

Queens of Hearts

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Chapter 1

“Do you think you can start right away?”

Rafael had the grace not to sigh at the impatience of his young client, but it was a close thing. He distracted himself by giving her application one final look through.

Colette was nineteen, as the form attested, a college student, French-American, a student of drama and would-be actress, who had chosen a suitably dramatic makeover for herself.

What the paperwork didn't mention was how her shoulder-length brown bob-cut complimented her light complexion, and framed a face elegant even in impatience. Were she to retain her ordinary body, already quite alluring in her red V-cut shirt and jeans, she might accomplish much in theater or film.

“I see here that you've chosen our 'queen' conjunction package,” he said, tapping the page.

Colette's modest chest puffed up proudly. “Of course! As soon as we saw it on your website we knew we just *had* to have it – it's like, the ultimate expression of our love, a body we can share *forever!*”

As she spoke, her hand gripped that of her co-applicant.

“Not to rush you, Mr. Rafael,” spoke the woman at her side, “but I believe our forms should cover all the details of the body we want? Nothing has changed from our email.”

The fleshcrafter smiled at her. Nia was African-American, her skin a rich tan, hair a flowing river of platinum which danced as she moved, cascading from shapely shoulders clad in a neatly-pressed dress shirt. A writer for her college paper, she looked the part in a chic suit, her form boasting of aspirations to parlay her journalism major into a major role in journalism. It was only when she locked eyes – or lips – with her girlfriend, that she really looked her mere twenty years, that youthful, impulsive eagerness bubbling over defiantly.

“The forms do list everything, yes,” the clinician affirmed, ignoring the way the pair played footsie with their legs, hanging over the side of his table. “However, it's policy to verbally confirm the key details one final time before we begin. It's especially important for changes as dramatic – and as *irreversible* – as yours. Clients waking up to find themselves stuck permanently in the wrong bodies also tend to get rather *litigious*.”

Normally, mention of the magnitude of commitment which fleshcraft involved sobered even the kinkiest of clients, despite their eagerness, but Colette and Nia shared a grin at his warning, hands tightening together in obvious pleasure.

“Whatever form we end up in, it’ll be fine as long as we’re together,” Nia insisted.

Colette nodded, a dreamy smile on her charming face. “That’s right! We want the whole world to see how deep our love runs! When you meet your true love, your *soulmate*, there’s no reason to fear uniting your bodies, in lovemaking, in marriage or in *conjoinment*!”

“Yes, well... as long as it’s what you both want,” Rafael murmured.

“I’ve never wanted anything more!” Nia exclaimed in answer. “I can’t wait to feel myself a part of you, sweetheart!”

“I can’t wait to be part of *you*!” the other answered.

The two burst into giggles as they kissed, hands and lips eager even with their audience.

From the grinning glances both girls turned his way, he doubted that either minded the opportunity to show off.

“That’s good then,” the older man went on. “You also have breast enlargement listed here-”

“We just adore soft, squishy chests,” Colette purred, her hands cupping Nia through her blouse.

“-and a rather interesting configuration for your ‘hands’.”

“Well how else will we wear shoes?!” Colette asked.

“And I couldn’t bear to wave goodbye to your beautiful little feet!” Nia added, as her own toes stroked along the ankle of her lover. “I can’t wait to have 24-7 exclusive access....”

Rafael gave up on his checks there, as the girls giggled and played with one another.

“Right, that’s fine then. But what about emergency contact numbers? You both just listed each other.”

“Oh, her parents don’t approve,” Nia piped up, smirking. “Something about acting on impulse, going too fast, big decisions, you know the drill.”

Colette snorted. “Hah, like yours didn’t say the same thing!”

“Fine, fine... if you’re certain you’re happy, and ready to proceed, I’ll take payment and we can begin.”

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Colette's eyes flicked open abruptly.

She hadn't been sleeping – sleeping still felt like *something*. Rather, she felt as though there was a sharp discontinuity in her awareness, a gap which had just ended as abruptly as it began, as though she had been totally 'off', for an entirely unperceived duration.

It was refreshing, like a mental reset.

"Nia?"

Turning her head she looked over, towards the spot her lover had lain with her head on a pillow, up against the near wall.

It felt like only a moment earlier, but the woman was gone.

Her pillow was gone.

The *wall* was gone.

The whole room seemed to have flipped itself, as though she'd been turned upside-down on the table.

"Over here," came her sweetheart's voice.

The audible smile made Colette grin likewise, as she raised her head, to look *up* her body.

Her girlfriend was sitting up on her elbows, yet she was only just visible past the extensive hills dividing them – enlarged mammaries, expanded several cup sizes, just as she'd requested.

They were the least remarkable element of the image greeting each girl.

As she looked over herself, Colette saw to her delight that it had become *their* self. Two bodies reduced to one, fused at the waist to combine both women into a single form, one upper body flowing smoothly into the base of the other at their shared waist.

Colette was indeed upside-down on the table, as she had become Nia's lower half.

"Isn't it incredible?"

Her girlfriend spoke the words, yet Colette experienced them leaving her mouth clearly. She sensed the tongue luxuriating over those full, luscious lips, even tasted the air moving in that lithe chest. Each syllable spoken was a kiss, a tease, a tantalizing delight they shared.

"I *felt* you say that," the lower woman gasped aloud.

"And I felt you say that!" exclaimed the upper.

Eyes glittered with giddy joy, as each girl stared down at the other, and felt the face looking back at her.

Theirs was one single body, and all of it belonged equally to each.

"It feels so strange, having your head where my hips used to be," Colette murmured.

"Technically, your hips would have been down at my boobs," Nia answered. "Since we're joined at the navel."

That recollection made her all the more eager to look at the spot, but even craning her head Colette couldn't see past her impressive cleavage.

Reaching up with her arms, she tried to grip her bust, to flatten or part her tits.

Instead, two gorgeous brown heels bumped into her bosom.

Both girls groaned at the sensation of Nia's feet, pressing against Colette's breasts.

The sight was surreal – those perfectly shaped tan feet growing from a pale pair of wrists – but more shocking was the sensuality of the contact.

Captivated, she twisted her arms, to brush the left toes down the right sole, and feel how that supple expanse of silken skin *squished*. The erogenous rush set both extremities throbbing, as if Colette were rubbing her clitoris, rather than her girlfriend's feet.

Nia giggled at the sensation, squirming at the intensity of the pleasure, and as she laughed her feet scrunched on Colette's wrists, curling and splaying with her shivering arousal.

It made her lover long for a pair of hands, that she might better grip those wonderful feet.

Of course if she'd kept her hands, those feet couldn't be there at all.

Instead she pressed her face into those smoothly folding soles, and sighed in bliss as she kissed their squishing undersides and breathed their delicious aroma. Pheromones filled both women's heads as they shared that sensuality from both perspectives, Nia tenderly cupping Colette's face in turn, hugging her with flats and toes.

The gesture was gladly returned as Nia raised her arms up, letting Colette press her own tender pink feet to her face.

Each was overwhelmed by that intense experience, the loss of control over what had once been their hands, and the sense of intimacy in having their lover's feet on their wrists, letting each make love to the beautiful soles of her sweetheart, even as she felt those feet from within for the first time.

"I'm glad to see you're enjoying the results, but perhaps you can save the self-exploration for later? I need to you sign off to say you're both happy with your new body."

Rafael's husky voice was sand on the fire, and both women blushed as they realized how carried-away they'd gotten.

Nia was the first to remove her arms from her own face, pulling away Colette's feet in the process. Deprived of that delicious feeling, of experiencing the beauty of her beloved's features from within, even as she caressed them with her toes from without, Colette soon caught hold of herself too, and moved her arms and Nia's feet away.

Still, it was hard not to stare at them. Seated so beautifully on her wrists, she could feel every minute detail, each muscle twitch, every wiggling toe and charming crease, yet she couldn't command any of it – each women felt everything of their shared body, but there was no mingling of *control*.

Unable to move the feet on her wrists, Colette used them like rounded nubs, pushing their heels against her chest, as she spread those impressive new tits, to take a look at their merged midriff.

"Ahhh, that feels so strange... so good," Nia whispered, as she felt her feet sink into a soft, tingling expanse of bosom.

Colette had to agree – with how sensitive their four breasts were, any contact was a rush, *almost* too much, but her attention was on the rest of their joined body, and the place where their two upper-torsos met.

Each retained half of their newly mismatched navel. Like with their wrists, their waists met at a smooth line there, where tan turned to cream, a seamless transition, yet a remarkably distinct one, without any blending of tones.

Nia's arm reached out, and Colette's heel bumped into the spot.

"Oh, honey, can you... straighten your foot?" she asked.

"It is straight," the other answered, frowning as she looked up at her lighter-toned foot, sat at a comfortable right-angle to the forearm and wrist of her lover.

"I suppose that's how they were on our ankles too," Nia mused. "Uh... try to stretch it forwards then? I want to feel our body with more than just your heel."

It took a few moments for them to manipulate their awkward new configuration correctly, but soon Nia was pressing Colette's toes against their mutual midriff, feeling how their perfectly smooth skin met there.

"Ahhh, don't stop doing that," the owner of those digits mumbled, as her own feet were pulled away once more.

“Sorry, sweetie, but we have to get dressed.”

Nia was right of course – Rafael had more clients to see that day.

“Oh fine, I can get my hands on you later I suppose.”

“Not anymore,” Nia reminded, “but you can’t get your feet *off* me!”

They giggled as they got moving, but laughs soon faded to more serious grunts as they attempted to sit up.

Each was pushing, yet neither seemed to rise.

“Colette, are you... trying to push me down?” Nia asked, frowning.

“Well how else am I gonna stand up? You’re the lower half – you’ve got my feet!”

Nia chuckled at that. “No no no no no, *you’re* the lower half, honey – I’m still at the top of the table, right where I started, which makes *you* my lower body.”

“Hmph... fine then, but don’t forget you still have to wear my shoes too, I picked out the *cutest* pair for today.”

Colette’s blush was adorable, of course, and Nia savored it for some time as they worked themselves over to the table’s edge.

Feeling her head and shoulders pushing out over the abyss, however, Colette clutched at the table with her feet, stopping the motion of Nia’s arms.

“Woah, hold on! This is *high*! Mr. Rafael, don’t you think you can help us here?!”

The panicked sound seemed to move the otherwise-disinterested man, and he consented to assist them, lifting their merged body upright and keeping them from slipping off the table until Colette could get Nia’s feet under them.

“Wait,” Nia said, flexing her toes against the carpet, “you’ve got our feet pointed backwards, don’t you?”

“This is the only way I can point them,” Colette retorted, craning her neck to look up through a face-full of hair.

“You specified that you wanted your feet to have the same orientation your hands did,” Rafael reminded them. “Which means that if you hold them up over your head to walk, they’re effectively pointed backwards, compared to what you’re used to.”

Colette looked confused still, but Nia nodded.

"I... hadn't thought of that," she admitted. "This will take some getting used to."

It felt odd indeed, to stand on feet which were pointed towards their shared back instead of their front, but as Rafael released them, they became aware of another issue. Pert and shapely as their bosoms might be, those new mammaries were almost as massive as the butts they had displaced, and they stuck out far more than either's girl's vanished ass had.

Colette tried to counter that bending her arms and leaning her waist, but her remaining limbs were thin, made for accuracy and agility over power, and they buckled at the attempt, sending Nia plummeting forwards with a yelp.

She caught herself on Colette's feet, and the girls shared a moment of breathless shock at the accident.

"I think you better give up on either of you being the 'upper' body," Rafael observed. "Your form is much more suited for standing like this."

"Well... for now at least," Nia murmured, her darker complexion helping conceal the blush which was so obvious on Colette's face at their opposite end.

Embarrassing as it was, to be forced into a four-limbed stance, both had to admit that it was much more comfortable. Not that it made getting dressed any easier. Each woman had to carefully coordinate with the other, getting her partner to clench and release her toes at the right moments, as they wriggled and tugged their shirt and V-neck back on. Bras they eschewed, until they could buy ones better suited to their enhanced size and reduced dexterity.

"Are we gonna to have to do this every day?" Colette mused. "It'll make mornings so much slower...."

"Doing your makeup with my toes is going to be really fiddly too," Nia observed, as she straightened her partner's hair with her foot.

"Does that mean you're dissatisfied with your shared body?" Rafael asked.

He looked anxious for the first time, eyes unfocused, as if looking past the pair, to the lawsuit already taking form in his future.

"No way," both women answered at once.

"This is wonderful!" Nia said, cupping her lower lover's cheek. "I've never felt so close to you, Colette! Whatever challenges our body presents, I'm excited to overcome them, and show the whole world that there's nothing we can't do together!"

"I've never felt so in love with you, Nia!" her other half answered eagerly. "Finally our bodies are as close as our souls!"

Their intimacy helped little in cladding their soles, however. Nia had chosen a pair of professional yet stylish T-strap heels, and while it was easy enough to slide her feet into them, with her toes thus encased it was surprisingly tricky to buckle the straps. Laying on their side, Nia brought Colette's feet down to help, but the fumbling of their petite, rounded digits accomplished little. It was only when her lower half used her teeth and tongue that they finally managed to properly click shut the clasp.

Both were left panting, resisting the urge to let that mutually-felt mouth explore the artfully-shod feet any further. They still had to manage Colette's footwear, after all.

"Did you really have to wear knee-highs today?" the upper girl groaned.

Her arms slid into them smoothly enough, and the sensation of her new foothands, nestling in the padded interior of Colette's heeled boots was quite enticing, but Nia distinctly disliked the struggle involved in zipping them up with her teeth.

By the time she was done, her arms felt trapped, still more useless than they were loose, the limited dexterity afforded by the feet on her wrists entirely denied her. The lovers shared a look, however, and soon they were grinning again, as they flexed their feet in their shoes, and shared the sensations of each other's super-sensitive soles in lieu of palms, tender toes brushing together to make each gasp.

"You're like putty in my feet," Nia murmured.

"Let's get home quick," Colette countered, "So I can get you *out* of these clothes again."

Slipping mismatched handbags over opposite shoulders, they set out, the dangling containers thudding gently together. Walking was tricky, especially with how each step sent a tingle of arousal up their arms, and made hanging bosoms bounce together. They had a few false starts as a result, but fortunately all-fours was at least a *stable* configuration, and as odd as it was to stand face-down, having to lean their heads back to see, they found that the posture was actually rather easy to maintain.

Rafael said nothing, as the women walked slowly out, verbally coordinating each step and maneuver. He'd enhanced their neck and back muscles, to ensure no pain from their new configuration, and practice would see to making their cooperative movements fluid and comfortable.

It wasn't his job to remind them of any *other* downsides to their body.