

Take a look at this great letter from Archer, who shares his experiences from his very first Footnight foot party in South Florida.

This is what Footnight is all about and we sincerely appreciate the time and effort Archer put in to reliving his experiences for all to see.. especially those of you who are still on the fence about coming to FootnNight

My First FootNight Experience

I recently had the extreme good fortune of experiencing something I have dreamt of my entire life. It was an amazing night; surpassing even my most lurid fantasies, but there is one big problem...I cannot tell any of my friends about it!!!

Let me explain by first revealing that I am an admirer of female feet. I am actually a raving fanatical fiend for the fine form of the female foot. But I have maintained this fetish a complete secret my entire life. Always afraid to show my passion for fear of suffering the taunts of being a freak. I have enjoyed very minimal foot contact and play with the occasional girlfriend, but none of them ever seemed to enjoy it the way I did, so I quickly moved on to other areas, suppressing my strongest desires.

Of course, with the prominence of an overwhelming array fetishes and far out things on the Internet, I have learned that I am not alone. Still, as I've never heard any friend mention a similar interest I continued to harbor my secret taste for toes.

Now, to reveal what I recently experienced: I worked up the courage to visit a Fetish Club for what they called a Foot Night Party. I wasn't sure what to expect and nearly backed out, but I kept telling myself that I should at least have a look even if I don't participate. Three days before the event I began experiencing difficulty sleeping. The anticipation was building and my nerves were all aflutter. I even emailed the event organizer, peppering him with questions and asking to confirm all sorts of details large and small.

The evening of the party I received a call from the job and was told about an early meeting the next morning. I almost used that as an excuse to chicken out and not attend. Something inside urged me to give it a chance. I decided I could invest at least an hour to see what it was all about.

I drank two bottles of water during the half hour drive to the place as my mouth was so dry from nervousness. I arrived to find several cars in the lot, but no people in sight. I sat in the car for a couple minutes before summoning the strength to walk through the front door and made a beeline for the restroom to relieve myself of all that water. After that I walked through the entire club, just looking around. It

was not crowded which made me feel so much more comfortable. I saw a few couples tucked into dark corners. I glanced briefly out of curiosity, before nervously averting my eyes. I wandered back through the club, probably looking wide-eyed and lost. That's certainly how I felt.

A tall, slender, very lovely blonde lady made eye contact and said "hi."

I greeted her back. She asked if I was okay and I whispered "It's my first time."

She smiled sweetly, introduced herself as Kim, took my hand and talked to me for a few minutes before guiding me to a more secluded corner and asking "What is it you like?"

"I like feet" I answered in another whisper "I really like female feet, but I've never told anyone before now."

"Do you like my feet?"

"Oh yes. They are gorgeous."

She smiled and thanked me for the compliment.

Then I asked "May I see them closer?"

She responded "Of course. Do you want a session?"

"Oh yeah...definitely!"

We slid two chairs together and sat facing each other. She removed her shoes and lifted her feet for me to see. I stared at them. They looked so soft and smooth. I reached out to touch them. I caressed them, top and bottom. Kim's size sevens really were as smooth as they'd looked. Instinctively I lifted them higher and pressed my face into her soles. I inhaled strongly, taking in the delicious aroma of her sweet soles. I kissed, licked, nibbled and sucked for what seemed like two minutes, but she told me it had actually been ten. My nervousness was now mixed with excitement. I thanked Kim and she joked about having popped my cherry then told me to go enjoy myself. I felt invigorated and had every intention of following her advice.

I wandered around for a couple minutes and spotted a young lady sitting alone. I approached and made conversation. I wanted to confirm that she was here for the Foot Night Party as well. She was a cute, young Colombian lady with pale skin and cute five and a half sized feet. I have been wracking my brain to recall her name, but all I can come up with is that I think it started with a 'T'. She allowed me to lift her feet up to view them better. I asked if I could remove her shoes and she said yes. I removed her shoes, one at a time, massaging each foot briefly in the process.

I couldn't wait any longer so I bent over to kiss them. They were cute, petite feet with bright red nails. Her short toes were so perfectly smooth; they hardly showed any creases at the joints as if her toes would be unable to bend. I asked her to wiggle them for me and she did. I pulled them close and let her wiggling toes brush my face, then I pulled them to my mouth and extended my tongue to give her a dance floor for those little piggies. She smiled and giggled as I devoured her delicious feet, kissing her arches, sliding my tongue across her soles from heel to toes, then passing my tongue repeatedly between those sweet little toesies. Again, ten minutes felt like two. I was beginning to wonder how I was losing all that time, but figured it was simply because I was having so much fun. This young lady told me she wanted to introduce me to a friend of hers who she knew I would like. We walked through the club, but didn't find her. Unperturbed, she carried me to another friend. She introduced me to Jackie who was dancing alongside another girl on the dance floor. Jackie flashed a friendly smile and came over to talk with me. She seemed tall, but she was in heels. The rest of her body fell perfectly into place as well. Her size six feet were perfectly manicured and incredibly soft. I really couldn't believe how soft they were, even more so than some younger girls. She told me it was all due to extensive care: frequent manicures and lots of lotion. I don't know what type lotion she uses, but it was certainly doing the job. I licked them up and down, moving up to her ankle, then across her heel and back to those succulent soles. I began to nibble the sides of her feet with my teeth.

"Are you biting me?" she inquired with a little laugh.

"Yes" I moaned, "I want to chew off your foot and take it home with me."

"Can't do that" she instructed, "I need to go home with both of them."

I continued licking and lapping like a frenzied puppy with a new squeaky toy until she told me the time was up. I thanked her and told her I was just going to sit for a minute. My heart was racing, my head was spinning and I now had the flavor of three gorgeous foot models on my eager tongue. I knew I had waited way too long to realize this lifelong fantasy.

I had moved from being a female foot admirer to now being an experienced female foot lover. I was invigorated. I felt like a new man; or maybe even something more than human. I sensed a confirmed change in myself, like a predator that has had its first taste of human flesh: I was blinded to everything else except thinking how I could get more. I was on a foot feeding frenzy!

I felt different now. My nervousness was nearly gone and had been replaced by excitement. I walked around the club and began a conversation with a couple other patrons. We actually discussed what we had come here for and how we'd been fortunate enough to find exactly what we'd wanted. This one fellow couldn't stop

talking about being trampled. He urged me to try it. While being stepped or stomped on weren't in my range of fantasies I thought that maybe I should consider it as this night had already taught me so much. My new friend went into more detail about the importance of selecting the right girl to perform the trampling, suggesting specifically that you start out with the lightest weight possible. He further expressed how critical it was to ensure the rhythm of your breathing was just right to prevent worse pain and bruising. I could see his enthusiasm and appreciated his candor, but I told him I might save that for the next party.

I moved, with my new confidence, towards the front of the club. I bumped into the Colombian girl whose name I cannot recall. She greeted me with a big smile and asked "Did you enjoy Jackie?"

"I sure did" I confirmed.

So she promptly introduced me to yet another friend of hers. Mandy was a very tall, slender young lady of Cuban-Puerto Rican mix. It was definitely a great blend of flavors. This twenty year old was also at her very first foot night party. We talked for a while, and then I suggested we have a seat on the sofa.

"What size are your feet?" I asked.

"Size nine" Mandy answered.

"How tall are you?"

"Five foot nine" she smiled "before the heels."

"Wow. You sure present them well. May I take off your shoes?"

"Of course you can" she said as she playfully pulled her foot back as if she'd changed her mind.

I slipped off her shoes and placed them on the floor, then gently caressed her feet before bringing them directly up to press against my face. Mandy had the longest toes I experienced that night, but there was further delight. Her feet possessed a pungent, natural foot smell that had not been masked by the cleaning solution; or maybe the flavor was ingrained in the leather of her pump. However it was achieved, Mandy stood out among the girls with such an offering. I loved seeing the beautiful smile on her face as I lapped my tongue all across her feet and twisted it around each and every toe; sucking them deeply, both individually and all together to best savor her genuine taste. After such a fulfilling snack I just sat back on the sofa and relaxed for a while.

Life was good. Beautiful feet were abundant, and I was in heaven. I stopped by the bar and had a beer alongside my trample addicted friend. He was rubbing his chest and stomach and expressing how sore he was from having just endured yet another session underneath the tortuous ecstasy of multiple feet. We talked for a few more minutes over the beers until I spotted a divine Latina who I'd been admiring from afar all night. I excused myself from the conversation and approached my target.

This brown skinned angel had the curves of a Central American mountain road and a devilish smile that could scare away many a man. I felt the power of her gaze when our eyes met, but I didn't look away. I didn't sense the fear I'd have surely felt yesterday. Today I was a prowling foot monster and my mouth watered as I focused on my next tasty meal. She introduced herself as Alexa and I conspicuously scanned her body, running my eyes from her long, dark hair down to her perfectly manicured toes. We clasped hands and adjourned to a secluded area with a large sofa.

"I've been watching you all night" I admitted to her.

"Of course you have" she responded with confidence; then tossed back a challenge: "So now what are you going to do?"

I could tell we were beyond words so I reached for her precious size four feet without asking. I brought them up to meet my lips and kissed every bit of skin I could reach through the straps of her super high heels. I then removed the shoes and went to town on every other piece of skin.

"Wow" she said "I've finally found a real foot guy."

"What do you mean?" I asked.

"All the other guys I've met just want to smell my feet or rub my toes, but you are actually trying to eat them."

"And I will eat them" I promised Alexa.

I worked on everything from the tips of her toes onward, when I reached her ankle she seemed surprised.

"The ankle too?"

"Oh yeah. With an ankle that cute and an Achilles that well defined I have to taste them too." I explained.

She laughed a little then became more playful. She teased me by wiggling her toes then surprised me by pulling back and slapping me in the face with her sole. The shock showed on my face and her devilish smile returned.

She pushed her feet in my face more aggressively and I pushed back as well; flicking my tongue and grabbing the meaty sides of her feet tightly in my teeth until the exotic session was done. I needed to catch my breath after the encounter with Alexa.

I guess Alexa had broken me a little because someone else came along and made the decision that I shouldn't rest yet. A new girl grabbed hold of me and promised to rock my world. Sonia was confident, witty and controlling. I was feeling a little cocky at this point in the night so I mischievously pushed her down onto the sofa. She laughed briefly then jumped at the apparent challenge. She was very frisky and presented a gorgeous pair of well cared for feet. Before I knew it Sonia had me splayed out on my back in submission. She stood above me, straddling my prone body, with one foot after the other crushing my face and forcing her toes deep into my mouth. I gasped for air between her attacks, but I did not try to push her away. I felt my body quivering uncontrollably; my legs thrashed around involuntarily, and an erection pushed hard in an attempt to escape from my jeans. When Sonia stopped I moaned "Don't stop!" as I dug into my pocket for another twenty dollar bill. She gave me more of the same, this time adding her taunts "You're a bad boy!"

To which I responded with an unintelligible moan as her delicious toes filled my mouth.

I cannot imagine my night having been any better unless it just hadn't ended. It seemed almost perfectly choreographed as I steadily progressed from the quieter ladies to the more aggressive women who broke me out of the shell of shyness and release my inhibitions. I had planned to leave the party after only a couple hours since I had the early meeting in the morning, but I wound up staying until the place closed. I was simply caught up in the incredible atmosphere of this event.

I made it to work the next day, but I have no idea what that meeting was about. My head was filled with images of dancing feet. One of my coworkers even made the comment "You look different today. It's like you are almost glowing."

I tried to give him an uninterested look and said plainly "I don't know what you're talking about." But in the privacy of my brain I was repeatedly reliving the fantasies I realized the night before and desperately calculating how long I might have to wait for the next South Florida Foot Night Party.

Archer (Former Foot Virgin) October 2010