

Keep Your Socks On

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Chapter 2

The next study session was at the library, the following afternoon.

Ria's mind was trailing in circles as she walked in, nebulous uncertainties simmering even as pleasure and desire were percolating through her mind... carried by the smell still lingering on her skin.

And emanating from her trainers... and panties.

Re-wearing her socks from yesterday was oddly exciting, but still more so was the sensation, the smell of Hope's dirty socks, stuffed into her underwear. Each step rubbed that sweaty fabric against her womanhood, marking, tainting her with the scent of her friend's feet, and making her ever hornier, and her own feet ever sweatier.

She hoped no-one would mind the smell.

Her fear proved unfounded, as she entered the library.

Already waiting, Alex sat at the table with his own feet up, shoes kicked off, socked soles totally exposed to everyone present, crew-cut striped cotton aired out openly, without any reaction from the other students.

His toes waved at her as she entered, beckoning her closer.

"Hey Ria," he said, as she reached the table, "have a seat. You can sniff my feet while we wait for the others."

Those hazy voices were speaking up again, at the back of her mind, but they were drowned out by the strangely seductive power of his own.

He raised one leg, stretching it out, as if in greeting. She felt her hips and bust tingling, the young woman imagining that socked foot pressing against her body.

As Alex flexed his sole, mere inches from her face, the movements seemed hypnotic.

Perhaps it was his doing?

The idea occurred to her, as she thought back, over all the erotic oddness of the past day... but as bizarre as it was, to be so suddenly, intensely attracted to socks and feet, it didn't matter why.

Not when his were right in front of her face, waiting to be sniffed.

Alex scrunched and splayed his toes, and Ria gave a little whine, as the smell of feet filled her sinuses, hot and rich and tingling in her nose.

Without further thought, that organ sank into the waiting embrace, and she *snorted* the pungent aromas of her friend's toes.

Wrapped in those seductively striped socks, they in turn enveloped her face, gripping her nose playfully. His sole pressed to her lips and she started to kiss too, sniffing, brushing against the undersides of his feet and whining softly in lust as she worshipped his sweaty feet in the middle of the public library.

Reveling in the scents of his body, and the tart, cloying notes built up in the summer heat, she couldn't understand why she hadn't done this sooner.

Sweaty, stinking feet were divine.

Only the arrival of Hope broke up her revelry, and both she and Alex watched eagerly, as the woman slipped off her trainers with a sigh, a haze of steam rising from both feet as they squished against the flooring, making moist outlines of her soles and toes with the dampness of those calf-length sports socks.

A moment later, they were propped up on the table, alongside Alex's feet, Hope smiling expectantly at Ria.

"Well? Aren't you going to say hello to my feet too?" she asked.

There was no need of further encouragement.

Ria's nose sank into the waiting, welcoming embrace of those offered soles, and she groaned, rubbing yesterday's stinking socks against her pussy with one hand, as the other clutched the big, beautiful bases of those blessed feet to her face.

Hope was blushing at the eager attention, but showed no sign of confusion or resistance.

Instead her toes hugged Ria's forehead, as she pressed her skin into that humid hug of sweaty soles, the foot-obsessed woman salivating at that bitter, fermented odor attacking her senses, the concentrated tang of sweat and clammy feet, delivered directly to her nostrils by Hope's greeting 'hug'.

The many eyes on that sordid show gave no sign of confusion – the other library patrons watched as though this were quite normal, a common... perhaps heartwarming scene, between two friends, as one drank in the smells of the other, sucking at the soft undersides of her feet with reverent lips and taking in the elegant curves and soft padding of her soles with Ria's own skin.

Only Lin seemed dissatisfied by the sight.

Arriving last, she slipped off her cycle shoes with an audible sound of peeling fabrics, and sat her hot, cloudy feet directly on Ria's lap, her individually-toed stockings expelling a visible cloud of fragrant vapors.

"My turn," she insisted. "You wouldn't believe the heat as I was biking over here."

Her toes scrunched, and waved a shock of potent, concentrated stink, directly into Ria's face.

Ria stared at them in wonder, hands tentatively reaching, cupping the dainty yet daunting forms of those reeking feet, her nostrils flaring even at a distance, as the taint reached her nose and tongue.

A very different smell to those of the other two, stronger, more aggressive, yet just as seductive.

Fingers kneading, sinking into Lin's soles, Ria pressed her nose to her toes, snorting in the shocking atmosphere and exploring the shapes of those petite digits with her face.

She was soaking wet, in both her own shoes, and her panties, yet Lin and Hope showed no sign of interest, as they started to talk about their class.

Ria was left to pleasure herself however she pleased with those stockinged feet, oblivious even to Alex's eager, watching gaze.

Mere huffs weren't enough.

Groaning in lust, her whole body shivering with the pleasure of that overwhelming olfactory assault, she pressed her face into one sole, feeling the wetness of those squishy little toes grip at her brow and cheek, catching up her skin in the scrunch of that pillow-soft sole.

The other foot, she brought to her lips.

Kisses quickly became more, licking, then *sucking*, and Ria soon found herself pushing those exquisite digits in past her lips, to let her tongue massage and caress the salty sweat from their undulating shapes, her mouth wrapped around the fabric of that foot as if to *drink* in its perspiration as she lapped along the lines of its gorgeous form.

"Damn, Ria, you're not gonna learn anything from this session," Hope observed, as her friend sucked on Lin's toes, totally disregarding the flash-cards the others were practicing with. "Come on now, focus on this one. Here, I'll help you cover your eyes."

She tried to listen, as Hope read the card aloud... but all that was in her head was the heavenly sensation of those big soft soles, totally encasing her face as she rubbed herself into the bowl they were forming around her.

Every muscle movement, every flex and clench, was a caress of the delightful feet against her face, pressing more pungent perspiration into her eager pores, to imprint her features with a stain of twin footprints.

As Hope pulled them back again, at the end of the exercise, they clung to her sticky skin, as if her face were itself a sock for those sacred soles and beatific toes.

Ria was left panting, mouth hanging open, as she huffed the smells wisping visibly from her own features.

“M-more... please!”

Her friends were happy to oblige.

Her own toes were curling, her hips twisting and tensing atop her seat, and this time she buried her face in *four* feet at once, lips and tongue jumping between Hope and Lin, delighting in the variations in the subtle beauty of each woman’s scent and flavors, while her head was entirely engulfed in the steamroom of their hugging soles.

She couldn’t think anymore, couldn’t even remember why she was there, but she presumed that this was the reason.

Nothing else could be as interesting, as important, as these mouthwatering, orgasmic feet.

Socks and feet were the foundation of her whole world, after all.

The long hours of the study session went by in a flash for Ria, but she was all too keenly aware when it came to an end – as those divine feet withdrew from their proper places, pressing down on her face and crotch.

Hope and Lin weren’t cruel, of course.

Before they left, they entrusted their thoroughly-used and deeply-defiled footwear to her, slipping the sports socks onto her hands, and packing the stockings into her mouth.

“There,” Hope said, as she replaced her shoes, now wearing them barefoot, “enjoy, hon! And when I get home tonight you can play with my trainers too!”

Ria’s trip back home passed in a daze of olfaction and lust... as did the following night.

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The following morning was Saturday, and once again Alex arrived at their apartment for more study.

Finals were Monday, after all, and there was a lot still to review.

Ria greeted him at the door almost naked, her mouth still bulging with Lin's stockings, her hands still wrapped in Hope's socks, and her panties and bra stuffed with even more pairs, the stink of feet emanating from all over her body, flowing out into the hall.

She had nothing else on, of course, save the socks from her workout, some days past, carefully preserved in trainers.

Other clothes would only have gotten in the way of more feet and socks.

"Morning," Alex said, taking an eager, appreciative sniff. "I'm glad to see you're enjoying yourself."

Ria nodded, as she ushered him in, clutching his bare hand in her socked ones.

She had been waiting anxiously for his arrival.

"The others are out, so I ran out of dirty socks... do you have any?"

Muffled by the fabric filling her mouth, Alex grinned at the question.

She knew on some level that it was one she wouldn't have asked before, yet she couldn't imagine why not.

What could be more important than this?

"Well, have you thought about your *own* ones?" he asked, as he took a seat.

Her troubled frown brightened, and in a moment she was wrestling with the laces.

Exposing her feet came with a striking change in temperature, her sensitive feet stretching in the open air as she freed them, then waving, scrunching and arching to send wafts of steaming scent up towards her face.

That motion was alluring, *seductive* even to her own eye, and she raised a leg as she sat back on the couch, admiring her socked foot and sucking on the stockings in her mouth.

After going unwashed, sweating and fermenting, concentrating over so long, after so intense a workout, her odors were intense, pungent to the point of sourness, a meaty, layered reek that set her salivating, and had her pussy gushing with the sudden impact of that intoxicating cocktail, made all the more alluring by its potency.

“Your feet really are beautiful, in smell as well as shape,” Alex said, as he too huffed the air, “there’s nothing hotter than a pretty pair of feet getting really sweaty in some good socks.”

The aphorism was undeniable.

Ria was just glad she was so flexible.

Sighing in bliss, she pressed her face into both of her feet at once.

She couldn’t actually *recall* being able to do that before, but like a fool she’d never really paid much attention to her feet until recently.

Now, she couldn’t imagine why she’d care about anything else.

Kissing her own soles, she shook, toes gripping her skin, kneading, rubbing moisture into her pores as she consecrated her own face with her footsweat, once pristine skin dyed, *infused* with the fragrances of her own feet, alongside those of Hope and Lin. She made out with both soles simultaneously, smooching each in turn as she explored their valleys and hills, tongue lavishing each toe in turn with adoration for those potent pockets of pheromones in between. She reveled too in how her squishy folds captured her nose and lips, hugging the contours of her face and flooding her senses with that divine reek, tingling on her skin and spreading through her mouth.

She sucked the sweat from her toes, and the stockings still filling her cheeks, shaking with delight.

Alex was panting too, finally seeming affected by the delicious display as Ria salivated over her own soles, tasting each toe with rapture and rubbing her tongue into the gorgeous shapes of her feet.

Their eyes met, as she noticed him removing his own shoes.

“Wanna kiss?”

Her eyes widened at the idea, but he clarified quickly, sensing her misunderstanding.

“Not me of course, I mean kiss my feet.”

Propping them up on the arm of the couch, he showed her the exact same socks she’d met yesterday... soaking now, left to infuse and ripen in his shoes all day and night.

The thick, dense musk was irresistible, as embarrassing as it was to admit.

“Please,” she groaned, “I *need* to make out with your feet!”

His toes beckoned her in, those striped socks sending out a siren-call of stink to make her whole body burn in desire.

As her lips found the gaps between his digits, sweat kissed them back, the foul fumes blindingly bitter, an absolutely orgasmic attack on her tastebuds, the wafting, congealing odors burning into her olfaction to eternally imprint her with the stench of Alex's feet.

She was shuddering as she smooched that nastiness from his stripes, burying, *grinding* her face into his friendly, welcoming soles, feeling how his smell and taste were infusing her and whimpering in pleasure.

Toes spread, soles stretching, Alex *gripped* her face in both feet, holding her tight in his socked feet, and Ria mashed her similarly-captive hands into her breast and loins, grinding socks into her pussy in her bliss, as she felt her best friend, claiming her with his feet.

"You really do love these, huh?" he asked, as his toes stroked at her forehead, the soles kneading her lips and nose, working ever more odor into her head.

"Shhhoooo muuhhh!" was all she could manage, in muffled reply, as she made intimate, eager love to those socks, and the exquisite feet within them. "I lohhhh yohh feeeeh!"

"Well, *I'm* already seeing someone," Alex said, as if this were all quite common, "but it's not like my soles are very involved in the relationship. So since you seem to adore them so much, perhaps the three of you should start dating. You'd make a really cute girlfriend for my feet."

Ria had never been so quick to agree to anything, in her whole life.

Her answer came without thought or intention, erupting up, through her whole body, from the innermost core of her being.

Radiating out of the socked pair of feet, which were at the center of her.

She wasn't in mere love with Alex's feet, she realized, as she smooched her new sweathearts. She was hopelessly, absolutely besotted with those soaking soles, enchanted by his musky toes and head-over for his heels.

Every part of his feet seemed to reciprocate eagerly, as she spread her kisses over their fabric gilding, that embellishment of their beauty serving to focus, to capture and concentrate the pleasure of the bodyparts about which her world turned.

Her new boyfriends were all too eager to consummate their relationship.

One pressed to her face harder, toes drawing her nose in between their wrapped sides, to let her snort directly from the font that was their sweat-glands.

The other sank into her nethers, kneading at her crotch, pushing toes in, under her panties, to massage her pussy directly, and push those divine used sock gifts right into her tender, waiting folds.

Howling in ecstasy, Ria impaled herself on that touch, as she snorted, sucked, licked and fucked the feet which were her lovers.

In that state of foot-sexual nirvana she understood; it really was only *natural*.

Her relationships, her sexuality, her whole existence revolved around feet, and the socks which bound them.