. She looked so relaxed in the seat while ordering me around. As I began to tongue her sole once more, she glanced at me momentarily, musing, “It’s so great that I can just tell you to do that. I wish I could do this to every terrible passenger.”

“Yes, Marketa,” I said, as I ran the tip of my tongue along one of the wrinkles of her arch. “You deserve it.”

“Yes, I do,” she said through narrowed eyes. “It’s like your mouth is the perfect instrument to remove the sweat from my feet,” she said, while she watched me devotedly lapping my tongue up her expansive sole again and again. “It’s a much better use for it than all your complaining.” She stared at me fascinated as my tongue continued to swirl around her grimy toes, removing every trace of sweat from between

each with snake-like probes. “I could really use this treatment after each shift. You won’t believe how sweaty my feet can get in my nylons and heels all shift.” She narrowed her eyes at me, almost as if she was annoyed. “You know how frustrating it is to see passengers like you in business class, sitting with your shoes off and relaxing, barking orders at me so I have to walk up and down the cabin in my heels?”

“I’m sorry,” I moaned, while I sucked obediently on her pinkie toe. “I will never disrespect flight attendants ever again.”

“You better not,” she said, before she tapped my shoulder with her hand. “Give me that voucher they gave you.”

I opened my eyes and popped my lips free from her toe. “What? Why?”

“Because I’m taking it as compensation. I already get discounts, but I want an even bigger one.” She then sneered down her nose at me. “I deserve it more than you, especially after the way you behaved today.”

“But—”

I wasn’t even able to finish what I was saying, as Marketa had jammed the large, dominant big toes of each foot straight back into my mouth, completely muffling my words in the process.

“Just shut up and give it to me,” she said, while holding her hand towards me and gesturing with her fingers.

While I was perilously perched on her big toes, struggling to handle their size in my mouth, I clambered up onto my knees and slipped my hand into my pocket. I held out the crumpled voucher towards her, and Marketa smirked, before pulling her hand away. Instead, she removed one foot from my mouth, and gripped the voucher between her sopping toes. “That’s a good passenger,” she said, “about time moaners like you started to behave properly.” She settled back into the seat, and just watched me in silence while I bashfully sucked and slurped all over her remaining big toe. I almost felt like some kind of insatiable slut, trying to please her so that I could earn her favour. It was ridiculously humiliating, to be doing something so intimate with another woman’s foot, especially in the quiet of the hotel room. It even felt far different to what had occurred on the plane, as we were alone together now, and I was forced to look up and into her eyes and see the disdain staring back me.

I blushed uncontrollably. It was just such a humbling experience to now find myself in this way, on my knees before the very same employee that I had been raging at earlier that day. Despite my protestations and insistence that I was right, and that she in turn should do my bidding, she had simply smiled back at me and refuted every raging demand that I had made. If anything, she'd been firm but polite, and now, all of that had gone out of the window. Now she was being as brutal and mocking as she pleased, because we were no longer in her work environment, and I realised I had totally disturbed the bee hive.

"Take it," she said, while forcing her other toes into my mouth, yet, such was the size of her large foot, that only three fit between my lips before my mouth was stretched and completely filled. "I wish I could do this to every rude passenger we get."

I moaned and garbled as the corner of my mouth became painful. I became lightheaded as I accepted that, as Marketa grunted and bit her lip with effort, she was punishing me not just for my own actions, but for the attitude of every passenger that had ever pissed her off. Perhaps, over time, all those years of smiling and patiently dealing with unruly customers had built up, and now, she was releasing it all upon me.

Finally, she yanked her foot free, and I collapsed to the floor, and exhausted mess. Market rose to her feet, wiping her damp feet on the carpet as she placed the voucher in her handbag. She stood, fiddling with her phone for a second, before she looked over at me with curiosity. "You said earlier you are here for a business meeting. Do you fly here often?"

My throat was parched from the relentless battering she'd given my mouth, and it took me a few attempts to croak out a response. "Ummm, why do you ask?"

She was back looking at her phone, but then scowled at my response. "Just answer the damn question sweat mouth."

At being called that, my spine straightened and tingled. My mouth suddenly became even drier while my skin singed. "Yes," I said, coughing before I could continue. "I fly here routinely for business. I have a meeting tomorrow morning, then I fly back."

"How often?"

“Once a month.” I was about to leave it at that, but when I noted the fury in her eyes, I felt fearful and gave into a compulsion of honesty. “Sometimes twice.”

“Great,” she said. “I’ll be keeping your number. Any time another passenger like you comes along”—she dipped her head, almost in a patronising manner—“and by that, I mean someone annoying, then I’m going to give you a call. The next time we’re in this airport at the same time, I’m going to be taking out all of my frustrations on you, just like today.”

I shuddered at the mere thought of this becoming a regular occurrence. “Please,” I said, however, she silenced me by lifting a single finger.

“This is your own damn fault,” she said, while straightening her skirt. “From now on, you’re going to be my stress relief, and after years of putting up with women like you, I definitely deserve it.” She took a step towards the hotel room door, before opening and gesturing outside. “Now, get the hell out,” she said with a sneer, before her grimace suddenly mutated to that same, professional smile that had greeted me when I’d first stepped on the plane that morning. “Thank you for flying with Oceanic Airlines,” she said with a wave. “I hope you choose to fly with us again in future.”

I hesitated there, just feeling so damn used and abused. My face stunk like her feet, and my mouth still tasted of the sweat from between her toes. She’d brutalised my lips with her big feet, and now, she was just dismissing me as if I was a service worker or something. I took a step towards the door, and was about to leave, when Marketa’s phone buzzed. She took a look, watching intensely, before she burst out laughing and held a hand to her mouth. “Oh my God,” she said. “I thought she was joking. You have to see this.”

She turned the phone, and there I was on the screen, trying to stuff my suitcase into the overhead bin while cursing and complaining. Even I flinched at the grating sound of my own annoying voice as I screeched and yelled about never flying with that airline again.

“How to deal with a Karen,” a voiceover said, while some backing track was playing some stupid song with a woman singing.

I gulped, while cringing at the state of me. I looked like a petulant child as I ranted and raved, and it was at that moment, that I realised, just what a pathetic, immature,

irritation I must have been to everyone else in the cabin. I looked uneasily towards Marketa, and accepted a simple fact: that all of the bile she'd directed my way while I'd been diligently sucking her feet had been entirely deserved. "Oh God," I said, while feeling utterly embarrassed, but then, just as I was about to apologise to Marketa again, the picture shifted on the screen, and all the blood drained from my face.

There I was, kneeling in the restroom, soap dripping from my mouth, while I was desperately tonguing all over Kim's dirty foot. I blinked, not fully processing what I was seeing, but before I could even comprehend the visuals on screen, the whole picture flashed and changed. There I was again, buried beneath the blanket, my eyes closed in contentment while I sucked and slurped all over Chrissy's pretty toes. Despite the image being kind of blurry, due to darkness beneath the blanket, her socks were visible on each of my shoulders.

"That's it, quit complaining and suck my toes, you stupid Karen," a voice said over the top, and it was clearly Kim, and not Chrissy that was speaking. Obviously, it had been edited in afterwards, but the damage was already done.

"What...what is this?" I asked in shock.

Marketa cackled, before staring at me in confusion. "You've gone viral, honey," she said. "It's your lucky day." She then pointed at the screen animatedly, before nudging me with her elbow. "Look, this is the best part."

I blinked again, and then I appeared on screen a final time, pitifully kneeling in this very hotel room. My eyes were closed, as I suckled on Marketa's big toe, slurping up and down its length in devotion, before I popped my lips free. I looked up, and with my eyes filled with shame I muttered, "I deserve this."

Marketa almost dropped her phone as she applauded my digital debasement.

I stared at her, my lip already juddering in panic. I looked between her smirking face and the phone a number of times, completely dumbstruck in shock. "Delete it," I pleaded, as tears began to pool in my eyes. "Please, delete it. No one can see that. Please, I did everything you wanted. Please, delete it?"

She squinted at me, as if I was asking a stupid question. "I can't," she said, while raising a hand in a carefree gesture. "It'll be all over the internet by now. There's no stopping it."

“But...why?” I was still in shock, and barely able to comprehend the consequences that were likely already in motion. My shoulders sagged as I hunkered there totally defeated. “Why would you do this?”

Marketa merely shrugged. “You said it yourself, honey.” I felt a finger beneath my chin, as she eased my head up so our eyes met. The bright, green tone of her eyes was so beautiful, but behind them lay something darker. “Because you deserve it.”

“But...” My jaw dropped open as my head was already throbbing from considering the many impending scenarios and the negative ways they were going to affect my life. “What if my family sees this? What about my job?”

I couldn’t believe how unsympathetic Marketa looked as she pushed me away towards the door. “Well, you should have thought about that earlier, shouldn’t you? Remember how you said you’ll have my job?” She flapped her fingers towards the door, indicating for me to leave, almost as if I was an irritant that had overstayed my welcome. “Maybe you’ll treat the next flight attendant you come across with more respect.”

She smiled wickedly at the screen, before hitting ‘like’ on the video as it looped around another time. She placed a hand on my chest, and eased me outside before slamming the door.

In the hall, I stood there, shell-shocked. I could still hear the video inside the hotel room, looping and playing again and again; the likes and shares probably going through the roof. Each time I heard my final declaration of deserving it, Marketa lost herself to another laughing fit.

I couldn’t even move a bone in my body, and I realised that after the worst flight of my life, my fate was now completely up in the air.