

Draught of Desire

<https://www.patreon.com/ralwatt>

Chapter 1

“My parcel came today! You wanna drink it right now?”

“Honey, no. I’ve been on my feet all day. I’m tired and sweaty and I smell.”

It was true, of course. After a long day Sarah was always in dire need of a wash, her pits, crotch and socks all unpleasantly damp, no matter what she tried.

She went on, ignoring the disappointed look on Steven’s face.

“Even if that ‘draught’ of yours works – and I don’t believe for a second that a ‘Genuine Real Magic Potion Alchemy Love Magic Solemate Maker Grant Wildest Dreams’ is going to be anything more than a weird energy drink, even if it is ‘FDA-approved’ and made of all-natural ingredients – I’m taking a shower first, before I even think about trying it.”

“Can you at least leave me your socks?”

She could feel the blood pooling in her cheeks at that outrageously blunt request. As she looked over at her perpetually-horny boyfriend’s shameless face, all eager arousal, she felt a strange little tingle between her thighs too.

Even if she wasn’t willing to put them to work directly on his obvious erection, Steven really wanted her sweat-soaked, stinking gym socks.

She couldn’t understand it, that fetish, bordering on obsession – but she could at least make things fun for him.

“Fine, you can have them... if you can get them off without using your hands.”

It was Steven’s turn to blush, those plain boy-next-door looks turning adorable in his obvious, bashful arousal, even as he was dropping to his knees.

Pressing his nose and mouth to her offered toes.

With one foot she brushed over his short-cropped hair and the pale skin of his forehead, while the other wriggled against his face, feeling the air his breath dragged over her humid digits and tingling soles.

Sweat stained his skin with a sheen of pungent moisture as he nuzzled his face into her touch. As he caught the fabric in lips and teeth, he was breathing louder, harder, audibly

sniffing. Panting in pleasure at the pungent bouquet of pheromones coming from his gorgeous girlfriend's sweaty feet.

His prizes, her soggy used socks, wrapped around his cock and nose, as her lover shook and grunted in his lust, masturbating himself with the smells of her footwear.

As she retreated into the bathroom to shower, Sarah wondered all over again, about how anyone could be so enamored with such a stink.

Feet were nasty, as far as Sarah was concerned. Just the feeling of that fermenting gym-sweat between her toes turned her curvaceous, buxom beauty of a reflection into something dirty in her mind. No longer the elegant woman of flowing black hair and refined, playful smile, but rather a *creature*, bestial and base. An animal that polluted the very air with her foot-fumes.

Showering was a sorely needed relief.

Refreshed and revitalized, she returned to the lounge of the apartment she and Steven shared.

He was still sniffing those ghastly socks she'd granted him, despite the cum staining his thighs and half-off pants. As he snorted her scent from the sock the beatific look on his face – what little of it she could see past the damp cotton – was charming in its own shameless way.

Their eyes met, and his flushed countenance showed a self-conscious glimmer of shame as he removed the humid footwear from his face and crotch.

"Good shower?"

"Yeah...."

Her heart fluttered as she admired his earnest, eager look. He was so unlike her past lovers – kind and thoughtful, unafraid to be himself or share affection.

If only he had a fetish for something easier to enjoy.

Her eyes turned towards the package on the table, and the vial within.

Concocted from a sample of Steven's seminal fluids (or so the seller claimed), it promised to make the drinker into his ideal partner, one who would make their every fantasy come true.

"You don't have to try it if you really don't want to," he said, after a pause.

Sarah smiled back at him, looking down at the erection he still sported, even after orgasming at least once.

“Well... I suppose it can’t do any harm, can it?”

As it transpired, it couldn’t do much else, either.

The foul-smelling conception reminded Sarah of both her first, formative flights of erotic fantasy, back in the barnyard where she grew up, tending her favorite horse, and of the locker-room at work. The pungent odors of equine and human musk mingled on her tongue unpleasantly, yet yielded no results beyond an astringent aftertaste.

Ultimately, disappointed (and in Sarah’s case a little relieved), the couple retired to their room for bed, without any of the supposed ‘magic’ of the potion taking effect.

Laying there in Steven’s arms, she did feel a little more ‘excited’ than usual, but that was all.

Just a side-effect of remembering those strange, silly fantasies she’d had as a girl, of her and her pony.

She wasn’t consciously savoring the traces of odor coming from Steven’s body, any more than she had that past steed of hers.

Nor did she mean to dwell so oddly on her partner’s feet... it was just that each time he moved, his toes brushed against her calves and reminded her again. It made her rub her own soles together, under the sheets, feeling the shapes of her feet, and the supple softness of each against the other.

Even if the potion was a (predictable) failure, she had to admit that, once clean and fresh, feet weren’t *all* bad.

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“So how does it feel?”

“Soft,” Sarah murmured back, as she gripped a little tighter, feeling the sweat moistening her fingers.

“What? I thought this was supposed to help me tone up my thighs!”

A line of cutely-painted toes curled in irritation, pink polish gleaming under the fluorescent lights.

“Hm?”

The indignant sound of Maxine’s voice caught her attention, and she looked up from where she’d been staring at the exercise mat... and the supple, squishy sole of the foot resting atop it, gripped in her hands. She found the cute blonde girl looking back at her, from between the mountainous bulges of her chest, oblivious to the strange thoughts running through her trainer’s head.

“Is this stretch giving me more thigh or not, Sarah? I told you, I want more thighs, to go with my butt!”

“Oh! It is!” she said quickly, “trust me, this is the best way to build up your hamstrings and quads, and your butt will look amazing once you have the muscle to balance it out. I use this technique myself you know – although it’s much easier with a trainer like me to guide you, and to hold your feet.”

Placated, Maxine leant back once more, and grunted as her legs stretched against the tension her trainer supplied. The exertion released a fresh secretion of sweat between her toes, as they gripped the tops of Sarah’s hands.

Normally that was one of her least favorite parts of the job – getting clients’ sweat on her skin felt unsettling to say the least – but today it felt different. The moisture seemed to tingle where it touched her, and she could feel her own body heating up, as though in sympathy.

There was something so strangely... alluring about the way Maxine flexed her feet against Sarah’s grip.

Trying to distract herself, she looked up, away from her perspiring client’s bare skin and clenching toes, but there was no escaping the sight. On the next mat over a young woman did her yoga stretches, her own toes pointing out, directly towards the trainer’s face. On the other side, two young men had their socked feet pressed together as they braced against one another, their digits showing though the fabric with their straining.

Further afield, she saw more soles flashing, slick with sweat, more toes curling and gripping, as people practiced gymnastics, kickboxing, climbing and more, all freely and innocently showing off the flexing undersides and tensing tops of their lowermost extremities.

Sarah had never thought about it before, but feet were everywhere at the gym.

What disturbed her more than the sudden sense of being so thoroughly surrounded was the strange way that her position was affecting her. That odd... desire, building in her chest. In her crotch. On her lips.

Sarah was blushing bright pink as she realized what she was thinking, but she was blessed with a client as empty-headed as she was well-endowed.

Guiding her into the next stretch, she gripped Maxine’s feet tighter.

The softness seemed to embrace her fingers, and faint traces of musk tickled her sinuses as she breathed in the scent of the other woman.

Slightly bitter, smelling faintly of the tartness of armpits... and the thicker odor of feet themselves....

It was always terribly embarrassing when she could smell her client, yet even that musty scent of sweating bodies, which intensified as the day went on, didn't seem so egregious that day.

In a strange way it was almost... alluring.

Leaning forwards, she braced the other's legs, and her face lowered to mere inches away from Maxine's toes.

She could have sworn there was a slight haze rising from those hot, clammy feet. Almost like the way old cartoons would show an especially delicious scent, wafting through a room to lure in a hungry passer-by.

They *looked* confusingly tasty too.

Before she had thought any further, Sarah took an audible breath.

A shiver passed through her, as she felt wetness between her legs, and a tension in her core that was nothing to do with the hour she'd spent on the rowing machine.

Maxine stared, frozen, as she watched her trainer smelling her feet.

"Did you just... sniff me?"

Looking up, Sarah's eyes met hers, and her mouth dropped open.

Color was glowing on her cheeks, running down her neck and up to her forehead, as she stammered to respond herself.

"I just... I thought I smelled something funny, like, uh, some sort of new deodorant maybe? Or a perfume?"

Her client looked distinctly unimpressed... and unconvinced.

"Sure looked like you sniffed her feet to me," pointed out the yoga-girl next to them.

Scandalous humiliation burning in her mind and surreal arousal throbbing in her loins, explanation turned to excusal, and Sarah beat a rapid retreat from the gym, several of her regulars watching her hurried departure curiously.

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"I can't believe I did that," the rattled trainer muttered to herself, as she closed the apartment door.

She felt dirtier than usual, in sore want of a good wash, and she made for the shower right away.

“I must just be... tired. Pent up. It’s... nothing like they thought. I wouldn’t....”

As she spoke, she was reflexively peeling off her sweat-soaked gymwear, but her hands faltered as she got to the muggy cotton socks within which her feet were tingling with such odd sensitivity.

“Ugh, I’m so... disgustingly sweaty....”

Sliding them off gingerly, she revealed her feet, pink and shining after their sojourn inside socks and shoes, wafting an unpleasant aroma of sweat and pheromones. Still, it felt good to get out of those socks, and she enjoyed the relief of rubbing the soft undersides of her feet together, toes kneading the ball of one foot, as its heel pressed into the arch of the other.

There was a beauty to how her feet moved, to their shapes and supple surfaces, even if they were something taboo, something dirty and disgraceful....

A soft sigh escaped her lips, and she splayed her toes out, watching how they spread and feeling the cool air clearing out the accumulated moisture as traces of steam.

Try as she did, she couldn’t keep a wisp of the thick, fragrant vapor from penetrating her nose.

It seemed to glow as it brushed across olfactory nerves, lighting up inside her sinuses and condensing into a salty flavor on her palate, filling her breath with the rich odors of sweaty female feet. It was as though she could taste her own foot in her mouth, feel those daintily curved digits against her lips, that sleek, softly scrunching sole on her tongue.

It was so wrong, so shameful and perverse, yet... Sarah took a deliberate sniff.

Then another.

Then she pressed her face down, between her bare, steaming toes, and huffed in that intoxicating aroma of her own soles.

Shuddering from toes to head, she felt the aroma flooding her mouth and lungs, and watched how her elegant, sensual feet arched and twisted, muscles flexing and digits bending as she sniffed them.

Mortifying as it was to realize it, she was incredibly turned on by the smell of her sweaty feet.

Cloying and sour notes should have stung her nose, yet as she sucked down the taboo scent her heart raced and her head spun, not with disgust, but desire – and dismay. Dismay at the

salivation soaking her tongue, and the knot of tense, needy lust she felt between her legs as the blood flooded to her face and crotch.

It was hard to imagine anything more embarrassing than getting off on her own sweaty feet, yet there she was, desperately dredging every last lingering note of perspiration into her pretty nose.

Sarah whimpered in a panicked haze at the mere thought of anyone seeing her like this... even as she pressed her nose deeper between her digits... and felt her own soft foot squishing against her lips, as though pleading that she open the way.

Parting was such sweet succulence, the puffy skin pouring into her mouth as it parted, massaging her tongue as she sucked on her own sole.

Salt and must, sour yet meaty, her fingers dove for her sex as Sarah slipped her tongue up between two toes, and groaned aloud in her lust.

Her feet were *delicious*.

Years of training went to work as if all for that moment, her limbs contorting and her back bending, as the gymnastic girl groped her own face in the clutches of her feet, crying out at her erotic self-abuse.

Smearing sweat over her pores, squeezing her cheeks between her toes and pressing them into her soles as her digits slid deeper past her lips, she made out with her own feet as though they were her lovers now.

Her body had always been her temple. Now her feet were the altar at which she gave worship, the gorgeously curvaceous rows of musky extrema the pinnacle of all she could aspire to; something sacred, something divine.

"Sarah? You back yet?"

The voice shattered her reverie, even as she was on the verge of slipping away. Her soul halted on the edge of that great chasm, about to plunge forever down into the embrace of her soles, yet the shock, the shame of her perverse indulgence was renewed by the sounds of her partner approaching.

She pulled the toes from her tongue with an anguished whine.

"J-just getting into the shower!" was her lackluster response.

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The night had been awkward, painful even, Sarah reflected, as she was donning her socks the following morning.

Steven didn't seem to notice anything... but he'd been staring at her feet a lot after her shower.

Normally she would have shrugged that off as wholly normal for him... but now it seemed to excite her. Arouse her. Spark her desire... and a strange undercurrent of envy, that she could never be so... serenely beautiful as her own feet.

Perhaps that was why she was pulling on a second pair of extra-thick socks.

It certainly wasn't because she wanted to cultivate more of that... heavenly scent. Or to feel the hot, fermenting slickness hugging her sensitive soles....

Her womanhood throbbed at the thought, as she laced up her trainers.

That dull, demanding buzz seemed to follow her throughout the day, echoing the tingling of so much moisture secreted into her shoes. Come lunchtime she could even smell it, whenever she took a step.

A *third* pair of gymsocks sealed in that terrible, tantalizing taint wafting from her toes.

They did nothing, however, to hide the ripe odors of her armpits, evoking something of the barnyard beasts of old, or so she imagined. With her feet so hot and humid, it was only natural. That made it no less perverse that she was starting to find that scent almost as exciting as that of her soles.

As she helped her clients bend, stretch and flex, she found herself breathing her own bodily odors with each movement, and even taking furtive huffs of theirs too.

At least no-one caught her this time.

Wafting up, as she did her cooldown that evening, the smell of her soaking crotch was strongest of all, slick with sweat and worse, her soaking labia aching to be touched. Demanding to be filled... and whispering to her about the brewing smells waiting in her shoes.

Sarah practically sprinted home.

In the safety of the apartment she could peel off each revolting article of gymwear... and suck the stink from those soaking garments, drinking it in with nose and mouth, openly fingering herself as she snorted the smell of her sweaty crotch and ass, the perfume of her armpits, the reek of her feet.

Shuddering from head to toe, she was overcome by the tantalizing aromas, her nose pressing into her own shoulder, to breathe deep of her natural smells, her hands working a foot up to her face and another down to grind the heel into her trembling sex.

It was so degrading... to be this hopelessly infatuated with her sweaty, stinky body.



To be totally, overwhelmingly in love with her own feet.

As she came she had a mouthful of toes and a sock stuffed into her nose, yet even in the midst of that howling, shuddering orgasm of odors, her mind and soles were begging for more.

Besides, after the release she'd sought so eagerly, Sarah couldn't bring herself to simply wash away such intoxicating aromas.

She redressed, in those same soiled garments, and slipped on extra layers, another shirt, more socks, slacks over her gym shorts. Anything which would contain and concentrate her pleasure.

Even her old pony had never smelled this potent, yet some twisted part of her welcomed that.

Reveled in it.

Even as her toes curled in humiliation at her own self-debasement.

Steven must have known something was amiss that night – his lover was seldom so standoffish, or as overdressed for sleep – but whatever he made of the strange actions, he was too considerate to challenge her when she seemed so tired and anxious.

Sarah prayed silently that he couldn't hear her, as she sniffed herself in bed that night. It was torment, to have the erogenous olfactory orgy of her body so close, yet be forced to refrain.

Only after many hours of squirming and rubbing her feet and thighs together did she fall into a fitful, foot-filled slumber.