

The Pool Feet Situation

Written by VanillaSoftArt

I was on top of the world. At least, I was reaching there. As a Pokémon researcher in training, I had quickly skyrocketed to being one of Paldea's bests. Accurate finds, great data collecting skills, what more did I need? I was two years away from reaching the rank of professor.

Yet one event changed my course.

A top-notch education didn't mean I was a robot. Once outside the science room, I was just like anybody else. I was a young adult who liked to chill in his spare time.

One of my favourite activities was wading in the local pool in Porto Marinada. Who isn't a fan of relaxing in the water on a scorching day in Western Paldea? But someone was making my trips to the pool far more exciting.

On this particular day, this fine bitch was in the deeper 2.5-metre zone. For someone who walked around with a brace on her arm, I was impressed she could keep her head above the water for so long. That was usually the most I'd see of her. Her tan skin, that black hair with the green streak, even her freckles popped from a distance. But that was all small stuff compared to what she hid under the deepest parts of the water. Now *those* I was dying to get freaky with.

Only problem was how I was gonna do it. This place had no less than 40 guests at a time. Today, on Saturday, it was at its peak. The last thing I needed was a hundred people looking at me all suspicious.

I'd laid out a couple of plans while observing her whenever she was in Western Paldea.

First thought was to look online, but it suggested I was supposed to tell her directly. What? Was I supposed to walk up and say, "Hey, cutie, can I smell your feet?"

My second thought was to try and sneak off with her flip-flops before she noticed. Probably jizz on them and make her think it was lotion. But aside from using the bathroom, she never strayed far enough from her seat. If she didn't catch me, someone else right next to her in these waters would. And the third plan of diving under the water and touching her feet "accidentally" was dead on arrival. I wasn't some softy. Staring at feet is like staring at pussy because you can't get any. Touching them doesn't do anything either. I wanted to lick those toes, get a nice whiff of them in some way. At last, my new grand plan could be set in motion.

I swam over to this chick.

"Hey, lady, I'm a photographer. Do you mind if I snap a few pics of your feet for my website?" I put all the bass in my throat. "You may not know it, but believe me, you've got model-worthy feet, and I would love to show them off."

My offer made her stare at me like a retard in a physics class. While waiting for the response, I pulled out my phone. Not a Rotom Phone like some of these trainers had, but with this all-diamond case, that still had to catch her attention. She could take her time as long as she didn't mind me staring into those almond eyes of hers. Mwah.

It took twelve slow blinks before she finally gave me an answer.

"Sure!"

Phew. That was easy.

She continued. “I’m Nemona! So where exactly are you planning on posting my feet? Advertising the town? Promoting some foot massage clinic? ‘Cause you know, my feet aren’t in tip-top shape, but if you think they’re model-worthy—”

“Can you put them up for me?” Enough of the bullshit stalling. As soon as we got to the edge of the pool, Nemona brought herself up onto the ground. The way that water went down her big titties was sexy, but I paid greater attention to those feet.

Hot damn. She had these gigantic feet. They weren’t fat or nothing, but they were long. Long and curvy, as her arch demonstrated. The hell was she talking about with her feet not being in tip-top shape? I couldn’t think of a way for them to be better. She had her toenails natural, just the way I liked my bitches. Ooh, and I always had a thing for these dark girls and how their soles were so bright and vibrant. Just a pretty-ass contrast that we pasty people never have. And then there was the blush, the wrinkles caused by the pool, the fact that her toes were so lengthy... I couldn’t have chosen a badder bitch.

Only shitty part was that I had to get my ass out the water. That was the only way I could properly snap photos of her soles and face without the focus fucking up.

“There we go.” I wiped her feet a bit—man, they were soft—and then I began the photoshoot.

Snap! Snap! Snap!

Whatever Nemona snorted that day gave her face muscles the ultimate power. Anytime she was done smiling, she was just smirking. Never a neutral look, never even a slight frown some of those ugly girls are born with. No, just happiness as I was capturing her feet.

“Don’t you want me to pose a specific way?”

I bit my tongue before a groan could come out. “Just wiggle your toes back and forth. Why don’t you tell me about your feet while I’m doing this?” Something that’d keep her preoccupied.

She laughed. “I wear about a size 44. It makes finding shoes that fit me a nightmare. I often gotta go with male picks since you guys can have humongous feet. Let’s see...”

Now I was taking pictures of the tops of her feet. Those sexy nails were killing me.

“Go on. Hey, I might just touch your feet a little, is that fine?”

“Entiendo. Um... I don’t like socks. I’ve had to tell my family to stop buying me socks ‘cause I just never wear them. You know, I replace most my shoes about every three months, so I don’t care what happens to ‘em. That said, these shoes take quite a beating before they hit the grave, even if I was a sock maniac. It’s because—”

I paused her. “Okay, so get on your stomach and just put your feet in the air.”

“Like this?”

“Mmm-hmm, that’s what we call ‘the pose’.” At this point, my boner was ready to rip through my trunks. My dick would be so pleased to have these soles push against it. I could rub one out later, but for now, had to keep taking pictures. “This is nice...”

“Thanks!” Nemona flexed her toes before rambling on again. “It’s wild that I’m getting all this attention for my feet. They’re not usually people magnets. Nope, can’t forget the one time I took my shoes off in class...”

“Hey, just for a poll, would you ever let a guy rub your feet?” I asked.

“Totally!”

“What if he was gonna kiss them, like after a massage?”

“I mean, that’d be sweet. Getting my feet kissed after a long day, I’d love that. But only if I was, like, really cool with him. You know, not quite boyfriend level, but close enough to where we know secrets about each other. Plus, he’d have to deal with the fact that my feet are not always...”

Tuning her out again. 101 photos later, I set my phone aside. It was now or never. Good thing Nemona loved to hear herself talk.

I grabbed her legs, slowly guiding her feet towards my face. Her soles were so close, I could make out all the little lines.

Sniff...

Ah... That nice foot smell... Bit of a chlorine twinge to it, sad news, but it was still amazing. I had my nose hovering around the ball of her right foot, breathing in very slowly. Though even four sniffs made me hard as a brick. The way the toes curled when I smelt forced me to give them some attention as well. My nose was like a vacuum, sucking up all the aroma.

Slurp...

Now this was Heaven. Her long toes twitched in my mouth, and I responded by sliding my tongue between them. I licked across her toenails and sucked her big toe so hard that she had no choice but to look back. And when she did, her eyes went wide as fuck. My hand had a firm grip on that dick, even through my trunks.

“What are you doing!?” Was she seriously trying to pull her leg back? Bitch, please.

“I’m trying to show the people you have tasty soles, girl.”

“I didn’t say you could!”

“Heh. All that talking you do, you should’ve clarified that from the start.” I then took a massive sniff in the middle of her sole, moaning as that flowery air filled my lungs.

Sniff... Sniff...

Wait a second.

Sniff...

Ew. The more I smelt this foot, the more my nose wanted to jump off my face. This thing was so rancid. I felt like I was gonna throw up on her foot, especially when her toes caught my nose. The sole stunk badly enough, but between the toes was even worse.

Nemona pulled herself away, fortunately. Any longer and I’d be dead. Hell, those previously delicious toes started to taste sour.

“Goddamn, your feet stink!”

“Hey!” She looked surprised. “I tried to—”

“And I jerked off thinking about those things? Wow.”

Before I could take my leave, I felt a sharp kick to my mouth. Sent me skidding a good distance. On my back, groaning, my eyes bugged out my head.

That Cherrim-tastic face she had was no more. Nemona’s cheeks were red, and I saw her muscles tensing up. Each second was terrifying, waiting for the next blow. It could’ve come at any moment, and if she caused my mouth to feel this much pain, then this situation was serious.

“Listen, let’s just talk—”

“Allow me!” Without the slightest hesitation, this bitch put her foot right on my face. Not long after, I let out the first scream.

What her left foot was doing was bad enough, but her right foot was killing me. That curvy arch? Yeah, it meant the ball of her foot was much more protruded and stronger. And so, to have my nuts squished underneath it made me yell like crazy. She had to nerve to wiggle her nasty-ass toes all over my junk, all while making sure her right foot was pressed deep into my face—so deep that I began to forget what fresh air even smelt like.

Ooh? What was that? Footsteps! Somebody was coming to my rescue, thank Arceus!

“Stay back!” Nemona’s breathing got heavier. “He just needs a little punishing, people! He tricked me into thinking I was modelling my feet, and next thing, he’s licking them and calling them nasty!”

“She’s lying!” Oh shit, I opened my mouth! The taste...

“We still can’t let you do this, ma’am,” some dude said, probably a lifeguard.

“Stepping up?” She tightened the pressure on my face. “I’ll stop in three minutes; someone time it.”

Three minutes!? Fuck that noise! I grabbed Nemona’s foot, using everything in my to heave it off my face. Damn... It was stuck to me like glue. And the thing was that she was barely even trying. Here I was, sweating my ass off to free myself from this stink prison, and she stood casually. She even slid my nose between her smelly toes again, which made me cough all over her sole.

“Oye, can we continue from earlier?” She pulled her left foot up and drove it into my chest. Her grin got wider when her toes snatched up my nipple. With a giggle, she twisted it. She twisted it like it was some sort of dial. And her right foot was still on my cock, with the heel barely avoiding crushing my balls.

“You’re a psychopath!” I looked to the crowd, which consisted of everybody. Men, women, boys, girls and even Pokémon. “Hey, somebody get this girl off— AAAAAH! You’re trying to rip my nipple off!”

“Aw, my bad. Here.” With her toes surrounding my nipple, she curled them so tight that her untrimmed nails were pinching my skin.

“Fuck him up, Nemona!”

“Fuck you!” I screamed at whoever said that.

The maniac seized the opportunity and stuck her greasy toes into my mouth. Ugh, and they were too long! I could swear her toes were digging into my molars. She’d just been in the water, so how could her feet be as hellish as this? Her sole wasn’t much better, in fact, its slender length made this ten times more torturous.

“Hey, could somebody toss me my flip-flops? It’s that chair, right over there!”

Was she... No! Please, anything but that! If she was doing what I thought she was...

Some asshole gave her those white shoes, snickered at me and then fucked off. Nemona’s heel gave my balls a tight squeeze before she got on her knees, effectively pinning me down with her body. As she hovered her flip-flop over my face, I was fully ready to spit on her.

This flip-flop made her feet look like the cleanest things ever. And I wasn’t looking at the sole of the shoe, either. No, the part where her foot rested on. There was already a huge footprint baked into that shoe. But more than that, it was covered from top to bottom in the stickiest, gooiest, sickest-looking grime I’d ever seen. I’d seen some bitches who couldn’t take care of their shoes. But Nemona went above and beyond with how disgusting she could be. This was a white shoe! Literally every bit of filth was visible, and a lot of it was around the toe area and the heel area.

She leaned closer in. “I never got a chance to tell you how my feet have an intense sweat condition, did I?”

“No duh. They smell like shit.”

“They smell fantastic.” She quickly pushed the flip-flop against my face. “If you wanna leave here with two balls, then you’re gonna lick my shoe. I want this moment burnt into your mind.”

I shook my head, trying to flee the shoe. But her speed and strength far outclassed mine, not to mention the little poking going on at my crotch. Her big toe bounced between the left and right ball, definitely deciding which it was gonna burst.

“You don’t get to disrespect me and my feet all without consequences, mister. Hurry up.”

As I looked up, several people had their phones out. Man, fuck my life.

Starting at the toe area, I licked the very tip where her big toe sat. Wow. It was infinitely more bitter than I expected, causing my tongue to tingle. Though the taste was nothing compared to the nightmare that was all this gunk. Holy shit, this would make you want to end yourself. The thickness of the grime as my tongue broke through it was unbelievable, like a black, chunky peanut butter mix. Add a bit of jelly in there too, as it was so sticky that Nemona had to stretch the flip-flop an arm’s length so that my tongue would be freed from a section.

Snap!

I couldn’t tell if all of this was just broken shoe material or some shit that really grew from her toes. Either was possible, but the fact now was that it was clogging up my mouth. Enough had gotten in there that she gave me no choice but to swallow. If I spat it out, my balls wouldn’t live to see another day.

From the crowd’s laughter and cheers, along with Nemona’s curious expression, I knew that dirty mixture went down my throat. And now I was in for more, as I still had the area where her sole stained the shoe. Ew...

She spoke softly and slowly as I licked. “And remember how I said I get rid of most my old shoes? These have been around since I turned 13...” She pushed it harder against my tongue, shushing me like some mom. “I mean, they turn six years old this year, so they’ve got tons of yummy goodness to be licked up. My sweat, the dirt, my creamy ‘n’ cheesy toe jam, the various foods that’ve been crushed under my feet...”

She was absolutely fucking with me, trying to make me break at every point. With her explanation, it was no wonder one part of her flip-flop tasted like sour oranges. Sour oranges doused in foot sweat.

People’s phones were so close to us that some were exclusively focusing on my tongue. After just licking half of the shoe, it was as black as the grime her feet produced.

“And now, the heel.” Nemona snickered when my tongue hit that section.

This was the saltiest section by far. Also the heaviest in terms of this gunk. Everything about the toe section? Yep, it was true here. But to really understand how bad it was, the smell also needs to be mentioned. Her entire flip-flop was noxious, yet this heel area somehow stunk like the nastiest of vinegar. I started to cry like a little bitch, taking gulp after gulp of this stale filth.

“Gosh, and imagine if I brought my runners!” Nemona and the crowd laughed. She pushed the shoe so close to my mouth that I had to now suck on it. I just slurped the grime from the bottom of the heel part, begging for death as the stench ruined my nose.

A beeping sound came. “Your three minutes are up. Wrap it up, you two.”

“One more thing!” Nemona backed up, placing her feet in front of my face. “Apologise in front of everybody. Apologise to me, and apologise to my feet.”

“Come on...” I groaned.

She started to sing. “Your balls won’t live if you don’t say sorry.”

Man, she sapped away all my pride. When I kissed each sole, it left behind a black lip mark.

“I’m sorry, Nemona. I’m sorry, feet. And I’m sorry for disrupting everything at the pool, people.”

“Say it like you mean it!” a douchebag yelled.

“I’m sorry, Nemona!” In desperation, I kissed them again, still sobbing. “I love feet, and yours no different! I would go down on your toes anytime you asked, even if they smell like they’ve got a fungus! You have the prettiest feet in the world!”

Nemona’s hand was on my ballsack. She was squeezing and pulling on it for what seemed like an eternity. As the lifeguard approached, the girl finally stood up and put on her flip-flops. She looked down at me, sighing. Now there wasn’t even the slightest grin on her face, just a simplistic frown as she shook her head.

“I’m just sorry it had to be like this.” Her voice went flat. “Good luck with...whatever you do.”

And there I was, lying down for the rest of the afternoon, remembering that look of disappointment on her face.

Since that incident, I've had to move out of Paldea. Too many people recognise my face, especially since said incident made the news. Big news. I was the local creep who perved on a woman's feet and got humiliated for it. Unfortunately for me, someone was recording us before the encounter escalated, so they got my comment about jerking off to Nemona's feet all the time.

It's been two years, and you can still find stories about the Paldea Foot Fucker online.

I've had to change my appearance to have some semblance of a normal life. I've gotten a tan, shaved my head and gotten used to wearing tropical shirts. Integrating into Alolan society is now the biggest change of my life, especially having lived in Paldea since I was born.

I'm still a Pokémon researcher, but with this untimely transfer, it'll take me longer to reach the rank of professor. Six years longer.

But not all is doom and gloom. Alolan girls certainly have their feet exposed more than their sisters across the seas. And I haven't touched any of them inappropriately yet. I look at them like any guy would look at a girl—a few seconds, then I turn away. If I need time to masturbate, I do it privately.

Over the past few months, I've become acquainted with one of the trial captains on Akala Island. Her name is Lana.

She's such a cutie with her blue hair and hilariously oversized clothing, and almost everywhere she goes she wears nothing but flip-flops. I'm a little jealous that every guy can see what she has down there, but at the same time, it's a plus for me. Not like any of us own her anyways, something she's had to make clear to a few guys.

Right now she's in my house on this very island. It's not a spectacular place, as she learns while trying to cook some fish for me.

"When I'm done with this, you and I are gonna have a talk about decluttering." She scoffs and picks up a plastic cup. "This cup's got dust in it!"

"Forgive me, but I haven't had too much time to chill as I'd like," I say, holding up a large folder as I sit at the table. "Your region must have the highest standards for its professors."

"If you can't work hard, you can't live in Alola."

"I take it that you work hard with all that trial stuff, huh?"

"Well, the hardest part is just standing all the time. Gotta make sure the kids who participate don't end up drowning, which, yes, I've had many close calls." She leans over the grill, her white soles gleaming in the warm light. "Fun job, but it's a killer on my feet."

Her soles make my heart want to burst out of my chest. They've done that ever since I've first seen Lana barefoot. Maybe I can sneak a quick sniff on them when she's not looking. Or since she'll be spending the night here, I mean, I could suck on her toes a little bit while she's knocked out. After two years, some sort of action is needed, right? And the possibilities are endless.

I smile. "You have nice feet."

"Hmm?" She looks back, confused. "My feet?"

"I... I have a bit of an eye for feet, you could say. If yours are sore, they don't look like it. I mean, your arch is incredible, and the way you keep your toes all natural is just beautiful."

Lana's looking at her feet now, mouth agape. Yeah, I knew being too direct would be a huge gamble. She's blushing, but that could mean anything. Yet I'm still looking straight at her, bouncing between her milky feet and her aqua eyes.

"Thank you." She shuts the grill, wiping her hands. "But they stink. That's the sign of work right there, when you sense that cheese in the air."

"Do you mind if I smell them?"

"Wait, you're gonna sniff my feet?"

I nod. "Only if you give me the green light."

"You're..." She shrugs. "You're gonna regret this so bad, but go ahead."

It's amazing how receptive she is to the idea. She motions for me to come to her, and I do, lying on the floor while she handles the food. The next thing I know, her wide feet are on my face, somewhat scrunched. Gosh... Her feet feel so hard yet so inviting, like she's about to exfoliate my face.

Sniff... Sniff... Sniff...

She's not wrong. Her feet do smell. But it's not that bad. I'd prefer her feet to smell cleaner, but as they are, it's like she's been jogging around the neighbourhood. It's very faint sweat, and at the end of the day, this is her unique odour. Allowing me to inhale it like this is a gift, smelly or not. Even if they were unbelievably disgusting, I'd play it off like a joke, demanding she wash her feet the next time she entered my house. You know, something we could both get a laugh out of.

"At least they don't smell like nasty fish, given your hobby," I say, my voice muffled. "Can I taste them?"

"Whoa. You really like my feet, don't you?"

"You tell me."

"Hmph." She lifts her giant heels. "If you tickle me too much with your tongue, I'm gonna stand on your chest."

"Oh, I can work with that. Thank you." As soon as I lick along her meaty sole, she lets out a gasp.

I can't tell you what the best part of this day has been. Licking Lana's salty feet, eating fish right off her feet, the fact that she gave me a handjob while I smelt her flip-flops... As we share my bed, her neck under my head, I can't help but wonder how things would've turned out two years ago if I'd taken the same approach. None of that photo stuff. None of that rude behaviour.

Just building some sort of rapport with Nemona and asking her, "Can I smell your feet?" I can't undo the past, but it's food for thought. And truthfully, wherever Nemona is, I hope she's doing well. I hope she's got someone who's into the vilest, most disgusting feet out there, so she knows that someone appreciates her *unique* feet. Even if I had the right approach, I would not have been for her.

It's a new day. As I prepare to head to work, Lana is nowhere to be seen. But her flip-flops are right next to my bed, their footprints releasing a wonderful odour. Mmm... Just like the feet in a clean state.

I may have missed my chance with Nemona, but with Lana, this could be the beginning of a great relationship.