

A decorative banner at the top of the page features a bookshelf with various books. The central part of the banner has a textured, wood-like background with the author's name and a quote in white cursive script. The books on the left include 'OVER THE MOON' and 'Coming Together 5.11'. The books on the right include 'GAMES' and 'THE LAST THING HE SAID'.

Jude Mason

*Readers needed: Come, explore with me...if you dare!*

# Confessions of a Shoe Fetishist

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I know I shouldn't have gone in there, but, she was out and I don't get the house to myself very often. And—well, it's just that I love her shoes. Don't get me wrong, I love her, Sandra I mean. It's just that for as long as I can remember, I've had this thing for women's shoes. The last time I was alone, and I admit, I did get carried away that time, but she never found out. I'm sure of that. She'd have killed me if she had.

I honestly didn't mean to make such a mess, come all over her best patent leather heels I mean. I've never done anything like that before. Well, not exactly like that anyway. It just seemed so natural, to get naked and the next thing I knew, there I was—in front of her closet like. God, the smell almost made me come right then and there. I didn't even have to touch myself. I was so hard I could've driven nails. When I picked up that shoe,

the one with the 5-inch heel and the tiny strap that wraps around her ankle; that's when I noticed my hands were shaking. I was so fucking excited, I couldn't stop shaking.

And it smelled so good. I held it up to my face and I could smell her. Her feet. I took a deep breath; oh man that sexy aroma, so musky and perfect. My dick was throbbing and I couldn't help myself. Just a stroke or two, I thought. I wrapped my hand around my cock and my hips automatically went into action, thrusting, jabbing. Another deep breath sent my mind into some other world. Eyes closed, that's when I dropped to my knees, and I remember now, how harsh that felt, the carpet rubbing against my shins. The rug burned when I eased my knees apart. My balls swung free when I tugged and squeezed my shaft. My heart was pounding, I thought it'd burst through my chest when I lowered the shoe and slid it over my cock. The leather arch felt so smooth against the tip and pre-come oozed all over the soft, shiny leather. I remember seeing it smear, leaving a gooey trail across the shine. But, I didn't stop, I couldn't.

Holding it by the arch, I poked my cock inside, toward the toe. I was shuddering so much by then I could hardly breathe. My knees slipped, and suddenly, I was spread so wide, the insides of my thighs ached, but I was still working that shoe. Moving it back and forth, fucking my cock with it. Nudging my balls with the back of the heel, I bet I could've buckled the strap around the base and it would've stayed hard. God, imagine that, being hard forever, fucking her shoe. My heart was hammering and sweat trickled down my sides, but I didn't care.

I reached for the shoe's mate and rubbed it on my chest, and then my face. Oh man, Nirvana. I licked the instep and just about lost it again. That salty tang hit me—hit me hard—and I had to squeeze my cock to keep from shooting. I couldn't stop though, not then, not even if you'd paid me. I rubbed that shoe all over my face, felt the buckle scrape my cheek and where the heel was sewn to the front, it was rough. I sucked on the heel and that's what did it. Feeling that long hard shaft sliding passed my lips and how my cock was wedged into the other toe, and, well, I lost it. Come just erupted, all of a sudden, and I couldn't stop it. I thought my insides were shooting out of my dick. Honest, I tried to pull out of her shoe. Not right away. I couldn't. But as soon as I

realized what I was doing. Of course, by that time it was too late—way too late. There was jizz all over her shoe and I'd drooled in her other one something awful. But, damn it felt so good; I can't ever remember coming that hard, or for that long.

The clean up took quite awhile. I had to wash both shoes out and dry them with her blow-dryer. Doing that got me hard again; the blow-dryer made the shoes smell like her feet were everywhere.

Anyhow, I got them back in her closet and made like nothing had happened when she got home later. She did ask if I'd had a good day and it was so hard to lie and tell her I fell asleep, but I figured that was for the best. After all, how can you tell someone, who thinks they know you, that you're fucking their shoes?

But, you know what? I wish she'd catch me, I really do.

The End

## *About the Author*

Jude Mason's imagination frequently leads her astray, and she eagerly follows while trying to keep out of trouble, or at least not get caught. For those of you who know her, you'll know that's not always easy. A picture, a smell, an unexpected glimpse of flesh, or a load of soil in the back of a pick-up, are all fodder for her writing. Her male characters run the gamut from the dominant male ruling his women with an iron fist, to a simpering purple-clad boy-toy, whose only desire is to please. As diverse and as richly depicted, her women find themselves in a myriad of exotic and erotic situations.

If you'd like to keep up to date on what she's up to, visit her website at [www.my-haven2001.com](http://www.my-haven2001.com)

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