



## Stories

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## Michael and My Boots

The night I met Michael I was wearing a short leather skirt and thigh high black patent leather boots. It was a fetish party, and I didn't want to go in the first place, but CC begged me and she was new at this kind of thing so I agreed.

It is rare that I wear leather instead of PVC, but somehow I felt wearing my club clothes to an S&M party was sacrilege, so I pulled out the short mini and boots, put on a corset-like top that made my boobs look huge, and off we went.

Now, Michael, you must know, is this really handsome corporate type, and I had seen him once before at a club of all places. He looked out of place at the club, but he fit right in at the fetish party, wearing nothing but an extra tight black leather thong and leather shackles around his wrists (which were fastened to nothing).

Michael and I exchanged obligatory flirtatious glances, and I found that CC was off with a cute little British thing, so I went over, towering in my 5 inch heels, and sat on the couch next to corporate Michael. I wondered if he had ever heard of my web site. I decided not to bring it up.

Michael had a nice look to him - and a good body. When he smiled I noticed he had great teeth, and that's important to me. So I put out my hand, wearing elbow high leather gloves, and gave his palm a squeeze that meant business.

"I'm Akasha," I said. "And I'd like to see your tongue on my boots."

Mind you, I don't usually come onto men like that. But something came over me that night. And there was something about the look of him, and the way he seemed so out of place yet IN place.

I just wanted to see that tongue of his all over my black patent leather, I wanted to see him on his hands and knees. I wanted to see if other partygoers turned to look.

Michael blinked at me, lowered his head a little, as if not sure he heard correctly, and then leaned over to take my leg in his hand, probably to lift it to his lap.

"I don't THINK so," I said to him, smirking. I pointed a single gloved finger to the floor. Indeed, it was clear, he could not just put my leg in his lap and lick (and get a good view up my crotch, I am sure); no, he would do it as a slave should. On the floor. Hands and knees. Exposed.

I guess I was in a mood after all.

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Bootlicking, to be honest, was never a big deal for me. But sometimes it just hits me - it's a combination of my mouth-fetish (I love to make men lick, suck, kiss...and I love to watch them do it to objects) and my humiliation drive. When both hit at once, the result is the sudden overwhelming desire to see a man licking my shoes.

In fact, my ex beau, Randy, used to hate this most of all. Randy was one of my vanilla-converts, and he could tolerate just about anything I could dish out, but when that mood hit me, he was mortified.

Sometimes I'd rummage through my closet, late at night while he was watching tv, and come out of the bedroom wearing my shiny leathers and lingerie only, and he knew what that meant. He'd gulp (it was priceless) and try to weasel his way out of it. But I'd stand there, hands on hips, the stern bitch look, and he'd eventually end up crawling, sliding, worming his way over, nose to the floor (I love that look), til he arrived at my feet.

I'd stand there, legs spread, and watch his tongue go to work. He would start with little circles at the top of my foot (I trained him well), eyes closed (always, the poor boy, as if to remove himself from the situation. In fact, the first time he begged for a blindfold!), and I'd see the emerging shine.

That's when my pulse would start to go. Seeing that wet spot, his sweet pink tongue making circles, those same circles I loved to feel against my pussy, round and round my clit. He'd turn his head to the side, properly (the novices always do it face down, how silly, so all you see is the back of their heads!) so I could see his tongue working. All over the top, slowly, then up toward the laces.

Randy would work his tongue around the metal clasps where the laces were secured. Early on, during his training, I made him learn to unlace and lace my boots with his tongue and teeth. Some people think this is ridiculous, because it took literally hours, and hours, and often others think that it just is not very interesting.

Oh, but it is. Because you cannot believe the precision and strength a man must develop in his tongue to be able to manage it. Such patience, and precise movement, the exact use of pressure. Now, it does not take a rocket scientist to figure out what other benefits come from such a skilled, patient tongue. Does it?

Anyway, so Randy would lick, round around, circling the metal clasps, tracing his way all the way up, up, zig-zagging to follow the laces, until he reached the top. So he'd gone from the bottom all the way up the center, then he'd slide his tongue all the way around, as much as he could, the top of my boot. Inches from my pussy, I'd open wide a little more, and he'd catch a whiff, and know he was on the right track.

Then, back down. There were times I would have to remind

him, with a shove to the back of the head, that lingering uptown, hoping for a peek up my crotch, would get him in trouble. He'd have to go back down, and finish the bottom, and the sides, and of course the heel and underside.

I have small, delicate feet and trim legs. When they are encased in black patent leather, they look even tinier, and the boots themselves are extremely tight, hugging my muscled calves and riding all the way mid-thigh. And then there are the heels -- long, spiked, extremely phallic.

Randy was especially good with heels. I could prop my leg up, putting weight on my toes, and he'd do my entire heel without me even having to lift my leg from the floor. I'd put my hand on his ass for balance, turn around and look over my shoulder, and watch the phallic display of him deep-throating five or six inches of spiked, dirty heel.

Lots of tongue - that's what I liked. Don't get me wrong, in the early tries he had to be swatted, slapped and often heel-fucked (ie, I'd make him sit still while I sat on the couch and just rammed the heel back and forth between his lips while telling him to suck, suck, and SUCK some more) to get him to learn what I wanted.

And that was long, deep sensual thrusts, letting the entire heel slide into his mouth. "Good boy," I would encourage, but never move my heel - it was up to him to do all the work.

While my foot was up slightly, weight on my toes, he would have to reach around and lick the undersides as well, all the way up to the arch, which was quite a task, and even dangerous considering the sharpness of the spike and proximity to his face. But, he was elegant and balanced.

Finally, before coming back up, he would have to place kisses all over my boot. Sort of like buffing -- actually. Two pursed lips, slow, deliberate. He would have to do it sweetly, patiently, and if he ever looked rushed, I'd punish him, perhaps by reaching down and giving the inserted butt plug a jarring push, or by reaching around and pinching his ball sac.

Of course, he knew what the punishment was for fucking up. I'd bind his wrists behind his back and make him kneel, legs spread, laying back on his back as best he could, then I would pull his cock and balls out, exposing them, put my hand on the wall for leverage and proceed to use my heels on his balls and cock.

Agonizing, humiliating treatment. Tears would stream down his face, sometimes, but I'd just get wetter. I didn't do it to hurt him - I did it to show him that my boots were something to be feared and respected.

And treated like a part of me. With love, adoration, and the desire to beautify.

He was to clean my boots with his tongue as eagerly and earnestly as he licked my pussy, my ass and my thighs.

And nothing less would suffice.

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Randy liked the rewards of bootlicking, though. Because after twenty minutes of watching that talented tongue make its way up the black, shiny material of my boots I would be dripping wet. Often I would masturbate half way through as I watched, observing his tongue, telling him how that tongue would be put to work later.

Sweet, delicate tongue. Watching it make its way once again up my boot, for the final pass, I'd reach down and take his head by the hair and guide him up, up, and closer to my cunt.

"Kiss me now," I would say. I'd feel the light breath from his lips and feel his tired tongue placing one simple wet kiss on my pussy.

Then I would lower him to the ground, straddle his face, and ride his tongue to orgasm, occasionally looking back to admire the gleam on my boots.

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Michael, it became apparent, was a total bootlicking novice.

First, his attempt to put my boot on his lap, then, he made the fatal error of blocking my view with his head.

He was, however, on his hands and knees, so that was a good start. "Honey," I said, politely but firmly, my hand on the back of his head. I gave him a solid shove to the side. "Turn your head to the side, totally, so I can see your tongue ON my boots. I want to see you licking, I want to see your tongue moving on the black patent leather, so I know you are not missing a spot."

"There's an awful lot of ground to cover here, " he said, and his eyes, worried, looked up at me. I know what he was thinking - he was thinking that if his tongue had to come in contact with every inch of my boots that we would be there for some time.

"I guess you're right, Michael," I sympathized. "It'd take a good hour for a beginner like you."

He nodded, earnestly, almost looking relieved, still holding my boot delicately in his hands.

I smiled. A big, warm, sparkling femdom smile. "In that case, I think you should go get me a drink first. I wouldn't want to have to interrupt you once you got started."

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If it were not a public party, I certainly would have masturbated. I probably would have talked real dirty to him to, to really get him going, telling him to lick like it was my pussy, push his tongue like it was my ass, to suck my heel like it was my dick and to nuzzle my feet like they were my breasts.

Instead I smiled and watched the timid novice, enjoying my champagne, ignoring the little mini-audience that had gathered.

It was about half way through my left boot that he lifted his head, the poor thing had sweat on his brow. He said, weakly, "I need a drink, my lady. Please."

Always the accommodating domina, I smiled, leaned over, and took his chin in my gloved hand. My hair was hanging down in little strands in my face, dark curls surrounding me. I pursed my lips, teasing, just close to his face. Then I sipped my drink to tease him, to taunt him, to show him what he wanted so bad.

He let out his breath and a whimper, looking at me desperately. When I took his chin and tilted his mouth up to mine I think he actually thought I was just going to kiss him.

But I pried his lips open, wider, and wider, then opened my mouth and let the champagne pour into his mouth from mine.

He coughed, shocked, and it splattered me a little. New, I pondered, and had a lot to learn. But he swallowed, said his thank you, and before he could get spoiled being upright on his knees I shoved his face back down.

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I won't go into every detail of his bootlicking lesson, but it lasted almost the entire party. I made him wash his mouth out with mouthwash then gave him a kissing-torture session in a dark corner, sitting on his lap, making him hold his hand between my legs (but not touch, just feel the heat), and kiss my open mouth while I dug my nails into his balls without warning, just to hear him yelp into the kiss.

Hidden that way, turned a little toward him with the crowd mostly gone, I was able to get my hand between my legs and bring myself to orgasm. Stifling the moans, I found myself once again soiling a perfectly good pair of leather gloves.

"Have you licked enough leather tonight, slaveboy?" I hissed, and I blushed a little as I saw him look at my flushed cheeks, enamored at the orgasm he had just witnessed.

"I...I'm not sure," he said.

I took my leather finger, wet with my sex, and slid it into his pursed lips. His beautiful eyes closed and he sucked sweetly, savoring the taste of leather and pussy.

It was nearly 2am, and CC was behind me, her hair all messed up, some little boytoy in tow on a leash. "Akasha, are you ready?"

Michael held me as I tried to get up. "Wait, " he said. "Will I see you again?"

I just smiled at him. I smiled, slid out of his lap, wobbly-kneed and post-orgasmic, feeling oddly like I was on stilts because

the boots felt so high suddenly.

"I'll call you," I said, watching his big eyes follow me toward the exit, my hand in CC's, her other hand on her new doggie's leash.

I never called him, I will admit. And I do feel a little bad about that. But it was a party, after all, and we were just having fun.

Maybe I will call him. Sometime. Maybe -- just maybe -- he will be as good at bootlicking as Randy.

I do know this. My boots, the next day, looking brand new. He'd even licked the bottoms clean.

Now that's dedication.

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