In Her Shoes

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http://www.lushstories.com/stories/crossdressing/in-her-shoes.aspx

I opened my online mail box as usual, looking down the list in case any new spam was in amongst the thirty-seven mails I had received.

As I scrolled down the page I noticed a new mail from one of the sites I used to find new partners for sex. I clicked it open straight away not wanting to waste any time, hoping that this mail for once was from someone more sane and rational than the usual, and hopefully close to where I lived.

Hello Kylie,

My name is Peter I'm a 31 year old straight male and saw your advert, you have a very attractive picture by the way. I would really like to get to know you more but I'm not sure if you might be interested in someone like me if by any chance you are then please contact me so we can talk further I'm also in your area

Peter

Normally I wouldn't be bothered with a straight guy but being as he was in my area and had not mentioned what his interests were I thought why not see what he wanted. It crossed my mind that it might not be a bad thing teaching him the joy of sex with a transvestite like me and he was only two years older than me. I soon sent back a reply asking him to tell me more about what he was looking for and why.

The following evening I received a reply from him with an attachment. On opening it and ignoring the attachment I soon realized why he had contacted me. In his mail he explained how his wife had died of cancer just over a year ago and how much he had loved her, he carried on how he thought I looked very similar to her.

I decided to open the attached picture now knowing it wasn't just a picture of a dick or some weird picture of some kinky game he wanted to do. This was a little bit weird but his wife did look very much like me; our hair was the same colour, even our hazel eyes were a match although she did look quite tall. She was dressed in a tee shirt and what I thought was a leather knee length skirt finished off with some black sandals, by the look a reasonable height. He then signed off as he had before, still with no mention of sex or what he wanted.

I thought long and hard. Was this worth getting into and did I really want to? After all it seemed to me that he wanted to replace me with her. I was happily married and there was no way that I would leave my wife, Julia, although we were both bisexual and had an open marriage. As we didn't keep secrets from each other I soon asked my Julia's opinion on should I or shouldn't I get involved. She then said it wouldn't do any harm to find out more after all he was in the area and I could always say no.

I sent another reply this time being more blunt with him. I told him that I didn't like timewasters and if he couldn't tell me exactly what he was looking for then not to bother, I also added that I had no intention of leaving my wife.

The very next night yet another mail arrived this time he explained more.

Dear Kylie,

Sorry for not telling you more but I kind of find this very hard to explain. I have a thing we used to do together that I really miss and I'm not even sure if you would even want to do it so if you don't just let me know and I won't bother you again. Every couple of weeks my wife would let me worship her feet it is something I really miss so it's not conventional sex that I'm in need of please let me know if interested.

Pete

I'm very submissive and this wouldn't be my usual thing but it might be fun just to see what it might be like as a Dominatrix. Would I be able to do it? Would I even enjoy it? Well only one way to find out I suppose and with that I sent him another mail, this time I gave him a messenger service that I used and when to contact me so we could chat more.

The next night I received a new messenger contact.

On the Friday night at 10 pm an instant message appeared; it was Pete. We chatted for a few hours with me asking many questions but also putting him more at ease about the whole thing.

Over the next few weeks we would exchange messages and as he opened up more to me he asked questions of his own. Finally I agreed to meet the following Saturday afternoon now knowing what was expected.

Saturday morning I started getting ready as he had asked me to arrive. I made sure my body was nice and smooth and brushed my long hair over my shoulder just how his wife styled hers. I then applied my make up going for that sultry but not tarty look. Next I chose some hoop earrings then sat down to attach my false nails and paint them red.

I put on some leather panties with tie sides, fastening them nice and tight in a double bow making sure that my cock was fully tucked down tight to avoid any bulge. I slipped on my bra over my 34 b breasts and added a white blouse leaving the top three buttons open just to reveal a little more cleavage.

Stepping into my leather just-above-knee pencil skirt, I pulled it up feeling the silky lining rubbing against my smooth bare legs, then zipped it up at the back and snapped the popper at the top into place.

Finally I slipped on some black patent pumps with a 4.5” heel then checked myself over in the full length mirror.

“See you later,” I shouted to Julia.

“Have fun and enjoy it,” came her reply.

I opened the car door and slipped myself into the driver seat smoothing my skirt down before closing the door. I started the engine and pulled out of the driveway for the short drive over to peters house.

Peter had left his car out on the roadway just how he said he would so that I could park in his driveway. His idea was that if I pulled into the driveway fewer neighbours would notice. How wrong he was; as I climbed out of the car and locked it just about every curtain close by seemed to twitch. I just smoothed my hair over my shoulder making sure it was just so and swayed my hips as I walked to the door.

I rang on the bell and within seconds Peter opened the door just as though he had been standing right next to it.

“Come in, Miss Kylie.”Peter tried to usher me in quickly but I re-smoothed my hair looked back and smiled before stepping inside.“You look great, Miss.”

“Thank you,” I replied.

I followed Peter into the lounge, the metal tipped heels of my pumps clip clopping on the wooden floor as I crossed over to a single chair.

“Please take a seat, Miss. Can I get you a drink?”

“I think a tea, two sugars, would be nice.”

“Yes, Miss, right away.”

I sat down smoothing my skirt down and crossing my leg over my knee making sure to point my toes down more for that extra sexy look.

Peter returned with a tray and set it down on a small table next to me pouring the tea from the teapot into a very pretty bone china teacup sat on a matching saucer then adding my milk and sugar. He stirred the tea for me even if his hand seemed shaky the whole time.

He stood in front of me before dropping to his knees. I gave my raised leg just the slightest rock to tease him. I could now see why he had been shaky going by the obvious bulge in his trousers the whole time his eyes were transfixed on my feet and legs.

“May I remove your shoes, Miss, and bathe your feet for you?”

“Yes, you may.”

Again he shakily removed the shoe from my foot of my raised leg placing it very carefully to one side then gently raised my foot so it was now straight in front. I then felt his warm tongue lick the full length of the underside of my foot then doing the same over and over. I stifled a laugh not wanting to lose control before telling him how good it was, the strange thing was the more he licked the more I was enjoying it.

Once he was happy with the heels and soles he kissed the top arch of my foot before again cleaning all around the tops even getting his tongue between each of my toes, every now and then I would tell him just how good it was but by this point it actually was.

“May I do the other now, Miss?”

He placed my foot down gently on the floor before I re-crossed my other leg so he could remove my shoe and do the same thing with my other foot.

Once he had finished and both my feet were now side by side with me now sliding my knees over to one side while drinking my tea.

“Hmmm, I think it’s time I had my pedicure don’t you?”

“Yes, Miss, right away Miss.”

Peter grabbed a small vanity case from the opposite side of the chair and opened it carefully. I had deliberately left my toenails longer than usual; he lifted my foot onto his knee and carefully filed my nails giving each of them a beautiful curved shape. He had obviously done this many times for his wife because he was just as good if not better than any of the beauty therapists I had seen. He really was giving my toes loving care. He then carefully placed my toes into sponge spreaders I just sat comfy and let him work away, pouring myself another tea from the pot, not taking much notice as he worked. I almost dropped off to sleep at one point when finally I felt the spreaders being removed.

“Finished, Miss, I hope you're happy with them."

I stood up so I could take a good look at them. I was absolutely amazed at the end result my toes were perfectly French manicured red to match my finger nails exactly.

“Thank, you that’s a really good job.”

He smiled at me as I re-sat back into the chair once again crossing my leg over my knee now admiring his work.“May I add something more, Miss?”

“If you must,” I replied in a more stern voice.

Peter rose off his knees, I would imagine by now a happy relief. He had been down on them for over three hours already. He disappeared out of the lounge before coming back a few minutes later.

“These will compliment your sexy feet, Miss, if you will allow me?”

“Very well, you better show me.”

In his hand was a jewellery box and a large shoe box. He opened the jewellery box to reveal a very expensive looking gold ankle bracelet with charms which he clipped into place around my ankle. Then he opened the shoe box placing a very sexy looking strappy stiletto sandal into his hand with a platform sole.

“I hope you like them, Miss?”

“Hmmmm, I’m not sure do you like them?”

“Yes, Miss, they will show your beautiful feet and toes off well.”

“Let me try them.”

The sandals were actually to die for, black patent, five straps each side on the foot cleverly joined in the centre so you could still see each individual strap. The platform sole at least two inches tall with a normal foot and heel strap finished off with at least a seven inch stiletto heel tapering down almost to a point. He carefully placed my feet into them doing up the straps just at the right tightness. I stood up to see if they were comfy before having a walk back and forth the length of the lounge stopping now and then and twisting and turning. All the time Peters eyes were transfixed looking at my feet and shoes that bulge by now really was making his trousers tent.

“Take off your clothes,” I demanded.

“Yes, Miss.”

Peter was soon totally naked and soon back down on his knees as I carried on teasing him just by walking around. It was as though the clip clop of the heels was like some sort of hypnotizing tool that worked by making his cock stand to attention he was so hard I could of hung a coat on it, I finally returned to the chair.

“I’m so tired now, I need a foot stool.”

I was finally getting the hang of what made Peter tick as he stretched out on to his hands and moved under my now raised feet. He faced towards me my heels resting on the top of his shoulders either side of his head.

“Hmmmm, I’m still not one hundred percent sure, do you think that I will attract men in them?”

“Yes Miss, any man will really love them,” Pete’s voice was now shaky.

I raised my heels from his shoulders digging the tips of the ends of the stiletto heels into his back. I then lifted my right leg forwards and balanced it right under his face.

“Show me how much you like them.”

He didn’t need asking twice as his tongue traced around the straps and I could hear him sniffing the patent leather. He even licked the sole before taking the heel into his mouth just like it was a cock, it was now obvious to me that he just loved them.

“Turn around face away from me.”

Peter quickly moved into the new position I was loving this new power I had over him. I placed my feet on his bum I could see that his balls were tight by the look ready to blow. I needed to slow him down or he was going to shoot his load too fast, I lifted my left foot placing the heel at the entrance to his ass teasing the puckering hole with the heel.

“Ahhhh!” he cried out as I had managed to penetrate inside him.

I now guessed that this was something his wife had never done to him going by his reaction. His balls had dropped saggy and I could see the tip of his now limp cock hanging down under them just the tiniest bit of pre cum oozing from the tip.

“What’s wrong I thought you liked my feet and shoes?”

“I-I do, Miss, I just wasn’t expecting that.”

“Don’t you like it?”

“Yes, Miss, it’s nice but I have never had it done to me before.”

I pushed a little deeper just to show him that there was much more, telling him that it was only in an inch if that and he had better do as I want or it would be more. I then gently removed the heel and once again rested my feet on his bum.