

**A Highschool foot fetish adventure**  
*Written by Mr. Pedibus*

## Chapter 1 – A new friend

It was the first day of my senior year. My parents had moved to a new town, making me the new guy at school. That was a role familiar to me, and this time I would have to make new friends, knowing it would probably only last this year. Most people would leave for collage in other states after this year, and the process of making friends would start all over again.

I had never had a girlfriend, and all of my childhood friends were boys. We would hang around and seldom invite girls, as they rarely understood our humor. This had given me a disadvantage, where I would tense up with girls and I would find it hard to talk with them.

Maybe this year would be different. This was a fresh start.

I have a secret I've never told anyone. I think it may be one of the reasons I've never been with a girl. I have a foot fetish. Female feet have always enticed me, and the thought of sweaty female feet or socks is one of the most sexual things for me. There is nothing more exciting than observing someone's feet without them knowing it, or sneaking off to smell some girls' shoes when they're not looking. Most girls never think about the possibility that someone is admiring their feet without them knowing it – but people with foot fetishes are everywhere.

I've always thought my fetish was something that would make it impossible for me to be in a relationship – it turns out, all I had to do was to meet the right girl.

I walked to school, clearing my head. Walking had been a morning ritual for a couple of years. It was summer and the temperature rose each day. The path to school took about fifteen minutes, and I had estimated thirty minutes – just to be safe. Nothing is worse than arriving late for your first day of class when you're the new kid. I arrived thirty minutes early. Not wanting to look like an over achiever waiting alone outside the classroom, I went to the cafeteria to grab a cup of coffee.

There were a lot of students mingling around. All of them strangers to me.

I bought a small coffee and sat down in a purple sofa. It was an empty corner booth. Lots of students stood around, so I could not understand why the booth was empty.

«Are you waiting for someone?» a girl's voice asked.

I looked up and saw a small girl. She was 5 feet 3 inches (160cm), with gray sweatpants, a blue singlet with a PlayStation controller as a motif, and a jacket. Her face was pretty with keen green eyes. She smiled at me with a peculiar smile, maybe sensing that I was fresh meat.

«Uh... What?» I asked, feeling instantly insecure. I've often felt conversations with girls going stale quickly. Maybe replies like this was the reason.

«Are these seats occupied? Can I sit down?» she asked, her eyes searching me.

I nodded, «Jupp.»

«What class are you in?» she asked.

«Senior year,» I said.

«Oh, me too! You have to be one of the new guys,» she said, excitement beaming in her voice.

She sat down facing me, propping her feet up on the sofa in the lotus position. She had white Nike AIR Force 1 sneakers. I say white, but really, they were more gray or filthy white, showing lots of scruffy marks and dirt.

I had seen a lot of shoes in my life – you could say observing them were a hobby, and I could see that these shoes were at least a couple of years old. She hadn't cleaned her shoes like many girls did either. Maybe she didn't care – and for that I was grateful.

I tried to keep my eyes focused on her face, but feeling them drop down to her feet. I hoped she wouldn't notice me looking at her shoes.

«I love it when we get new people in class,» she said, continuing to smile, «this school needs new people.»

I just smiled back, trying to find something to say. Why couldn't I find something interesting to ask her.

She poked her finger into her socks, straightens out a curl. She was wearing white socks that went over her ankle. They looked crisp and new – nothing like the old white sneakers.

«Have you gone to this school for all your life?» I asked, grasping for the first question that came to mind.

«You mean all my high school years?» she joked.

«Oh yes, of course,» I said embarrassed.

«I've lived here my whole life,» she said.

«I'm a bit tired of this town, that's why I'm leaving after this year. I want to study abroad.»

«Where do you want to go?» I asked, feeling the conversation actually gliding along.

«Not sure, maybe Finland, or Norway. I want to see the Nordic countries,» she said.

She took off her jacket. The air in the cafeteria felt hot and humid. I could see the contours of her breast pressing against the singlet. They were bigger than I first thought. My eyes fell on the motif of the PlayStation controller.

«Do you play?» I asked her.

«Oh yes! I love Xbox,» she told me and pointed to the controller.

I felt dread befall me. She was one of those fake gamer girls.

«I'm just teasing,» she said, «I love your face right now,» she made a cute laugh. «I like JRPS the most, but play almost every genre.»

«You got me,» I said smiling. My eyes fell on her sneakers again.

«Jeez, it's way too hot in here,» she said, and begins to move her hand, indicating she's warm. The breeze from her wafting hands sends a faint hint of her perfume. She has showered before coming to school, and a smell of citrus comes to mind. The socks were probably as fresh as they looked.

I liked smelly and dirty socks best, but would always enjoy the look of a new, well-fitting sock on a girl's foot.

My mind thought about her new socks, and what the white sneakers would do with her socks after a long day at school – and in this heat.

I just smiled at her and said, «I kind of like this heat.»

«I love to wear sweatpants, and sneakers,» she said. «Not always fitting when it is scorching outside, like today.»

She was indeed wearing gray sweatpants that perfectly stopped just over the top of her white socks. They looked baggy and warm.

«Would think those pants are one of the reasons you're too hot,» I said.

«Hot?» she asked teasingly, «don't you mean warm?»

«You know what I mean,» I said, shyly looking down – and peeking at her shoes once again.

«Yeah, I know,» she said, and puts her hand on my knee briefly.

She moves her hands casually down to her shoes. One finger pressed into the back of the sneaker, pushing the shoe off. Her white sock is in full view, and I can see dampness under the sock. The socks were indeed fresh from today, but the shoe, with its years of use, had already left a faint dirty foot mark under her sock.

As casually as before she removed her other sneaker. Putting them on the floor. I followed her movement, seeing for the first time the inside soles of her Nike AIR Force 1 sneakers. They were purple, just like the sofa, but not as bright. They were used, and well-trodden. Dark marks were pressed into the soles where her feet had continuously stomped down. I only wish I could see where her toes had pressed down. There must be deep grooves from her toes.

I have always had a fantasy where I shrink down and place myself inside a girl's shoe. Snuggling into the deep grooves where her toes has been. When the girl presses her feet into the shoe where I'm hiding, I have to try and not get squished. Often in the fantasy I end up between her toes, beside the little toe, where I'm forced to lie there and smell her feet get more and more sweaty as she goes about her day.

Not wanting to get caught staring into her shoes, I turned my head towards her again and said; «Do you take a bus to school?»

«No, I walk,» she said.

Just as I hoped, «So you live near?»

«Nah, it takes about twenty-five minutes to walk. I just like taking it slow before school starts. A walk clears my head.»

I smiled, thinking about how she already had walked for nearly thirty minutes.

«I like to walk as well,» I told her. «I live over at Foster Lane.»

«That's the same way I walk,» she said. «I just live further down.»

«Maybe we could walk together someday?» I asked, not knowing where I got the courage to ask. She answered before my mind could spiral, thinking about what I had asked.

«I would love that,» she said. «Usually I like to walk alone, but because I get ten minutes before your street, that's just perfect.»

Amazing! I would get to watch her feet every morning if I kept this up.

She looks at her phone. «Ten minutes before class starts.»

«I'm kinda excited,» I tell her.

«Yeah, every first day is like this.. Chaos,» she winks.

She leans over and retrieves her shoes from the floor, placing them on the sofa in front of me. I can see inside them even closer now. There are deep dark grooves where her feet have pressed down.

«My legs,» she groans as she stretches out her legs. Her feet are right in of me. Her socks do not look damp any more, but I can see faint dirt marks from where her old sneakers have rubbed against her feet.

«I always feel a cramp coming when I sit too long in that position,» she said, while wiggling her toes. She begins to slowly massage her feet.

What I wouldn't do to do that job.

A thought strikes me. If I would extend my legs just as she had, her feet would almost be touching my penis.

With her hand, still massaging her feet, she pinches between her toes and stretches her socks out from her toes – making them unstick to her feet.

This made my penis jerk hard, pressing against my pants. I quickly put my hand over my crotch, hoping she wouldn't notice.

«Well, let's roll,» she said. Taking one of her shoes and swiftly moving it toward her feet, pressing her feet easily into the sneaker.

I can feel a small breeze from her movement – and with it, just a small hint of what her shoes smell like.

Amazing.

If this was her foot smell, from that far away, how would it be to smell the inside of her shoe?

She puts on both of her white, dirty, Nike AIR Force 1s and stands up.

«Ready?» she asked.

«Don't forget your jacket,» I said.

«Thanks,» she said smiling, taking the jacket between her arms. «My name is Ella by the way.»

## Chapter 2 – Bare foot in the classroom

There are only one class left before the first day of senior year is over. It was math. Ending a long day of school with math class is always hard. Fortunately, I'm sitting next to Ella, the girl I met in the cafeteria. She diligently sits and works on the math problems, while I try and fake competence.

I can't focus. All I can think about is this heat, and how Ella's feet must feel. I know mine are damp.

«What'ya thinkin' about?» Ella asked me in a fake accent.

The question throws me off guard. «Eh this math problem,» I tell her – probably not convincing her.

«Want any help?» she asked and leans over to look at my workbook.

I can smell the faint hint of her shampoo.

«Sure,» I said.

She begins to explain the solution to me while I try and concentrate. As she explains the method for solving the problem, my mind starts to drift once more.

«Pay attention,» she snaps and smacks me in the arm.

«Sorry!» I said embarrassed. «I think I understand this now.»

Ella returns to her desk and continue to work on her own.

After a short while, she turns and faces me again. Her feet propped on the chair, with her chin resting on her knees.

«What are you doing after school?» she asked

«Um... Just walking home,» I said.

I can see her white Nike Air Force 1 sneakers – scuffed and dirty on her feet.

There is movement inside them, small and almost unnoticeable. She is moving her toes inside her shoes while talking to me.

«I'll tag along,» she said merrily. My attention is snapped from her sneakers back to her face.

«Awesome»

She continues working. There is still some time left before we are finished. Now I'm really looking forward to walking home with her. Walking, in this heat... And those thick warm sneakers she is wearing. I can feel my penis beginning to grow just of the thought of removing her sneakers.

One of the other students asked the teacher if they can open a window. The heat is getting intense.

«Oh lovely,» Ella said as a faint breeze travel through the class room.

I once again look at her – this strange girl, sitting in her singlet and gray sweatpants.

Then something unexpectedly happens. She starts to remove her shoes.

First the one... Then the other.

I can see her feet through the socks. They have to be really damp.

I look in amazement as she casually lifts one of her legs, and removes the white, damp sock. The sock sticks to her feet,

clinging to the toes as she tugs it off. The underside of her foot is facing me, and I can see her cute little toes for the first time.

«Much better,» she said and uses her finger to wipe away some toe jam, leftovers from the sock, between her toes.

The toe jam lands on the floor, but I can't focus on it, there is a much more important display in front of me.

She continues with the other leg. Pulling it up to her chair, untying her sneaker. One bare foot is on the ground. She moves it, and I can see her toe marks lingering on the floor. Her feet must be really sweaty to leave prints like these on the floor.

I fixate on the sweat marks on the floor – all I want is to get down and smell them.

She finishes untying her other shoe and removes it.

I have instinctively moved closer, while pretending to go for my water bottle in my backpack.

Her shoe drops to the floor and Ella slowly removes the other sock.

It feels like slow motion when the last inches of her feet are unveiled. I can see some toe jam being pulled free from her sticky foot.

What I would give to be a tiny human inside her socks, clinging for dear life to her toes.

She puts her socks into her sneakers and sits in the lotus position on her chair.

One of her feet is facing me. I can still see some lint from the sock still sticking between her curled toes.

She has perfect feet. They are not too big, and everything is proportioned perfectly.

My instincts urge me to do something, to feel, or smell them – but what can I do?

«What do you think about this water bottle?» I suddenly asked Ella, improvising a plan.

She looks at me while I present her the bottle, it is totally ordinary. Then I drop it.

I quickly bend down to retrieve it, moving towards her feet.

«Almost got it,» I said and fumbles with the bottle, making it slide between her shoes.

Fearing she is watching my every move; I lean closer to the bottle – and the shoes where the still damp socks are. I bends even farther and plunges my nose right over her shoes and socks as I grab the bottle. I sniff deep and hard before pulling myself back up.

The smell was strong and sweet. Not like the old foot smell that reeks of acidity. This was pure, fresh, sweet, and instantly addictive.

«Got it,» I said, feeling very awkward, and presenting her the bottle.

Ella just looks at me. «There is nothing special about it.»

«I guess not,» I said and scratches my head. Had she seen through what I did?

«You're such a goof,» she laughs and continues to work.

I am amazed. How could someone give me this chance. I had never been that close to a girl's feet before. I had to continue hanging out with Ella. If this is what I got after one day – what situations could arrive after a whole semester.

«I remember nothing from math class,» I tell Ella on our way home.

She looks at me with a sly smile. «You didn't try at all.»

«Sure, I did.»

«Want to meet me later after practice?» she asked

«Yeah sure,» I said. How amazing it would be to meet her after practice – her feet had to be intensely sweaty. «What practice?»

«Football,» she said. «I have done it since I was a child.»

Football, I think... those long, thick socks.

«I can't wait.» I said and smile.