

Secret Confessions of a Fetish Mistress

By Fetish Goddess MsChristina
Author of **FETISH 4 FUN & PROFIT**

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(Also available on Kindle Books.)

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Although this book is based on my real life experiences being a lifestyle Fetish Mistress, these stories contain fictitious embellishments for dramatic effect. The names have been changed to protect the innocent.



FOREWARD

Being a Fetish Mistress is not just a career, it's a lifestyle. It is most often exotic, and often erotic. It is always an adventure. A woman doesn't decide one day to lead a Fetish Mistress lifestyle. The drive manifests itself at a very early age. It only becomes a lifestyle when a woman looks into her inner self to find meaningfulness. I explored my inner self when I was in my late teens. There, I found the strength and ability to achieve the power and determination to be who I am.

The term *FETISH* has a tendency to imply outlandish action, clothing and shoes. Although fetish clothing can be seriously outlandish, it most often is not. It is typically items worn by men and women that you would find in a common social setting. Usually, the item becomes a fetish because of its common place in society, not because it is scarce. A man will develop a shoe fetish because he saw women, to whom he was attracted, wear certain shoes during his youth. His attraction to the opposite sex can then become misdirected to a woman's shoes, partially because of his close proximity to

the floor. Women's feet is the view many young boys have of full grown women.

Men with breast fetishes can be open about their fetish because the breast fetish is so widely enjoyed by common men, and even "manly" men.

Obviously, this fetish is quite common. Other fetishes, however, can be perceived as perversions, such as a shoe or foot fetish, due to the fetish being "unusual." Anyone with an unusual fetish typically hides their fetish from others so as not to be classified as a pervert. Consequently, these men often keep their fetish desires a secret from their wives and lovers. These men turn to women like me to explore their secrets.

This book of short stories is based on my experiences with men and women who are willing to explore their fetishes.

Included in this version is a **BONUS CHAPTER!**

The bonus chapter was written by guest author **David Mann**, one of my fans. It includes three short stories that deal with the *Giantess Fetish*, a subject Mr. Mann has spent considerable time contemplating.

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Chapter 1

My First Pair of High Heels

My first pair of high heels weren't actually *my* pair of high heels. They were my friend Athena's and I was just borrowing them. Athena had a huge collection of heels, and she allowed me to borrow any pair I wanted from her huge closet. My choice was difficult. I wanted tall, spiky heels, and they had to be black. I was about to go out to a club for the first time that evening and I wanted it to be a time that I would always remember.

Athena gave me her old ID and we looked similar enough that I could pass for her even though there were 4 years difference in our ages. Athena was very worldly and I admired her greatly.

I foraged through my friend's closet for a long time looking at each pair of shoes and trying many of them on, even the ones that weren't black. I was only 18, but my shoe size was the same as Athena's, 6 1/2. She was constantly buying new shoes, which made her collection take up most of the real estate inside her huge closet. She never threw any of them away. Athena just couldn't part with a single pair.

I opened a box labeled in Athena's handwriting, *Killer Spikes*. What a name for a pair of shoes! Inside the box was a pair of black, patent leather pumps. The toes were super pointy and the needle thin stiletto heels were almost 6 inches high. "How does she walk in these?" I said out loud, even though there was no one there to hear me. The spike heels looked dangerously sharp. I touched them with the tip of my finger fully expecting to be pricked by the heel tip. The shoes were a work of art. The leather smell permeated the closet as it escaped from the box. My eyes were glued to the magical splendor of the shoes.

The challenge was apparent. Could I walk in these towering heels? Another question soon hit me. Would they make me look sexy or would I just look clumsy? I knew they would make me look sexy. I just knew it. I tried them on. First the right shoe. Ahh, it was snug, but not tight. I raised my leg and cocked my ankle in different directions so I could see the glorious pump from multiple angles. The pointy toe and low cut vamp made my pretty foot even more beautiful. The tops of my toes were revealed around the vamp of

the shoe in such a sexy way! Eventually, I would find out that this effect is called *toe cleavage*.

Putting my foot back on the floor, I felt the heel dig into the carpet. I was sure if I stood up, that the super sharp heel would penetrate the carpet clear through the padding leaving a hole exposed. I crossed my bare footed leg over the leg with the *killer spike* on my foot, and then I slipped on the left shoe. What a wonderful sound it made when the heel of my foot slid into the shoe grazing the suede patch sewn inside of the heel. I automatically knew that the suede had been sewn there to keep my foot from sliding out of the shoe as I walked, a high-quality, expensive feature.

The immediate feeling I got from the shoes was power. Sexy raw power. The power I was feeling was uncompromising self confidence. I stood up, now with each heel tip stabbing through the carpet. My eyes were transfixed on my sexy shoes as I took in my full image in the floor-to-ceiling mirror in Athena's closet. I must have frozen into a statue for what seemed like forever, because I was in awe of myself. My tiny short shorts actually looked pretty hot in combination with the black patent leather heels. Finally, I pivoted my foot on the ball of my foot so I could see the dramatic view of my long legs on top of the stiletto spike heels. The tall slender heels really made my legs look longer than they actually were. Even at 18, I was 5'5", not short by any standard, but these killer spikes gave me Amazon height.

Now I had to find out if I could walk in these glorious high heels.

It was only three steps to the closet door. As I would leave the closet, the carpet would transfer to a hard, tile floor. Would my heel tips get caught in the carpet? They had sunk in pretty deep. I lifted my right heel and miraculously, the heel tip slid out without being snared on even a single carpet fiber. My first step was short, only about 10 inches. I remembered seeing elegant women walking in towering heels and they always allowed the heel to hit the floor first, then the sole. It was no different than walking in flat shoes. My first step was elegant. Slow, but elegant. My heel tip hit the floor followed by the sole of my shoe in total elegance. My weight transferred to my right foot as I planted it firmly on the carpet. My left foot followed just as gracefully.

In three short steps I left the soft carpet of the closet. My next stride allowed my foot to step on the hard tile floor. I am pretty sure I stopped breathing for

a second wondering how it would feel as my Spike heel hit the hard tile floor. The shoes had just enough padding on the innersole to cushion my foot as I stepped on the tile. Only the clacking of the metal heel tip caused me to continue breathing.

With a real slow stride, I walked across the tile to the middle of the huge bathroom. There were mirrors on both ends of the bathroom so I could examine every move I made in these sexy heels.

All of my fears of not looking graceful as I walked in high heels were gone as I walked back and forth, even doing pirouettes as I turned to change direction. As a matter fact, I looked like an expert immediately. I guess some girls just naturally know how to walk in high heels. Thank God I am one of them!

Although I looked at almost every shoe in Athena's closet, the *Killer Spikes* were my choice to wear to my first club experience. Athena told me, "Keep them in the box to keep them in perfect shape on my way home."

I called my older cousin, Ria, to let her know that not only did I find a sexy pair of black heels to wear to the club, I could also walk elegantly in them. Ria lived next door, so she was in my house in just a few seconds. She was so excited, almost as excited as I was. Ria is more animated than I tend to be, so she looked 10 times more excited than I did.

I modeled the shoes for her as she applauded and stared at my feet. I was now walking faster and actually going into a spin with the pirouettes. My heels clacked a rhythm on the hard floor and I could feel my butt cheeks rising and lowering with each step. Ria notice the effect the heels had on my butt, too.

"Ohhhhhh," she said. "Those shoes make your ass move real sexy!"

"I know," I replied. "I can feel the movement and it feels sexy for me, too!"

"The guys at the club tonight are going to go crazy when you walk in!" Ria exclaimed.

"I hope so," I said. "Isn't that why girls wear high heels?"

That is exactly why I wanted to start wearing high heels. There were plenty of guys at school that liked me. As a matter fact, during my first week of college, there were 14 boys who gave me their phone numbers. I refused to give my number to any of them. But now, I was in a new league. And all the women in this league wore high heels.

Ria hurried back to her house to get ready for our evening at the club. She had been going to clubs for almost a year and she told me about the fun she was having at each one. Being the older cousin, she was taking me under her wing to learn the ropes. The club ropes.

My outfit choice may sound rather simple, but believe me, it was hot! I wore a black sheath dress and it was super tight. The hem was midway up my thigh. My breasts pushed out of the top at just the right amount of volume to look sexy and not slutty. The simplicity of the dress was wonderfully overwhelmed by the glamorous "killer spikes." The black sheath was but a mere covering of my body that, like a neon sign, pointed your eyes down to my toe cleavage and stiletto heels. My thick black hair cascaded over my shoulders and only stopped as it touched my ass. My hair bounced more flowingly when I was walking in my new heels than it had with any other shoes I had owned before. My whole body was sexier with the shoes.

After applying my evening makeup, I added the final touch. Blood red lipstick that matched the shiny red lacquer on my dangerously long nails. Such a shame, I thought, that my matching red toenails would be hidden in the long pointy toes of my shoes all evening. But, what an exhibition I could make if I slipped my foot out of my shoe . . .

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