**Surfer Dog Soles  
(Part One)**

Synopsis: You move into a coastal suburb and discover an extreme attraction to your matured, German Shepherd neighbour next door who happens to be a surfer ‘beach dog’, always wearing flip flops that affect your craven libido. What will you do when he discovers your attraction?  
  
Disclaimer:  
–Willing Paw Worship  
–Musk/Sweat/Filth   
–Footjob/Orgasm (Part Two ONLY!)  
–POV Perspective  
–Age Difference  
–Mature Dom  
–German Shepherd (Dom)  
–You (Sub)  
  
It has been five happy years since you first moved into your Californian bungalow home in a quiet street lined with fellow bungalows each decorated with spacious drives, sun-baked pavement, manicured lawns and vast back yards. Palm trees sway about in the foreground for added scenery and the sounds of the far-off city are thankfully absent, replaced instead by closer sounds of hissing ocean waves and cawing gulls. It is a retreat here to be sure though there is one factor which holds your interest above all else; your neighbour Leo - an older middle-aged German Shepherd - who for all these years has been the object and idol of your complete infatuation. This canine lives next door to the right of your home and together you share a fence between your properties. Your front lawns are connected without any partition.

Ever since your arrival here as the ‘fresh-faced resident’ you have fallen into an obsessive attraction all beginning with a positive impression after Leo invited you over to his backyard pool party including an evening barbeque cookout of crispy faux meat substitutes. Since then you have bonded many times producing a happy, healthy relationship that verges closer and closer to an all-out friendship. You have made yourself a frequent neighbourly helper offering to mow his yard, clean his pool or commit yourself to other trivial chores just to spend time in his company. In return he has invited himself over to your house every so often to drink your beers, chat idly or to play cards. In these situations he always politely removes his shoes at your entrance and spends the hours barefoot in your vicinity, seemingly preferring to keep one expressive paw up on his lap where it's always in your furtive view.

You're content to believe the Alsatian is blissfully unaware of your deeper interests; that he hasn't clocked the times you've been working in your backyard only to spy him across the fence sunbathing and lounging in his poolside recliner, sometimes barefoot or shirtless or a combination of the two. You feel guilty knowing his bathroom window - often opened in slates of angled glass - is positioned on the side of his house facing yours, particularly directed at one of your rooms. From here you have seen and even admittedly watched the partially obscured view of the canine climbing in and out of his shower without any clothes to speak of. You think you're in control of these moments yet you’re ignorant to the canine's scheming; unaware that he leaves his window open on purpose knowing you’ll be witness to his beautiful nudity. It's hard not to constantly feed your fetish-addled mind in his presence. The more often you catch sight of him casually strolling barefoot outside in the dry California heat, the stronger your compulsive appetite becomes.

Leo's wiry skinny frame is supplementary with his scruffy unkempt fur. Despite that skinniness his shallow torso is still toned with visible abs. The combination rightfully earns him the aesthetic of an old energetic beach dog who smells of sand, sun lotion and sea salt. This disposition is only buffed by his stoner-surfer cadence whenever he speaks in that laidback voice. Your observations have taught you that Leo is a guitar-strumming pacifist type too, on top of everything else. He is a sedative in an angry world. It’s a kind of vintage personality you never find in people your own age anymore which makes you appreciate it all the more.

Overall his pelt is a lush golden hue with dark brown accents adhering to the typical German Shepherd pattern over his head, shoulders and backside and muzzle individually. His age shows in the bags under his brass coloured eyes or the hints of silver follicles dashing the sides of his shaggy muzzle, above his upper lip. This attractive body is dressed in beige shorts and a light cyan Hawaiian shirt dappled in the white/peach coloured motifs of tropical flowers, (always left fully unbuttoned). Leo is almost always seen with a pair of black aviator sunglasses on his face. A beaded dark necklace hangs over his bare chest. A pair of well-worn, navy blue flip-flops with lilac purple toe-band straps dresses his mouth-watering, long lanky paws. A black ring encircles the neck of one of his big, high-knuckled dog toes.

Today is just another boring weekend day that drags your idle mind through the hours of the bright, sunny morning. You stand on your front lawn with a garden hose in hand, spraying the grass with a sparse sprinkling of water. The sound of a familiar vehicle approaching from down the street sets your eyes alight and cracks the expression of bored passivity into a simpering smile. A dark grey Dodge Daytona Shelby Z with colour-faded blemishes upon its paint pulls into view and reverses into Leo's driveway while you watch on, distracted enough to keep watering the same patch of grass consistently.

The clunk of a vintage door swinging open is followed by the Alsatian stepping out into view, grinning with a wide enough exposure of his pearly fangs that he exposes his missing upper tooth. This has always been absent but you find it adds character to his smile. You listen to the slap of his flip-flops on the sizzling concrete as he steps towards you with a cheery gesture, kicking his car door shut.

"Heeeey! What's hangin', man?" Leo asks with his charming rasp.

"Not much, honestly. I don't know why but I'm bored stiff in this empty house today," You confess, shyly sneaking some lightning-quick glances at the tops of his paws visibly presented inside the navy and lilac footwear.

He nods and scratches his chest fur, reflecting your image back to you in those dark aviators. "Sounds like a total bummer. I had my own stuff to do around here but I'm still riding that chill vibe you know? Been to beach this morning just to mess around and dig my toes in the sand. I got to thinking that I'll skip the lame chores until Sunday... but hey, since you're doin' that kinda stuff already maybe you can help me out? I know you're cool like that. Wanna do me a solid and do all my shit today? I'll owe you, man."

You jump at the opportunity to slave for the dog so you agree to do his housework whatever that may entail. "Y-yes, sure! I'd love to! You know I'll do anything for a cool neighbour like you. Feels like I've barely said anything to anyone else around here."  
 The grinning animal clicks his hands into finger-pistol gestures and says, "Right on! Had a feeling you couldn't say no! Oh yeah, before I head in I gotta ask another favour of you," Leo states, silently reminding himself to watch your upcoming reaction.

Before you've even spoken the German Shepherd scuffs his lean legs back one at a time and kicks off his flip-flops, sliding them bare onto the concrete. You gulp. Your head pulses with a charge that electrifies and enlivens your sudden scrambling thoughts. You stare down at the steam-pressed paw prints deeply embedded in each flop, lacquered by their own sweat and a history of heated pressure strong enough to steal the dark navy tint from their most prominent indents. The sunlight refracts off the tiny particles of pale sand scattered around these indents, stepped hard into the foot-cooked rubber. With the aid of your hyperactive imagination you can already smell the beach scent on them despite standing a few feet away.

"Still got some sand on my paws and I don't want to track it through mi casa if you get me, but you could totally use your hose and water my legs down," Leo says suddenly and indiscreetly lifting one paw off the ground and angling it up to show you the matting of grainy coastal residue making a light imprint up his sole especially around his inky black pads. The paw plants back down. He wriggles his four toes together loosening a small sprinkle of crunchy grains from between them.

"Uh, sure Leo, it's no problem!" You reply, trying not to show your true feelings.

You stand on the grass facing him and scroll your thumb on the hose nozzle dialling the pressure down to the lightest spray setting. The sound of serpentine water helps drown out the pounding of your heart. You wait for him to pick up his flip-flops and hold them safely before you aim at the long paws and begin showering their tops in the constant refreshing spray. Immediately the golden fur starts soaking, matting and darkening into a heavy wet tint as the water flows over his shapely appendages and drizzles over the bony ridges, before seeping streams down between his toes. You waver and swerve the hose left and right saturating both paws intermittently up to the shins. You can see the dog's tail wagging happily in your peripheral. All concentration is honed directly on these dripping paws. Thin puddles begin forming around them and dribbling off down the partial slope of the driveway, absorbing quickly into the hot thirsty cement. Leo suffuses his toes far apart letting granules wash away from their gaps in the gentle deluge. The paws will occasionally peel up and step back down on the trickling moisture with a squelch, wetting the undersides of his soles. White toe claws gleam and drip on every digit.

Once you've doused the two feet and left them shimmering with wet velveteen fur you turn the hose back to your lawn and let him writhe his toes together, satisfied with his inspection.  
 "Wicked, man. Kudos!" The canine thanks with a playful wink.

You blush and force a smile, wishing you could have washed his paws in a different more 'organic' method. You'd spent years lost in a thicket of erotic thoughts like these yet you never expected your neighbour would actually ask you to clean his dirty feet at any point in time. It dawns on you that you're a cheap pervert who wants every interaction to devolve into shameless worship. Standing here under the beating hot sun only increases your libido and makes you crave that scruffy ambrosial body.

"I... live to serve!" You utter with a glint in your eye, "When do you need me for these other chores you mentioned? I'm free all day."

"Swing on by in like, an hour or two? I'll be kicking back until then. Appreciate it!" The dog says as he gestures a languid salute.

Leo starts wandering back toward his front door with flip-flops in hand. His soles slap with each footfall creating a wake of damp defined paw prints tracking away from the puddle. For a daring moment you entertain the possibility of licking the prints off the concrete before they evaporate but after a quick paranoid glance down the street you decide not to cause any perplexing scenes that could be easily witnessed by others.

After eagerly awaiting the proposed time inside your home - your restless legs bouncing with adrenaline all the while - you finally make your way over to the Alsatian's abode, finding no response when you knock on the door. You let yourself in through his side gate and wander the path into his backyard where you discover Leo contentedly lounging on his usual recliner soaking in the sun rays. His mesmerising brass coloured eyes look over the edge of the aviators slipping an inch down his muzzle and he greets you with a warm smirk. You're swift to notice the dog has put his flip-flops back on already. You prefer to imagine he'd subconsciously slipped his wet paws into them the moment he left your sight earlier, (given his natural proclivity to wear them everywhere he goes).   
 His gaunt body is stretched out; embodying relaxation. Both arms are up and bent, tucking their padded hands behind his head. One of his knees is raised and the paw presses flat sandwiching his thin flip-flop into the seat. His other leg is lethargically extended all the way to the end of the lounger just barely overhanging his paw so that the flip-flop dangles and cascades limply down his sole held on only by the lilac toe-band being attentively squeezed and groped between his toes. One splay and this footwear would plummet. For all his easy-going attitude Leo seems to get a kick out of seeing your flustered body language. Your habits of staring have turned you into something he can manipulate, guilt-free.

You share greetings again and the anthro dictates the tasks you'll be performing for him. He starts by pointing to a deflated white canvas bag and a plastic pincher pole used for plucking summer weeds. You're instructed to patrol the vast grassy area behind his raised circle pool and steal every visible weed out of sight, doing the same for the bushy gardens framing the back fence.

"If it's no problemo I'll keep chilling here while you work your magic," Leo confidently declares.

"I'm okay with that deal," You oblige, "I like doing all the work around here. Keeps me preoccupied! You'll never have to lift a finger with me around."

Before you wield the equipment and begin your servitude the last thing you overhear is simply: "You frickin' rock, man. You're like the total five star resort service only without the tropical drinks and the massages. Hey, whoa, maybe we ought to learn from them! I could do with a classy margarita. Heheh... no shit, I ain't gonna lie, this dog always likes his dogs getting rubbed raw right to the bone, too. Makes my leg start kickin' just at the thought."

You're too busy trying to wilfully lower your heart rate to offer any response so you decide to quickly turn away before you sport an erection and spoil your secret obsession. You then must spend the next half hour performing his landscaping chores, only passing an occasional gaze to the serene sprawled dog every so often to quench your affections. Secretly you hope he will slide himself free of his flip-flops but he taunts you by concealing those pleasing paw soles from view for most of your time here in the garden. However blasé this Alsatian appears to be, you still enjoying feeling like his peasant whilst he is the lord of the land.

When the tedium of this task is complete Leo ushers you over to assign you more duties, which you prefer to think of as slave labour. You enjoy the view of his flip-flop bottoms as you patiently stand before them. They exhibit smudging frays around their edges and a hint of paw print marks affecting their soles due to the worn, thinning rubber and its consumption of Leo's body weight year after year. Barely visible rows of black grit and grime have entered the microscopic grid of texture in the material.

"Next on the list... cleaning my beaut' of a car! Go easy on her my dude she's my baby and she's an 88' classic. In fact, follow me out there and I'll hook you up with what's what. Just gotta kick off my flops first, y'know? I always like riding her raw, barefoot all day! It's the only way."

You gulp at those last words but make no objections. Leo suddenly slides off his toasty hot flip-flops by giving each leg a subtle shake and shuffling his toes until the slick rubbery toe bands are forcefully ejected from his gaps. He watches you observantly through his sunglasses and your reaction doesn't disappoint. Your entire body tenses with a flash of paralysis when the footwear flop down onto the patio concrete before you, landing in a haphazard stack across each other but airing out their navy blue insoles regardless. Paw prints are burned and branded into that malleable rubber just as before but every new glimpse makes you weak at the joints. You sniff the air as quietly as you can but you still aren't close enough yet to inhale their freshly baked, sole-smeared flavour just yet. Your desperation to sniff them grows and you become more irritated each time you cannot achieve your goals.

In a trice these bare paws swing over the recliner's edge and plant onto the concrete comfortably suffusing until every toe separates, illustrating their lackadaisical glee by fanning and flexing and absorbing the sun's warmth. Before they had flattened down you caught a glimpse of their black heat-absorbent pads and the shaggy blonde fur tufts between them. The German Shepherd sitting on the side of his seat stifles a smirk when he catches you entranced once again at the proximity of his feet. He knows you're barely stringing together your self-control after years of being gradually worn down by his subtle teases. You're so fragile, so easy to bend and break. It's nothing short of amusing. The lightest tint of blush in your cheeks is less inconspicuous than you realize. It's the same flushed look you gave earlier when hosing his legs.

"You good?" Leo asks, subtly scanning your face up and down.

"Yeah I'm good!" You lie, feigning a smile.

"Cool man, cool," He mutters knowingly, standing to his feet and then rising on the balls of these feet where he limbers his slender body with an elongated stretch of the arms above his head. Leo then wanders forth leading you back to his car though your focus is set only to the sound of his barefoot padding or the light condensation of paw prints marking the ground in his wake.

Soon afterwards the dog is rummaging inside his garage extracting buckets, a handheld vacuum, car wax, dirtied rags and washing fluid which are then set out on the driveway. Every time he steps into view, walks by or kneels to reach for something with his back turned you sneak glances at the darker tops and the lighter blonde soles of his gorgeous mouth-watering paws. Finally Leo approaches his car ready to set you back to work. He stands directly in front of you so that his wagging bushy tail sweeps your legs repeatedly. He swings open the door and whistles admirably, climbing inside the driver's seat.

You dip your head and look inside trying to share his same appreciation but without having his nostalgia. Immediately you're gobsmacked by the myriad amounts of old paw prints marking the interior. The pedals are expectedly greased in Leo's tracks whilst dusty and musty full-bodied prints are smattered all across the floor mat, each aged and faded and worn but overlapping all the same. Beach sand is ground into the coarse material, trapped forever where Leo treads and wipes his soles. To your surprise these similarly transparent paw prints are pressed and patterned across the car's plastic dashboard too; like motifs of his padding etched in a pale powder.

"Wow..." You mutter, unable to wait for the opportunity to 'clean' these tracks away.

"Yes-sir-ee, can't beat the classics!" He gloats, climbing in just to sit in his usual seat groove proudly embracing this vehicle and vessel of many memories.

Leo sighs happily to himself and extends his legs outwards to the steering wheel. One sole plants flat across its centre surface only barely plastering itself with enough restraint to avoid honking the horn. When you see this sole rubbing up and down its surface you delightfully imagine him doing that to your face. Leo's left paw comfortably splays his toes and traps that curved wheel handle into the deep recess between his ball pad and toes, wedging it tightly between his fleshy black mounds before allowing his toes to curl aggressively around its girth. The other paw joins in, grabbing the opposite edge of the wheel in the same scrunching pose that keeps his pads firmly separated. The German Shepherd grins toothily, tucking his hands behind his head with his legs half outstretched and half bent, pretending he is steering with his feet alone. You eagerly listen to the rubbery squeaks the wheel makes under the groping digits, envious of their luck. A part of you wishes you had the confidence to crawl into that cramped space of flooring underneath his bridging legs and deposit yourself as his footstool.

After your neighbour lists off the instructions for washing his car appropriately he takes his feet off the wheel and steps out again, offering you the freedom to do as you've been told. Before Leo wanders back to his recliner in the back patio you clear your throat and nervously reference the state of the vehicle. "Y-you like putting your feet all over this dash, don't you? You've given me a lot to clean!"

A hand pats your shoulder, subduing you to his homely touch. "I like to put my feet on a lot of things," He mutters in a way that tightens your lungs in a drawstring. "Don't let it bother you."

And with that Leo calmly leaves you to it for the time being, knowing all too well how fast he has left your heart beating.

The moment those slapping footfalls are out of earshot you are overcome by your craven inescapable desires. You kneel in the frame of the opened door and pull the vintage floor mat from its place dispersing unknown grains and lint and other dusty crud from its surface before holding it outstretched before you, lovingly infatuated with every different paw print no matter how visible or potent. You wince at the grimy state of this mat partly questioning yourself as you see the sullied stains and the detritus lining around its thick border but you think about how often this sheet has lived underneath the dog's bare paws always being treaded below sweaty padding. You feel a warm ballooning in your heart and you cast aside your inhibitions, instantly ironing your tongue all the way up the mat from bottom to top. You cough, pulling back. Small canine hairs and stale tasting lint are magnetised to your wet tongue. They stick and form a rough friction over your taste buds.

You blow your tongue and puff out breaths, (spitting outside the car), but then your depraved imagination conjures the image of that Alsatian gripping you by the back of your neck and fiercely demanding: "Lick it again, you slutty bitch. Do it!"

You close your eyes and run your tongue over the mat again snaking your way through four different intersecting paw prints. Tiny particle sized grains slip off your saliva soaked muscle and fall between your gums and teeth. More hairs, fluff, old food specks and beach flavoured motes are caught by your lint-roller tongue. You grimace and try to keep your mouth closed. It's full of foreign texture but more importantly you've left visible lick marks through some of his newer prints, giving a streak effect to those pale pad outlines.

"Swallow it! All of it! Don't be a fuckin' pussy!" You imagine this fictional version of your neighbour growling behind your ear.

You obey and gulp down all the mat debris in your mouth. You gag and grimace but the morsel isn't nearly as bad going down as you'd anticipated.

"Heh... fuck you're disgusting," The figment whispers. You wish the German Shepherd could talk to you this way. It isn't in his 'hang loose' personality but you'd often fantasised about him taking maximum control over your pitiful undignified fetish in a ways that verges on a pornographic intensity.

The floor mat gets easier to lick the more you paint it with saliva despite the saliva's quick absorption. You groan and grunt and swallow between breaths, moving your face and your unravelled tongue to the different corners and areas wherever a paw print exists. You dig your nose into its centre smelling a wizened whiff of fruity stink, like that of damp laundry, and you start to passionately lap over the row of four clawed toe prints here in this spot. You don't quit licking until those imprints are watered down and cleaned out of sight. Lint sticks to every surface inside your maw.

Next you crawl like a deplorable insect moving deeper into the cabin of the car, craning your neck in order to stow your head down under the dashboard. The pedals are next to be cleaned by your sordid methods. You angle your face up to each plastic slope. Your tongue already feels raw as you scrape it up the slant of each pedal making sure to relish every ribbed inch where those bare Alsatian paws have been stamping and pumping. You kiss them, over and over. You suck the hard ridges around them. After uncountable minutes of this you finally feel an exhausting burn in your joints so you sit up with a pink glow across your cheeks.

This is the moment your eyes fall to the steering wheel; newly oiled in those clenching dog toes mere moments ago. You kneel in the confines of this car listening to that sudden luring desire to shuffle forward and put your mouth on those same affected areas. It takes no hesitation. In moments you're sucking and mouthing around the wheel's circumference like a leech, moving your way up the curvature until you find the sweet spot where the toes had been gripping. It's identified by the faint hints of sea water flavour and a sprinkling of grains. You are ardent to lick and ingest every trace, just to say you've tasted the space under Leo's toes in case you never get another chance. The worship eventually ends after you move on from the dripping wheel and start mopping the dashboard of all its older, less flavoursome dog tracks. It takes another few minutes and repeated coats of drool just to break down the dirt and wash it free. You finish by dumping your sore body into the driver's seat, panting for air, still feeling some inner urge to scrape your tongue clean if it wasn't so endearing knowing you've licked the floor that supports the Alsatian's soles.

Before you are caught in this obsessive stupor you roll out and fetch the handheld vacuum, begrudgingly cleaning the interior the normal way that doesn't involve your mouth. Once this menial task is over and you stand outside once more you sigh and approach the trunk of the car hoping you might safely remove any of Leo's possessions before starting the exterior wash, as a 'just in case' precaution of anxiety. When you pop the trunk your eyes curiously scan over the contents inside. There is a tyre iron, a well-used badminton racket in an unzipped case, some scraps of empty food wrapping and a half squished plastic bottle filled with a stagnant volume of overheated water. Your eyes then scroll over the sight of something you'd never expected to find in this flip-flop wearing surfer dog's arsenal; a pair of running shoes. You gasp and brim with pleasure at the sight of them sitting there in the stuffy trunk like an uncovered secret. You're perplexed but excited. You'd never seen the German Shepherd wearing anything other than open-toe footwear before yet these running shoes are definitively worn.

"No way... holy fuck!" You whisper quietly to yourself; heart pumping faster.

Adrenaline sets in. You look around cautiously then scoop up one of the sneakers cushioning the toe end in your right hand, cradling the heel in your left. It's a stupefying design; bright white with a curvaceous black tread and various accents. Bright lime green laces and a matching coloured insole catch your eye; more so when you tilt the sneaker closer and smell a lingering fruity sweetness that has been preserved in its depths. The musk coaxes you in for a close sniff, followed by another and another until the white foamy lips of the shoe encompass your nose completely. You swirl yourself inside the closed-off depths, huffing with longer gales of breath. The smell is pulled from his insole and from the smoky hazy marks outlined by sunken paw-pad indents, each cramped but deeply massaged inward. It's the kind of smell that's aromatic like a herb garden yet rich enough to crisp the edges of your nostrils and leave you with a tickle in your throat. Although you are always sniffing from the same opening above the heel indent you still instinctively turn the shoe around in each cardinal direction, running your nose tip around the rim and inhaling until your breath snags in your throat.

"Where have you been all my life," You mumble lustfully, now pulling up on the shoe's tongue to widen its mouth and expose more space to bury your face.

You pick up the second running shoe bringing them both together - side by side - in front of you. You hold them by their soft rubbery treads and you gnaw drunkenly at the cushiony openings, suckling on the tags behind the heels then dipping into each murky mouth for a tender huff one after the other. You can smell Leo in them; a contained and musky conservation of the Alsatian that has saturated into the foam and mesh surfaces inside. It's paradise knowing that despite Leo owning this secret pair of sneakers, you know that the dog hates wearing socks based on prior conversations which means he exercises and plays his badminton sockless heating up his paws inside these thick, comfy stink-trap shoes.

You know your neighbour will grow suspicious of your actions if you spend too long on any one chore. It's apparent in your paranoid mind that you only have so long to savour the footwear. In your rush you set down one sneaker and slide your hand deep inside the other, fondling your wriggling fingers around the ultra-soft foamy insole tip until it curls back from its foundation. You keep prying until the entire insole is rolled and wrenched free where it dangles from your trembling fingertips like a limp, pear-flavoured strip of fruit jerky shaped to the contours of the shoe. With hooded eyes you pant against the length of liberated insole that you hold high to eye level, observing every one of its dank details. That bright green colour eventually fades into melancholic stains of dark grey and black at the epicentre of every pad dent, illustrating how the seepage of pad sweat overtime has drained the insole of life keeping it punished and sodden and weak compared to its former gaudy self.   
  
Without a second thought you shove the tainted end into your mouth and start sucking every indent at once, tasting a pungent leak of liquorice-like flavours kept prisoner inside the trampled material. You deep-throat yourself with the Alsatian's insole veiling your tongue completely except for the heel that sticks out between your pursing lips, still held tight in your fingers. Your eyes roll in your head. You suck again and again until the roof of your mouth itches and all the saliva is drawn into a pool between your tongue and the insole. It pulls and pushes back and forth through the vacancy of your maw until the insulation is turned a darker green from copious moisture. It tastes just like what you'd expect from a canine's used running shoe but you regret nothing. You do this until it starts tasting less and less distinguished, whereupon you pluck the dripping surface from your maw and stuff it carefully back into the shoe it calls home.

You're about to shut the trunk when your vivid mind once again implants the voice of a domineering Leo: "You're only gonna suck one? Pft. Really? I didn't think you were only half a slut... maybe you don't deserve to worship BOTH my feet if you can't finish a job."

You moan quietly to yourself and swing the trunk open again, reaching back in for the second sneaker. Same as before the other stinking fruity insole is peeled out and sentenced to a long streaky tongue-bath only this time you cup it in your crossed palms and lick it repeatedly until your spit starts to pool in the rugged indents, only adding to the moisture damage already afflicting its material. You slurp up any lonely motes of black fuzz stuck openly upon the green insole and you gulp them down, blushing at your inability to act like a normal civilised person in the presence of anthro footwear. Eventually you adopt all its flavour to your taste buds and find the mental strength to sheathe the wet insole back where it belongs, able at last to shut both sneakers back inside the roasting trunk air.

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It takes some time to thoroughly wash and wax the old Dodge from top to bottom but you slave over every detail just to impress your neighbour and prove your work ethic.  Nothing matters more than reminding him how well you can obey an instruction. Your clothes are wet afterwards but not so much that it demands you to return home or require any change. You instead think back on Leo's earlier words about desiring a resort-style margarita and it gives you the idea to surprise him with just such a thing, (correctly assuming the older dog has the necessary resources to make one inside his home). You can only hope entering the house without his permission will not be too much of an imposition though your intentions here are at least pure.  
 You enter through the front door feeling like a stranger who lacks invitation. Sheepishly you walk around into his kitchen and begin preparations, using an article you search on your phone as a guide. In the glass cabinetry you spy several different coloured liqueurs and beverages which you selectively take and apply in a sequence that layers and mixes them carefully in a wide brimmed glass; creating a traffic light effect of melon green, pineapple yellow and berry red. You cut a lime wedge and glaze around the glass's rim before adding the sprinkle of salt. You find a colourful straw in the cutlery drawer and dip it in.

On your way out of his kitchen you halt when you see an old black and white photograph that snags your interest. The photo shows two surfers jovially posing together on the beach. One is an alligator lying on his stomach across a surf board, (laid upon a sandy beach instead of the water). The other is a young German Shepherd only around 19 or 20 years old who cockily stands barefoot in a spread-legged surfer pose on top of the gator, using their scaly hardened back like a mock surfboard and playfully objectifying them for the sake of the photo. They both grin into the camera, wearing nothing but swimming trunks. You stare in amazement at the canine's youthful vigour stunned by how especially handsome and dreamy Leo looked back then at that age. For a moment you'd thought Leo had a son until you'd realized it was him. You can't help but feel envy for the gator in the shot being flexed on so arrogantly. You wish you could flick through more photos of these early surfing memories, especially if they were to show Leo’s bare paws, but you have no right to do that on your own when the dog isn't even aware you're inside his home.

To Leo's surprise you exit out to the back patio from the living room doors. You make your way in front of him and his recliner with a light dapple of perspiration across your forehead, holding out the special drink steadily for the dog to take and cherish.

"Whoa, look at that! What a frickin' legend!" Leo praises, his entire face lighting up in a way that makes your heart skip giddily.

As he sits up to reach out for it he slides his one retracted leg outwards towards you lowering his knee down until his skinny legs are parallel and the two bare paws dangle and hover inertly at the edge, in front of your shins. The German Shepherd takes a long sip and licks his salted lips with a sigh of quenching satisfaction.

"How... how is it?" You ask, eagerly twiddling your fingers; unable to stop yourself from glancing down at the tops of his eight clawed toes lined up beneath you in your periphery.

"Mhm, mhm!" He gulps down another sip. "Way cool, man. You're like... a real servant at the moment! Actual!"

You blush at his affirmations and timidly joke back: "Heh, yeah, it's like... I might as well be your masseuse now too while I'm at it! Just give me a reason and I'll be tenderising those pads with salon quality!"

Despite your desperately hopeless humour in an attempt to stroke your fantasies the German Shepherd then provides a response you never could've anticipated: "Heh, funny coincidence right but… I kinda think I -do- have a reason to get you down at my feet. So, I know you hosed 'em down before but I defo still think I'm carrying the smell of the beach with me everywhere I walk, unless there's just a breeze blowing this way. What can I say, amigo? It's the curse of having this strong doggy snout! Drives me wild. You mind getting low and giving them a whiff for me, just to check I'm not going loco?" The animal asks, disguising any cockiness behind his raspy 'Cali' inflection.

Your pupils dilate. You make solemn eye contact with him over his aviators, feeling those brassy irises boring into your soul. There is nothing in the dog's expression which indicates misdirection. He does well to act innocent... so well in fact you don't even have the cognition to recognise that he's playing you. You're lost for words.

"What's wrong?" He asks candidly, sipping his drink. "You don't mind sniffing my feet do you? Pinky-promise they aren't too gnarly. Plus, no one's gonna see us back here and I ain't a nark. I won't tell a soul."

"O-okay, yeah, sure, I can... I will," You stammer, lowering onto your jellied knees before him without any ability to untangle from his puppeteer strings.

The bare paws glow with sunlit radiance, presenting such a sumptuous pull of seduction for your vulnerable lustful mind. You enter a haze when you bring your face closer. These paws flow and curve with a sweeping current from heel into deep instep and back out to the assertive pronouncement of his ball and toe pads. Each toe pad bulges from a halo of tousled cappuccino-gold fur. Singular sand grains are dispersed, glinting across these black leathery mounds. Any paw sweat has been ground and spread into a flat smear. Even in their lax state the paws still display a nimble dexterity. As they stack and cross together the side of the upper paw leans against the back of the other, subtly pushing the two middle toes inward as the weight probes them lower.

"Okay, so, uh," You stammer awkwardly under your breath, bracing yourself with courage. You lean in with closed eyes and briskly snort a single time somewhere in front of the ball pad before you jerk back, assuming this was all the canine intended. You're collapsing under your own unprepared panic.

"C'mon man, don't wuss out on me!" Leo demands, "I meant a proper sniff. Snort these puppies up big-time! Treat 'em like nose candy if you know what I mean. Seek out the source of the fragrance!"

"L-like this?" You sheepishly ask.

You take liberty with his words and dreamily park your face into the bottom of the lower foot angling yourself to be right in the cusp of his arch. You open your airways wide and sniffle around the perimeter of his heel pad being diligently careful not to press any physical contact while also keeping your nose so close that follicle tips tickle your flesh. You roll your head back and vacuum an airy sniff up the arch. Wisps of sandy shoreline and funky sea-salt are welcomed into your nostrils. You cannot hold your panting back. It is a natural reaction to a faceful of anthro feet. Your gusty breaths blow into his sole and ruffle the velvet fur. You then glide your huffing nose over and around the ball pad with dedication, keeping to that strict 'fraction of an inch' distance from any tangible touch.

From this invasive vicinity you notice the pads waft with a different background scent behind those newer beachy notes. There is a predecessor musk cooked in the leather that smells oddly soothing and fruity. It is neither bitter nor rancid; instead it stinks strongly of ripened mangos similar to the smell found inside his running shoes. It entices you to hover near the ball pad a while longer before seeking out the aroma from the bundle of bulky dog toes. Short, loud inhales are made against each individual pad. Your head lifts and repositions to the upper paw which leans on just the right angle to you that it creates an illusion where all the pads appear extra plump and the instep is a wide, deep dent. You spend a good minute snuffling up this foot's length sealing each whiff of beachy stink and mango musk inside your lungs. You shudder and shiver pleasurably, trying sincerely not to release a pent up moan.

You bask in the toasty aura until you're ready to pull back and peer at the Alsatian for direction, looking over the hilly range of his clawed toes. Your palms press so hard to the concrete as you hunch here that they tingle and itch. Your vision swirls. Until now Leo could not see your features or your emotions, only the backs of his feet crossing and eclipsing your face from out of sight. He smirks to himself having accurately predicted you would be blushing like a red bulb behind the walls of his warm inviting soles.

"Is that all? Grease your beak, man. Get in there good."

"Oh I... I didn't think you'd want me actually touching them," You explain with an expeditious flutter of eyelids.

"Told you to sniff my feet, didn't I? Last I checked that means -sniff my feet- not float around 'em like a moth to a light."

Your jaw hangs but words pause at the back of your throat. You're so enthralled by this handsome gold and brown hound taking control that your reactions are delayed. His dominance is so casual, so second-nature. Though it comes out of the blue for you, it feels experienced. The older anthro has clearly experimented in his long and illustrious love-life.

Leo pinches the corner frame of his aviators and lowers them, raising a brow to glare sternly into your eyes. "You need a written invitation or something?"

A word is finally about to leave your mouth when the two scraggly legs uncross in front of you. The Alsatian grunts out an impatient sigh. The right paw lifts off the recliner without warning and softly punts you straight in the mouth for an instant smothering; barricading your lips shut, preventing you from speaking, flooding your flushed head with a rush of ecstasy and endorphins. You jolt in surprise! A whack of firm black clay-like padding pressures into your lips and chin burying them away. Four rugged dog toes crowd over your nose, grappling it and pushing it into your face. Pad leather grips your skin with a clammy traction rippling the flesh around the margins of his appendage. What starts as a bushy messy tussock of fur soon becomes a concave curvature of pliable toe crotch webbing, like a sweaty hammock slung under your nostrils when the middle toes part and snuggle in for a pinch of your cartilage thus locking you into the gap.

"Mmh-mm-mmmhnngh!" You groan into the muffled package of padding, (tasting like salted sand grains), grazing harshly on your lips.

Vivid pulsations of arousal roll through your entire kneeling body. You don't even pretend to resist. You let your neighbour step on your face like it's nothing and treat you with disrespect because it's everything you ever wanted from him.

"Ya see? This is how you should be smelling my feet. No wimps allowed here. Don't kill the buzz and pull away, not until you've raided every toe pit. Just slow your roll and go with the flow, man. Ride that wave... see where it takes you. I’m gonna supervise and make sure you don’t leave until your breath reeks of my paws." The Alsatian coos, tucking your nostrils deep into the fuzz of his splaying toes. Both you and Leo understand that this is a turning point you can’t come back from. Whatever happens next, you know you will not be able to retain your ‘innocence’ any longer… as is often the case whenever an anthro gets relaxed enough around a human to wipe their paws on their doormat of a face.  
  
**(To be continued in Part Two!)**