



Akasha's Web



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The Cruel Shoes

Sometimes Rebecca just wore the boots to attract attention. She loved the way some men stared but tried to hide it, no matter how obvious it was.



She sat at the bar slowly eating pretzels, one leg crossed over the other so her boot hung lazily to one side. These were the black, shiny ones. Black patent leather, nearly to the thigh, with laces all the way up the front. Lacing them up was laborious, but it was worth the effort. She loved the way they clung to her shins tightly, she loved the way they looked.

Obviously the man at her side liked the way they looked, too. She noticed his eyes wandering once more to them, then back to his drink. He cleared his throat.

She ignored him and ran one gloved hand up the slick, black shiny material, fingering the laces, then down over the long five inch heel. She rubbed her ankle for a bit then stretched.

He glanced over again and she turned to him, catching him.

He smiled nervously. "I like the boots."

She laughed and slapped a hand on the material again. "Yes they're nice. But a bear to lace up. Do you have any idea how long it takes to lace these things?" she asked, thrusting her long leg out toward him, her spike heel precariously aimed at his

crotch.

He shifted and looked at them. "I..I have no idea."

She leaned over, sliding a pretzel into her mouth. "I call them 'the cruel shoes'".

The man again shifted a bit, running his hand through his hair, lifting his eyes to her. "I guess that means they take a long time to lace up?"

Chuckling, she paused. "That's not why I call them that."

His name was Brad, and he was an easy catch. She grabbed her purse as he paid the tab and followed her out the door, and she knew he was watching her ass, how the boots made her walk that certain way. How one leg slid in front of the other and she moved with such grace on 5 inch stilts.

A taxi was waiting so she slid inside, crossing her legs and pointing the shiny tip of her spike at him as he slid in next to her.

"Let's see how long they take *you* to lace," she grinned at him.

Brad laughed and put his hands in his laps, looking at her boots as she took out a compact and started to re-apply lipstick.

"I'll be straight with you, Brad," she said without looking at him, puckering her lips.

"These boots make my feet sore. And as much as I love to wear them, and appreciate a man that loves to look at them, " she paused as she shut the compact and looked at him, "I have no qualms making a man pay for the privilege of looking upon them."

Brad swallowed and his eyes shifted, he appeared like he didn't know where to look.

Rebecca turned and faced forward, pursing her lips. "And as I figure it, you were staring at my boots for...oh...say," she paused and looked at her watch, "About 20 minutes."

Brad nodded and looked at her eyes, her lips. "I did...I know. I couldn't help it..I mean, " he waved his hands at them, at the way they held tight to her strong legs, at how the arch curved as she lifted her spike toward him.

Rebecca interrupted him, "Ever had one of these spikes half way down your throat, Brad?"

He hesitated, startled. "No...no I -"

"It's like sucking cock, " she commented casually, leaning into her purse again. "You never know how deep you can take it until you're choking on it for real."

Brad swallowed and looked down as she leaned to the driver.

"This is my place," she handed him a wad of bills. "Let us off here."

"You've obviously never sucked cock before, Brad."

He was kneeling there, strained, trying to hold desperately still as she rammed the long, thin heel into his mouth. It moved slick, it moved with ease, but Brad still pulled back instinctively as she forced it in.

She leaned forward to hold his head still and he cringed, tensed.

"You aren't trying very hard," she scolded.

He choked and pulled back, taking a breath. "I..Look, I can't do this, I didn't think coming up here meant --"

She grabbed him hard by the head and shoved his nose to the toe of her boot. "You thought you were going to get fucked? Is that what you thought, Brad?"

He tensed and resisted but she pushed harder and ordered with a scowl, "Lick it, Brad. Make it clean. I want you to see your reflection in it."

Her legs opened reflexively and his eyes caught her panties, her wetness. Perhaps it was the eagerness to please that made him overcome the momentary revulsion. His

tongue slid forward and he licked, in long, adoring strokes.

She moaned and leaned back, opening her legs more, letting one hand drift toward her crotch. "Yes, that's it..."

His eyes shifted then closed, and he continued moving his tongue up the long, black material, around the hoops that held the laces, up over the side of her leg, higher, higher....

She stopped him with a hand to his forehead as he reached the base of her thigh and was close to her skin. "You like a challenge, Brad?"

His eyes moved to hers and he hesitated, "Yes...yes, usually..."

Rebecca stood and stretched, walking to her closet in her short skirt and boots. "You like shoes? I like shoes. I love shoes, Brad."

With careful little movements Brad turned toward her as she slowly opened her closet door. What he saw was shoes...shoes everywhere, more shoes than he had ever seen in his life. Boots and boots and more boots - in black and white and beige, leather and latex and wool. Some with heels, some without. Some high, some low. And stiletto heels, some 7 inches, some less. He gasped and said, "Jesus Christ, that's a lot of shoes."

Rebecca pulled a pair of hot red pumps from the shelf with a sigh, pointing the red heel toward her lips as she puckered at them. "Sometimes I sit here and just try on shoes. Half of these I have never worn." She paused, placing a loving kiss on the spike.

"What a waste," he commented, eying the row of sandals.

Her head snapped toward him and she shot him a cold glare. "A waste?" she stormed over and he tensed as she shoved the red heels in his face.

"You dare tell me what a waste is, as you spend your precious money on fucking BMWs and golf clubs?" she scowled, shoving the red spiked heels into his mouth.

He winced and shifted, trying to apologize but having a mouth full of heel.

"These shoes," she growled at him as her movements became a slow, mouth fucking motion, "Have given me more pleasure than you could *ever* get from any of your possessions."

He nodded and looked at her with big, apologetic eyes. In reality, he feared the integrity of his mouth, as the heels were sharp and scraping ruthlessly at his tender tongue.

With a growl she yanked the shoe free and turned away. "But enough of that, on to my challenge," she sighed.

Brad looked down, nervous. He was aroused, there was no doubt, just watching her legs, those boots, and her ass did it to him. But the more he learned of her and her shoes, the more he was scared. She might be a great fuck, definitely, but was it work having to tongue all these shoes?

His concentration was rocked as Rebecca went into a frenzy in her closet, throwing all the boots and shoes into a big pile on the floor. He remained there kneeling in awe as he watched her pile them all together, hundreds of shoes, spikes sticking everywhere.

With a big grin of accomplishment she stood, her hands on her hips, over her kingdom of shoes. "It's really pretty easy," she explained, leaning down and picking up a random shoe. She held it up. "I find a shoe," she instructed, waving it at him. "And you find it's partner."

Brad looked at the shoe then at the pile. It was a white sandal with straps and a heel. How bad could it be? The color narrowed it down quickly, and there were not many sandals. "I can do that."

Rebecca dropped the sandal in the pile and walked to him, her hands behind her back. "Well I want to make it a little more difficult for you, baby. I want to make it so that you have to WORK..."

He lifted his eyes to her slowly, not liking her grin. "What do you mean?"

>From behind her back she produced a leather blindfold. She waved it him and grinned.

He scoffed. "If I can't see, how can I tell?!"

She leaned over and he resisted the urge to look down her top. God knows what looking there would cost him.

She grinned. "You can be innovative."

"I can use my hands, right?"

She laughed, "Of course not!"

Brad shook his head at her in disbelief. "There are a hundred shoes over there! I can't -- I can't lick them all to find the one that matches!"

She ooooh'd at him and it aroused him the way she seemed to be suddenly turned on, watching his lips. "But Brad, it makes me hot to watch you use your mouth, your tongue. On my pretty shoes. I'd imagine that tongue inside me, exploring me the way you are exploring my property."

A slow grin crossed his face. He eyed her legs. "Then come on, let me use that tongue, " he smiled, thinking of how she must taste.

She reached forward with the blindfold. "Sure, *after* you prove your ability."

With a groan he held still as she slid the cover over his eyes, and he muttered. He was getting impatient, his cock was throbbing, and he was pissed.

"Just so you know," she said as she walked over to her shoe pile. "I'll be masturbating while I watch."

"Did you HAVE to tell me that??" he sighed.

She returned and pulled his hands behind his back, cuffing them.

He winced and grumbled, shifting in his bonds. Suddenly there was the distinct smell of leather under his nose. "Take it," she ordered.

A shoe was shoved into his mouth and he heard her chuckle and sit down, heard the chair creak, then heard her skirt unzipping.

Brad sighed, aroused, aching. He dropped the shoe to the floor and leaned down to feel it with his cheek first, to figure out what kind it was. He felt for buckles first, for straps. He used his tongue to pick up the finer detail, and he heard her moan loudly as she watched.

The creaking of the chair, her hot breaths, her urging him on all served to distract him. She told him quite firmly, "If I cum before you succeed, you lose."

With a mouthful of shoe he gritted, "If I win?"

She moaned in response. "Then that tongue finds its way into my wet pussy, isn't that what you want?"

Brad nodded eagerly, dropped the shoe, and crawled over to the waiting pile. He had a mental picture in his head of the shoe, a small leather boot that was about ankle high, with a 2 or 3 inch heel and a zipper on one side, buckle on the other.

The smell of leather overcame him as he slid his nose into the pile, quickly grabbing shoes with his teeth and tossing them to the side when he eliminated them from the running. He got rid of all pumps first, all big thigh high boots and sandals. He was starting to sweat, breathe hard, and ache all over.

Rebecca's moans became more loud and demanding as she watched him, she told him how wet he was making, how hot his tongue was.

He moved furiously, sensing her close to orgasm. But the last several prospects he found all felt the same to him, and he had to take slow, careful effort in sliding his tongue over the detail, counting buckles, looking for zippers.

"That tongue, " she gasped, "Oh yes...Oh Brad, I'm cumming,"

He gasped too, lifting his head, "No, wait!"

But it was too late. She gasped again, moaned, and he heard the chair shake wildly in her bucks of orgasm. She cried out again and again, moaning his name.

He kneeled there, pouting, defeated. He shifted in the handcuffs and threw his head

around but the blindfold would not come lose.

There was a long silence and he called her name.

Still, silence.

"Rebecca?" he turned his head, listening for sound.

Finally her breath was at his ear. "You lost, Brad."

"Yeah, I know," he muttered. "Now take off the blindfold, I want to see which it was."

Suddenly her hand was in his hair, hard. He gasped in pain as she pulled him to his feet.

"You lost, Brad. It's my turn. You have to pay up."

"Ahhh -- " he winced as she dragged him toward another room. He stumbled in pain and fought but she slapped him, hard, across the face.

This scared him, and he shut his mouth, following her, figuring another shoe torment was probably all he would have to endure before she either let him at her or let him go.

It was what seemed like a basement and he found himself stripped naked and tied down, spread eagled, his wrists in tight metal bands and his ankles in leather straps.

He was breathing hard, turned on by how her body rubbed against him when she locked him down that way. It didn't hurt that she was talking dirty to him as she did.

Finally she slipped the blindfold off his eyes and smiled at him. The room was semi dark but he could see her there, back in the leather skirt and high black patent leather boots with the huge spiked heels.

She slid into a chair that was right above him and crossed her legs so her heel hung down close to his throbbing cock. She was smiling all too cruelly.

Brad struggled and looked at her. He looked pissed but his cock stood at attention as she peered at him, occasionally moving her toe over to tap at it.

"What's the matter, cat got your tongue?" she smiled.

Brad bit his lip. "What now? Is this my punishment?"

She stretched, her breasts pressed forward in her tight corset, grinning at him. She waved the boots at him. "Did I ever tell you why these are called 'the cruel shoes'?"

Brad tensed for a second, looking at them. "Yeah, the laces."

Rebecca laughed. "No. That's not it at all." Slowly, carefully, she lowered her heel down toward his cock and balls, pressing into them.

He gasped in pain and shifted, snapping, "AH!"

"oooh" she purred as her heel dug into his scrotum, "Does that *hurt*?"

"FUCK YES!" he cried out, his eyes shut tight in pain.

"I could press harder...." she grinned, looking at the tip of the spike as it dug into his delicate skin. She lifted the other boot and tapped at the tip of his cock, then locked it between the cool, slick material. She effectively had them in a vice.

Brad stared at her, pleadingly. He looked at his cock, then at her, then said softly, "Don't, please...stop?"

Rebecca smiled cruelly and tightened her feet together and rubbed them against his cock, asking, "Didn't you want your cock rubbed, Brad? You've been thinking about it all night!"

He writhed in pain but his cock remained hard. He pulled at the bonds and was unable to gain any sort of freedom.

"Admit it," she leaned over, swiping a bit of the precum from his cock and lifting it to his lips. "You love this, you are ready to cum right now."

He thrashed his head away when the precum met his lips, gasping in pain.

Finally, she let go, and he gasped in relief.

With a soft smile she watched him pant, sweat, his eyes shut tightly in delirious pain and exhaustion. His cock throbbed with his ragged breath, the precum glistened. For a moment she took bits of it and sucked it off her fingers, then rubbed it on her spiked heel and firmly planted it into his torso.

Brad arched his back in pain and his eyes shot open. He found himself staring up between her legs, under her skirt, and at her shaved and glistening pussy. "Oh...god..." he winced.

"You mean, 'goddess'" she grinned, pressing the heel deep into his flesh painfully.

He again arched his back in pain, gasping, "Goddess, yes Goddess!". When she stepped on him with the other heel he opened his eyes again, watching her as she fingered herself, gazing down at him with an evil smile of adoration.

Distracted by her fingers, lost in the pain, his cock throbbing, Brad felt close to delirium. When she stepped off of him the blood rushed back into the welts painfully, making him shift even more.

Rebecca stood and moved out of vision for a moment, returning with a leather briefcase. She set it down next to him and he looked at it, then at her, still breathless.

"What...what're you doing?" he asked shakily.

She sat down in front of him and moved a lever, lowering chains above his helpless frame. He looked at them, then at her. He was terrified but he kept a straight face. Deep down he hoped, he prayed, that finally maybe she would fuck him for this.

The chains were hanging above his legs as she unlocked his ankles and lifted them, one at a time, locking them into the hanging shackles so they were raised high in the air. This made him uneasy, his ass exposed, both legs now straight in the air above him. He had never felt more vulnerable.

Rebecca was humming as she leaned down to the black briefcase and opened it. He turned his head and saw devices, a half dozen of them, strapped into a case. They looked like attachments for a massage device, but some of them were sharp, some were ragged. He was clueless.

She crossed one leg over the other and he watched her move gracefully, pleasantly, taking the spiked heel of one of her boots and turning it. Slowly, carefully, she unscrewed it. It came loose and he watched with disbelief as she set the five inch heel into the case and searched for a replacement.

Never before had he seen such a thing. The heels on her boots were removable. And what sat in the case were various devices of torture. All with the purpose of being screwed into place, into the sole of her boot.

Rebecca looked more stunning than ever with her long dark hair hanging in her face, her breasts hugging the corset as she slid her gloved finger over the devices that sat waiting in the case.

Brad breathed hard as he watched, watched her pass over the vice, the ice pick, the attachment that looked to be electrical. She stopped and tapped on the slick black latex dildo. "Yes," she smiled, "This will be perfect.

He eyed it then looked at her. "No, wait..."

She pulled it out and showed it to him. It was 8 inches long at least, thick in circumference, all black patent leather. She screwed it slowly into her boot heel as she watched him.

Brad struggled, he fought, he swore at her. She just laughed. Finally, when the dildo was screwed tight in place, she sat back in her chair and shoved it into his mouth, forcing his head back.

His protests were muffled as she sat back, arms crossed over her chest, commenting at what a great cocksucker he was. When he tried to turn away she just followed him with her foot, ramming it deeper.

He finally ceased his struggling and looked at her, eyes desperate, as she lifted a small jar of lubricant.

"And now," She smiled softly at her effectively gagged victim, "The part of the night

you have been waiting for. Your fucking."

Brad winced and twisted but she held the dildo-heel secure in his mouth as she carefully took the lubricant onto her fingertips and leaned over to smear it slowly over his asshole.

His writhing became more desperate but she just snickered, fingering his ass slowly, deeply, ignoring his muffled protests.

When she withdrew the dildo-heel from his mouth he gasped loudly and begged, pleaded. But she didn't listen.

Rebecca sat back in her chair, holding the seat of it for leverage, and watched with desire as she slide the dildo heel slowly, carefully into his lubricated ass. He shifted but she moved persistently, slowly, opening him wider and wider.

"I'm sorry you lost the challenge earlier," she said as she forced the dildo deeper, watching his cock bob, the precum drip down the base, noticing his expression turn from pain to lust. "But there is something you should know about women and shoes."

He didn't respond, his body moving with fucking motion as she slid the dildo in and out of his opening with more ease.

"We tend to lose one of a pair quite a bit," she smiled, watching his expression turn to desperation, his arousal on edge. "I haven't seen the other boot to the one you had for years now."

His eyes shot open and she laughed, a subtle twist of her ankle resulting in a vibration that ran hard through his body, making him writhe and nearly cum.

She leaned over and took his cock into her hand, one soft stroke resulting in him bucking with orgasm. "There was *no* other shoe, Brad."

He gasped as his cum shot up his chest, in his face, on his neck.

Rebecca smiled and sat back, folding her arms and licking his cum from her fingers as she watched him. "One of these days, maybe I will find that other shoe."

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