

# Footjob Extra Credit

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*Student gets extra credit she needs*

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I'm a professor at a California university in the Economics department. It was finals week last semester and I had just finished grading the tests for my class. I had maybe an hour and a half to turn the grades in to the Dean's office for input into the school's records the next day. A knocking at my door caught my attention. "Come in." I said. In walked a meek-looking young Asian girl, about 5'1", black hair cut neatly at the shoulders. She was slim, maybe 100-105 lbs., wearing a loose-fitting blouse tucked neatly into her denim-shorts. She was wearing white Keds. The way young women wear it nowadays: without the socks. I recognized her immediately. She usually sat in the front row of my lectures. She introduced herself as Debbie, and I asked what I could do for her. Debbie sat across the desk from me, and set her bag down on the floor and crossed her legs. Her leg bounced nervously. I tried to focus my thoughts on what she was saying rather than her foot. I struggled not to stare as she told me if there were a way to earn extra credit for the class, because she didn't think she'd pass this semester. It would hold her back at least a year since that particular class was only held in the spring. I told her that it was impossible, since the grades had to be submitted at 6:00 that evening. I looked at my grade book and noticed she was already passing with a C. Barely, but passing nonetheless. But I decided to be naughty. "You're right." I said, "You're getting a D. You'll have to repeat the class next year." "Please. Is there anything I can do to pass?" My heart started beating quickly at these last words. They were a professor's wet dream. Naughty ideas popped into my head. She looked disappointed, so I asked to sit on the couch with me. Debbie began looking suspicious. "I don't need the grade that bad." I asked her if I could massage her feet. She thought about it for a second, and said if she could use that as extra credit. "Sure." I responded. I knelt at her feet and undid the laces carefully and slowly, as if unwrapping a crystal vase. I savored every moment of it, as I removed her pink feet from her cotton shoes. Slight creases from being in the shoes all day covered her feet. Her toenails were painted pink. The smell of her feet being in her shoes for a couple hours wafted through me, and inflated my cock. My heart started thumping from the excitement. If you've ever seen nice Asian feet, you'd know what I'm talking about. "Ever had a foot massage before?" I asked. She nodded, "My boyfriend gives them to me." That turned me on even more. It meant she was receptive to this type of treatment. Debbie lay back on the couch and enjoyed the massages. She purred as I kneaded the instep of her right foot. She lifted her left foot to

my face and put her soft size-6 foot on my cheek. I inhaled deeply, dropping her right foot into my lap, grasping her left foot and kissing each toe tenderly. I ran my tongue from her heel to her arch to her toes, where I stuffed all five toes into my mouth. Debbie moaned as I ran my tongue between each of her toes, tasting every bit of her. Her right foot, which was in my lap, moved of its own volition, stroking my bulging cock behind my zipper. It danced wildly in my lap, making it hard to concentrate. I reached down with a free hand and undid my pants, letting my cock out. I lifted her right foot into my mouth and let her left foot into my lap. Still wet with my saliva, her soft toes slid up and down my exposed cock. "You like that, don't you, professor?" Debbie asked with a smile. "Oh yes..." I moaned in response, her foot still in my mouth, tongue swabbing between each toe. She wiggled her toes in my mouth, and wiggled her toes on my cock. Heavenly, was all I can say. My breathing was labored. I knew I was close. She knew that too. Debbie pulled her feet away, to let me calm myself. She put her feet together, and her knees apart, as the soles of her feet touched. "My boyfriend likes this." was all she said. She slid my cock between her feet, forming some sort of foot-fetish sandwich, with my cock as the meat. I reflexively began to thrust my hips, watching my own cock slide along the ridges and her instep of her toes. She stared down at my cock sliding in between her arches with eager eyes. She smiled at me. "You're so hard." she said. But my mind was focusing on the beautiful sight of my cock and her feet. "You...kn-know I'm...gonna cum soon...right?" was all I could think of to mutter. "Yes, cum all over my toes...You know you want to..." "Oh yeahhh." "What's my grade, professor?" "C?" "Is that all my feet are worth?" she asked coyly. "You tell me." I countered, "Touch yourself for me, Debbie. Show me that you're enjoying this as much as I am." She smiled and unbuttoned her shorts and unzipped her zipper. She slid her right hand down under her white silk panties. Soon, she began making fuckfaces...silent 'ooh's' and 'ahh's' as she half-closed her eyes. "W-what's my grade now?..." she asked in a breathy voice. "B?" She withdrew her hand from her panties, and reached up to touch my lips. I eagerly licked her fingers, tasting her warm muskiness from her digits. I pumped harder. "Are you sure that's my grade?" "Oh hell...I'll give you anything you want..." I moaned as I knew I was reaching the point of no return, "Just don't stop, Debbie...Anything y-you wan--" I didn't finish my sentence. I groaned and held her two perfect feet together tightly by the ankles. I thrust my cock like a maniac, and came and came and came. I watched as what seemed like pints of cum spurted from my cock and oozed oh so beautifully between her toes to the tops of her feet. Debbie continued to slide her feet along my cock even after I let her ankles go. I felt the spasms subside, and so did she. I watched Debbie gather her Keds and to my surprise, she slid on her shoes without cleaning the cum off her toes. She smiled wickedly before turning to leave. Of course I gave her the A. Wouldn't you?