

Walk All Over Me

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<http://www.lushstories.com/stories/fetish/walk-all-over-me.aspx>

This was so long ago that most of you readers out there were not even born yet. It was at a major mid-western university. I was what they called then a work-study student. That meant that in order to pay my way through school I had to work twenty hours a week in one of the university's departments. I had been assigned to the library. Our library had over 5 million volumes at that time, long before computers and online research.

This was the beginning of my sophomore year. I worked at the library for three years, but this was the year of my great discovery. It was August when the semester began and it moved through fall as I worked along.

It was my function to shelve books. Each day during my shift I would fill a cart with returned books, roll around the three-story structure, built in the early part of the 20th century, and return books to their proper place. For this not very strenuous labor I received a dollar and ten cents an hour. It helped defray the fairly light fees they then charged for an education at a land-grant university. I supplemented the cost with a scholarship and student loans to be repaid after graduation.

Rolling through the stacks and shelving books was actually quite educational. I was in virtually every section of the library at some point, and it was my habit, being an English major and a bibliophile, to stop occasionally and peruse the volumes in the various departments. This was so easy to do without being caught and reprimanded by the supervisors. There were few of them and they tended to stay in their offices on the ground floor. As long as there was a continual turn around of books, and they didn't stack up, all was good in their world.

I sometimes passed through the Psychology section, and I found some of the books there quite interesting. I could not read whole books, but I could browse through them, and read some case studies that broadened my 19 year old horizons. There were case studies of virtually all the so-called deviant behaviors they had identified back then. You would not believe it, but being gay was a

psychiatric condition! Those were the bad old days.

Well, one day I came across a case-book of studies of fetishes. It was very interesting. But the ones that struck me the deepest were the ones dealing with foot fetishes. This was all new territory for me. One case talked about how the subject would lie down on the floor and have a woman, in bare feet, walk and stomp on his penis. You cannot imagine how hard this made me. My cock grew and grew. I had no idea the effect such a thing would have on me. I was surprised and rather ashamed. I was young and this was the sixties, before the love revolution had broken out.

I was not the only person in the whole library. It was filled with students and faculty. But back in the shelves it was always virtually empty, with one or two people passing through perhaps every 5 or 10 minutes at most. There were many carrels assigned to graduate students along some of the walls, but those students were seriously working and would not often leave except to find a new volume or just go home. It was very quiet.

Since I had discovered these books, the closest thing to pornography I had ever seen, I would often sneak one into a restroom located on that floor and go into a stall and whack off as I read about the foot fetishes chronicled in the case studies. God, I came so hard! I really needed the real thing.

I could not always be in the Psychology section. I had work to perform, but when I could I would go there and find new books with fresh foot fetish case studies. It was there that I noticed a young girl would often be browsing in the same area. She was pretty. I was horny. She had golden blond hair, long and straight, the way they wore it then. She was obviously a college student so she must have been about my age. I loved her shape. She had rather small perky breasts and what we used to call an hour-glass figure. Lovely. And she wore penny loafers with knee-high stockings.

The penny loafers caught my eye. They would be so easy to slip off. And the knee-high stockings just emphasized her firm and curvy calves. I loved feet by now, but I also loved the legs that carried them.

We had seen each other perhaps 3 or 4 times when she finally asked me a question. "Do you ever look at the books here in this section?" I was still young and naive, so I blushed, thinking I had been discovered in my fetish. I shyly nodded. She was bolder than I. She came right out and asked, "Do you find the fetish books interesting?" Again, I nodded. "Which ones?", she asked.

I was standing with my cart right by the very first case-study book I had ever opened concerning foot fetishes. I reached up, took down the volume, and handed it to her. I even opened the book to the well-remembered page I had first discovered foot fetishes. She started reading, and I started rolling away. "Wait," she ordered me. "What did you think of this study?" I began to blush like a school-girl

and my cock started to grow. She glanced down, saw what was happening, and smiled.

Then, she slipped off her loafers. God, I got harder still. She was teasing me. She glanced around, then rolled down her stockings. Her little feet were bare of nail polish, but they were so fucking delectable. "Get down here and lick my feet!" She was a minx! I was on my hands and knees at once. I took one foot in my hand and began to suck on each toe in turn. She was leaning up against the strong bookshelf. She had a hand on one tit, squeezing it, and the other under her plaid skirt, and as I sucked and licked her foot I could see her moving her panties aside and fingering her very hairy, creaming pussy.

I held onto the little foot, continuing to make love to it, but used my other hand to unzip my jeans, drag out my hard cock, and began to jerk right there in the aisle. I was lost in lust. I licked and sucked her foot, moved on to the other one and began licking her ankles and calves for good measure. I kept jacking off. Finally she started moaning and I think she must have been cumming. I was new to this. I was not sure. But I was sure that my spunk was shooting out onto her feet. I hosed them down and rubbed my cock on each little foot.

We were both a little embarrassed. This was back when such things were not common. I wiped my cock on her stockings, wiped her feet clean, too, and she stuffed the stockings into her purse. She stuck her bare feet into her loafers. Then she gave me a peck on the cheek and was gone.

I stuffed my cock back into my pants and gave thanks for my damned good luck.

Now I began the dangerous part of my life. I started following girls around. The pretty ones, of course, but also they had to have tiny feet. My first taste of real life foot fetishism had set me for life. From then on I always preferred small feet. And flats. I loved the loafers and ballet slippers the girls wore then. I know that some foot fetishists love high heels but I always preferred flats. Or bare feet. Even better.

I would see a lovely pair of little feet. I would make sure she was pretty. That was important to a 19 year old. Then I would follow her for awhile just looking at her feet. If I was lucky she would go into a building and I would follow. Then I would hope to really get lucky and have her go into a restroom. If she did I would follow in a minute or two. If there was another girl in there I would apologize for my mistake and back out, but if no one was there I would get into the booth next to the girl I followed, take down my pants, lean down to see her feet, and beat off. I jacked off in so many buildings on that campus.

Finally the seasons passed, winter into spring. The forsythia and lilacs were blooming. In the flower beds the Horticulture students had planted jonquils and tulips. The spring was bursting out all over. I

was waiting for something expectantly. I did not know what.

Then, one day in May I saw her. My little blonde. The lovely vision from the library last fall. She was trippingly dancing down the sidewalk with her sandals in her hand. It was warm enough that she was wearing a short red skirt and checkered cotton jersey. No stockings this time, but lovely, little feet. Happy feet!

Following her, she went towards the student union, she put on her sandals, entered, went to the snack bar and got a large Coke. None of that diet crap. Then she went to a booth, plopped down for a long stay and sighed with contentment. I had stayed just out of her line of sight.

I took a booth just a few feet away. I was watching her little feet. She slipped off her sandals, kept her toes curling, as if the world was her oyster and she was in ecstasy just to be alive. My cock was getting so fucking hard. Then, as she sucked her Coke through the straw, her eyes were roaming the room. Finally, her gaze stopped on me. A broad grin spread across her face.

She hopped up, grabbed her soda and sandals, and came over and sat across from me in the booth. Then, to my grand surprise, she lifted her dancers legs and placed her naked feet right in my lap. I groaned with sexual pain as my cock felt the weight of her feet. She just smiled and rubbed her feet on my hard dick. I almost came immediately.

"How ya been, my little horn dog?', she said. "Still licking feet in the library?"

Shit. I was so fucking in love right now. I looked at her like a puppy dog and she relented. She kept rubbing my cock with her feet but she said, "I am taking you for a little walk my boy."

Then she jumped up, left the soda, grabbed the sandals and my hand and began pulling me out of the union. We walked hand and hand down the street towards some apartments just down the block, off-campus. We ended up in her apartment after climbing stairs to the third floor. All the while she had held my hand in her sweaty little one.

When she got into the apartment she said, "Strip off you clothes! Everything! Do it little boy!" I obeyed gladly. As I did so she did the same. Jesus, her tits were beautiful, perky and pointing upward, with pink nipples already hard as little rubies. Her body was taut and tight and had not a speck of fat, except in her little titties and in her great ass and hips. They looked so fucking edible. But I was focused on the feet. The dainty little feet with the curling, edible toes.

My cock was hard and pointing right at her. She told me to lie down on the floor. She tossed a pillow to me and I put my head on it as I lay my body down with my cock pointing upward. She came over,

stood over me so I could see her hairy pussy. It was already wet with some kind of juices. She grinned down at me, then she stepped on my cock. Shit! I almost shot right then. She was indeed a little dancer. She stood on my cock with both feet and began to massage my prick with her toes. God! I came all over my stomach and her feet. I could not hold it for the life of me.

She dropped onto the sofa next to us. She stuck out her feet and said, "Suck all that spunk off my feet, little boy!" I was happy to do so. I got on my knees with my soft cock and balls hanging down, cum still dripping onto the floor. I began licking and sucking her toes. I ate my own cum. Gladly. I sucked and licked and she rammed her fingers into her pussy. She was definitely cumming now. Then she took her own cum and rubbed it all over her tits and squeezed them and pinched the nipples until she began squirming and moaning and cumming again.

I had cleaned her feet and was still licking all the way up her calves. She shook a finger at me. "No, no little boy. You get only the feet." I was starting to rise again. I was young and full of spunk. My balls were filling again with cum and I was ready to cum again soon.

I took charge now. I was getting my courage up now that I had made love to a beautiful woman. I made her lay down on the sofa and I got at the bottom with her legs on each side of me. I wasn't going to fuck her, I was going to fuck her feet. I grabbed each little foot, and rammed them on each side of my now hard prick. I stared up into her eyes, her laughing eyes, and saw her grabbing each breast with a hand and mauling her own little titties with her nails, scratching and pinching her hard nipples.

Her pussy was dripping cum down into her ass. I watched it glistening in the overhead light. I began to fuck her feet. She curled her toes around my cock and I fucked them, making sure that I could feel the wrinkles in the bottom of her feet. I could fuck for a long time now, since I had already cum once today. She kept cumming and started rubbing her clit with one hand and cramming fingers into her cunt. She found her own best parts inside and made herself cum again and again.

Finally, I started shooting streams of cum up onto her stomach and, I swear it's true, she started squirting cum out of her pussy onto my prick and her own feet. It was so fucking mind-blowing! We both shot for a minute or so, until we both collapsed back on the arms of the sofa.

Now it was the best of times. I got to clean up. And she got to clean up. She sucked the pussy cum off of my dick. She licked it clean as new. She swallowed all of her cum and my cum that was still all over my prick. Then I got to clean her up. I licked her feet of all the cum I had shot there, and all the pussy juice she had shot there. Then I moved up and licked all my spunk from her pussy and her stomach. Only fair, right?

She came again. That was the great thing about being a woman. You could cum and cum. She kept cumming all the time she was licking my cock and while I was licking her pussy and taut little tummy.

I had a feeling that we would be cumming together for a long time, my little blonde dancer and me. I held her little feet in my hands and gave her the best foot massage she had ever had, or so she told me later.