

Encounter: Painted Toenails
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Painted Toenails

I met, or I guess you could say that I rescued, Sharon in the park. I walk several miles there as often as I can to stay in shape, challenging myself up and down the hills. That Tuesday was a warm summer day and I was humping a pretty good hill when she blew past me jogging. Half way up the steep slope I watched her slow down and then stop. She grabbed her side and bent over, straining for air. Her legs began to wobble. She started to fall over backwards, and I caught her before she fell. Holding her shoulders, I dug my feet into the dirt to balance us both against the steep slope of the hill.

“Lean back against me and take some deep breaths,” I said.

She leaned into me, laying the back of her head against my chest, and began to breathe slower. Her body was slick with sweat, and I could feel her trembling in my arms. She was maybe 5’ 2” on a tall day. Short black hair surrounded her pale, oval face. Her petite nose was slightly turned up at the end and her pink lips were thick and full. She stared up at me with golden brown eyes that any Beagle puppy would envy. Looking past her face, I focused on the two pleasing mounds of her breasts that the jog-bra was straining to support.

“That’s it, nice and slow, deep breaths. You’ll be okay in a minute,” I said. Her breathing was becoming less ragged and strained. Each time she took a deep breath, her big breasts swelled, the nipples pointing toward the sky.

“I think I’m okay now,” she said.

“Why don’t you walk the rest of the way to the top, and I’ll follow you just to make sure.” She was wearing tight light blue running pants and a short blue tank top that left her stomach exposed. Following behind her, I watched the firm, round globes of her generous ass wiggle beneath the tight fabric, and even during the exertion of the hill climb, my cock began to stir. When we reached the top, she stopped. “Are you trying to kill yourself?” I asked her.

“No, just trying to get rid of some of this,” she said, slapping her ass solidly.

Her hand made a loud smacking noise, and I visualized myself spanking her round, naked ass. My cock was fully awake now and began to creep down my leg. “Why don’t you slow down and walk with me for awhile.”

“Okay, but just until I catch my breath,” she said.

We walked together for about an hour. The conversation flowed smoothly with no dead spots, and when she smiled, her face glowed with pleasure. It just felt comfortable and natural to be around her. She was thirty-two and single. Not quite young enough to be my daughter, but close. I could see her sizing me up as we walked. I wondered if she was thinking what it would be like to date an older man, so I invited her to see a movie with me.

* * *

The movie went well, and on our second date I took her out for Chinese. I made it into her apartment for a drink, but that was all. On our third date I took her to a French restaurant. After the meal, I ordered roses brought to the table and handed them to her. Her eyes filled with a soft light and a small tear trickled down her smooth cheek.

We went back to her apartment, and she poured us both a glass of Cabernet. She turned the television on and I started watching the late news.

“I’m going to get comfortable, take my shoes off,” she said.

I sipped the full bodied Cabernet while she walked into the bedroom. I took my shoes off, sunk into the couch, and put my feet up on the coffee table. The news guy was talking about some local man who was cheated by a roofing company when she walked out of the bedroom wearing a blue silk robe that caught her right at mid-thigh. I could tell by the shape of her full breasts that she wasn’t wearing a bra. She sat next to me on the couch, pulling her knees up like girls do, and I caught a flash of black panties. I got caught looking, but she

smiled at me and picked up her wine glass. She took a sip of wine and wriggled her toes. I looked down and saw her perfect feet for the first time.

They were small in size and classic in shape. A Princess would be fortunate to have feet like these. Best of all were the flaming red toenails. She had painted them well. I felt my cock begin to swell inside of my Dockers.

“Why are you staring at my feet? Is something wrong?” she asked.

Looking up I said, “I was just thinking about the foot massage class I took. It was only a two hour class, but I’m pretty good at rubbing feet.”

“God, that would be great,” she said, stretching her legs out and putting her feet in my lap.

I took hold of her right foot and began to use my fingers and thumb on the pad below her toes. She rested her head on the arm of the couch and took a sip of wine. My fingers went firmly into the tender flesh and she moaned softly. I worked all the way up and down her foot until I heard her stomach growl. She giggled, and I massaged each one of her toes, running my fingers between them and over the painted toenails.

“This is heaven,” she said, moving her left foot against my thickening cock and spreading her legs slightly.

The robe opened. I could look between her legs and see those black panties. Black pubic hair overflowed from the elastic, and her little slit was outlined between her swollen pussy lips. My cock had swollen to its full length and was stiffer than a Drill Instructor’s shirt. I started to work on her left foot, moving her legs further apart. She began to trace the length of my cock with her right foot, feeling the thickness of it with her toes. Her painted toenails flashed bright red in the light, and I groaned from the pleasure they gave me.

“Take your cock out. I want to see it,” she whispered.

I blushed and replied. “Take your breasts out. I want to see them.”

She opened her robe and those two fleshy white melons, capped with golden brown nipples, came into my view. Her breasts made my mouth water.

The nipples were large and stiff, jutting into the air like two fingers. I wanted to bite and suck them.

“Now you,” she said smiling at me.

I stood up and unzipped my Dockers, pulling them down and off. My cock pushed against my white briefs, begging to be free.

“Come on, take your shorts off,” she said, closing her legs and rubbing her feet together.

I hooked my thumbs in the elastic waist band, slipping the briefs over my stiff cock. Once it was free, it waved back and forth, slapping my rigid abdomen like it was spring loaded.

“Sit down,” she ordered, tracing her full lips with one finger.

I sat back on the couch and took another sip of wine. Sitting with my swollen cock throbbing in front of her, I felt powerful. Moving one perfect foot towards me, she began tracing my cock from the base to the thick purple head, like she was trying on a new pair of shoes. Her foot was soft and warm. She curled her toes around the head of my cock, squeezing. Those painted toenails flashed bright crimson in the light. Moving her other foot over, she trapped my cock between them, and began stroking it up and down while she wriggled her toes. She stretched her arms over her head and her large breasts lifted up, the hardened, jutting nipples in contrast with the soft white flesh. She slowly stroked my cock with her soft, warm feet, pulling the foreskin over the thick purple head, and then pulling it down like she was peeling a banana. My cock was aching from her tender foot stroking. A drop of pre-come leaked out of my opening. She smeared it around the head with her big toe. I couldn't wait any longer. I wanted to see her pussy.

I stood up and leaned over her. Sliding my hands underneath the top of the black panties, I pulled them down and over her wide hips. When I had removed them completely, she moved her legs apart for me. Her small pussy lips were thick and slightly parted. Inside, they were wet and glistening with

moisture. Black, curly hair covered her mound, and my cock jerked in anticipation.

I held my cock in one hand and pressed the naked head against one of her fleshy breasts. She pushed them together. Leaning forward, I rubbed my stiff cock over the warm flesh. Using it like a paintbrush, I smeared pre-come all over her big tits.

“Ooh, that’s nice,” she purred like a cat. “You like my titties?”

“I love your big breasts,” I said, rubbing my pulsing, cock head across a thick brown nipple.

“They’re not too big?” she asked.

“Hell no. They’re perfect,” I said.

“That’s nice.” She moved her legs further apart.

I slid my free hand along her firm abdomen down into her thick black jungle. Reaching between her well defined thighs, I covered her pretty little pussy with my hand and massaged it softly, like stroking a cat’s back. She took a sharp breath as my finger traced up and down the wet slit between her warm pussy lips. Grabbing my cock, she pulled it towards her face. I found her hot little opening with my searching finger and pushed firmly, until it was buried to the knuckle in her steamy cave.

She moaned softly and leaned forward, planting a warm kiss right on the throbbing head of my cock. I began moving my finger slowly in and out of her tight pussy, exploring the width and depth of her. Then I fucked her faster and faster with my finger, until she was pushing her willing pussy against my hand. She opened her sweet mouth and took the swollen head of my needful cock into it. She sucked me softly, like she was melting ice cream in her mouth. I slid my finger up her juicy slit to the stiff, modest button of her clit. I rolled it around under my finger in a circular motion. She sucked my cock deeper into her mouth, and her hot saliva covered my throbbing shaft. I began to move my hips back and forth, pushing my cock further into her eager mouth. Rubbing her clit faster,

I felt it swelling from my touch. She was bucking her ass up off the couch, shoving her pussy against my finger.

I fucked her mouth deeper, shoving half of my eight inch cock past her warm, full lips as my blurring finger rubbed her clit faster and faster. She slammed her pussy against my hand and muffled sounds came from her throat as my cock plunged into her mouth. I could feel her starting to come. Her pussy dripped with satiny liquid. She took my cock out of her mouth and held it against her smooth cheek. It was soaked with her saliva and left wet marks on her flesh. Her eyes opened wide. Her lips pulled tight against her pearl white teeth.

“Yes, yes, oh yes,” she gasped. Her body tightened as her pussy juices flowed onto my finger and into her thick bush. She jerked uncontrollably, writhing in pleasure from the aching release of her orgasm.

I let her relax for a minute, and then pushed her firm thighs up against her ample breasts. The white skin of her generous ass reminded me of vanilla ice cream. I spread her legs apart, holding her tight calves. Her cute little pussy opened up like a music box. I moved into position and aimed my cock at the tiny pink opening.

“Are you going to do it to me now?” she asked.

“I want inside that pretty little pussy of yours,” I replied.

“Put it in slow, it’s been awhile,” she whispered.

I placed the swollen head of my cock against her opening. I could feel the heat. I rubbed my cock head up and down her warm, slick, pussy lips, feeling her fine pubic hair brush over it. Making sure the big head was covered with her juices, I centered it at her entrance and pushed in slowly. After some resistance, the head of my cock finally popped in. The heat of her pussy was remarkable. She moaned while I pulled the head in and out, spreading her pussy lips apart. I continued to push forward, sinking my cock into her slowly, inch by inch. Her tight pussy reluctantly yielded to my long, invading cock until my heavy balls

were resting against her ass cheeks and my thick shaft was buried completely in her hot pussy.

“Yes, yes, oh yes,” she mumbled in pleasure.

I was on my knees, ready to fuck her good. I slid my hands up her calves to her heels and moved her legs together. Her pussy clamped down on my cock like a nutcracker. The soles of her perfect feet were inches from my face, and I leaned forward and began to kiss them. I shoved my cock in and out of her slowly, savoring the hot soft flesh of her pleasurable pussy. Licking the bottoms of her feet with my coarse tongue, I tasted her sweet perspiration. Goosebumps suddenly exploded on her calves, and ran down the backs of her firm thighs like an avalanche.

I fucked her harder, pulling my cock out halfway and then shoving it full in to the limit. As I pumped into her harder and harder, my heavy balls began to slap against her ass. I took one of her toes into my mouth and bit it softly. Then I sucked on it hard, just like she had sucked my cock.

“Oh, baby, yes, yes,” she moaned.

She called me *baby*. I fucked her in earnest now, pulling my cock out full length and then burying it strongly into her wet pussy. Sliding my tongue in and out between her toes, I sucked each and every one of them while I plunged my cock into her. My balls were full of come, and I pounded into her as fast as I could, desperately trying to release the ache in them. I was out of control, like a drunk in a bar fight. My cock swelled until I thought it would burst, and she made those small moaning sounds again. Then suddenly like a broken faucet, my hot come shot into her. It streamed in thick jets, pulsing into her eager pussy. I grunted, like the animal that I was, trying to squirt it into her as deep as I could. I shuddered, expelling the dregs of my balls into her unsurpassed pussy, while I kissed the bottoms of her feet in gratitude and homage.

She invited me to spend the night and I thought that was a good idea. We were sitting on the couch together and she had put her robe on. She brought out

a bath towel and draped it across my lap, modestly covering up my cock, since I hadn't brought any pajamas. We were sipping our second glass of wine. I held her in my arms, enjoying the closeness of her warm body. The wine was almost gone when she produced a bottle of lotion and began to rub it on her feet.

"Let me do that, please," I begged.

She gave me a sly smile. "You really like my feet don't you?"

"I like all of you, but I've never seen such beautiful feet. I want to feel them again." She handed me the lotion and swung her feet around until they were on the towel that covered my resting cock. The lotion was smooth, cool, and smelled like fresh apricots. She smiled at me as I began to work the lotion into her little feet. Starting at the heels, I took my time and enjoyed every moment of it. Sliding my lotion covered fingers around and between her toes, I stroked each one, rubbing the painted toenails. My cock was big and hard from the pleasure of touching her feet. It escaped from the towel and stood up, towering above her toes.

"You're hard again, so soon," she whispered. "Stand up for a minute." She spread the towel on the couch and motioned for me to sit on it. I was naked once again, my cock throbbing for attention. "This might be a little cool," she giggled, squeezing a liberal amount of the lotion onto the pulsating purple head of my cock. Then she used her graceful hands to smooth the lotion over the head and down the shaft until my thick cock was well lubricated. Using her small right hand she began to stroke my cock slowly, pulling the wrinkled foreskin up and down over the engorged head. "I'm going to do this to you for awhile, but don't come until I say." She slipped out of her robe and let it drop to the floor.

Her magnificent breasts were inches from my face and her gorgeous body was displayed like an erotic centerfold. "I don't know how long I can hold out. My God you're beautiful," I said.

"You just sit and watch me," she giggled, stroking my cock faster.

Her hand was soft and warm as it raced up and down my shaft. It reminded me of a little girl pounding her fist because she didn't get her way. The only thing I could do was sit and moan with pleasure as she ministered to my swollen cock. My balls filled with hot come and I could feel it at the base of the shaft. The ache was there again. "Just about time," she said, releasing my cock and laying back on the couch again.

She extended her legs and trapped my cock between the soles of her soft feet. Her pale thighs were in a bow shape, opening up her pretty little pussy to my thankful eyes. Moving her legs up and down together she began to jack me off with her perfect feet. "How does that feel?" she asked.

"Oh fuck," was all I could mumble as she picked up the speed, and sent my willing cock into a place where no cock had gone before. Her well defined abdomen rippled as her feet flew up and down my cock. She propped herself up on her elbows to watch, her large, shapely breasts spilling forward.

"Come, baby, come for me now," she said as her feet continued their furious assault on my beleaguered cock. "Come on my feet, Baby. I want to see it."

That did it. I felt the big load of come traveling up my cock and I shook in anticipation. I wanted to see it too. Finally that burning, aching sensation gave way to pure pleasure and the first glob of hot come erupted from my tortured cock, traveling a couple of feet into the air. She bent my shaft forward. The thick glob splattered on her left foot just below the toes. Then again and again, my cock erupted, spewing a generous coating of thick semen onto both of her feet. It ran between her toes and along the soles as she jacked me off to oblivion with her pretty feet. I moaned as the orgasm overwhelmed me. My thick white semen ran over her painted toenails like heavy cream poured on strawberries. I leaned back resting my head on the couch, trying to quiet my heavy breathing.

"Lean back and take some deep breaths," she giggled. Smiling at me, she rubbed her feet together, smearing my hot come where the lotion had been.

* * *

Next Sunday we were on the couch, and I was watching the big screen T.V. She was lying on her back with her feet in my lap, reading a murder mystery. An old black and white movie was on, and I was glancing at it while I applied bright red nail polish to her toenails. I paused briefly to take a sip of Scotch and then touched up a spot on her little toe. She looked up smiling at me and then went back to her book. It was a good afternoon, and I was content to just sit and watch the paint dry.

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