

Family secret

WARNING : This story contains elements of incest. Despite not containing explicit NSFW elements, the fetish context and the description of events happening between a mother and her son could contribute in making this story disturbing to certain readers, whose discretion is therefore advised.

Ever since I was a child, I've always been fascinated by other monsters' feet. I would secretly look out for any occasion to lay my eyes on others' pair, whether it was a pair of feet, paws, or talons. The bare soles of many monsters were the only things that managed to take away my concentration in class, and I would spend most of my breaks sitting down on a nearby bench looking from a distance, like a vigilante, on the lookout for any good view of my classmates' soles walking around. For the monsters who would not wear any footwear, I would simply relish the sights, and in the disappointing case of the shoe wearing monsters, I would fantasize about what their feet would look like and how they would smell, how soft they were and if they'd let me rub them if I asked... I plead guilty of having taken a few pics sometimes, and it would be a lie to say that I haven't been drawing or writing foot related scenarios of a certain number of monster, even some who I never talked to. One was actually coming to my mind right now, with two students of my class.

The first one was that purple haired dinosaur girl walking around like she owned the place. She didn't seem very pleasant to talk to, but the thick boots she wore were hiding very sweaty soles for sure. Maybe three or five clawed toes, four would feel weird... She definitely would be the kind to be very rough when it comes to the worshipping and rubbing part, this active personality would be perfect for some original scenarios that involve a bit of domination.

That deer girl shyly walking behind the dino like she wanted to ask her something was also getting my imagination running. She was the complete opposite of her classmate. She was always bashful and looked very introverted. Opposingly, she was a very kind individual, I remember she helped me with an exercise I was struggling with. I'm not specifically into hooves, but the wholesomeness of a situation where she would allow me to play with her feet turned me on a bit.

Soon, the break would end, and I'd be back to class, thinking about feet once again and admiring my teachers' own pair. All of this to say, I think it's safe to say that I'm actually obsessed with feet. The only thing that went through my mind right now was the story I was writing about these two girls whose feet I admired, discreetly writing the key points on my phone for the next hours. Well, that, and not falling asleep at the monotonous math lesson that was given to us. I was a gifted student and I learned things fast, so I could just learn the lessons after class, as I wouldn't want to miss an occasion to write about the love I'd like to give a beautiful pair of feet. Honestly, physically going to college was more of a pain than anything. I'd be better off home making art for the entire day, but that's how it is, you can't always do what you want.

A few hours passed, and the bell finally rang. A flow of students swarmed the hallways and spilled out at the school's exit, each individual droplet spreading around in the direction of their home. I waited for the commotion to end, and made my way back to my place at the corner of the town, multitasking between writing the story on my phone and looking up to not bump into anyone. After a few minutes, I arrived at the front door of my house, which I opened with ease as it was already unlocked.

I walked in and started looking around for the other inhabitant of the house.

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« She's probably baking something like always... » I told myself as I headed to the kitchen.

I looked around the corner, and there she was. Toriel Dreemurr, my adoptive mother. Cleaning her hands, the tall, yet feminine anthropomorphic goat figure that belonged to my mother was gently humming a tune. This melody always made me feel nostalgic. I wasn't particularly proud of it, but I was kind of a crybaby when I was younger, and whenever I would start sobbing, my mom would hold me in her arms and start humming this melody. It makes me feel so peaceful and relaxed, even to this day, although admitting it makes me feel kind of bashful...

« Hey mom, I'm back ! » I greeted, coming behind the anthropomorphic goat and opening my arms for a hug.

« Oh hello, my child ! Didn't hear you there... » She responded while drying her hands, before turning towards me and embracing me with her fuzzy arms.

The motherly warmth emanating from her made me smile. Surrounded by the white sleeves or her otherwise purple dress, I could only feel comfort. Even if I wasn't her biological son, I knew Toriel would always be there for me, and that was enough to make me feel at peace. After a few seconds, we stopped hugging, and I looked above her shoulder.

« I just put a pie in the oven, it will be baked for tonight. » The goat commented with a charming smile.

« Cinammon flavour I bet? » I asked, although I already knew the answer. Of course it was cinnamon flavour. It's always cinnamon flavour.

« Well you've been good at school, so you deserve a reward~ You should have heard the way Ms. Alphys talked about you during the school board last week... »

She gently pinched my cheek.

« You make your mother proud, you know that ? » She added.

« Uuugh... I'm glad. » I grumbled, looking at the ground out of embarrassment.

I definitely shouldn't have done that. My view instantly locked on the pair of feet standing on the checked kitchen floor and I started blushing hard. From every pair of feet that I've ever seen, including those from the best foot models on the Internet, my mother's feet were simply the best, and BY FAR. Everything about them was sublime, the slender shape and the pure white colour of the short fur surrounding her feet made them such pleasant objects to look at, while the small claws that protruded from each of the three toes of each foot gave them a hint of cuteness and innocence. Her feet had an aura of mystery and eeriness as well, akin to one of an unexplored territory, so beautiful and unharmed, a place to only look at in amazement.

And that was only the top of her feet. Every evening, when she was finished with her task for the day, she would turn the TV on and sit down on her recliner chair, propping her beautiful feet up, unawarely giving me access to the wonder that is the sight of her soles from the other chair on the side of the room. If the top of Toriel's feet were like an uncharted territory, her soles were like the treasure that would be hidden within its temple. A sight so perfect that you would be right to wonder if you were in a dream. One could feel the soft silky smooth texture of her wrinkled soles simply by looking at them, and the light reflecting off each small bump or wrinkle gave an idea of how warm they were. That, and her tendency to wiggle her long and flexible toes made for a much more

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interesting show than the actual movie. And when I say that her toes are flexible... It is an understatement. Once again, she was the best in her category. It was not uncommon to witness her wide toe spread, so wide that it made her toes look more like evenly spread fingers of a reaching hand, ready to smother a face and caress it in a motherly way. Although I highly prefer playing video games and making art, joining her for an improvised movie night just to spy on her perfect soles has become a frequent habit. I've never dared asking if I could realise one of my biggest dreams and rub her feet though. I've only gone as far as to take candid pictures and videos, which are probably my most treasured possessions yet. I can proudly say that my mom's feet have become a muse and an inspiration for my artworks, and my objective with my art is to be able to reach a level of perfection and detail similar to the ones of her feet in my drawings. Only looking at this perfect pair makes me full of determination. I could spend my entire life staring down and admiring them...

But I've gotta be careful. I wouldn't want my adoration to be discovered. I was terrified of what my mom would think about me if she knew about it. I lifted my head back up, avoiding any suspicion as to my strange addiction, and quickly changed the subject.

« A-Anyway, I'm going to my room, I've got homework to do... » I said in a casual tone.

Of course I wasn't going to do my homework, at least not until the last moment, like I always do. I had way too many feet-filled thoughts for that, and I didn't want to put that inspiration to waste. I was already making my way to the stairs, trying my hardest to not look at my mom's feet on the way, but before I could put a foot on the first step...

« Oh, before that... I'd like to have a talk with you. » The goat woman said in a gentle, yet kind of strict tone.

« O-Oh ? Hum... Sure. » I replied. My mom didn't usually have such a serious tone, so she must have been wanting to talk about something important, I thought.

Before I finished my response, Toriel was already going upstairs, grabbing my hand so I could accompany her.

« We will talk in my bedroom. » She added before looking at me with a warm smile. « Don't worry, you are not in trouble... »

Honestly, her words planted a seed of doubt in me, and I gulped in anticipation of what was going to happen. She wanted us to be in HER room to talk? That was strange, to say the least, whenever she wanted us to talk, we would always have a conversation either in the living room, or in my own bedroom, but never in hers... Was I really « Not in trouble » ?

We arrived at the second floor and took the first door on the right. Even though I was used to seeing her bedroom from the corridor so many times, walking into it was kind of intimidating, like wandering into a forbidden space. I guess this was what Toriel felt like whenever she entered my room... At least, her bedroom had a more relaxing colour scheme than mine. While I have always preferred warm and aggressive yellow tones, the cold and relaxing blue tone of her room was very calming. From the floorboards to the plant laying next to one of the wall, everything was a tint of blue, except the pillows, which were of a white colour. It felt like I was entering a completely new world.

I was so concentrated on this environment that I didn't notice Toriel had released my hand and had sat on the bed. Only the soft plapping sound of her hand gently tapping on the bedsheets in

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a gesture to invite me to sit next to her cut me out of my dissipated state. I took place by her side, sitting on this bed that I was sure would stay in my mind for a long time after our conversation.

« Are you comfortable ? » She kindly asked. It was clear she wanted to make me feel at ease. What could this hide ?

« Yes... You wanted to talk ? » I replied, hiding that I was feeling a bit anxious at this uncommon situation.

« Alright... » She said in return. Her face turned into a warm smile once again, and she continued.

« First of all... I want you to know that you're safe with me. I am not judging or trying to make you feel a certain way, I am just curious about something... You have the right to stay silent if it makes you feel more comfortable.»

With every word, the tension within my stomach was rising up. If there was anything she was good at other than baking pies or unintentionally teasing me with her feet, it was building suspense... I kept silent, dreadfully waiting for her to finish and understand what this was finally all about.

« You see, this morning... I'm sorry, I was cleaning the house, and I accidentally peeped into your room. »

Ah, it's true that she wasn't working today... The advantage of being a kindergartner teacher was that she could stay at home on Wednesdays, since children don't have school that day.

« And... I saw your computer... And what was on the screen... » She lowered her head and twiddled her thumbs, trying to find the best way to say her next words.

My computer ? I was at school all day, what could she be talking about ? Let's see, what was I doing this morning... I woke up earlier because I couldn't sleep, so to pass time, I... Booted up my computer... And started drawing...

« I saw... What you were making... » She admitted, her voice lower than I had ever heard before.

My face went livid. It felt like the weight of the entire world had fallen upon me, crushing me with the harsh reality that I had just realised. Shame, guilt, fear of judgement, I was suddenly showered by all of these emotions at the same time. What I was drawing... It was a foot fetish artwork featuring the feet of my teacher, Ms. Alphys. Did I really just... Forget to turn off my computer? I was late, and I had to leave in a hurry, I must admit... But still ? Was I that stupid ?

My mother must have seen how pale I had suddenly turned, and she placed her hand on my lap, hoping the warmth of her palm would reassure me.

My mind started racing to find ways to get out of this situation... What lie could I give to clear my name ? Do I actually want to lie to my own mother? I've done it a few times already, but for some reason, I have the feeling that the guilt I'd feel over lying on this subject in particular would be crushing... I want to stop this conversation, please, mom, do not go any further...

« Again, I want you to know that you are completely safe with me... »

Please don't ask me about it. I don't want to have to admit such a shameful secret...

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«I am not judging you. It is just a question I wanted to ask, because I feel it is something important that you might want to talk about... »

Do not ask this question, please...

«... Do you have a foot fetish ? »

It's over. There's no way out of this. She was completely spot on, and my complete silence was the proof. What could my mom be thinking of me now ? Was she ashamed, disgusted, scared of me ? I couldn't even confirm any of these, as my eyes were locked on the ground out of fear. Shame was a big part of course, but I was also scared of something far more hurtful... One sentence was resonating in my brain, something I wish my dread wouldn't disallow me to say out loud. « Please, I'm begging you, mom... Do not become disappointed with me... »

There was no sound for a few seconds, before Toriel spoke again.

«If this is what scares you, my child, know that I have no opinion about this. Sexual fetishes are just a thing like any other. It is fine to keep it a secret, but I don't want you to feel like you are to be shunned for what you enjoy.»

My eyes went wide. This tone of voice... It was so... Pure. Although I was on the verge of having a mental breakdown at this very instant, the warmth and genuineness emanating from these words put me in an instant state of calm. I felt I was able to lift my head up and dare looking at my mother in the eyes, even if I was terrified of what was awaiting me. I gathered all my courage and turned my face towards hers.

She was looking over me with that protective smile this whole time. I stared deep into her dark red eyes and, like she had said, I couldn't see any hint of judgement in them. I suddenly felt all the weight fly up from my shoulders.

« W-Well... I wanted to keep this a secret, because, you know... It's not the kind of thing you say like it was nothing » I said. Toriel's eyes lit up with relief and contempt as she replied.

« It is true that it is rather uncommon... » She responded. Although these words could be received in a negative way, I didn't feel any sort of judgement from her as she said that. Only an objective fact.

I never thought that would happen, but I smiled at the fact that my mother knew about my foot fetish. As long as she didn't know what I feel towards her feet, everything would be okay...

«Would you... Mind explaining me a bit more about it ?» She said in a genuine and innocent manner, like she was really interested in knowing how it worked. « If it doesn't make you too uncomfortable, of course... »

I was still very embarassed about my foot fetish being discovered, so I couldn't stop blushing, but I figured that since the cat was out of the box, I could tell her a bit more about my fetish. I turned my face a bit to not be staring right at my mother's eyes while explaining, and started talking.

« H-Hum... Well... It is difficult to say exactly what I like about them, but... Seeing them soothes me, I suppose...» I said. «I also sometimes... Imagine I could do more than just staring. Rubbing, kissing... Licking... A type of feet that I really love in particular is those which toes can spread very far like yours, I can fantasize about those toes caressing my face for hours!»

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After that, I looked back at my mom's eyes, and was shocked to be met with an expression of sheer surprise. I guess the fantasies I have involving feet are very uncommon, huh...

«Toes spreading far like... Mine? You mean that you...»

It took me a few seconds to realise the gravity of what I had just admitted. My face turned white again and I went back to staring at the ground. It actually worsened things, as I could now see my mom's feet in the corner of my eyes. Why couldn't I just divert my eyes from them? Even in this situation of intense shame, my eyes were glued to them, despite knowing that she must be especially aware of where I would be looking right now. I guess there was no point in trying to deny anything now...

"Y-Yes... I love your feet..."

I lifted my head back up to look at her eye-to-eye. If I were to reveal everything, at least I could do it with dignity. After all, she said I was safe with her, so I decided to trust her. I was surprised to see a bashful expression on her face, accompanied by a pretty remarkable blush.

"W-Well, that sure is... A compliment..." She said, quite taken aback by this sudden revelation.

She nervously scrunched her toes, which caused me to get distracted again. A shift of attention that she noticed, as her next words implied.

"They must really be distracting you... Since how long have you been watching them?"

"Hum... I... I don't know... It's been a very long time..." I admitted.

There were a few seconds of uneasy silence before my mom spoke again, this time her blush stronger than ever.

"Hum I'm wondering... Have you been... I mean... Have you done stuff with someone else's feet before?"

"I... Haven't..." I admitted. "I often end up looking at other people's feet, but I'd never dare asking them anything feet related, that's way too weird..."

Another silence.

"Besides, I wouldn't know how to manage this... I mean, should I compliment their feet first, give them a foot rub, should I be transparent right from the start about my fetish, or should I just say I like them? I don't even know what type of feet or interaction I prefer anyway..."

"I see..." The goat lady said with a concerned yet understanding tone.

Yet again, silence dominated the room for a few seconds, although not one that was as uneasy as the previous ones, at least for me. It felt like my chest had become as light as a feather, and despite my fears, I ended up glad that I could tell all of this to my mom. Maybe she wouldn't let me look at her feet anymore, but at least I didn't feel like I had to hide such a weighting secret anymore... I was gonna leave to my bedroom before my mother spoke.

"You know... You're an adult now..."

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Those words piqued my interest. Her, who tended to baby me so frequently, saying something like that? She wanted to get somewhere with these words, so I figured I'd listen to what she had to say.

"And I believe that you should be more confident about this type of thing. But... I understand that without experience, it can be particularly terrifying... Especially if you're uncertain about your more precise desires..."

At this point, she was twiddling her thumbs and shyly looking at the ground, more precisely, at her feet, which were nervously rubbing against each other. After a few seconds, she turned her head and looked at me with a warm, although slightly embarrassed smile.

"Whatever you want to try, you can try it on my feet first. That will give you some experience, and hopefully answer some of your questions..." She said.

"... What?" Was the only word I could muster up. Maybe my ears were clogged, or maybe I was too distracted by the shifting of her timid feet, but she couldn't have said what I just heard, right?

"Well, I am your mother, and as such, it is my duty to let you discover your own likings and boundaries." She shyly looked away with a strong blush. "Besides... I find this kind of cute, I want to see how it feels to have my feet played with..."

I was awestruck. It must have been a dream which I was about to wake up from. I still couldn't talk, but my flabbergasted face was enough to transcribe my current emotion.

"Of course, this is only if you want to... You have the right to say no..." Toriel reassured, seeing how intensely I was reacting.

I finally gathered the strength to give words to my surprise.

"N-No! I mean, yes, I... I would LOVE to!" I almost yelled, my eyes still wide open.

I still couldn't believe this. My own mother, proposing me to try what I wanted with the godly assets that were her soles? After all these years of hidden admiration, fantasies and dreams, could it be? Was I actually going to live this for real? The dream theory wasn't out of the possibilities yet, but I couldn't pass on this occasion, real or not. My mom chuckled. My excitement must be contagious, as it instantly put her warm nurturing smile back on her face, and not an ounce of uneasiness was left in her.

"Alright, then. So... What pose would you like me to take?" She asked, while seductively wiggling her toes.

"U-Umm... I think, uh..." I tried to speak, but once again, the words wouldn't come out of my mouth.

I cursed myself in my head. Speak, goddammit! You have a golden opportunity right in front of you, and you're gonna ruin it because you're shy? It was one of the moments where I seriously wondered about my intelligence...

"Don't worry, I understand this is all very strange to you... Let me try something to start out..." Toriel said with a soft tone, as she had noticed my indecisiveness. Something about her voice felt... Sultrier than usual?

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She lied down on the bed and turned around so she would be laying down on her stomach. As soon as her feet flew right off the ground, my heart skipped a beat, and I swallowed my saliva once I saw these soft feet pass only inches away from my face, before stopping right before my narrowing eyes, her soles facing the air.

“There, do you like it? Are you having a good view?” She said while wiggling her toes, surely to entice me into taking a grasp at them.

I felt a bit stupid. There I was, being dumb, awestruck and unable to think straight, while she was there, taking initiatives and handling things like a boss, making sure I didn’t panic in front of the infinite possibilities that opened to me. She was definitely right about me being unprepared... Had it been someone else, they would have probably left a while ago upon seeing my incapacity to take matter into hands, making me feel even more self-conscious about myself.

I felt glad that my mom was helping me with that. Actually, how long has it been since our last real activity together? I’m talking about some actual mother and son bounding activities, not those movie nights where I’d be more interested into watching my mom’s feet rather than the movie, or greeting each other when coming back from work or school... Something about this dynamic between each other at this very instant felt... Arousingly innocent. A mother genuinely making sure her son was at ease with the situation, although the fact that the situation was particularly lewd added a bit of spice that made my stomach ache from excitement.

“W... Woah...” I was only able to say.

“I have an idea to make you comfortable.” Toriel said from the other side of the bed, noticing my inaction. “What if you described me what makes my feet so beautiful? I can wiggle them around if it stimulates your imagination...”

And then, her soles started waving around right in front of me, toes wiggling and alternating between scrunches and spreads.

Of course, both the scrunched and splayed positions were equally amazing, and seeing them from such a close view compared to when I would spy on them from a distance during movie nights made these master pieces even more attractive. It was like discovering new details on a painting upon closer view. Well, more like the details of a blank canvas actually, considering that the pair was absolutely devoid of any stain, dirt or sweat drops that could have tarnished their beauty. How could her feet stay that clean despite walking barefoot all day?

Each splay would showcase the flexibility of each of her tender digits, as well as the softness of the flesh in between them, and at their base. They could extend so wide on the sides as well, which was something I was particularly fond of. It was so easy to imagine my face completely covered by those big furry digits, one toe on my nose, the other two on each of my eyes, rubbing and caressing against every pore of my face while I’d languorously plant kisses along the surface of her slender soles.

On the opposite foot, the intensity of each scrunch showed just how much strength Toriel had with her feet. Her mature feet had acquired resistance due to walking on the ground bare all the time. If only my nose could lock itself between two of those beautiful wrinkles, white dunes towering over the silkiest looking desert ever, only for me to indulge into... I want to see these waves close on me, maybe even get a view on details as microscopic as her sole prints... Wait, does she actually have prints under her soles? Being able to discover whether this was the case or not was so exciting...

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“Wow, that’s... A very extensive description...” I heard my mother say.

“H-Huh? Was I saying that out loud?” I squealed, blushing as I was kind of ashamed of having given out such precise details without realising it. Well, at least my mom now knew the extent of my love for her feet, and no misunderstandings were possible at this point.

“Hehe, you’ve always been good in english class, so that’s not a surprise...” The goat mom chuckled with an exaggerate splay and scrunch of her soles as if rewarding me for the essay I inadvertently just gave out.

This caused another jolt from my stomach, and before I knew it, my face was much closer to them than before. In fact, I realised that I felt way less intimidated than before in front of those long and slender divinities.

“Well... Do you feel up to touch them now?” She gently proposed with yet another wiggle of her perfect digits.

I nodded and slowly approached my hands from what had felt like a forgiven land for all this time. I was finally going to touch my mother’s feet. How would they feel on my hands? Would the texture be more of a fuzzy one due to the very short fur that they were covered with, or would it be a much more organic one? Were they warm, or cold? Both options were as tantalizing as the other, and I was about to find out which one of these it was...

Wait. Is it... Really okay? Maybe I should just let them be, I might ruin their perfection if I were to touch them with my messy hands... While my inner self was furiously screaming at me to get a grasp on them, my brain was figuring that maybe this wasn’t right. I started blushing furiously, and this paralysing anxiety came back. I started feeling shameful and full of doubts again...

“Do not be embarrassed, my child... I am happy to let you experiment with your fetish!” I suddenly heard from my mom. The tone of voice was peaceful, gentle and reassuring. It instantly put me at ease and I could finally place my hand on these beautiful soles that were my mother’s.

At that moment, I just realised: I was rubbing my mother’s feet. And she was letting me. She was probably even enjoying it, if the way her toes relaxed when subjected to my touch was to take into consideration. I felt butterflies flying in my stomach, and had difficulty realising my situation. This feeling, it was too vivid to be a dream. It was really happening...

My mother was letting me touch her feet. She was allowing me to caress her supple soles, feeling my fingers go up and down each of the wrinkles that composed this absolutely sumptuous pair before ending between her wide digits. If heaven had a texture, it would be the one of my mom’s feet. Her soles were the softest surfaces I had ever laid my hands on. No friction, no roughness, nothing that could interrupt the smoothness of my fingers travelling down these silky wrinkles. I could tell that my mom was enjoying it too, as her toes gently fluttered with each rub, tantalizingly wiggling and spreading in front of my face. They would also momentarily curl, either grabbing my fingers between a mob of wrinkles from the instep of her foot, or directly between her toes when I was around that area. The interaction made my heart skip a beat every time, and I’d find myself readjusting my sitting position as the arousal within me was indubitably rising and making me shiver. I don’t know how much I’ve spent discovering these beauties with my hands, palpating, squeezing, kneading my fingers deep into their surface to study the effects all of these actions had on the flow of her foot wrinkles, but it was stopped all of a sudden, as my nose just twitched.

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Maybe my caresses had unearthed a hidden scent, or maybe I had moved my face closer to her feet than I thought, but what was sure was that a gentle scent had reached my nostrills. It was fresh, but had a hint of coarse wetness in it. It was subtle enough to not be a bad smell, yet it felt very... Intimate. Like discovering something that I wasn't meant to, something that was hidden away, in a way to keep its wonders from the general public... A treasure. The smell of my mother's toes. I sniffed harder, as Toriel heard my breath getting louder.

"Looks like you found something you like~" She teased while wiggling her toes at me, wafting their smell towards my face. "Do you enjoy the smell of my feet?"

I perked up when hearing this question. Not out of shame, disbelief or fear, but out of excitement. Such a strange question, thrown away so casually, something about this mismatch, helped by the implied approval and teasing that came with it, just gave me the chills. I blushed hard and instinctively got my face closer to the pair of feet, served on a platter, by my own mother. Once again, I froze and was stuck marvelling at the six wide digits dancing before me.

I heard a chuckle and suddenly, both feet were shoved right onto my face, colliding the base of their delicious digits with my nose. It seems that once again, my mom had decided to take matter in her hands, or to be more accurate, in her feet. Literally.

I held my hands up by reflex, and couldn't repress a moan of both surprise and lust. I shivered from excitement at the thought that I was touching her feet with my face. I gently cupped my fingers around the two welcome invader's voluptuous arches, and started caressing the surface of her soles. Due to her feet's current position, the soles and insteps of my mom's feet were extremely arched, making their skin particularly delicate to the touch. My fingers were in heaven, as they were now experiencing the smoothness of her soles in a stretched position, while my nose was getting intimate with that more dexterous and relaxed part of her stunning, mouthwatering feet.

Despite my nose not being particularly sensitive to the touch, the bottom of her toes felt absolutely divine to push against, and easily earned the price of the softest part of her entire foot. I couldn't help but blissfully smile from the soft and fresh scent that assaulted my nostrills as well as the other realisation that right now, I was actively whiffing at my mother's delicate foot scent. I pushed my face deeper into the mellow surface, as I sniffed harder and harder, eager to print this memory deep into my brain. And to make matters better, my mom was generously twitching her toes along. They were gently caressing other parts of my face, such as my lips or my cheeks, with a surgical precision. It was simple; If it weren't for the sense of sight, anyone would have thought that she was caressing their face with her hands. The wiggling digits' dexterity made me both excited, and particularly surprised, as even I couldn't think their bearer had so much control over them. Oh well, that was all in my advantage anyway, and I allowed myself another moan and multiple sniffs at my mother's toes, slowly getting dependant of that soothing scent.

Before I knew it, I started to lose my inhibition in favour of my libido. I found myself not only changing the position in which I'd grab my mother's soles, now wrapping my arms around my mom's legs as well for a better grip, but also thrusting my torso forward, pushing it towards the objects of my fantasies. I closed my eyes and kept huffing for a good few minutes, cradled by the soft fragrance and gentle caresses those big soft feet were offering to my face with all their grace.

I still couldn't believe what was happening right now. Was my mother really letting me do everything I want with her feet? She seemed to, at least. I was so happy to have a supportive mother, so supportive that she would let me get my own experience of my stupidly weird sexuality. If she

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really let me do everything, then I wanted to do even more with her feet. She might not realise some of my fantasies if she does all the work, after all. Maybe she has been pushing me to do something on my own?

That was decided. I was going to kiss my mom's feet. The mere thought of it made me quiver with excitement. I retreated my face away from their pedestal and, in an instant of apprehension, took a look at her pair of feet in its entirety. Of course their reaction would be to tease me with a slow and hypnotic dance consisting of her toes scrunching and spreading in coordination with each other. This wave-y movement, perfectly executed, gave me the courage to start doing what I should have done a long time already.

I dove my face in and took some time to appreciate the heavenly feeling of her soles pushing onto my face. It was like I was resting my on a cloud, and I could definitely fall asleep on them if I didn't have kisses to place on this splendid sole. I wiggled my face a bit, cherishing this moment where her foot imprints were directly in contact with my cheek. Each wrinkle that caressed me was like a breath of fresh air that would wash away my doubts.

After a few seconds, I lifted my head back up and planted a delicate kiss on her heel first, then two, then three, and soon enough I was showering them with smooches as my pleasure grew louder. Each peck was noisier than the other, my shyness now fully gone. I wanted my mother to know that I love her soles more than anything in the world. That I'd do anything to be in their grasp, even for a split second. That I was absolutely craving for them at every occasion. Her left sole caressing my cheek as I focused on the other one confirmed that she got my message, and I finally started expressing all my lust for her godly feet. I kept planting my love seeds all over her arch, moaning and panting loudly, tongue dripping. I arrived at her toes and shoved my face into them once again. I rested my face in this fleshy nest for a few seconds, nurtured by my mom's gently waving digits helping me catch my breath, before resuming my kissing session.

She let me kiss her soles in all the positions I could think of; I did them one by one, both of them together, with toes spread and scrunched... We weren't saying a word, but our foot revolving conversation was going on very smoothly, with a mixture of her trying to move her toes and feet in multiple manners, while I would confirm or deny how blissful each of them made me feel with the intensity of the kisses I was giving out. Of course, all of the poses she tried would get a standing ovation from my lips, but that was to be expected for perfect feet like my mother's.

She pushed her feet on my face very strongly and trapped my nose between two of her toes. As she left her feet there for a few seconds, I couldn't breathe anything other than the sweet smell of her soles, but it didn't matter to me. Obediently, I did what my mom silently asked me to do and planted a languorous kiss on the centre of her sole, while giving a big whiff from between those tender fleshy bars that were keeping my nose hostage. Her toes wiggled as the cold air probably tickled between them, giving me an involuntary reward that would encourage me to continue for a moment that felt like eternity.

When she removed her feet, I didn't realise how out of breath I was. All these intense feelings, moaning, and panting had exhausted me as I wound up intensely breathing, trying to catch as much air as possible.

"Aaaw, already over? We can stop for today if you want..." Toriel asked, her feet still up and teasing their son by rubbing against each other.

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Her tone of voice had completely changed from her usual nurturing and caring mother one. She seemed... More excited. Lustful even. Maybe this session was as intense for me as it was for her... Anyway, despite my current state of rest. I had just discovered how much of a sensual and emotional experience indulging into my fetish was, and with the best pair of feet I could ever dream of. Even if we were to reiterate the experience, I wasn't going to let this end anytime soon. Besides, something tells me that this is what she wanted too.

"*pant... pant* Nah... I still wanna... I wanna..." I gulped and took a second to catch my breath before an idea came to me. I was going to just start doing what I wanted, but the thought I just had made me fidget in place.

"M-Mom?" I tried to ask intelligibly between two breaths.

"Yes, my child?" She replied with a complicit tone and yet another tease in the shape of a slight toe twitch.

"Your feet are so beautiful..." I paused to make sure my next demand wouldn't be cut off by another breath "Mom, can you let me lick your feet?" I moaned right as I finished asking.

"Well, of course! I am flattered that you want to do this to my feet!" She replied.

These words felt like an electroshock. I was suddenly reinvigorated, feeling neither short breaths nor exhaustion anymore. I thrust my face towards the pair that was awaiting me and pushed my tongue against its white mellow surface.

While I was expecting to be met with the particularly salty and earthy aroma of a pair that would always walk around bare, I was met with only slight hints of such spices. Just like their smell, despite these small spikes, they actually tasted... Fresh. I passed my tongue all along her soles' arch in a long and sensual lick from the base of her toes to her heel. This way, I was making sure that I wasn't missing anything, and all I felt was mostly the refreshing texture of her silky smooth soles, and only a bit of that natural tastefulness. Of course her perfect feet wouldn't be tainted with the horror that was smell and filth, I thought. I had always preferred clean feet, so I was far from disliking it. I started licking in more thorough circles around that gigantic area that was given to me, comforted by the pleased moans of my mother from the other side of the bed.

We were gently moaning in unison, almost innocently, like this was a normal mother and son bonding activity with nothing else implied than a vanilla pleasure, a simple "Weird likeness towards a mother's feet". Despite knowing my mother would never rat me out like that, imagining her casually talking about how I smelled and licked her feet in future conversations aroused me particularly.

Slowly, I was applying coats of saliva all over the perfect canvas that were my mother's feet for a moment that felt like eternity. Painting my way through, I was moaning like a madman, and I started licking more thoroughly, applying more concentrated touches to specific places with small circular motions. I pushed more and more, constantly sinking my tongue deeper into her soles and letting my tongue smoothly rolling against the deep arches of her delicious instep. Soon enough, I had completely drenched both of the lower parts of her feet in my drool, to a point that I could smell my own saliva over their natural scent. There was still one last part to take care of though, a part which I had left on purpose. And my mom was aware of it, as she was now spreading her toes in anticipation.

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Compared to her glossy, almost plastic looking arches, those six little digits moving around almost looked rough, clearly lacking the attention than the rest of their respective foot has been getting. I smiled and admired them for a short moment, before I decided it was time to give them the tongue bath they so desperately desired. But I wasn't just going to lick those toes.

I opened my mouth wide and gently moved my head forward, ready to gently accept one of the six gigantic digits in the warm cave that was my maw, my tongue rolled out like a red carpet welcoming the white sphere. When I closed my mouth around her toe, I felt my mom jolt a little. Had I scared her? I suddenly grew a bit scared. Her feet weren't really frozen into place though. Actually, it was like they had just relaxed all of a sudden. I was reassured by a fulfilled moan from her, as well as the feeling of her toe wiggling in my mouth, in a soft manner as to not scratch its insides with her claw.

"S... Sorry I jumped a bit haha. The love you have for your sweet mother's feet is just... Very cute~"

She definitely knew the effect this kind of sentence had on me at this point, and it didn't miss. I trembled and a moan escaped, muffled by the digit that was occupying my mouth. I didn't waste a second and started sucking, twirling my tongue around that toe. As I expected, its taste was a bit stronger than her soles'. It was also saltier, and more hypnotising. My brain was on autopilot, only focused on that singular task of giving that wiggling inhabitant the good cleaning it more than deserved. Both of us moaned as I approached her toe claw, slowly lapping around it to not scratch myself on it. With a clumsy twitch of my tongue right on the tip of it, I found out that the extremity wasn't as cold or pointy as I expected. In fact, it looked as organically soft and silky to the touch as the rest of her feet. Definitely, literally EVERYTHING about those feet were perfect, even the parts that didn't seem like it. It also looked like that was a particular sensitive part of my mom's feet, as giving tender licks below it caused her feet to get rather... Agitated. I played on it for a long moment, happy to feel the soft squirming digit in my maw, as well as the other foot's twitching soles rubbing on my face while hearing the barely hidden snickers of my mother trying to hide her ticklishness. I found this rather cute and tormented her a little until I finally got a full laughter out of her.

"HAHAHAha! O-Okay, you win!!! I'm... Pretty ticklish there, hehe..." She admitted playfully, gently squirming as if she wanted more. Maybe she was into it?

That was definitely an information to keep in mind. I chuckled and lapped on the sensitive area one more time before resuming my calmer, more gentle worshipping session. I'd be happy to delve deeper into tickling shenanigans, wit her especially after seeing how into it she seemed, but for now, I had a task at hand; To give all my love to my mother's delicious toes. I resumed my work and worked on each of the delectable digits one by one, giving delicate licks between each toes on my way through. This place seemed to tickle her as well, as each pressure of my tongue on it made both of her feet squirm, like it was an organic mechanism triggered by the pressure of my tongue. This cute type of reactivity was also part of what made my mother's feet so amazing. Each of her gentle twitches and natural foot movements were a real feast to the eyes. I'd definitely have to study how those fleshy gears function to get those reactions on demand in the future.

After a moment, the room fell quieter. It wasn't that the sensations weren't as intense as before, but soon enough, a strange relation of thankfulness and respect had set between us at this very instant. The rush of adrenaline had ended, and despite the lust and passion still being there, the worshipping felt a lot more... Solemn. This silent act taking place between my mother and me, this

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slice of lewd intimacy that made us both thankful towards one another for the intense experience. As I started sucking on the middle toe of her second foot with a religious attention, this feeling of bliss and peacefulness taking over made me smile wildly.

The worship session didn't end on squirms of pleasure or vocal expressions of the orgasmic feeling taking over me, but simply on my love giving lips slowly sliding upwards, taking itself off of its current toe like a sock, as a hanging trail of saliva, the last contact between my mouth and her feet, broke and swung back onto my chin. Now I was there, simply looking at mesmerizingly glistening soles of my mother's soles and toes. Her toes scrunched and spread one more time, as if they were catching their breath the same way I had been catching mine earlier. I could even hear loud pants. Unless... It was my mom's ?

« *Huff... Huff* So, my child... Did you like it ? » I heard her difficultly articulate.

« I... Yes, your feet are the most amazing things I've ever laid my hands on... » I said, surprised at the power that my sucking has had on my own mother. She really does like receiving my licks a lot more than I thought it seems... Unless she had been feeling this excited the whole time ?

« That's... Great... » She replied. «Your mom enjoyed it quite a lot too... »

She lowered both her feet and rested them on my chest. Now I could tell they were exhausted, as could be experienced by their intense weight pushing me backwards. I reajusted my position to be faced to her soles. From there, I could see the pair in a new angle, a much more towering one, where their giant proportions were featured a lot more. This view got me to blush, and I could feel this primitive feeling of lust slowly getting back. I wasn't going to have another go at her feet yet though, as it was time for both of us to rest from this out of the ordinary experience.

« I think I'm going to take a nap... Would you mind... Giving my toes a rub please ? » She said before a yawn and a slight toe wiggle.

I got to work and gave gentle strokes to the bottom of her massive wrinkly soles, enjoying the view of her wrinkles forming and deforming around the pressure points I applied, whether it be with a single finger or with my entire knuckle. I witnessed all of my mother's feet's reaction with attention, noticing slight curls and wiggle here and there, when I'd touch specific areas, move my hand in a certain direction, applying more or less pressure to certain zones... I wondered for how long I would be able to enjoy this spectacular show before she wakes up from her nap...

I ended up sleeping by my mother's feet that night. Our position had changed after a few minutes so I could be laying down, admiring as her soles were resting on their side, directly facing me. The arches were forming a natural tunnel for me to rest my face in, as if it was their specific purpose. A soft cradle to host the face of a loving one. Taking good whiffs at their freshness and relaxing themselves under their embracing warmth, I fell into the most enjoyable slumber I've ever had.

After this fateful day, I've been able to get at my mother's feet whenever I desired. Whether it was to test out some new positions or to simply enjoy them, all I had to do was transparently ask about it to her, and before I finished my sentence, we would be on our way to the nearest couch or bed. She would allow me to worship her feet during movie nights, and she has even allowed me to lick her feet while she was in her bath one time.

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I can definitely say this experience has been beneficial to both of us; Slowly but surely, I got better at handling the foot fetish scenarios of my dream, with the help of my loving mother reenacting them for me and giving me advice on how I should react. I've also started to study reflexology, in an effort to improve on my foot rubbing and licking skills, which results are immediately noticeable thanks to the increasing squirms and moans of pleasure given by my mom with each passing worship session. The idea of revealing my foot fetish to someone else one day seemed less and less far away as well. Actually, maybe one day I could try talking to these two girls whose feet I've been fantasizing about some time ago...

On her side, my mother had finally realized the beauty of her feet, and started taking care of them more often. Well, saying that she started letting ME take care of them more often would be a more accurate way to say it. She would often invite me to take care of her feet in a lot of ways, like applying lotion, cleaning them thoroughly, or painting her toe claws once in a while. I remember we actually went to a store to pick out some colors one day. Her constant nudges and winks made me feel scared that people would realize about our little secret, but the compliments that her painted nails received from the other teachers the next day were worth it.

What I was feeling the more thankful for though was the fact that ever since I've admitted my love for her feet, she has allowed me to take countless pictures and videos of her feet as reference material for my art. In the span of only two or three weeks, thanks to her soles and toes' perfect proportion and anatomy, my art has improved more than it has in the span of a few months, and I keep improving everyday! When I took the last picture of today's photo shoot, I suggested to her that she should create an account on Internet where she could show her feet. They would get a lot of success, and a lot of people would be more than happy to give out some money for exclusive content. I got particularly flustered when she told me the reason of her denial.

« Sure, my feet would get a lot of attention, but I want you, my child, to be the only one to be able to see and love them as much as you do~ »

Today was mother's day, and for this special occasion, I wanted to give her the best gift ever. I didn't tell her, but through our multiple foot activities, I had studied her reactions to many of the stimuli I gave to her feet. I was now an expert at what made my mother's brain go haywire with pleasure, and I was definitely going to thank her for the weeks of bliss we've been having, and that we were going to have. Besides, it wasn't like I wasn't going to enjoy myself too... I prepared all the necessary accessories and put them in my mom's bedroom. I smiled.

«MOOOooooom~» I yelled in an enchanted tone.

THE END

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