



Akasha's Web



[HOME](#) * [Online Training](#) * [CyberDungeon](#) * [Story Archive](#) * [For Women Only](#) * [Articles](#) * [Miss Blue](#)

Stories

This is what made Akasha's Web famous...

Foot Fetish Frankie



The Illustrated Story Archives:

Jigsaw

[The Twins: Part Three](#)

[The Twins: Part Two](#)

[The Twins: Part One](#)

[Gregory's List: The Cuckold](#)

[Bitch](#)

[Deconstructing Stephen](#)

[Foot Fetish Frankie](#)

[Machines](#)

[Party Girls](#)

[Using His Mouth](#)

[Milking Apprentice](#)

[Converting Chad](#)

[Pussy Collar Torture](#)

[Cum Guzzler](#)

[Casting Call](#)

[Dual Lust](#)

[Femdom Reflections on](#)

[Strap-On Play](#)

[Milkmaids](#)

[Milking Matthew](#)

[Pussy Boy](#)

More Archives:

[Forced Femme](#)

[Strap-On & Anal](#)

[Humiliation & Groups](#)

[Chastity](#)

[Cuckold](#)

[Pussy Worship](#)

Feet
Seduction & Lust
Sheila's Show
Romance
BDSM
Unfinished Stories
Behind Closed Doors
Space Age Love Song
The Corporate Slut



Foot-fetish-Frankie came to me and my girlfriends one night in a club and we immediately sized him up as cute and quite trainable. He was in his 30s and charming, mature and sophisticated, and seemed to say all the right things. My femdom juices were already flowing after a heavy night of play and seduction, and Frankie had great eyes and a nice ass.

It was one of those "sure – why the hell not?" moments for me and a few friends – usually, men who approached me randomly with big offers to serve and pamper were taken with a huge grain of salt. In no time, though, Frankie was kneeling right there in the crowded club, massaging my sore toes.

My feet had to have been a sweaty mess at that point after dancing most of the night. He'd unzipped my boots, after asking for permission, and very delicately removed them and placed them next to my chair. I was chattering with my girlfriends, mostly ignoring Frankie, as he rubbed and massaged the soles of my sweaty feet and each of my toes. At least he did not start licking, slobbering or pressing my feet into his crotch – inappropriate behavior I'd experienced before from overzealous foot boys.

No, Frankie was different, and had a nice touch. I liked his hair, too, and back then, that was just about all a man needed to end up on the other end of my strap on cock. "I'm taking you home," I told Frankie. My girlfriends laughed, thinking it was a matter of speech. But I wasn't really kidding.

**

No matter how submissive a man is, he can always use more training.

I learned this rule the hard way, after being disappointed so many times by 'agendaless' subs who professed to me that they really wanted nothing but to serve me – at any cost, and without any needs of their own.

Frankie was no different. While he admitted he was ultimately in love with my feet, he insisted that more important was my pleasure – regardless. I asked him over breakfast a hypothetical question.

"If serving me forever meant never touching my feet again, or even seeing them, would you still be my slave?"

This caused him some great turmoil. He had this adorable look on his face – confused, bewildered. What kind of a question was that? I knew it made him think, and realized his submission did have some limitations.

As a cruel and sadistic lady, admittedly, I enjoyed finding out each and every one of those limitations. Simply so I could push a man every so uncomfortably past them. Just a bit. Just enough to get me hot, so to speak.

In a few days, I knew all of Frankie's hesitations and limitations, and I knew also that I could get him to do

just about anything if I teased and taunted him with the promises of adoring my lovely pedicured feet. Frankie would do anything to kiss and suck my toes, he would do anything to have my feet on his face. I would simply deny him the pleasure of my sweet footsies for a short while, all along teasing him about it, and then he'd start begging and pleading.

That's when the fun started.

**

Frankie didn't like to suck cock.

This amused me a great deal. I had no intentions of ever making straight-Frankie suck a real dick, but I sure loved to watch him grimace and choke as he struggled to take all eight inches of my latex strap on dildo.

He'd refuse at first, but with the promise of getting fifteen minutes with my feet after they'd been stuffed in running shoes for an hour, he'd be on his knees begging for a chance to suck and clean them. I told him quite clearly that he'd first have to worship and suck this (pointing to my thick black shaft), and then we'd see about those toes.

Poor Frankie; I can still see the look of conflict on his face, the obvious bulge in his jeans. He wanted so bad to see, touch and taste my feet again. I taunted him that so many men would DIE to suck my strap on dick, yet he was kneeling there with his nose in the air, being such a pill about it. I slapped his face a couple of times with my latex cock, purred at him, told him how wet I was. And indeed, I was wet.

I was wet, undeniably, because Frankie was in that moment. The moment that I adored. The moment that is really golden, I think, for any femdom. Because Frankie wanted what he wanted so bad, that he was trying to talk himself into sucking my strap on cock, something he wanted NOTHING to do with.

There's a moment for every submissive man when his fear and dread about an act becomes small enough, because he wants what he needs so bad. He was willing, at that moment, to ignore his male ego, to ignore his fears and self dread, and go ahead and not only suck my strap on cock, but worship it like nothing else mattered.

Oh, just a little teasing and promising about my cute toes and tired soles and he was slurping and gurgling and even begging for more. Once I got him going, there was no stopping Frankie. I just slipped off my shoes and started pressing my toes into the bulge in his jeans, pointing out to him that he was hard as a rock as he sucked my dick. I made him unbutton his jeans so I could tease and press my toes into his bulge. Eventually I had his cock out of his pants completely and was foot-fucking him as he sucked my cock.

Little did he know that this was the beginning of the end. By foot-fucking him while he sucked my dick, I seared into his brain the inevitable reality. He'd be a cocksucker forever, it was just a short matter of time.

**

I was getting a little frustrated with Frankie's single-mindedness as a submissive foot fetishist. We'd been seeing each other for a couple of months, and as he got more comfortable, it started to become more about my feet than the rest of me, and this was clear.

Sure, it was nice having him constantly wanting to go shoe shopping and giving me endless foot massages. But if I denied him access to my feet for more than a day he'd become pouty and depressed, passive aggressive and whiny, and it took a firm spanking or caning and a lecture to straighten him out.

Frankie insisted that this was all because of his deep devotion to me and my feet. My feet were unlike any other, he told me. I knew this was not true. The simple fact of the matter was that I was the first woman to cruelly control him with my feet, by making him want them so bad, then giving him a little at a time.

Or, by pushing his fetish to the extremes – shoving both of my feet into his mouth (this took quite some time to maneuver), making him cum between my soles, making him lick and clean my wet feet after every bath and shower, making him worship my feet and ankles after every workout. I'd make him suck and lick them while they were in stockings, making sure they were spit-clean through the actual fabric of the stockings before he was through.

After dinner, he'd have to lay on the floor while I used his face as a footrest, shutting up his chatter by shoving my toes into his mouth or telling him to keep licking.

Frankie was in foot-heaven, really, when he was behaving. But when it started to become more about my feet than me, he was in serious trouble. He groaned when I wanted to fuck his ass with my cock, he grumbled when I wanted to sit on his face and make him eat my pussy (can you believe it, a man who loved feet more than pussy? It's true). He was simply intolerable when I wanted to put him in tight bondage and pleasure myself while he struggled to get free.

That's when I knew Frankie needed a serious reality check, a serious attitude adjustment. And the outcome would determine if it was time to have Frankie move on.

**

For the entire length of our relationship, one thing Frankie would not do is eat his own cum. It was amusing to me, because most men were like this at the start of our relationships, but ultimately, they all ended up being rabid cum drinkers. It was just a matter of proper training.

Frankie, though, would turn his nose up at the idea and no matter what, after he shot his load, he'd make up excuses and change the subject and then tell me it was a "hard limit." I tried saving up his cum without him

knowing it and then making him beg to eat it in order to cum, but he never would. Even taking precum and trying to make him kiss it off my fingers wasn't working. I knew that using my feet would be his downfall, but I was pretty determined to get him to eat it without resorting to that.

Finally, I needed it. I was tired of his needs and whining and wanted to see a hot, nasty level of submission from him. "I'll never eat cum," he had said so many times.

"You'll be begging for it!" I laughed. "What if I told you that you could never touch my feet again until you ate your entire load?"

This mortified him and he shut down for a moment, then finally confessed that he would be heart broken. He gave me the best puppy dog eyes and I saw his hands instinctively reach for my feet, which were in pretty summer sandals.

"One day," I warned him, "You'll be guzzling cum like a hungry little whore."

**

That one day, ironically, was the four month anniversary of our first date in the club. Frankie looked so handsome – he had a great body and fantastic smile, he always had the scent of fine cologne. My girlfriends all adored him, and most could not believe that he was really more a slave to my feet than anything else.

"I'll prove it!" I told Jackie and Shelia, who mocked me when we were shopping and told me I was exaggerating.

"Richard likes to give me foot massages, too," Jackie confessed as she browsed through a rack of g-string panties.

"This is nothing like that," I assured her. "Frankie would do ANYTHING to massage my feet, anything to suck my toes – even things that are disgusting."

"I can think of some disgusting things," Shelia laughed. My girlfriends giggled – they always liked to come up with the ideas, but were too timid to act on them. As a result, they lived vicariously through me, always eager for the chance to watch or observe but never being responsible for the actual dominance. It made it easy and carefree for them.

My wheels had already been turning, anyway. Frankie had been denied any access to my feet for three days. It was killing him. He always was not allowed to cum. As a result, he was depressed and cranky, horny as hell, and starting to waffle on many of his 'hard limits' in our discussions. But he was not quite there yet. I wanted him totally broken, and so horny that he'd accept crazy offers for a chance to sniff or kiss my feet – and I was going to put him to the test.

"Keep Saturday night open," I told my girlfriends. "I think I'll have a little party and you can see just what I'm talking about."

This got both of them excited. They loved to get in on the action. In fact, our shopping trip immediately turned into a trip to find the perfect outfits – to torture Frankie.

I told my girlfriends the outfits didn't matter. It would be all about the shoes!

**

On Friday, before my party, I got Frankie to go into a public bathroom and shove a butt plug up his ass just for a chance to sniff my feet, still in socks, outside in the food court at the mall. This was double humiliation for him, because he had to wear the plug in his ass, then he had to be publically embarrassed as college girls and soccer moms watched him take off my tennis shoes and sniff my feet in open public.

Just sniff!

He looked pathetic there, kneeling uncomfortably. I'm sure the plug felt tight and frightening in his ass and he was worried it would pop right out as he tried to get into the best position to inhale the scent of my stinky feet right through my dirty socks. I made him shut his eyes then I took off one of my socks and rolled it up, stuffing it into his mouth. "Let that taste keep you busy for awhile" I said, and then I changed into new sandals from my mall bag and made him carry my tennis shoes and other sock.

The bulge in his shorts was so big he looked like a walking tent.

**

Saturday night was my big party. I let Frankie dress up and think the party was just a few couples coming over to enjoy a bottle of wine. I made it a point to dress up specifically to torture him – I was wearing a tight dress, no stockings and super sexy sandals that expose my freshly pedicured feet. I had spent an hour at the salon that day and told him all about how the sweet male therapist had massaged and pampered my toes.

It was all simply to get Frankie so worked up that he'd do anything later – and it was working. Frankie was so horny that I caught him looking at all the ladies' feet. He didn't even ask why it was an all-girl party after all, he was too caught up gazing at the lovely toenails and pretty feet present.

My girlfriends got into it in a huge way. I'd planned a contest that we all knew about but Frankie did not, and that was who could have the cutest feet, toenails and toes. So as a result, all the girls clearly got pedicures, and they were all wearing dead-sexy sandals and high heels that accented their arches, their ankles and their beautiful toes. Some sparkled, others were done traditionally – but they were all gorgeous, and poor Frankie had no idea this was planned to contribute to his downfall.

The night before, I had reminded Frankie of his 'hard limit' with regards to eating cum. Under no circumstances, he told me, would he ever eat his own cum. I just smiled and listened to him as he presented his platform, establishing clearly that he was simply not like other submissive men. He also claimed the act was "gay." I asked him if sucking my big strap on dick was gay, and he said no, of course, as he was choking on my cock. I pumped it in and out of his mouth threatening him – telling him that perhaps I was wearing my ejaculating dick and the load would soon be oozing down his throat before he could deny it, and if he were tied down, he would have no choice.

This scared him. But it wasn't enough for me.

I didn't want to trick him into eating his own cum. I wanted to make him BEG to eat his own cum. That's a big difference.

**

The Saturday night party was in full swing. We had music and some girl-girl dancing, the wine was flowing, and Frankie tried to remain invisible as he served drinks and attended to our needs, but was always looking at the feet of the ladies present. It was so obvious that even my girlfriends started to comment on it, and a few of them began to believe me and realized that I had not been exaggerating when I told them he liked feet more than pussy.

The room was buzzing though in anticipation of the main event. My girlfriends knew what I had in store for foot-fetish-Frankie, and it was going to be the ultimate in humiliation and mindfuck.

Thawing in my kitchen, hidden from Frankie, was a bowl of cum so large that he'd be mortified. I'd been saving the loads for quite some time, and he'd know immediately when he saw it, for sure. And he'd be begging for it, begging to slurp it up, to guzzle it, anything. This I knew for sure.

At 11pm, the ladies knew we were going to start teasing him. I had my girlfriends one at a time suggest that they needed a foot massage and had heard that he was the best at giving them. He'd look at me hopefully but I would deny him.

"Frankie isn't doing feet tonight ladies," I told them. "He's on foot restriction."

There was a groan from the ladies – a group groan. One at a time, they complained about their tired feet, took off their shoes slowly, massaged their toes in clear view, stretching their fine legs, moaning somewhat suggestively. "I would LOVE to have him suck on MY toes," Victoria said, teasing him mercilessly.

The bulge in his pants grew visibly.

"I just got my toes painted today," Caroline announced, "And I was looking forward all day to having my

ankles massaged and my toes rubbed!”

“My feet STINK!” Leslie laughed. “And I just wanted a tongue bath!”

All the girls laughed and Frankie just stood there, shellshocked. I made him sit on the couch and then I made an offer to the ladies.

“Come line up,” I said. “You can all put your feet on his crotch and on his chest and he can look but cannot touch. This is his punishment!”

Frankie protested. “For what? I’ve been good – haven’t I?”

I laughed. He knew what I was talking about. And he knew that I just wanted to see him teased and tortured. One at a time my pretty girlfriends lined up and came over to him as he sat on the couch. It was our version of a strip club, with lapdances, where the patron had to sit there and not touch. Except instead of rubbing tits in his face, we were teasing him with our feet, rubbing them over him but not letting him touch or lick. He was going insane!

I had no idea what an effect this would have on him. Or on my girlfriends. My friends were loving it, because his reactions were hysterical. He was visibly shaking, looking almost delirious, like a druggie who needed a fix. Feet in his face, under his chin, all over his body, and every time he would go to touch, I would reach over and grab him by the wrist and tell him no.

“I bet those feet smell and taste so good!” I hissed into his ear. He had Leslie’s perfect pink toenails right under his nose and he was shaking. He wanted to lick so bad, I could tell.

“Please,” he finally broke down. He looked at me with begging eyes. I could see he was sincere. There was a big wet spot in his pants – the precum had oozed right through his briefs and his pants and the spot was growing! It looked like he pissed himself.

“Please,” he said again.

I was waiting for those words I loved to hear so much. So I kept on letting him beg, and kept encouraging my girlfriends to tease him. Mandy was dunking her toes in a champagne glass and asking him if he wanted a drink! Soon, all the girls were putting their toes in the glasses and getting the champagne soaked into their skin, then making him drink the rest. He was getting a fine mix of champagne and feminine foot stink, and it pushed him over the edge.

Finally, the words.

“I’ll do anything!”

A hush fell over the room and then there were a few giggles. My girlfriends knew what this meant. It was as if the entire party switched into high gear at the moment he said the line. He knew, too, that he was done for. He was sweating, and squirming, and half laying there looking desperate. The ladies around him had been too much – the teasing, the feet. The taste of the champagne. He needed to worship them all, he needed a night with all those gorgeous feet – and he would do anything to get it!

**

My girlfriends were playfully holding him down when I emerged from the kitchen with the bowl. He looked at it with dread and fear. He was visibly sweating. "What is that?" he asked.

One of my girlfriends gasped, "Ooh. GROSS! Is that CUM?!"

That seemed to clarify it for him. He shut his eyes tight and started to shake all over even more. I could tell he was trying to process it all in his head – the humiliation, the shame, the dread, the fear – and the need. The desire, the lust. He was surrounded by more gorgeous feet than ever and had been denied for days! He needed to worship these pretty feet more than anything – even if it meant eating a bowl of cum right there in front of everyone.

Ironically, given the choice, he would surely kiss and worship every foot there – instead of pussy. That's how bad he needed it and how teased and horny he was.

He had his eyes shut tight. I loved seeing him that way – so conflicted, so horny. I could see the bulge in his pants shifting. He was desperate. I bet a long session of foot worship would actually make him cum right in his underwear! I imagined the kind of humiliation that could turn into!

I crouched down with the bowl of cum and told my assembled girlfriends to line up their pretty feet for a little fun. Giggling filled the room as the ladies complied, and poor Frankie just squirmed there, helpless, horny.

"You want to worship our gorgeous feet, Frankie?" I said to him. "Then you have to give me a little of what I want, too. And right now, it's to see you turn into a total cum drinker. A cum worshipper! You want it? Beg for it." I taunted him by showing him the bowl of cum – creamy, white, disgusting.

He grimaced and looked like he might be sick, but at the same time, he was rock hard. One of my girlfriends, Julie, teased him by waving a foot in his face – she had the best feet of the bunch, so cute and dainty, freshly manicured and gorgeous. He tried to look away but could not – he wanted to kiss her toes desperately.

"So what's it going to be?" I asked him. "Are you a cum drinker tonight, Frankie? Or are you ready to be sent to your room for the evening while we ladies give each other pedicures and talk about what a pussy you

are!”

My girlfriends giggled a bit and started to complain to each other about how they needed a foot massage and had head so much about his skills. Frankie was just looking at the bowl of cum.

I decided to take action. Veronica was already sitting across from him, taunting him now and then with her foot, so I coated it with cum and she squealed with laughter and disgust. Without hesitation, she shoved it into his face, ordering him, “Lick that off! LICK IT OFF!” – because, clearly, she was disgusted by it.

Frankie could not do anything but lick. Her foot was planted in his face and the cum was smearing all over his cheeks. He struggled but my girlfriends held him still. I have to admit, I was incredibly turned on as I watched him – it was clear that he was overcome with lust as soon as his tongue touched her precious feet.

In no time, he forgot about the taste and texture of the cum, and instead was lapping hungrily and eagerly at her flesh. Her foot was clean in just moments, and then he needed more – and was more than willing to beg.

I wanted those moments to last forever. Seeing and hearing Frankie beg for more and more cum was exhilarating. He was lapping at the cum eagerly – from the feet of my girlfriends, from the bottom of the bowl. We were all getting into it, scooping the cum onto our fingertips and shoving them into his mouth, creaming it between our toes and seeing how strong his tongue was.

Really, though, Frankie just wanted to be buried in our feet, cum or no cum. He got what he needed so desperately, at one point having six or seven feet at once smothering him, crushing him, smashing his face. He moaned and squirmed under the weight of our delicate feet and little toes, and all I needed to do is press the arch of my foot into his crotch and massage gently before he exploded right into his briefs. He twitched and groaned and shook with a little bit of embarrassment, curling into a ball for a second, only to look up and see us all laughing at him.

“You were right!” Veronica said. “He likes feet more than pussy. Unbelievable! Did you just CUM?”

He did. And I knew what this meant. My girlfriends, though, surely would not understand. He turned red and pushed his wet hair from his face, grimaced at the bowl next to him, made a sour face as if he’s just eaten something foul. He was coming back to his senses, essentially. He was not going to be eating any more cum, that was certain. And, sadly, even the allure of the pretty feet was going to be taken down a notch. I cursed myself for making him cum!

“Frankie,” I ordered. “You have more feet to clean.”

“Yes, Mistress,” he said softly, eyes down, holding the delicate feet of Julia in his hands, resting in his lap. He shifted uncomfortable. I considered for a moment making him take off his pants and creamed briefs and

licking them clean for all to see – but knew there would be quite a battle to get him there.

Instead, I let him massage each of my girlfriend's feet, taking a half hour or more on each set, on his knees, quietly, knowing that in his head he was reflecting on the unthinkable degradation he'd suffered so willingly and eagerly just moments before.

My lady friends were pleasantly oblivious, chatting and enjoying the attention, occasionally reminding him of the cum drinking show he'd given. He just shrugged and would not acknowledge it, really.

I knew, though, that in a matter of a day or two, he'd be horny again, horny and desperate. And next time, I'd make him eat the cum slowly, and never give him release, until he had consumed so much while worshipping my feet that he was well on his way to being reprogrammed.

Unfortunately, we never did get that far, because Frankie really did enjoy my feet more than my pussy. The last time I sat on his face and caught him more interested in massaging my toes than working his tongue, I told him I was pretty much done with him. I enjoy a good fetish just like any other domina; but if a man doesn't have his priorities straight, I send him on his way. I do miss the foot massages though. And so do my girlfriends.

© 2007Akasha's Web All Rights Reserved.