

## BIG SISTER'S SNEAKERS

A funny thing happened in my early teens that it still imprinted firmly on my mind. When I was younger still, I remember getting a kick out of having a new pair of Chucks. They were white lo-tops with red trim and I thought the large smooth rubber toecaps were real neat. While they were fairly new, a tinge of excitement would go through me when I put them on. I did not know why and I was too shy to tell anyone. They showed signs of wear fairly soon and no longer felt excited about them. A while later my big sister had a new pair of blue Chucks hi-tops, I remember when she first put them on and mum remarked how smart she looked. I felt excited just like when I had my new pair, and wished I could have a pair myself. I dropped hints to mum, but she was not biting. My whole body would feel excited when I saw her wear them and I felt embarrassed when I went a bit hard. I learned later it was due to something called 'hormones' flowing through my body which caused this to happen. I did not really like my big sister, but I was infatuated with her Chucks and felt I wanted to give her a big hug.

Several months later it was my birthday and to my surprise mum and dad gave me a pair of blue Chucks hi-tops, I just felt so excited. I wanted to put them on immediately, but mum told me to wait until later. After I had gone to bed and was supposed to be fast asleep, I got up and had a good look at them. I rubbed my finger across the smooth white rubber toe caps and could not resist kissing them, and poked my tongue slightly through my lips so I could taste the rubber with the tip of my tongue. It was a funny rubbery taste and it made me feel so hot. I finally put them on. I just felt so excited and felt a warm glow through my body as I tied the laces. I imagined the thrill I would get out of wearing them tomorrow! I got back into bed with them on and after a little while I fell asleep.

It was such fun wearing my new Chucks. I now felt more equal with my big sister and did not envy her Chucks. One day we were sitting at the table together and the toe of my sneaker accidentally touched her bare leg. She trod on the toecap of my sneaker and grinned, she was in a playful mood. We ended up having a good play with our sneakers under the table with the rubber soles, sides and toecaps squeaking against each other and with me feeling hotter and hotter. She finally had enough and withdrew her feet.

My big sister came home one day and showed mum the things she had brought. I thought Megan was very lucky as she had her own money to spend, unlike me who was already dependent on mum. She had new jeans and a new pair of blue Adidas sneakers to match her jeans. I was not really interested so I left them to it. A few days later she wore her new sneakers around the house and a shiver went up my spine as they squelched on the smooth floor. It was then I noticed they had brown rubber soles with a saw tooth ripple pattern. She was a bit plump and the ripples under the ball of her foot would give and bend under her weight then seemed to spread slightly as she bent her foot. The tips of the ripples would give the floor a slight flick making the squelching sound. This just drove me crazy and I went all hard. This made me feel a bit embarrassed and I left the room. I noticed the ripples left a distinctive pattern on the carpet. I hoped I could get hold of them and have a play with them sometime.

Megan wore them a few times a week and seeing her wearing them just drove me crazy. Various mannerisms she had did not help either, like when she had her legs crossed with her foot pumping up and down with the sole in full view. Or when her foot was resting on a stool rail with the ripples bent conforming to the shape of the rail. I came home one day to see wet ripple footprints in the porch, when this made me excited, but alas, she had taken them off. I was a bit luckier another time, she came home when it had been raining and they squelched even louder on the smooth floor leaving little wet stripes on the floor. It was almost too much to bear, I felt I wanted her to walk all over me with those sneakers and their damp soles, with the ripples gently caressing my skin. I could

not really ask to do that. I had no shoes on one day, but she was wearing those sneakers. We were playing a bit rough together and she accidentally trod on my foot with the ripples digging into the skin leaving white marks which then went slightly red. I felt a both a bit hurt and a bit turned on. "Sorry", she said, "That's Alright" I replied. I secretly wished she would do it again a bit harder, unlike other times when I would have made a fuss if she trod on my feet.

Megan was away one night for a sleep over so I sneaked into her room to look for her ripple soled sneakers but she must have worn them to the sleepover. Her Chucks were there instead and I could not resist picking them up and taking them back to my room. I know I have my own pair but it was a bit more fun to have some 'forbidden fruit'. The rubber toe caps, soles and surrounds are really turn me on. The soles and the front bumper strips were showing signs of wear. She liked playing rough and her Chucks were showing it. I liked feeling the rubber with my fingers and liked the cold feel of the smooth rubber toe caps against my face. I flexed one of them watching the chocolate coloured sole stretch. I rubbed them together making as loud a squeaking noise that I could, it reminded me of the time that Megan and her friend were sitting next to each other rubbing their Chucks together and really making them squeak. It made me go all hard and excited at the time, I felt I wanted to go up and kiss both of them, but I did not dare. I looked longingly at the large white toe cap and gave it a kiss, then pushed my tongue through my lips and licked it ending up with a taste of rubber on the tip of my tongue. I ran my tongue over the rough patterned rubber of the front bumper strip getting even more of a rubbery taste in my mouth. I thought about trying them on, but realised mum or dad might come at any moment. I was already to shove them under the bed in case. I looked at the soles again. They were OK but I really wanted to play with the soles of the sneakers she had worn to her friend's sleepover.

I was in luck a few weeks later. She had gone for another sleepover and she was wearing her Chucks. I felt so excited; I could now have a play with those sneakers. I sneaked into her room and they were sitting on the floor. I picked them up and took them to my room. I was just about beside myself with excitement as I could have a good look at them at last. They were blue Adidas Country Ripple with the usual three stripes. I grabbed both ends of the shoe and bent it and watched as the brown gummy rubber ripples spread apart. I just felt so excited doing this that I started to go all hard. I ran my finger along the tips of the ripples, I pressed on one and felt the rubber give slightly and thought of the way they would bend and flex under the weight of my plump sister's feet.

I heard mum coming and I pushed the sneakers under the bed and got on with other things. She came in "Dad and I are going out to see a friend for a few hours; you will be all right, won't you."

"Yes" I responded and listened as they left the house and drove off. I got the sneakers from under the bed and wondered if they would fit me. Alas they seemed just a bit tight, but I had an idea. I went and got a shoe horn, loosened up the laces and just managed to get them on. I started to feel horny as I laced them up. I went downstairs. I noticed they left ripple marks on the carpet, must smooth them out later. I went outside. It has stopped raining but the road and footpath were still wet so those ripple soles squelched merrily away under the weight of my feet. It was so exciting, especially as I felt the sneakers give slightly under the balls of my feet. I walked around the block then went back to the house. To my horror I realised that I had left wet footprints on the smooth porch floor but I thought they would dry before dad and mum came home. They were hurting slightly because they were a bit too small so I took them off and put them back in my sister's room. At this stage I thought 'enough was enough'. I then smoothed out the ripple marks on the carpet just in time before my parents came home. During the night I just could not take my mind off my sister and her fantastic sneakers.

The following night Megan came into my room and closed the door. I was taken a bit by surprise, even more so when I saw she was wearing those sneakers. She sat down, crossed her legs and

pumped one up and down so her sneaker sole was in my full view. There were a few odds and ends caught between the ripples and a little piece nicked out of one of the ripples from when she had stood on something sharp, the sight was quite overbearing.

“Why did you wear my shoes?” she asked with a wicked grin. I was taken aback and I felt scared stiff she would tell mum. “I found the laces looser than usual and wondered how that could be”. I felt like a trapped animal completely at her mercy. “Don't worry, I am not going to tell mum, I think it is cute that you are infatuated with my sneakers, I am glad you like something about me. I have noticed that you have been stealing glances at those sneakers. I suppose you get all excited inside when you see those sneakers, which is not surprising when youngsters like you have hormones raging through their bodies. Actually I got a bit excited at the thought of you wearing my sneakers, if you ask very nicely I might let you borrow them, although they are probably a bit tight on you. I have a confession now. I love seeing you in those new Chucks mum got for you. I think you look really cute wearing them. I could not resist borrowing them and trying them on when you were out last week. I wore a pair of thick socks so they did not feel too loose”. With that she stopped and just looked at me waving her foot up and down.

I felt gob smacked, but relieved Megan was not going to tell mum. Fancy her liking my Chucks! I could not keep my eyes off her foot. Seeing those sneakers was driving me nuts. I could not resist it. I got on my hands and knees and went over to her. She put her crossed leg down. She did not object when I started touching and caressing that fantastic sneaker especially the sole. I kissed the toe of the sneaker. I lifted her foot up and stared at the ripple sole and ran my finger over the ripples, I felt so excited. I then kissed the sole, putting my tongue between my lips and running it over the tips of the ripples so there was a distinctive rubbery taste in my mouth. It was like French kissing a whole lot of little rubber tongues, the same ones that gently caress the floor when my sister walks. I felt rather disgusted with myself, but just could not resist it.

There was a noise outside. My sister said “I had better go now. I loved that, I would like to play with your Chucks like that some time” and she left the room.

I never felt so happy. In the days and weeks to come my sister and I shared our little secret in many barely noticeable ways. It was as if we were playing a little game together. I came to really like her and appreciate her good points. We could tease each other a bit without getting upset at each other. She invited me out with her friends (wearing those lovely sneakers of course and I would wear my Chucks) and she went out of her way to make me feel included.

One day I watched Megan walked past with those sneakers squelching on the smooth floor. She noticed and asked bluntly what attracted me to those sneakers. I replied “I hope you do not mind me saying so, but you are a bit plump, and I cannot help noticing that the rubber ripples bend and crush under the ball of your foot and as you lift it, they spread apart seeming to caress the floor. It I like the tips of the ripples are licking the floor. The thought of that just drives me crazy. Let's see you do it a bit more”.

“Ooh” she said, “You now have me feeling hot. I was embarrassed at first when they squelched under my feet, but I thought ‘so what’ and I actually enjoy the sound. I do like the way they give slightly under the weight of my feet. Last week I helped a friend doing some stocktaking and was standing for several hours on this hard concrete floor. These shoes were just so comfy. I thought my feet would be killing me afterwards but my feet felt fine afterwards because they were cushioned by the ripple soles. I never quite thought of the ripples bending and spreading under my feet, and fancy my little brother getting infatuated with that.”

She then obliged and I could have a good look at her walking in those fantastic sneakers watching

the ripples distort and spread under her weight making a squelching noise. “Ooh” she said, “I just like the thought of this turning you on. I have noticed other boys looking at my sneakers and I wondered why. Now I know. I am going to have a lot of fun with those sneakers. I was now feeling so hot and excited. I badly wanted a pair of sneakers like that, but there was no way mum would buy me a pair. I wish I was like Megan and had some money of my own.

Now I want to have a play with your Chucks.” She got on her hands and knees and came over to me. She put her face down and kissed the large white rubber toe cap of my Chucks. She took a long time and I wondered if she was licking it like I did with her sneakers. She then kissed the other one, and also kissed the dimpled rubber strip round the front. She ran her fingers around the smooth rubber sides. “I really like the taste and feel of the rubber” she said.

As time went on, I noticed her sneakers got quite worn with the rubber ripples at the heels wearing down, but surprisingly not under the balls of her feet. I would look at them now and again and noticed how the ripples under the heel were worn very thin with loose ribbons of rubber about to break off. As she put her heel down the ripples there would scrape the ground right where it bends wearing it down slightly. This just looked amazing. The sneakers were finally so worn that she only wore them when otherwise her other shoes would get too dirty.