

Keep Your Socks On

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Chapter 1

Glancing anxiously at the clock in the hallway, Ria fumbled with her trainers, yanking them off her feet instead of taking the time to untie their laces. She was much too hot, from hurrying home in the sweltering heatwave, and still seriously late.

The unpleasant fragrance released from the steamy black ankle-socks she exposed made her nose scrunch. Some small, inquisitive element within her tempted her into a second sniff of the fumes... but it was no better than the first.

Brushing back the astray strands of two-tone gold and brown locks, she bound her sweaty hair back at one side with a tie, but there was nothing she could do about her clothes.

Alex was already in the lounge, along with Lin and Hope, their collegiate study group all waiting on her.

The young man looked her up and down as she entered, boy-next-door features wearing his typical, innocent and open smile. His floppy heap of brown hair was less daring than the side-cut Ria wore, but it was the same casual style he'd kept since all the way back in the first grade. In that time Alex had seen it all with her, yet still she felt her cheeks flush pinker as his eyes lingered on the humid atmosphere around her feet.

"Sorry everyone, I was delayed at the gym!"

"That's fine," Hope said, waving her over, "you're here now, so let's get started."

"Oh, uh, I'll be with you soon, I just need to have a shower!"

"There'll be plenty of time for that after we're done," Alex reminded her. "Lin has to go in an hour."

That left little room to argue.

Reluctantly, she took the remaining seat, around the low coffee-table at the center of the room.

As she did, she caught trace scents of her own body, the lingering perspiration strongest with her soft, tired feet. Alex seemed to have noticed too, given how his eyes were following the movements of her toes, and observing the faint condensation-footprints her steps were leaving on the flooring.

Unable to tolerate cooping them up in shoes, she tried instead to tuck her legs under herself, covering her toes with a cushion.

Alex reached out a hand.

“Could I use that? This chair’s a little hard.”

She blushed, and the young man smiled at the way traces of pink dappled cutely over her pale skin, highlighting her large nose and the freckles of her cheeks.

She wanted to decline, of course, but she couldn’t very well say that she needed it to cover up her sweaty socks.

With that shield removed, Alex looked down at her feet, wrapped in the stretching, moist fabric, openly admiring the way that cladding seemed to show off the shape of her scrunching soles and clenched toes all the better than being totally naked.

No-one else seemed to notice it, but there was a strange light in his eyes, as he and the girls were studying.

Nor did they react to the attentive, eager gaze, which he turned on the feet of the others.

She was the only one who appeared aware, and her eyes followed his, guided into joining him as her friend visibly appreciated the knee-high socks Hope wore over her own legs, those larger, tanned limbs of hers propped up on the middle of the table, folded together. Her expansive soles pointed directly out towards Ria, her toes twitching and flexing as she read through her notes. The forms of those perfectly-proportioned feet were beautifully muted by the embrace of thick white cotton... as Ria couldn’t help but observe attentively.

Perhaps she should have done a better cool-down at the gym – the girl’s heart was fluttering, and it could only be from those exertions earlier.

Alex smiled as she looked up at him, and turned his eyes overtly towards Lin.

Ria’s followed reluctantly, as if drawn in by the pull of some irresistible force of attraction. Her breath was short, as she stared down at the sheer gray stockings embracing Lin’s folded legs. Slightly transparent, they framed the petite soles and dainty little toes of her smaller friend perfectly, letting both observers enjoy the sight of those digits curling and twiddling together as the woman sat with her legs curled up to one side.

Ria wasn’t listening to anything they were discussing.

She didn’t even notice when the other two girls excused themselves, to go get some cool drinks – not until those enchanting feet were moved away.

“Those two have some lovely footwear,” Alex said.

She blushed, feeling the blood rise to her face as she looked for any sign her friends had heard him.

Yet... it was true.

Perhaps it wasn't so odd, to compliment something as apparent as that?

"Yours are gorgeous too though," he went on, "those socks really compliment your feet."

"Th-they do?"

"Of course! Your soles are so elegant and beautiful... I love the way they crease, and the fabric perfectly shows off their squishiness!"

There was a hunger in his eyes now, a want she had never noticed before, and a compelling, eager tone to his voice that spoke to passion he had never expressed.

"And that moisture, the traces of steam coming from your toes, it accentuates their shape, especially when you flex or splay them... it's just mouthwatering."

Ria's own was slaver at the words, as though he were somehow speaking her own feelings aloud.

Or speaking them into being.

Aside from her feet, her sex was overheated too, humidity rising once more in her panties.

"But... they can't smell *good* to you, after all those hours soaking up sweat in my trainers," she protested.

The objection sounded weak even to her own ear, and Alex just chuckled.

"I *love* how they smell. Your natural scent, concentrated by your efforts... it's *delicious*."

It was embarrassing, for Alex to be so open, so eager in his praise... yet he made it sound almost obvious.

'Natural'... that word echoed in her thoughts.

"Really?"

"I'll prove it."

Grinning, he leaned in towards her body and took her legs gently in his hands, guiding her to straighten them out... towards his face.

Without a hint of disgust, he pressed his lips to her toes in a kiss.

Ria shivered, as he teased her digits with his sniffing, the soft sounds of snuffling nose and the tickling wafts of air. Her pungent sweat and his eager breath seemed together to caress her feet as sensually as a lover.

Her womanhood was throbbing, as her best friend huffed the humid air of her feet, setting her heart racing... *longing* for more.

All too soon he pulled away again.

"Wonderful," he murmured, as he brushed his fingers over his lips, as if savoring the taste. "Perhaps you'd like to try yourself? Or maybe you'd prefer to start with something easier... such as a good breath from Hope's feet? Perhaps Lin's stockings? I know you love them both."

It made no sense.

Ria wasn't into *foot* stuff like that. Nor *footwear*, for that matter.

But as she heard the steps of the other girls returning, her mouth watered at the idea.

Hope flopped down into her chair with a breezy sigh, and took a sip of an iced tea.

"It's way too hot this week," she said, "my feet were sweating all afternoon, and they started getting sticky again just standing around in the kitchen."

It was too much information, Ria thought for a moment... but then the faint resistance faded from her mind.

No-one else was saying anything, after all.

Not even as Hope peeled those well-used socks off her legs, right there on the table.

They stuck to her heel, then clung at her toes, popping loose with slight effort. Hope wrinkled her nose as she took a sniff of the bundled cotton wads... then tossed them on the surface, next to her drink. Ria's eyes were glued to those pungent cotton claddings... and to the naked pair of soles now exposed, stretching towards her, gleaming with sweat as they stretched and relaxed on the surface. They were perfectly formed... mouthwatering... a sight that made her own sweaty feet clench with want, as the heat continued to build, in her loins and throughout her body.

The others were back to studying now, yet Ria was just staring.

The thought of socks... the smell of feet... the sight of those succulent soles and playfully waving toes... all were growing in her mind, along with her lust, as though slowly displacing all other thoughts.

Her pussy was soaking, just like her feet.

"I have to go!"

Blurting out the words, she stumbled upright, as the other three looked curiously towards her.

"I'm, uh... getting tired.... Did too much at the gym today. I need to feet – I mean I need to sleep! I'm just gonna have a shower and hit the socks... *sack!*"

Ria felt herself blushing again, yet none of her friends appeared to think anything was strange.

Not even as she scooped up Hope's sweaty knee socks from the table.

Nor did they comment on how, despite her earlier protests... Ria didn't head to the bathroom for a shower.

Alone in her bedroom, she panted, not just with lust, but with need, as she pressed her face into that damp cotton, so recently removed from Hope's feet.

She could *feel* the shape of her soles in it, sense the indents of each toe... and she rooted through the fabric with her nose, huffing and shuddering at the smell of thick, fermented pheromones, and the tingling kiss of Hope's footsweat on her face.

Stinking as they were, she adored those socks, rubbing them on her face and burying her nose in one... as she pushed the other into her panties, to massage against her netherlips.