**Beach Bully**

Synopsis: A surfer hunk comes back from his day at the beach and decides to coerce his friend into spending the day worshipping his salty paws, whether they like it or not.

Disclaimer:
–Paw Worship
–Musk/Filth/Sweat/Sand
–(Implied) Non-consenting
–Weasel Sub
–Otter Dom

*Coastal living.*
Salt hangs in the open air scenting every breeze and the soundtrack of its meditative scenery lasts indefinitely. The rolling, hissing, splashing, crashing of foamy sea waves is a beckoning call to any and all surfers in the locale. Seagulls squawk by day and crickets chirp by night. Here on the coast are the shorefront houses ranging from renovated opulence to bungalows and even characteristic shacks. The grassy banks holding these homes fade out into an endless stretching beach of soft pale sand. Shards of sunlight glint all across the wavy ocean blue. This is a paradise of its own.

In one small but quaint beach house nestled near the dunes, two friends live together splitting the rent and enjoying their humble surroundings. The friends are an unlikely pair; one is a bashful and fidgety weasel with a slender long body and with fur as white as salt. His name is Kailani, though he much prefers the abbreviation, ‘Kai’.

 The other is a brash but laidback otter whose fur is a soft creamy yellow, more golden on the backside, and his hair is a very shaggy long mess of blonde surfer curls which cover his mud-brown eyes from view. His name is Curtis. Curtis is much more agile and sporty, with a lean lissom ‘beach body’ to support this claim. He isn't overly tall but he is a charmingly handsome animal who often receives many secretive shy glances from his flatmate.

It's a Sunday afternoon and Kai is relaxing in the chrysalis comfort of the large, baggy hammock situated between the two poles on their porch, overlooking the beach. His pure white body is cradled aloft from the ground and he lies back with a book in his hands, hearing the idyllic sounds of ocean waves and distant enjoyment from all the beach-goers. The world feels calm and the sunlight kisses him all over. The weasel smiles to himself thinking the serenity will last forever, but when he happens to peer aside to the shore for a short moment he sees a welcoming figure strolling back towards the home; their shirtless blonde body indented with lithe muscles. They wear bright aqua blue swimming shorts with a white and black floral gradient on the legs, as well as a pair of black flip flops, and a necklace made of twine and shark tooth. Kai can tell from the frizz of their hair that Curtis is already drying off from his time in the sea. For a long stretch of the journey Kai ignores his book to watch this erotic animal carry his 8ft long surfboard home.

***\*Clunk!\****

 Curtis ascends the creaky steps of the porch panting jovially. He stands his surfboard on a lean against the wall, near their open sliding door. His flip flops slap the wood with every footfall. Kai pretends not to be observing every minute detail of his friend but still his blue eyes see everything and his small weasel ears hear everything else.
 The hunky otter catches his breath and lets out an elated "Whooh!"

 "I’m going to boldly predict you had a good day out there today?" Kai asks.

 "No ‘ankle slappers’ today my man, those waves were big and bitchin'. Perfect tide. Perfect conditions. It was great fun! You should'a come with and watched me shred it out there!"

Kai tries to brush off his absence with an excuse about wanting to avoid the sand and hassle, but while he talks he is distracted watching Curtis kick off his unclean flip flops onto the deck, leaving them at the foot of his surfboard. Their insoles are partially softened down by the moisture that has been squished into their gleaming rubber, especially in the visible paw imprint which has faded out some of the insole’s colour. He couldn’t and wouldn’t explain why, but Kai always found himself looking whenever those flip flops were slipped on or kicked off.
 When Curtis pads over towards the hammock the weasel squirms shyly. Damp salty otter prints are left pressed in the wood tracking his every step across the deck. Kai gulps at his half-dressed friend, worried about the leer in their whiskered face, while he also admires the small rivulets of salt water still dripping down those golden furred contours.

 Even with his eyes partly concealed beneath his fringe, Curtis grins widely and pauses to stare back at the weasel. Suddenly he says, "You can't puss out and hide in that hammock all day, least not without sharing it! C'mon, scoot, make room for me."

Suddenly Curtis grabs the other end of the hammock and launches himself up hurtling his body into the big fabric sling, rocking it violently. His upper body slumps in first and his legs sling over afterwards falling on top of Kai, who panics and drops his book in his own lap, losing his page number. He frightfully clutches both sides of the hammock either side of him to stop it contorting or tipping them both out. He manages to hold it steady but he also has to pull his legs in forming himself into a meek ball, to accommodate Curtis and give them space. It quickly becomes a contest of tangling limbs and kicking otter legs until Curtis asserts dominance and conquers more than his half of the share. He manages to shove one of his lean blonde legs in Kai's direction and nudge their head aside with his paw, until his sole is plastering into the tight fabric so directly close to them that the very inner side of his paw is now running up the side of Kai's cheek.
 The grunting weasel's face is ignited in a coral-pink blush. He can feel the otter's toes rubbing up behind his burning ear. After a small interval of derogatory words and flustered noises, Kai - as always - is quick to submit and stop resisting. He gives in and lets Curtis's other leg thread between his own thighs and extend out towards his chest. The weasel quivers from the sensation when that bare, fully padded, unwashed beach paw plasters over his sternum embedding against his fluffy white fur... right over his pounding heart. The sole from heel to toe is greased padding, as brown as almond paste. It feels grainy from the sand but cooled from the waters it has been soaking in during the past few hours. Now it dampens a footprint into Kai's chest more and more, the harder it sinks inward. In the playful skirmish Kai's own paws have been tucked under the otter and sat upon by their rump.

Curtis is always so amused by his friend's panic and frustration and today is just one more example of this. He can feel their heart pulsing rapidly underfoot but Curtis only cares about the fact that he is comfortable himself, having seized dominion over Kailani's relaxation time.

 "Don't deny it, we live a pretty killer life out here. I mean, couple of dudes soaking up the sun Kais on the shoreline? I know I couldn't ask for anything more rad than that," Curtis reflects, tucking his hands behind his head and warming his demeanour with a smile. His toes upon Kai's chest start to casually curl and fiddle against it, treating it like a piano foot pedal. Evidently they love drying themselves off on the thick, verdant fur.

Kai tries to disguise his own smile which keeps piquing whenever he lays eyes on that smug, dishevelled animal across from him. He also tries to disguise his trembling physique caused by that toned leg lying heavily between his thighs and knees, resting its wet calf muscle on his crotch, patting its sole into his torso. It's already humiliating enough having the otter's left leg touching against the temple of his skull too.

The weasel sniffs the air, wrinkles his muzzle and shyly stifles a cough. Ever the attention seeker, Curtis demands to know more about that reaction.

 "Don't K.O my buzz, dude, but tell me what's going on in your little noggin."

  "Don't get me wrong I'm always happy when you're back," Kai responds, "But do you really have to bring the stink of the beach home with you every time? Can’t you use the communal shower, like, ever?"

 Curtis blows a gust of air upward from his lips so that one of his curling hair locks is parted, revealing only one of his eyes. His impish grin grows wider without warning.

"Stink? What stink?" The surfer teases, all of a sudden shifting the narrative when his foot departs from the meadow of white chest fur and jumps into view, expeditiously and alarmingly appearing right in front of Kai's enlarged blue eyes, (aiming of course for their muzzle).

 Curtis laughs and spreads his toes aggressively trying to dock them around his startled friend's snout but Kai moves fast to defend himself and grabs the otter's skinny ankle firmly in both hands, strangling it, feeling an anklet of beads and string trapped between his palms too. More noises of resistance and struggle chime between the two animals and the hammock rocks about in the commotion.

 "Hey-nhh, egh- no you don't, not again!" Kai playfully grunts, holding back the bare foot a safe distance from his face.

 Curtis laughs and sneers, "Ohhh *THAT* stink!" He says coyly, still trying to overpower Kai's grip for at least several more seconds before he eases off.

 "Blurgh! Pegh!" Spits the weasel.

"You'd gel with the smell more if you just let it embrace you. Don't you want me to be comfortable? Your face is like.. the optimum softness to rest my puppers on!"

 "My face is not a footrest," The weasel protests, blushing even redder now and feeling shorter of breath. His heart is racing inside his chest right now, beating so fast it feels ready to give off steam.

While he has Curtis's paw held in plain view perhaps only four inches from his face Kai uses the opportunity to stare up and down the surfer’s appendage, seeking out every detail for scrutinous examination. He sees a messy ruffled perimeter of light yellow fur around the edges of the sole and toes, bordering the fully padded surface. The sole itself is nothing but light brown leathery surface area from heel to toe and even in the glazed sheets of webbing between every toe; a feature iconic to animals like otters. The pads have a similar thickness and smoothness to waffles. They curve over the hills of muscle within and dip into a deep arch instep, (which is more pliant and creases much easier than the rest of the foot).

 Of course it wouldn't be Curtis if the bottoms of his feet weren't constantly in dire need of a thorough wash. He has spent the entire weekend out on the beach or on the waves and spends every other moment wearing those forsaken black flip flops wearing out their insole rubber, so it's not surprising that his paws depict underlying black sooty marks over his entire soles, or that sand has been ground into a fine faint dust in that iconic 'footprint' shape. Larger granules of sand often hide around the edges. The toe webbings collect in sweat and every crease or wrinkle down his pads is apt at trapping microscopic trails of black dirt, squeezing them into lines thin enough to wipe off with the end of one finger.

 Kai would be remiss if he didn't also identify a fragrant odour of salt water and a general ‘beachy’ flavour integrated lightly with a sour tinge.

"Urgh, I'll... I'll... I'll tolerate your foot on my chest fluff since you've already invaded my hammock, but don’t get any other foul ideas, I mean it!" Kai stammers, trying but failing to sound assertive. Curtis smirks and allows them to lower his foot back down, which they continue to hold with both hands and hug to their chest like a hot water bottle, matting the white fur back into another paw print. Now the otter can feel every rapid heartbeat with even more vigour than before.

Curtis rolls his eyes, even if Kai can't see it, and chuckles under his breath. "Sure my man, I'll totally go mellow on you for now, but these gnarly feet just can't get enough of your silky soft bod'. If you were nose-deep in them instead of nose-deep in books all the time you'd be one wicked-cool guy, instead of a dweeb."

 "No wonder I feel claustrophobic in this hammock, your ego is getting so big it's sucking the oxygen out of here!" Kai says jokingly, still clasping his small white hands over the top of that slender blonde paw and keeping it constrained. Although he tries to act calm and regular, Kai cannot rid the image of his friend's filthy sole from his mind after almost falling victim to its warm yielding smother.

"I'm all aces, baby," Curtis gloats, "You're in league with a total hunk who never bombs out and just keeps winning at everything. Oh hey that reminds me-"

 The otter digs around inside the deep pocket of his swimming shorts, poking out his tongue as he searches. Kai watches him pull out his phone and express an elated expression at its find.

"There she is!" Says the otter before chucking it towards the weasel, who catches it in a fast fluster, releasing his hands off the paw at last. "Watch my latest clip dude, it's a wicked trip. Recorded it today from that little GoPro thing I've got mounted on the tail of my board. Now you get to see the real shit up close and see a total pro in action. You'll dig it."

 Kai, who knows Curtis’s passcode, unlocks the phone and loads the video at full volume. He lays back to watch it but is reminded of Curtis's left leg when the side of the foot once again scuffs up against his own cheek and head fur, (though for now he ignores it).

The GoPro video begins with loud rattling, rocking and the muffled roars of the serpentine ocean. Already Kai can see up-close footage of Curtis lying on his board, paddling himself and the elongated surface out to sea towards the churning waves that tumble and curl and implode into foamy white-water. The point of view is situated far at the rear end of the surfboard, and because Curtis's body is completely laid on his stomach this means only one thing: The camera's lens is filled with the breath-taking view of two bare otter paws upturned on the waxed wood, in very close proximity. Kai can see directly into the fronts of all those plump toes and their small black claws. In their current position, Kai can also see the soft concave bending of the soles slanting up towards the rounded heels. Sunlight beams dreamily down on the fully padded soles polishing them in a lustrous shine, aided by the water spilling at times over the board and lapping at Curtis's feet. Sea spray glimmers all over their leather surfaces like diamonds tossed across a brown slope.

A medium sized wave crashes into the otter's board and his muffled voice hollers excitedly at the sudden refreshing splash across his face, out of view. Kai keeps watching the video attentively but he gulps at the constant sight of those paws tempting him to stare at their scrunching wrinkling soles the entire duration. He frustrates himself with these thoughts because he knows he shouldn’t be caring about Curtis’s feet at all, let alone eyeballing them obsessively. At the same time he can feel the actual otter in real time gazing at him from across the cramped hammock, studying his reaction, which makes him nervous.

In the video Curtis finishes paddling into the proper depth and starts to raise his upper body into a push-up motion, like a seal, readying himself for the 'pop up' any surfer makes when transitioning from paddle to standing stance. Finally he springs to action and stands with his legs parted, positioned differently across the board. Turns and skims are made. The camera shakes constantly as he enters rougher waters and guides himself with the ocean's motions, riding the shoulder of a brewing wave. At times the camera blurs when water splashes across its lens, before dripping off and revealing the handsome shapes of the otter's legs, from behind. Kai observes the way the legs tense and bend at the knees - always the knees - maintaining delicate balance and stability whenever the board bends and redirects to the ocean flow, carving out its path inside the wave. The noises at this juncture are a beastly growling and turbulent sloshing but the cheering and joyous laughter of the otter comes through too at times.

 Curtis's right leg, (closest to the camera), is planted on the ball of its foot, lifting the heel for a peepshow shot of the deep added arch beneath, like a chocolate brown cave that any tiny creature would feel sheltered in.

The sounds of the sea only increases as the wave starts to roil and roll into a towering tunnel which Curtis rides into, slicing the wall of the water and running his left hand against its gargling blue surface. He yells something incoherent, which sounds like, "Into the barrel! Back door, bitch!"

 As the board threads through its nose almost dips into the water, causing a brief wobble that Curtis quickly corrects, shouting, "Fuckin gnaaarly! Almost grubbed that one!"

 Eventually when he is in the clear the otter starts to carefully cross-step his way towards the far end of the board away from the camera, until his left foot comes so close to the edge that his toes curl tightly over the nose of the board. This is where he cheers the words, "Hang five! ACED IT! Woo-hoo!"

 And there the video fades to an end, concluding in the comic-sans font of the young surfer's video channel link, against a black still.

Once all is quiet Kai passes back the phone and congratulates his friend with a countenance of happiness, surprise and also confusion. "Wow, epic!" The weasel says, "But I don't really know what a 'hang five' is? Is that a good thing?"

 The smirk on the otter's face suddenly darkens, gleeful but devilish, which makes the weasel stiffen with paranoia. "Oh dude, it's like.. a surfer's wet dream to master new tricks. Hang ten is ever better, kinda fuckin' impossible to do though without loads of practice, but that was my first time nailing the hang five so I'm half way there. It's a move... a kickass move about curling your toes over the nose of the board and riding that perfect balance without wiping out. The 'five and ten' part doesn't really work for anthros who don't have that many toes so it's a human term at origin, but any surfer knows about it. I'm going to drop a truth bomb on you my man, it feels so sweet to curl my toes over a nose..."

Kai's innocent expression slowly descends into a nervous frown when he sees the otter wink behind that thick frizzy fringe, and the premonition hits him. The otter's toes curl tighter into his chest jabbing their claws into Kai's sternum.

 "Don't even think about it!" The weasel yelps. He moves with lightning speed and once again wraps both hands over the otter's right paw pinning its warm unwashed sole back down into his own chest fur, before Curtis has any time to plunge it against his muzzle.

 The chiselled surfer doesn't take this as any kind of hindrance because he quickly points out the flaw in Kai's self-defence. "Okay, okay, fine. You got one of my feet trapped... sucks for you that I've got two feet who want to give you a nice intimate hug!"

 This obvious fact was always subconsciously present in Kai’s mind but deep down he knew he couldn't fend off both of the otter's legs at once so this protest, essentially, was more for show than anything.

Now Curtis is the one with lightning speed. He quickly shunts his left leg to the side steamrolling it across Kai's face before they can process a strategy to protect themselves. The shock of being ambushed underfoot leaves Kai completely open and vulnerable.

 "Nrgh-n-mn-grph!" All the weasel can do is stammer through various grunts and groans while his face fur is harshly paved from right to left.

 "Mmm that softness, so comfy on my bare pads!" Curtis exercises his narcissism.

First Kai's cheek is covered but then his muzzle - the true target - is quickly confronted by a crowd of determined toes and pad flesh all seasoned, salty and sweaty. The paw starts low on the weasel's muzzle mostly pushing his lips into its leather while the brown wall of toe webbing flesh spreads tightly over both of Kai's nostrils at one same time, sealing them shut like a Band-Aid. This entraps them, scamming them of their oxygen supply and forcing them to smell that distastefully sour garnish causing the upper half of Kai's face to crinkle with expressive opposition.

 The other paw still currently caresses his ribs... at least until the moment the panicked and agitated weasel releases his hold on it. The very instant he disengages his grip he has already lost control of the situation and his hands are then kicked out of the way, clearing room for the right paw to now thrust forward joining the left in polishing, insultingly, across the weasel's unguarded face like two sponge mats cleaning a car window.

Kai is so stunned by the two soles ploughing into him that he feels paralysed from the neck down. Right in front of his bulging eyes are two full sets of otter toes splayed with incredible flexibility, posited just above his muzzle which itself is driven deep into the beach scented, textured, ball pads. The toes bend and straighten over and over several times, waving at the weasel if only to tease him and erase yet more of his integrity.

"Hmnmf... Hmnphh!" The sounds of Kai's heaving breaths of disgust and desperation are loud but muffled while his muzzle is completely insulated in the airtight grip of these otter feet.

The smirk on Curtis's face is almost as foul as the musky, sticky bottoms of his paws which show no mercy to the trembling creature beneath them. His blonde legs are still extended as straight in the air as is feasible, bridging between the two animals.

 One of Kai's eyes twitches closed and he shudders at the grit of Curtis's soles; all that sand and dirt and general beach debris makes the normally smooth plump leather now feel coarse and detailed in ways Kai hoped he'd never experience.

 "Whoa dude this is like.. totally the best medicine for my tired paws. Just imagine if I just kept you here all day. Wouldn't that be wild? ‘Cause I'm not gonna hit the waves again for the rest of the day so I could chill here with you for hours more if you're all cool with that. Oh but if you've got any objections just pipe up and say your piece. You know I'm here for you buddy!" The sarcasm from Curtis is richer and thicker than fresh honey.

Kai drifts between phases of scrunching his face in putrid disgust, clenching his hands and trying to lean away or pull his head back out of the reach of Curtis's feet. His plans are upended by the tight tapered end of the hammock material behind his head which gives no leeway or slack so he is trapped; cornered by the feet of his best friend expected to sniff his air supply straight from those meaty malleable surfer soles without being allowed to wretch or reflux. To illustrate their power over him the paws now press even harder on his compacted snout and mouth, forcing it deeper, like a car that has careened grill-first into a tall dirt bank. The air he brings back into his nostrils isn't fresh. It's stale, and zesty and pungent. It's strong enough he can taste it on his tongue just by breathing it. To seal the deal the many succulent toes start to bend forward for good now, scrunching tighter until the very front of the weasel's nose is pinched into their tight folds and digits. Curtis keeps curling his toes until they're practically bent on a tight inescapable angle, gripping the front of the weasel's muzzle.

"Sooo... no objections?" The surfer asks for clarity, knowing they cannot respond. "Far out man, you're the real deal. It's pretty generous of you letting me practice my 'hang ten' on your face like this. Even though we're sitting down, at least I get to practice the grip my toes need to maintain on the nose… instead of practicing it out there and falling hard-core into the sea with everyone watching."

Kai is finally disenchanted from his shock-induced trance and regains his usual mannerisms. While he cannot remove his face from the clamped two feet he - at the very least - tries to swat away the legs with his weak shaking hands. The impact is a limp slapping on those toned blonde calves so pathetic in its power that it wouldn't be enough impact to kill a fly. He blushes when his friend laughs hysterically at the attempt, and his blush does nothing but help keep Curtis's soles heated at a steady soothing temperature. So, in a second bid for freedom Kai tries to pull one of his legs out from under the otter's bum in the hopes he could gently kick Curtis away. Instead he is issued a warning before he can even wriggle a leg free.

 The long haired animal predicts his intentions. Curtis tut tuts and says, "Dude.. seriously if you even try to kick me in the nards right now I will pull out my phone and live-stream this whole thing straight to my video channel. You'll get scorched by everyone who sees you sniffing my paws like a filthy biatch... For all we know it might get even more views than my surfing vids and I do have a lot of followers who comment thirsty shit already. If the fans cried out for more I'd have to make weekly uploads of me cooking your little meat button of a nose between my hot toes. So don't kick me away, unless you dig that kind of deep humiliation."

Kai is petrified of this threat and refuses to even challenge their bluff.

 "Hah! You're so easy to mess with, that's the fat truth,” Curtis chuckles, “For real though, what are you actually going to do if I try this every day and want to use you like a towel whenever I come back from a mean surf? You don't have the stones to say no, so, like, is there anything stopping me?"

 After uttering this the satisfied otter starts to drag his two feet left and right but only in short increments, keeping his grip steady on the muzzle but with the freedom to shift and slip Kai's snout into different toe gaps each time. The flavour of each one stays consistent throughout the different pockets of waxy brown web flesh, but Kai's dignity is damaged each time he has to snort the small resource of musky air he can find in each gap. He can feel the fine grainy sand particles being grinded during the movements, sprinkling down off the soles at times. After several slow desensitising minutes of his face being wiped side to side underfoot the weasel's eyes have changed from a frightened haze to an annoyed glare. His muzzle is now imbued with the shared heat of the soles and his nearby cheek fur has pressed flat too. Equally, his lips will never forget the taste of unclean pads. At least for now the surfer has laid down his phone and returned his webbed hands to a comfy cradle behind his head.

Generously the otter scrunches his paws just enough allowing for a musky sliver of gap to open between his pleating pads and his friend's mouth. Their snout however is still denied from leaving the tight rubbery confines of his toe webbing, even though it tries to wriggle free frequently whenever Kai musters the energy.

 The weasel uses his limited freedom to speak in a now nasally tone against Curtis's sole, asking, "H-how long are you going to keep me here, man? I just want to go back to my book a-and get the hell away from your feet!"

 Once again the grinning otter has to blow a channelled breath up his face to part his hair, which had returned to overlapping his eyes. "You can totally scram whenever you want, my dude! If you give my feet a lick first."

 "What?! Ew, no! You haven't even hit the showers yet!"

 "Go on pussy, just one slurp of these nuclear bad boys," Curtis pressures. "Then I'll let you go."

Kai feels dim-witted for not seeing this inevitability the moment Curtis had climbed into his hammock. He was always a self-obsessed narcissist underneath his placid, impassive, 'chilled out' vibe. This made for a dangerous combination. It meant Curtis could boss people around as he pleased and dominate them, always acting so cavalier and pleasant that it could pass unnoticed. The white weasel is especially thankful that nobody on the beach ever wanders close to their bungalow or they would see him being bullied at the feet of this other rugged, athletic animal.

Currently Kai can still speak freely, though the pad sole is still so present and close that every breath he makes spreads warmly against it. "Urgh, Curtis, man, why would I ever want to lick your feet! You’re twisted."

 "Heh, you didn't seem so shy about it a few weeks ago!" He responds curtly. In the meantime until he gets his way he starts to wriggle and squeeze his toes into tight curls around the edge of the muzzle, tucking in locks of white where the sweat and heat encrusts his toe gaps. Over the crests of his blonde toes he sees the weasel's eye flare into wide saucepans of fear and confusion. Before Kai can stammer out an answer the otter explains his meaning. "New Year’s eve? You seriously don't remember? Dude you must have gotten munted on those coconut rum shots. Guess I'll fill in the blanks then!-"

 In his distress Kai tries one more time to wrench his head away to safety even if it means leaning out of the hammock and potentially capsizing it. Unfortunately for the weasel the paws are both faster and stronger than him. Their incendiary hot surfaces - now sticky from the constant friction and contact - squeeze his muzzle like a stress ball making the weasel's small teeth ache inside his mouth, ultimately forcing him to keep still so Curtis can keep recalling his story uninterrupted. When the squirming weasel face is tamed back into obedient stillness Kai has to resort back to more humid, torrid, beach flavoured snorts of foot musk as his only air supply.

The otter candidly speaks over the sound of his friend's disturbed huffs and grunts, implying that Kailani’s struggles mean nothing.

 "-So like, you were off your face already before the New Year’s countdown even started. I end up dragging you to this wicked Tiki bar but after a few shots you keep slipping off your seat onto the floor, at my feet.  Then you were yammering on asking why I was wearing shoes inside like you thought we were here at home. People were watching, getting a laugh, 'cause you started pulling off my flip flops under the bar. I was digging it though. Felt crazy-hot to have you down there. Next thing I know I'm getting a major hard-on and accidentally spill my drink down my leg but thirsty little you only is already on the job licking the rum off my shin. I'm going with the flow, feeling pretty buzzed myself. Next thing I feel is this slimy wet thing cleaning out my toes and it tickles like a bitch. Nobody saw it happening though because the countdown started so they’d all looked away to the sky waiting on the fireworks display... but my eyes were locked on you. I saw you man-handling my legs, licking my pads, hell even sucking my toes until they were physically dripping. The inner beast was un-caged and he was one hungry dude!"

Curtis grins across the cosy hammock space and studies the blazing blushing face of his friend, although only the upper half is still visible past his smushing, imposing feet. Curtis splays his toes as widely as he can over the width of Kai's muzzle and cheeks. He presses in harder and shuffles the soles around rubbing off even more dusty grainy sand into their fur, (but the otter is still unable to rub off every dirt spot and grime stain that aggrieves him). Kai is too lost in his thoughts to resist. He simply huffs the zesty odour and ignores any willpower he might still have.

"Y-you're lying! I would never do that! I'd remember it!" The weasel muffles into an insulated layer of foot arch, tolerating the texture and taste for the sake of defending himself. His words stops the paws dead-still and ceases their rubbing.

 "You wanna bet on that? Rad! Later tonight I'll stream-cast all my phone's photos and vids of that night to the living room TV, and if they prove me right then you're going to lick clean my feet, my balls and all the shoes in my closet just to apologise. Unless you'd rather just do what I say right now and avoid the risk? Deep down, I know you know I'm right."

His options are narrowing. The walls are closing in. Stress is escalating. Breath is shortening. Kai shivers as if he's cold yet his blood and skin are burning hot beneath his fur. The sizzling, shimmering sun high above makes the weasel sweat copiously. He gulps so distinctively that Curtis can feel the shifting lump in their throat, against his heel pad. He can't bring himself to admit anything one way or the other, not with that smug surfer cornering him and rushing him for an answer. It comes time for Kai to make a choice; to cross the line that will change his friendship and his living situation forever. The nagging, nipping tension finally overpowers him.

Curtis's smile is suddenly ignited into a vainglorious smirk when he feels a familiarly wet, silken streaking on the instep of his right paw. The licking is shy and slow. It strums lightly on the wide creases and leathery ripples where the paw has scrunched, but it’s not the passion that Curtis cares for, it’s the victory. The licking persists. The dry surface of the foot starts to glisten and refresh. The yellowish beach dust is cleaned off lick by lick. Now the otter can let Kai do all the work whereas he can finally truly relax his muscled body like an oppressive emperor tended to by a slave. He lets his shaggy blonde locks fall over his face while he nestles his head back against his plump hand palms, stretching his legs straighter and stretching his toes until the brown webbing walls pull taut and help plaster flat the weasel's nose. The otter closes his eyes and sighs with the sun's warmth falling gently onto his face and abs, while the weasel's own body is cramped and trapped up against him, from upfront.

Kai grimaces every time he arches his tongue into the deep dip of the surfer's instep, dreading the job ahead of him. He tells himself he's only doing this to placate Curtis and to prevent a worse humiliation... but still something stirs in him when that sea spray and foot sweat flavour is dragged over his taste buds. It’s like licking cured prosciutto ham. The stirring is a strange sensation; not specifically arousal on its own, but some secret hormonal adrenaline rush mixed with curiosity and confliction. A hurricane of butterflies flitters in his stomach as he turns his head and licks up the inner curve of the padded instep leaving a moist saliva trail. All he can understand is that this is the same bewildering feeling he felt when he watched Curtis kick off their flip flops after his surf... and when he watched the GoPro footage of the otter belly-boarding out to sea while the frothy waves slurped all over their soles.

 Kai's mind is so incapacitated with this internalisation that he pays no thought to his subservience and leaves his body to lick and hunger away with fetishized automation. This helps him ignore some of the raunchier, coarser mouthfuls and the gathering filth upon his tongue that eventually requires swallowing.

The sensual worship from such a close and longstanding friend is addicting for Curtis to experience. Every slurp reminds him that he is superior to the weasel. Every grovelling lick quenches his ego. This only escalates as Kai turns his muzzle into the left paw and starts stroking his tongue around and around that instep too, even though he was only asked to do one lick.

 The otter burrows a hand into the pocket of his blue swimming shorts and pulls out a pair of wired ear buds. He casually plugs them into his phone and scrolls through his apps until he finds a music player, to which he loads a characteristic playlist of '60's Surf Rock' tracks. The music quickly fills his laidback head. Outside the riffs of electric guitars and rapid drum beats there exists only the sounds of tumbling ocean waves, seagull calls and sloppy subservient licking.

 Curtis's toes have been flexed for so long already that their knuckles ache but it's a worthwhile trade for the fun of denigration. He groans to himself in a long blissful exhale when he feels the weasel's tongue move down onto his heel cleaning every inch of it on all sides, each time licking until the tongue hits the bordering yellow fur.

Kai has secretly begun enjoying the warmth against his lips and the ease his tongue has slipping over the almond-brown flesh. That same warmth microwaves his face into a state of baffled wet humidity to which he has partly grown tolerant. For pleasure or not Kai has accepted the fact regardless that he won't be allowed any freedom until he showers the paws in saliva. Even if he hated enduring this, there is scarcely a place to run or hide considering he and Curtis live together.

"Make me feel like a king, foot-hungry peasant! Wait… no, a god!" The otter demands indecisively, "Lick like you live to service me. I know there's a total slut hiding in you and I'm not gonna wait until you're drunk just to meet them again. I gotta shame it out into the open."
 Curtis cannot hear the ***\*schlk-schlk-schlk!\**** slurp sounds over the music in his ears but he can feel everything; from their moments of absolute commitment to their moments of dubious hesitancy… but mostly he can feel their short temporary lapping that rapidly cleans a path up the side of his arch.
 Curtis, still with his eyes closed, says, "C'mon, put your back into it, dude! When I cook up spaghetti I see you lick your dinner plate spotless and I’m expecting the same to happen here. Your surf god commands it." His words are stern but his expression is still a pool of mellowed humour and joy.

Kai doesn't respond but he does begrudgingly swallow an earthy flavoured mouthful of grime flakes and sweat. There are several crunchy grains of sand fallen between his teeth and his eyes water from the vulgarity but his friend's needs are more important right now. Deep in his mind he can't believe he can easily act on these self-effacing thoughts. What has his friend done to him to break down his barriers this quickly? Or was he always just a lowly paw loving pervert on the inside, with an exceptional ability to spend his entire life lying to himself? All these thoughts apparently matter less than appeasing the otter, which Kai surprisingly concentrates on a great deal more.

The weasel turns back to the right paw again leaving the left one to ooze with saliva and dry itself in the sun, while Kai restarts his subservience beginning with a splodging soaking tongue-press against the heel, flattening its round succulent shape down before bulldozing up the sole, clearing away all of the slick blackish grime and its sandy counterparts that stands in the path of his tongue. He is salivating so much that droplets drip from the lustrous underside of his tongue during this one long constant lick. Kai clenches his eyes tighter and gags slightly but does not falter. He steers his head on an angle and curves his saliva trail over the ball of the foot making sure to saturate the different indentations, creases and mounds of pad flesh… leaving nothing unattended.
 The more he imbibes in the feet – occasionally switching from one to the other then back again – the fewer chances he has of explaining his docile conformity. And the more he pampers the more sparse and contorted the grime stains become, as the overlapping lanes of mouth moisture start to carry away or smear around the contamination. Longer licks feel the best on Curtis’s soles but Kai’s tongue often runs dry of saliva by the end, whereas the more shortened licks are fresher, more slobbery and have better traction. These different methods – all of them painfully humiliating – open the gates to a world of relaxation for the young, fit otter. It’s evident when Curtis starts to breathe slower and become ever more limp.
 The weasel is laboured by his submission and has to pause regularly to gasp for breaths, or sometimes spit out a mouthful of grainy salty saliva. Although Curtis’s toes have become too indolent to squeeze Kai’s snout into a tight choking clamp anymore, the weasel still leans into them and continues to inhale soft whiffs of their pungent musk, relighting his blushing cheeks each time. He feels compelled to fight it less and less, as if consciously being talked into acceptance and servility by some succubus whispering in his ear. It’s around this time that the weasel drifts into a trance, still slurping clean the contoured leathery soles that plaster his muzzle.

\* \* \*

When Kailani exits his trance it isn’t alleviated with a slow or ethereal pace, like waking from a long sleep. Instead he returns from his clouding daydreams and inner thoughts with sharp and punctual attention when one of the otter’s feet kicks firmly on his snout, rousing it with a throbbing pain. The weasel’s sense of smell is knocked away for a few seconds until it returns again bringing home the scent of beachy, sweaty paws. He is seconds from growling in pain but then he realizes the otter’s legs are lying against his torso and face with heavy sluggishness, and the otter’s arms are slung limply over the edges of their shared hammock. Curtis’s mouth is ajar and his head is lolled to the side but his blonde sculpted torso rises and falls tenderly. With all that frizzy dishevelled hair it’s still difficult to see their eyes, but Kai knows already that Curtis has fallen asleep. The hot Sunday air, a day’s worth of tiresome exercise, the tranquil shore as their view, the groovy surfing music playing in his ears and the warm dousing slurps up and down his feet have all combined to lull this surfer into a heavy snoring slumber. Henceforth the kicking of the weasel’s face was by all means a sleepy accident, one not befitting of blame or anger.

By all appearances, the weasel’s trance did not go by in a lazy eventless stupor. Apparently he had continued tongue-bathing each appendage with pristine commitment even when he wasn’t cognisant. Excusing the occasional granule or black watery streak, both of the fully padded soles are now glazed in saliva, glowing in the rays of sunlight. There are faint cascades of drizzled saliva spread latently on the soles especially concerning the heels and balls of each one, where the mystified weasel had obviously been licking the most. His appetite had gone as far as the toe webs which had been suckled over in long passionate sequences. Kai had managed to burrow his face between the toes to splay them apart before slipping his lips over each side of the dexterous brown flesh before sucking their greasy, salted edges.
 Curtis’s pads have now firmed and feel more rubbery than earlier because the ocean breeze has come by and cooled their wet surfaces. The idea that one animal could do all this worship without remembering it just gives more credibility to Curtis’s story about what happened on New Year’s eve, and forces the weasel to comprehend certain truths about himself and his deepest desires. Hours ago he was innocent and wholesome without a deviant thought in his sober mind, but not his heart skips at the thought of doing this taboo act so publicly, so close to a populated beach. The new combination of danger and secrecy makes this animal brim with excitement. It’s something that Kai wants to process privately but he cannot have time to think on it when servility is keeping him busy. If he’s to truly ruminate and explore for some hidden epiphany, he must go inside to think alone while Curtis sleeps soundly out here, outside.

Kai’s hands tremble as he tries to reach for the limp legs draping over him. He is scared to wake his friend at first, until he remembers that Curtis could sleep effortlessly through a thunderstorm and would rarely ever stir whenever he fell asleep on the living room sofa in the past. Kai musters the will to gently grab each one of the otter’s ankles in each hand and slowly, very slowly, lift them upwards off his body and face. The limbs are less rigid now. This awakens all the resting moisture hanging off the contours and creases of his paws and gives them reason to trickle all down the paws and sometimes drip on the weasel below, who flinches each time. The last trace of odour Kai can smell when he finally lifts those legs away is the scent of his own minty breath and saliva which can be smelled on the soles.
 With a palpitating heart the weasel manages at long last to finally clamber and crawl his way out of the hammock but not without plentiful rocking, swaying, wobbling motions accompanied by an orchestra of noises. The metal hoops and clasps harnessing the hammock to the porch poles threaten to wake Curtis with their un-oiled squeaks and rattles.
 For the most part Kai holds the otter’s ankles the entire time he slips out onto the deck, until he can lower them back into the empty back-half of the sling. Like a burglar acting discreetly Kai stands to his feet quietly and tries not to disturb the other animal, failing to notice that Curtis has fallen silent and has stopped snoring.

When the weasel turns his back on the otter and tries to tip-toe away into their beach house living room he is unexpectedly grabbed by the wrist, from behind. He gasps and jolts simultaneously but the warm paddy grip around his wrist is strong enough to hold him in place.
 Fretfully Kai looks back over his shoulder to see the otter grinning wickedly at him yet still lying slothfully on his back. The ear buds have now fallen out of his ears and the music still plays from them, to no audience.
 “Oh h-hey, you’re awake?” Kailani rasps.
 “Where are you shirking off to, my lanky little slut?” The surfer asks.
 “Just… I was just going to go inside for a beat-”
 “Nah, dude. You’re staying right here so I can tame you some more. Because you want what I want. That’s how a slut works, you dig?”
 The weasel nods compliantly, trying to avoid his confused crotch from stiffening. The otter’s mud-brown eyes are in clear view for now, with his fringe fallen out of the way. There is a glinting sadism that Kai has never seen in his friend before; a hint of possessive, power-hungry lust.
 “So what do you want then?” Kai asks, doubtful that the answer will be anything innocent.
 “I’m going to stay here and chill a while longer but because I totalled myself and slept through all the best bits of your worship I gotta get some compensation later tonight.” Curtis sees the weary haze in his friend’s ocean blue eyes and the sight makes him snigger playfully. “Ahh mellow out man, I won’t make you lick my feet again right now. I’m just satisfied enough knowing I broke you in. About time, too! I’ve been waiting for the moment to ripen ever since the Tiki bar! I guess all it took was an hour under my perfect feet to do the trick.”

His webbed hand releases Kai’s wrist and then shoos him back with an obnoxious gesture. The otter plugs his ear buds back into his ears and resumes his afternoon relaxation in the baking sun, this time now with his head turned all the way to side so he can smile gratefully in their direction. Only hours ago Kai would have wretched and argued passionately against his newfound situation, until of course his true underlying self had been exposed to him through Curtis’s bullying. If anything, the weasel is surprised it took this many years of living with him to face such a confounding revelation! Perhaps, largely, it was because the weasel was never much a fan of binge-drinking until that fateful night on New Year’s Eve and so his fetish had been trapped in its bonds awaiting the collapse of his inhibitions. Now the weasel’s head feels like a glass fish bowl full of water, rocking on an unsteady table… but he enjoys being instructed around nonetheless.
Curtis makes a final speech, one that makes Kai’s legs wobble like unsteady Jenga towers. “You look pretty shook! Look, I know it sounds icky as fuck but you’ll have the munchies for toe jam again in a few hours. Trust me, sluts can’t ignore their inner beast once they let it out and when that time comes you’ll be throwing yourself at every hot dude’s paws you see, wanting to lap them up like a doggy at his bowl. I don’t know shit about it but I’ll help train you… teach you restraint… break you in proper-like.”
 “H-how would you train me?” Kai asks, twiddling his fingers shyly.
 “Maybe I’ll start using that ‘ankle leash’ on my surfboard, but like, break it off then connect the other end around your neck instead? That way you can crawl after me everywhere I walk and kiss my prints, leashed to my leg all the while heheh. Eh, anyway, I wanna get these puppies filthy and gnarly again before we rewind and get you licking them clean. Next time I won’t sleep through it. Promise. I’ll watch you every second your tongue soaks my toes. Then when you’re comfortable about it we’ll hit the beach and you can pamper me in public while I sunbathe. Sound cool with you?”
 A smile breaks out on the white weasel’s face, hitting the sizzling pink blush on each of his cheeks. He nods quietly but enthusiastically, making the otter’s whiskered muzzle curl into a grin too. The voices of regret, of integrity, of embarrassment are held down unable to be heard over the loud pounding of his own heart.
 “Is this even normal?” The weasel asks one last time, simply to double-check his sanity.
 “Normal?” Curtis scoffs, “Maybe not right now but damn we’re gonna rewrite that rulebook, you and I. Normal is just something that happens so often it becomes expected. If I make you sniff the rancid crud between my toes then make you hump my soles sticky every day it’d be weird to stop it after a while, ‘cause that would be the new norm. Ugh I dunno, stop making me think hard about bogus philosophy you dweeb.”
 The friends share a chuckle amongst each other, for a moment returning to the people they were when they woke that morning before their lives together took a sharp turn into the gates of Sodom.
 After crossing his feet at the ankles in the hammock – clearly relieved to have the entire space to himself – Curtis now curtails the conversation when he fans his toes in the bright sunlight and gives the weasel his next instructions. “Run me a hot shower then come back out here and clean my surfboard. Don’t forget the wax comb and make sure you do it in the sunlight too, or I’ll play hackey-sack with your nut sack. Ace all your chores and I’ll let you kiss whatever part of me you want. I wanna see what a hard working slut looks like, ‘specially when they’re doing it for a godly hunk like me.”
 At these cocky words, all hesitancy withdraws and the white weasel groans at the tight granite hardness between his legs, tenting in his own orange swimming shorts. He is back to being short of breath and finds himself already missing the hot leather clasping touch of those webbed otter toes. With all his mental barriers disintegrated, Kailani embraces his starving fetish, and accepts the reality that his and Curtis’s little shorefront home is going to be the place of normalized and sexualized domination… for many, many years to follow.

THE END