

Draught of Desire

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Chapter 2

Steven was already gone by the time she woke, early to leave for the office as ever, but that morning Sarah made no move to leave the bed, or prepare for her own work.

The gym and her clients all felt very far away; distant, ephemeral concepts, important in theory, yet lacking any real substance.

Nothing else could matter, when her sweat-soaked soles were waiting for her inside all those layers of cotton.

Slipping off each on in turn released a new rush of seductive scents, mingling notes of the floral, the fermented, even the foul, all intensifying with each intoxicating stage of her undressing.

It made her salivate as she sucked and snorted through her socks, rubbing the wet cotton against her face, pushing the folds into her face and pussy. This was foreplay now – stripping bare her feet and fucking herself with her socks – yet the real thrill was yet to come.

As absurd as it was, Sarah could deny it no more.

She was hopelessly infatuated with her own form, her bust and butt, her pussy and pits, all smelled simply divine.... Yet nothing else could compare to her feet, with their stink and sweat, their shape and softness, everything from texture to olfactory tang – she had never experienced anything more wonderful than musky soles and perspiring toes.

Finally laid bare, she pressed her face into the gleaming soles of both feet at once, groaning, *howling* in happiness and humiliation, as she huffed her humid vapors and kissed the taste from each toe.

Lust spiking, so too did perspiration, her skin seeping with ever more moisture as her heart pounded and her vulva vibrated with her quivering desire.

Still, it was insufficient.

That wonderful, woeful potion was too cruel, to grant her such pleasures, yet deny her the culmination of all this erotic energy. She had to have more, smell more, taste more, feel more erogenous feet and huff more effervescent fragrance.

Sarah needed to touch feet, to smell feet, to feel feet all over, to *be* feet in every way.

Her body heeded the call of her drowning thoughts, even as they were sinking under an ocean of musk and pheromones.

It began with her fingers.

Fresh sweat-glands were forming there, within her skin, her hands slick like her feet as she groped at her toes and sex. With them came nerves, sensation, heightened and intensified, and the strange, alluring softness that was so special to her toes.

Tendons were tightening, bones shifting subtly and compressing, and she held her hands up as the feelings outshone even the pleasure of her cushioned soles.

Before her very eyes, Sarah watched as her fingers were pulled down, inwards, while the frame of the palms below pushed out and up to meet them.

“Oh gods, my hands,” she cried out.

In rapture.

Muscle was growing in thick layers, the balls of each hand pushing out and down even as the cups of each palm arched and spread, becoming ever more beautiful with every moment, as they took on the forms of two perfect feet.

Holding them out straight no longer felt right – their natural orientation was perpendicular to her arms, just as any foot should be to its limb. She felt a shiver of excitement as she let them relax into that new posture, even as their shapes were settling in.

A pair of feet, attached to her wrists.

Atop those shining soles, her erstwhile fingers were mouthwatering new toes, perfect mirrors of those below, but still more pungent, and placed far better for fulfilling her newfound fetish.

Sarah flexed them, and groaned, muscles tensing with soaring lust as she felt her former hands scrunch and ooze sweat, sensory overload filling her from all four of her extremities as she matched the motions with her original feet.

One former hand plunged into her pussyfolds, and the other filled her lips, the large toe and two more all working into her face as she sucked and sniffed at her foothands and shuddered in perverse infatuation. Indulging at she did in the height of hedonism and the depths of depravity, there was nothing left in her to resist that ridiculous, romantic infatuation which had grown like a seed deep within her mind, and now bore piquant, erotic fruit.

Sarah’s body shifted as she fucked herself in both ends with her feet.

Original toes, gliding over her squirming limbs, traced out newly exaggerated curves, bulging calves leading up to voluptuous thighs, a match for her blossoming bust and the hourglass of her hips. Every feature of the once ordinary woman was enhanced, amplified and intensified, in shape, in sweat, in scent. Steaming with mouthwatering sweat, she shuddered, as the haze filled the air, rising from her armpits and crotch, and in four magnificent plumes from her overheated feet.

The latter near stifled the former, as the smells vied for her attention and affection, but her body knew what to do – how to please and pleasure her.

Old pleasures rekindled, alongside the new, and she heard herself whining... whinnying with desire.

As her toes explored the quivering, sopping folds of her aching womanhood, Sarah felt her sex change.

Rippling silken softness expanded, pushed out and down, as her lips stretched forward, pressed to her sole and greasy with a new layer of sweat all their own. The skin there was discolored, browning, turning black, and with that change came a new spike in sensuality too, her pleasure center magnifying every nerve ending to match the erogenous delicacy of her twenty dainty digits, as her pussy puffed up into a huge teardrop, a mound of soft and pungent sex, folds laying atop one another to trap scent and brew ever-greater bouquets of horny feminine musk.

Animal musk.

Staring down, she recognized the giant black bulge of her new marehood, and the girl gave a delighted snort.

The change was spreading still, creeping through her taint as her engorging genitals twitched and drooled, and she plunged both feet into her horsepussy as she felt her ponut bulging out too, a second pungent pony-hole to play with, crowned with a beautiful tail to tease her own rear and remind of her equine new anatomy with each stride.

Elated and aroused beyond all restraint, she bent near double, burying her face in her original feet as she masturbated her marehood with her new pair.

Her only fear was that hooves might overtake her feet and foothands.

It proved unfounded.

Feet were the foundation, the firmament of her psyche now, and the priceless, perfect potion that had granted this, her greatest desire, worked aptly to her will.

Sarah loved feet more than anything, desired them, *envied* them, and so she would become that which she so coveted.

It began at her forehead, a line of tingling sensation, sensitive beyond the rest of her skin.

Swelling, it expanded rapidly, into a series of protruding bulges, each a size smaller than the last, from left to right.

She had just enough time to realize the gift she was being granted, and to turn her gaze on the mirror by the bed, before the changes overtook her head.

Hair fell away, vanishing into curling wisps of smoke as her whole cranium seemed to collapse in. Bone softening, brain dissolving, synapse and sinew ceding to the huge sole that was undermining her face. She had five extremities, after all, so she could never have felt complete with only four remade into that ideal of forms.

Sarah's head was turning into a foot.

Thought endured, even as its supposed source melted away, her skull sinking into the knitting musculature and bone-scaffold of the new structure, and so the woman watched in awe as her head was wholly remade into a single sole and five fabulous toes, feeling her face scrunch and fold, stretch and flex, as she moved her newest, greatest asset.

No fear tainted the moment, as her eyes closed for what she knew was the final time.

It was no cause for alarm, she simply had no need of them, or of anything to spoil the pristine surface of her soles. Her mouth, her nose, eyebrows, ears, all sank into the plush, pillowy surface, as she let loose an echoing mental moan of rapture.

She could smell everything all the clearer without her nose.

Taste all the better with no tongue.

All five of her feet were her olfactory organs now, alive and radiant in her mind with the taste and texture, the scent and softness of their selves, and of the body she explored with them.

"Sarah?"

The voice, clear as if it were spoken directly into her thoughts, resounded through the being of sex and smell that Sarah now was.

Her foothead flicked around, and she gasped at the sight of Steven, there in the doorway.

Breathless as she was, the intake brought a fresh wave of scent through her soles, even as it sent a simulated sound to his ears.

It wasn't the first time he'd come home for lunch, yet somehow in her frenzy of foot-fellatio, she'd never imagined his return.

But there he was.

He was looking right at her, at the feet on the ends of her arms, atop her neck, and the overgrown genitals steaming between her bulging thighs. She could feel her soles blushing, burning red, as he took in the sight of the thing she had become.

What would he think, of a *creature* like her? An amalgamation of feet and fetishes... so shameful and perverse to any normal person.

Steven groaned aloud, as he breathed the fragrant mist veiling the goddess before him.

Without thought or intent, his body moved.

Into his rightful place, his face pressing to that expanse of shining sole in a kiss of pure devotion, taking in her taste even as his hands gripped the toes of those surreal and superb foothands.

"My goddess," he gasped, between kisses and sniffs, "you're so... perfect!"

Tongue as skilled in sensual slurping licks as in seductive words, he made his lover quiver as he pressed his nose between her toes and *luxuriated* in the sensory experience which was Sarah.

It was more than she could ever have hoped for.

As she enclosed, gripped his face in the creasing softness of her foothead, both lovers cried out in their delight.

With her three upper feet and both his hands occupied, her originals went to work on his belt and pants, to free the straining shaft of his manhood, so painfully constrained in his jeans. Deft as fingers, her toes opened the buckle, and the bounty sprung free, into their tender embrace.

Steven shook, sniffing and shaking as he was suffocated in the surreal grip of so many soles, overjoyed and hyperstimulated by the very manifestation of his greatest passions, five divine feet making love to every part of him, from the cock they so dexterously massaged to the lips they so coyly clutched and kissed at. Lavishing his own smooches and sniffs all over her former face, he felt his chest pounding, his heads and hands throbbing, as he bathed in her bouquet, and drank down the delightful cocktail of crotch, feet and curves, all glowing with radiant perspiration.

Wonderful sweat wicked over his skin, and in, through pores and along nerves, corrupting, caressing, melting into his body as he embraced everything of his beloved.

Steven's hands were already changing.

He looked down at the fingers which were growing ever stubbier with each sniff of his gorgeous footgirlfriend, and he snorted with raucous delight at the realization, ravaging her soles as her felt the same forms overtaking his palms.

Huffing her fragrance to turn himself into feet too.

Sarah was shocked at first, to feel how rapidly, how willingly her lover was changing, but as shifting wrists pulled her partner's hands upright, locked them into the angled alignment of two big, soft, masculine feet, she purred in pleasure, her own foothands sinking into the grip of that larger pair, their toes interlocking so perfectly that it made her giddy with infatuated glee.

"This is so surreal, so--"

"exquisite," he spoke, cutting short her transmitted thought. "You're so gorgeous like this... I want to be the perfect partner for you!"

So saying, he plunged his face into her sole once more, and both lovers shook, as they felt, smelt her perfumed skin, steeping every part of his head.

Each sniff grew the toes forming on his forehead another size, even as it shrank away ears and eyes, merging nose and mouth into the mass of plush flesh bulging out under them. All the features of a human man were subsumed, absorbed into that huge, matching mirror of Sarah's sole.

Her foothead was a right, his a left.

They were, quite literally, made for each other.

Steven's exultant inner cries filled her mind as the two interlocked their former foreheads, soles sinking into one another in a 'kiss' more intense, more delicious and indulgent than any Sarah could have imagined. It was in that moment that she truly tasted the toes of her lover, the sweet, salty soles that pressed back against her, a stronger, sexier scent even than the ambrosia of her own body.

Ironic, that Steven was thinking the same of her.

The two made out, sole to sole, marveling in the sensual tastes, the salacious scents one another provided, even as Steven was bucking his throbbing cock ever deeper into the channel of toes and pussyflesh which was reshaping his erection into a new equine form. A huge horsecock, to fulfill the deepest desires of his mate's marehood.

Flaring at the head, the new phallus spread her feet and folds as he plunged into her pussy, and both flicked new tails and whickered in their minds as they mated for the first time in their new forms.

As their true selves.

Slapping hips met, pumping ever deeper as Steven's new shaft explored her deepest reaches, and both shuddered in pleasure, he feeling her softness and sweaty, scented seduction, she his thickening frame, muscular and masculine, oozing with male odors as he too sweated profusely from every pore of his new physique.

"Steven, I-"

"Sarah-"

"I love you so much!"

The footfilly echoed the precise words of her sole stallion, as he came, snorting and bucking, pumping his seed into her marehood as they smushed their every sole together, in a wonderful orgy of foot-fragrance.

It would be several days before either sobered enough to think of anything but indulging in another again.

And again.

And again.

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The sun was glinting off Steven's 'cheek' as they strolled though the park, the ball of his foot shining beautifully in the warm summer light, his wafting fragrance outmatching any the bounty of flowers all about could offer.

"This really is bliss," Sarah thought.

Steven squeezed her toes a little tighter as they walked, bobbing his foot in a 'nod'.

"It is! I still can't quite believe that it's all real. Or that no-one seems to mind us going naked, even in public."

As if to emphasize the point, he patted the magnificent shaft of his flopping, bouncing horse penis, a few drips of cum falling to the gravel underfoot.

It was strange, Sarah thought, that they could see, hear, taste, even speak through telepathy, but then in the months since that fateful online order, there had been many strange new twists in their lives. All equally implausible, yet similarly real and unchanging.

Such as learning that the 'draught' she had consumed was quite irreversible in effects.

Or discovering the extent of those effects, that first day she worked up the courage to return to work.

Maxine tugged at the leash, gripped tight in Sarah's toes, and she giggled, the lilting laughter transmitted perfectly to all in 'earshot' as their pet pulled with all four legs.

The former person was as cute as ever, even with her arms replaced by a second copy of those lower limbs of hers. All four had really shaped up, thanks to Sarah's assistance, and the quadruped pet was strutting her stuff proudly through the park, waving her pink-painted headtoes at the passers-by, the foot replacing her equally-empty head displaying a happy blush.

She was always especially excited to pass the gym where Sarah used to work, and as they rounded the corner she pulled harder on her restraint, as if telling the others to hurry up.

"Morning Sarah, Steven!" thought a woman, sitting on a bench ahead, another former gym-denizen.

A brunette, she thought, although it was hard to be sure now that the girl's entire upper body was one giant foot, growing out of her hips.

"Out for a walk?" the foot asked.

"Oh, you know how it is – even if we don't need to exercise to stay in shape, Maxine still gets antsy."

"My Lilah's the same," the other replied, indicating the labrador sitting by her original pair of feet, leash tied to one ankle. "I was sorry to hear about the gym closing down though! Have you settled on a new job yet?"

"Oh, yes, I'm a beautician now! I offer personal makeovers to anyone who wants to bring out the true beauty of their sole."

"Ha ha," came the dry thought of the footified girl, her huge torso-sole scrunching at the poor pun. "Not that you didn't make me quite the toe-turner...."

The sight of her, a former human made irreversibly into mostly foot, seemed to get Steven's motor running all over again, even after a long morning sex-sniffing session. She knew well the glint on his bending toes, and the impatient way his tail was flicking.

"Well, smell you later, dear," Sarah said, gracefully extracting them from the conversation.

Steven was already squeezing her digits, planting sole-kisses on her foothead as they walked, his erection growing with every sensitive step on their erogenous feet. Being naked equine footfolk, that was entirely normal, but it didn't mean they didn't enjoy it, of course.

A few more locals waved their toes at the happy couple, but mercifully none stopped to chat.



Alas, they had only just rounded the next corner when another figure accosted them.

“Excuse me, miss-” a human man asked, before freezing, staring at the footified trio before him.

“Morning!” Sarah thought brightly, even as she watched with some interest.

“Wh-what happened to your... heads?! Your hands?!”

The smell had been blowing the other way, thanks to the breeze, but at this range it was inescapable, and the young man gave a cough as the odors of their warped, erotic forms reached his nostrils.

From there it was a short journey to his hands.

It always started that way, for some reason.

He moaned, twisting and splaying his fingers, as they contracted into toes, then pressing the sweating surfaces of his palms together as tendons cantilevered them back into right-angled joints, his new soles pushed out for all to see, just as foothands should be.

“*My hands!*”

“Feet, actually. But I wouldn’t worry,” Steven thought to him, “you’ll get used to it pretty quickly, I can actually type *faster* now if I use my headfoot as well as both foothands. And seems like you might even have me beat....”

The couple walked on, sharing a mental giggle, as the moaning young man pawed clumsily at his pants with both foothands, to pry free the squirming new foot that his cock was becoming.

“I love our afternoon walks,” Sarah reflected, as they admired the other visitors to the park transforming, one by one, “although not as much as I love getting you home again afterwards!”

They shared a toe-twining kiss as they walked on, hurrying back towards their apartment.