

Converse UK

Hi, I'm Dirty Debby and I want to tell you a story about my trip to the UK. Ever since this little holiday I've realized that this is my favourite destination, and Converse are my favourite make of sneakers. Here's why.



I went to visit a friend of mine called Brian. He lives in fishing town on the East coast of England called Grimsby. Like a lot of guys in that town, he also works as a fisherman. I met him when I was on holiday in L.A. We became good friends and ever since we've written to each other via email and messenger etc.

Brian met me at the airport in Manchester, and unfortunately we had about a three hour train ride to get to Grimsby. I remember telling him that it was ridiculous traveling for this long to go such a short distance. It made me laugh to think that in this time I could fly from coast to coast in the US.

When we reached his hometown I was impressed to see that it was really quite beautiful. I had only seen fishing towns and villages on the T.V. Being quite young I hadn't traveled very far yet. This was my first time in the UK.

We had a very nice few days together; I was growing to like Brian a lot. Nothing sexual had ever occurred between us, primarily because neither of us had been interested. But now, I was beginning to see a side of Brian that made me want him in that way. I couldn't think of how to approach the subject with him. How do you tell one of your best friends that you want to fuck him?

Brian was a gentle giant of a man. He was very tall, and he was very muscular; he always put it down to hauling in those heavy fishing nets and working on the docks. In the mornings I had started to take more notice of him wandering around in his shorts, fresh out of bed. He had a particular pair of shorts; he said he bought especially for my visit. They were the Union Jack; red white and blue. When I saw these for the first time, I took great pride in modeling a Union Jack top that I bought over from the states.



Brian had never told me much about girlfriends or relationships or anything like that, and for a while I had thought him gay. He was a bit of a closed book like that you see. But then one morning when he had to go out, and I was having breakfast alone in his flat, I remembered

something he had written to me once. He told me he had a fetish for sneakers. Not just any sneakers though. Brian had a particular fondness for Converse. He told me he just loved women in Converse, it was as simple as that. I remember we laughed about it in our communications. That was the way I could get his attention. It might make him do the work if he felt the same way.



I went to the shops and bought a pair of simple looking Converse. They were white with all the normal stuff a pair of sneakers had. All except one detail that I just had to go for, and this was the red and blues stripes; Union Jack Converse!

I called him on his cell phone and arranged to meet him by the docks on his way home. It was a lovely day and I had arranged a surprise.

I was waiting on a small platform right by the water when I saw him in the distance. I started to get all wet in the panties thinking about him in his shorts. I really wanted him inside me. When he got nearer to me he couldn't see my bottom half because he was on the walkway above.

"Come on down here," I said, "we can take our shoes off and put our feet in the water."

"You're bloody crazy girl," he said in his thick, guttural, English accent. He jumped down onto the platform, frightening me for a second with the thought that it might break. It didn't take him long to spot my Converse.

"You've been shopping," he said a little nervously, "they look comfortable, are they Converse?"

"Yes they are. Oh, I remember now," I laughed, "you're into Converse aren't you," not knowing what kind of effect they would have on him.

"What you trying to do you little minx?" he asked kneeling down to have a closer look at them. I remember thinking at that moment that he really must like them; he was paying them some close attention.

Before I knew it he had them in his hand and he was stroking the material and toying with the laces. Then his hand ran up the leg of my jeans and started to search me out, to find the zipper and the button.

"Brian!" I exclaimed, "you want to do this here?" I asked,

"Take off your clothes but leave the Converse on Debs," he said, "do it for me will you?" He was breathing quite heavily by then.

“Have you got your Union Jack shorts on?” I asked.

“No,” he replied quickly, looking up at me, “but I see you’ve got your top on.”

“That’s not all,” I said, “you just sit yourself down over there where we can only be seen from the other side of the river, that way we’ll be pretty well hidden. I’ve got something to show you.” He did as he was asked without question.



I wasn’t quite sure what came over me. It was very different in planning than it was actually executing my idea. I started to do a little strip for him. I could see him fondling himself through his trousers as I took off my top to reveal my tiny little Union Jack bra type thing that clung tightly to my tits.

Then I got to the floor and pulled off my jeans over my shiny new Converse, revealing my tight, skimpy little Union

Jack shorts. “See, that’s not all I went shopping for!” I said, quite pleased with myself and my little strip tease show. I looked at him in the shadows and saw him get his cock out. I was getting so horny.

“Take off the rest,” he ordered.

“You want the Converse on or off baby?” I asked.

“Leave them on!” he said, a little more out of breath. He sounded like he was wanking furiously and I felt like I better be quick or he would have no steam left for me.

I stripped the rest of my clothes of seductively but quickly and I crawled over to him in the shadows. I took his cock in my hand and sat astride him. He sank into me easily, and deep. I moaned a little as he rammed in, right to the hilt. He was so hard. For a moment my position actually made me think about my new Converse. I didn’t want to scuff them too much on the wooden floor, they cost me an arm and a leg.

I bounced up and down on his cock until he was so close to exploding I put my fingers to work on my clit. I climaxed on



top of him and jumped off quickly before he shot inside me. But he didn’t. The shock of me jumping off must have kept the wolf from the door. I took his cock in my hand and stroked in lovingly. I had waited a long time for this. I reached down and took off one of my

Converse and brought it up to his cock with the other hand. I gently stroked the sole of it against the underside of his prick, making him flinch each time I pulled off the end. He looked down at me and tensed his muscles. When this happened I pushed my mouth down over his cock and passed the Converse up to him to hold. I never saw what he was doing with it because I had a mouthful of his cock, but I could hear him smelling it.

“I’m going to cum!” he said, frantically trying to pull his cock out of my mouth. I wasn’t having any of it though, I pushed his hand away and kept on sucking harder and harder. I grabbed his ass cheeks and pulled his entire being into the back of my throat as he pumped his hot load into me.

I pulled off his cock and looked him in the eyes before swallowing hard on his lovely spunk.

“Rule Britannia,” I said, giggling to myself.

“Converse UK!” he said, passing me back my sneaker.

End

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