

Carl's Shoe

Carl's shoe was his best pal. He even gave up his girlfriend for that shoe. He used to take it to the movies when he went with his girlfriend. And, during the love scenes he put it slowly down her neckline, and stroked it. She hated this, and would throw the shoe out into the darkened theater. One night the shoe landed in the lap of a woman that was near to an orgasm from the love scene, and the impact of the shoe caused her to climax with a bloodcurdling scream. It was found out much later, after the firemen left, that she had been carrying a butane stadium lap-warmer there, which flew into the heavily hairsprayed wig of the woman in front of her.

Carl loved that shoe so much that he used to go to the Marriot, and rent a room for the shoe, and leave it there with the TV on, and a glass of Coke, and some peanuts. He would shine the shoe on Sundays, so meticulously that he could see his penis reflected on it's shiny surface. Seeing his penis reflected this way made Carl hot. He would go to the K-Mart shoe department, and shine all the shoes, and hover his penis over all of them, until he was seen.

The shoe was taken away, and Carl was sent to a psychiatrist, who happened to be a woman. The psychiatrist became charmed by Carl's shoe stories that she revealed her own inner unbalance, and made Carl re-enact his shoe-love tales, while she stripped to bra and panties, and made love to the cordless telephone. She would dial a number she knew was always busy, hold the phone against her and climax as the tiny beeps coursed through her.

Carl's shoe was released, and he, the shoe, the psychiatrist, and her Cell-phone moved to an isolated ranch in Montana, where they set up a website for people that used to work for the Redwing Shoe Co., and, all got married. A shoe can be a true companion, just ask people from Montana.

[Next](#)[Home](#)[Back](#)