

Queens of Hearts

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Chapter 2

“Oh my gods, Nia, *everyone’s* staring at us!”

The hissed words were true, of course – fleshcrafting might be an ancient and respected tradition, but few went for more than cosmetic measures. Certainly neither Nia nor Colette had ever heard of anyone with a form quite as daring as their own. Small wonder they were drawing the eyes of every person on Main Street, or slowing passing traffic, as people eyed the surreal shape of the duo.

“They can’t keep their eyes off us,” Nia murmured, with a gleeful shiver. “Look at that guy on the bike, he’s so envious he almost hit a streetlight!”

Awkward and slow as their passage was, both girls were purring with pleasure as they plodded along, as if strutting down a catwalk rather than a college-town boulevard.

“This is so *romantic*,” the pale end sighed, toes curling in her boots as she brought up the rear, enjoying the sights of all those faces, familiar and strange, forced to recognize their love.

“Just wait until I get you home,” Nia promised from the front.

Yet even as she said so, her eye lingered on the café they were approaching. *Bistro 69* was their favorite haunt, and familiar faces were seated at the tables out front, already gawping at the approaching girls.

“No waaaaaay... Nia? Colette?”

Nia felt her lover’s grin widen, and smirked in turn, and they shared a delighted shiver in that sensual sharing of even so simple a thing as a smile.

“Hi Sab! Guess where we’ve just been!”

Sabrina snorted at that, as the conjoined figure walked up, both heads looking over.

“Woah, you really went all out,” Gabriel murmured, whistling as he took in their alterations. “Your mom’s gonna kill you, Nia!”

“She can’t control my life,” the tan torso retorted. “When you meet *the one*, you’ll understand.”

“That’s right!” Colette added. “If you found your soulmate you’d want to be this close too.”

"You want to... sit down?" Julia asked.

"Well, just for a few minutes," Nia agreed.

Confronted with a simple upright chair, neither could quite figure out a way for them to take the offered seat, given that their torso was two tops, lacking any sort of base on which to perch.

Fortunately there was a couch laid out in the sun, which the two were able to clamber onto, after Pascal and Rachel vacated it.

Unfortunately, unaccustomed as they were to their new shape, Colette caught her bust on the table as they pulled themselves up.

The girls grunted in pain, while their friends reached out to steady wobbling drinks and catch dislodged cutlery.

No-one present was so graceless as to mention the nip-slip, of course, leaving Colette to rub her throbbing teat with the side of Nia's heel.

"You want a drink?" Sabrina asked.

"Double mochaccino with pumpkin spice," their rear end said at once.

Nia thumped a heel into her purse. "I'll have a latte. Let me just get my card."

Sabrina eyed the elbow-high boots encasing Nia's arms and grinned.

"This one's on me."

While she was away the others pressed in, full of questions.

"Is this like, actually real?"

"How could you afford it?"

"Are you stuck like this now?"

The duo were delighted to answer, of course.

"Yes it's real, Rachel, obviously. And it wasn't *that* expensive, Pascal," Nia said, "my aunt left me some money last year which covered most of it."

"And yup, this is permanent," Colette chimed in, answering Gabriel. "Why not, when we're already going to spend the rest of our lives together?"

Nia reached down to take her hands, and the two bumped boot and shoe instead.

Blushing, she ignored the slip. "We wanted something more special, more intimate than just marriage. Something to match the eternal love we share."

"But... how will you write?" Pascal asked. "I mean, can you type without hands?"

Nia gave him an irked glance, as she was fumbling, trying to press her foothands against those of Colette.

"Haven't you heard of text-to-speech? Loads of people use it. And any good journalist has a dictaphone app too."

"Huh, I guess," the man admitted. "So you've got all that set up on your laptop and phone? Like, voice controls and everything?"

Nia's blush was apparent, even through her bronze complexion, the beautiful glow charming her lower body all over again to make both halves squirm together.

"Well, I *will*," Nia answered, ignoring that horny urge from her new nether-parts. "I'll be fine, I'm sure the software can keep up these days."

"Don't you use a fingerprint to unlock your phone?" Gabriel pointed out.

"Uh... well.... It's a pretty old one, so... I might just replace it anyway...."

"Say, Colette?" Rachel asked. "Are there a lot of acting jobs for conjoined people? I mean, I know that colorblind casting is a thing and all, but like, is body-blind casting the new norm?"

The pouting glance the francophone woman shot her suggested that such a concept had yet to catch on.

Rachel plowed on, oblivious. "I was just wondering if it'll be hard to find roles. Especially when your upper half is busy writing articles and interviewing people and all that junk."

Each partner looked down at her opposite end with a frown, the full extent of the issue dawning visibly over clouded faces.

"Drinks!" Sabrina called, voice raised, as if to dispel that awkward moment.

"Thanks, you're such a dear, Sab!" Colette said, as she reached for the mug.

Her high-heel clinked against the side.

"Oops, guess I need to take these off."

There was nothing odd about a beautiful young woman slipping off her shoes on a warm summer day, yet Colette felt oddly self-conscious as she fumbled with the clasps on Nia's feet.

There were more difficulties to their new body than she'd imagined.

Unbuckling the straps with her teeth, she pulled those lovely feet from their bindings, and sighed as she felt Nia's soles flex and stretch.

"It's so trippy, having each other's feet for hands," Rachel observed. "Who controls them?"

"We each control our original feet," Nia replied, "So even though they're Colette's 'hands' now, I have to work them for her."

So saying, she grimaced, as she tried to remotely operate her toes into hooking the handle of her partner's coffee. It was surprisingly hard to coordinate, when she had no control over how Colette moved her arms or head, and they almost dropped the drink several times.

"Well I think its super romantic," Sabrina said, "I wish my boyfriend was as devoted to me as you are to each other...."

Still struggling to extricate her own foothands from Colette's boots, Nia's chest puffed out proudly at the compliment.

"I agree!" added Rachel, "whatever issues there are, being a journalist or an actress while conjoined, it's nothing next to being able to share everything like this. You look so pretty, so *unique!*"

"It's even better than it looks," Nia murmured, as she pressed her released soles against those of her lover. "I can feel everything she says, every movement... every part of her, as part of me."

"Because I *am* part of you," Colette murmured back, "I always will be."

"That's so beautiful," Pascal said, a tear trickling down his cheek.

The two women were glowing as they intertwined their toes, basking in the admiration of their peers, and the shared sensuality of their surreal new shape.

A shudder ran through each, as she felt the other's arousal surge.

They finished their drinks quickly, stuffed their feet back into their shoes and set off for home.

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Already drained from the challenges of the trip home, their clumsy battle with the door to the apartment might have finished them off, but as they at last burst into their abode both halves of their body were aching not with exertion, but desire.

Sexual tension had them shaking, rather than exhaustion, and they tore at shirts and yanked off shoes as they stumbled giggling and breathless towards their bedroom.

Pulling themselves up onto the bed was tricky, Colette's chest again catching on the edge, yet they barely noticed amid the heat of their passion.

Rolling over, onto their backs, they propped heads up against cushions, and looked across at one another, beaming.

"This is so amazing," Colette murmured.

"You're even more beautiful, now that I can feel your adorable little lips, your squishy cheeks and your...."

"Monster knockers?" her girlfriend suggested.

Both were giggling as they stroked their feet over those mirrored mounds.

"Gods they're so good," Nia gasped, as she sank her toes into Colette's breast.

"Mmmph! Yours are even better," her bodymate mewled back, their trunk tensing, twisting, as each indulged the other, the shared sensations magnifying their pleasure, as they competed to make their beloved gasp louder.

Each felt two hearts pounding in their chests, the beat united into one booming drum.

"Touch me," Nia whispered.

"*I am!*" answered Colette, with a giggle.

Nia grinned back at her.

"You know what I mean, my love. Time to put your new 'hands' to work!"

Body aching, pulsating, every nerve alive and throbbing with joy, they reached for one another.

For those most intimate areas, which would grant culmination to their rampaging passions.

Toes collided above their navel, as their feet bumped together.

Startled, Nia and Colette each looked down at their middle, then up at one another, as the same thought dawned on two faces.

"We... didn't...", the upper woman began, words trailing off as their situation became obvious. "Fuuuuck..."

"We can't," the lower rejoined, "we don't have pussies!"

"Why didn't you say something sooner?!"

"I forgot to," muttered Colette, face red, her toes curling at the ends of Nia's arms.

It was an absurd realization, so obvious, yet so utterly overlooked.

Nia gaped, as she looked down at her aching foothands and burning breasts, and across at their complement on Colette's side.

"I... I forgot too.... I didn't even think about how we'd-"

"-cum," the other finished.

The upper girl groaned, as that word sent a shiver down a shared spine. "I'm so horny already... how could we let this happen?!"

"You're meant to be the responsible one, with all the plans and notes and schedules," Colette reminded her. "I thought you'd take care of stuff like this!"

"I can't think of everything!" Nia retorted, her own embarrassment adding too much edge to her voice.

The hurt curve in Colette's lip stayed her ire, as did the way the toes which replaced Nia's fingers curled in dismay.

Her lover was far too cute to be angry with.

"There now, it's okay. We'll figure this out somehow."

Reaching down, she brushed Colette's own toes against the girl's cheek.

Each shivered with obvious delight at the touch, and soon Nia's feet were raised reciprocal, pressing against her own face in turn.

"Mmmmmh.... That feels so good," she sighed.

Kissing her own toes, she shuddered, as she felt that sensual delight within and without, matched by the mirrored pleasure of her lower half and lover, Colette likewise planting kisses on her own tender soles.

"At least I still have your gorgeous feet," Nia purred, as her partner pressed her nose deep into the embrace of those silken undersides.

She reciprocated by burying her head in the woman's foothands in turn, and each experienced that surreal joy of having her own feet stretching and clenching against her face. Leant forwards as each was, their breasts were soon touching too, that single back curving to bring their divinely delicate chests together, each enjoying the sensations of all four supple surfaces together, squishing and brushing, aching as erect nipples sank into one another.

"This is incredible," Colette gasped, panting, as she cupped their mingling chests in her foothands, and felt the plush flesh between Nia's toes. "It's like we have... eight sets of genitals."

They had asked for heightened sensitivity, yet this was well past what they'd anticipated.

"You're right," Nia purred, as she brushed those beautiful lips with the woman's own foot. "Ten, if you count mouths...."

The heat of their soles tensing and gripping, the playful pleasure of toes splaying and kneading, and heels squishing into bouncing bosoms, were beyond all expectation. Both tensed as they felt rushing erogenous thrill ripple up and down their body in waves, the delight of each setting off a matching surge of desire in the other, the pleasure only escalating, concentrating in their tingling foothands and tits, and filling their watering mouths with moans, yet leaving them wanting so much more.

With that much mammary to manage, kissing was surprisingly tricky, but once they pushed down the face-full of boob-flab that blocked them the duo were able to indulge freely. Hugging one another with their arms, they rubbed soft lips alongside firm chests, kneading their nipples with their equally-delicate feet. Delighting in the sensations of so many erogenous areas at once, each felt the arousal filling every part of the other as they played with their bountiful breasts between caressing soles.

Pulling the pretty little tongue of her lower half into her mouth, Nia moaned in bliss, as she tasted her own kisses for the first time. Powerful, commanding and passionate, she sucked at Colette's mouth, making love to her the only way she could, and felt through her conjoined partner the thrill of those intimate ministrations of mingling lips, enchanting, *intoxicating*, overwhelming all rational thought as she gave herself to the pleasure of their shared body.

Colette too was lost, adrift in a tempestuous ocean of erogenous thrills, the beating waves and blasting winds flooding her body with desire, even as her anatomy failed her, only amplifying the storm in her chest and lips and toes, spinning that pleasure into a cyclone of sensuality, setting her every fiber *screaming*.

Feeling everything of each half of their body, both girls were unequipped for sexual stimulation so exquisite.

Their breasts were throbbing, aching with need as they massaged one another to the very edge of orgasm, yet no release came to free them from that delirium of desperate desire.

Toes were tingling, burning as they ran through hair or skated over aching flanks.

Soles pressed red hot against cheeks and chests, rubbing their divinely soft surfaces into one another as they met, to send electric tingles through that euphoric single body.

Nerves lit up with lightning, everywhere the women touched themselves, that crashing storm of tormenting connections linking back on itself infinitely, as they curled up into one ball of anguished bliss.

Above all else, mouths were *melting* together, lips and tongues mingling with frenetic urgency, merging in their minds as they danced and writhed, those most dexterous parts of their anatomy delighting in one another and in their mutual desperation, even as they lost trace of which was whose.

Nia wasn't kissing Colette.

Colette wasn't sucking her lover's tongue.

Such distinctions no longer made any sense to either half of that mingling mind.

Each was making love together, to a shared, single self.

One mouth, felt in infinite reverberation, as two reflections of a single tongue fondled and rubbed and teased itself to the very pinnacle of pleasure amid a whirlwind of frantic fondling.

Trying endlessly to orgasm, their body exulted in its own absurd denial, magnifying the rapturous delights of foothands and breasts and mouths beyond imagining, until every part of them seemed at once to be climaxing, all without any hint of release.

That form wasn't an accident, something unfinished or incomplete – it couldn't be, when it united them as one.

A single being, eternally bound in utter adulation for itself.

It was *perfection*.

Theirs was an existence beyond compare, capable of reaching erogenous highs of intimacy inconceivable to anyone with genitals. Stroking cheeks and grinding chests, kissing soles and sucking toes, the woman shook and twisted together in strange knots of carnal ecstasy and agony, enraptured with one another... with her new, single self... driven wild by want, yet overjoyed even as she was denied.

Trapped together at the very peak of pleasure, she screamed and shook, clinging to the two halves of her self, and to consciousness itself.

With orgasm impossible, there was nothing to end that euphoria.

Nothing, save perhaps sheer exhaustion.

Finally, frustratingly, the mind was overcome, and that moment of infinite unity passed.

Already long exhausted, their body collapsed, heads flopping back against pillows, as the lovers went limp, overwrought by the sheer euphoria and merciless intensity of their fusion.

Neither could speak, nor even think, for some time.

It felt like hours that they had writhed together, as the eye of that erotic storm.

"Wow," Nia whispered, as she struggled to find breath.

Colette, likewise winded, brushed her toes across her lover's cheek. "That... that was...."

"Fucking *incredible*," they gasped out together.

It was no release, certainly, but it was thrilling nonetheless. To teeter on the edge of a climax so intense and powerful was itself a pleasure, despite the unsatisfying conclusion. To do so together, sharing not only sensation or passion, but *thought itself*, as minds overlapped alongside their conjoined body, was a blessing neither had imagined.

"Want to try again?" Nia asked, her toes curling against Colette's cheek.

"We have to... I'm still so horny! Hell, I'm more worked up than ever!"

Each saw in her bodymate the frustration to match her own pent-up feelings, yet agonized as they were, with a form at once so powerfully pleasurable yet completely impotent, each felt a surreal delight in that shared experience.

This was something entirely their own, a mutual struggle which brought them closer even than their shared body.

Already they yearned to return to that strange place of anguish and adulation.

Soon caresses turned to kisses, and gasps for air became giggles, giddy and playful.

Both girls were painfully aware of just how horny they still were, but there was nothing either could do about it.

Their body was permanent.

That surreal, sensual, impotent mingling of breasts and feet and mouths, that merging of *minds* amid pleasure unimaginable, was the only release they could ever know again.

Perhaps, somehow, that would be enough for them to climax, eventually.

Or perhaps they would lose their mutual mind to that intoxicating pleasure and orgasmic intimacy, without ever sharing a true release.

Either way, they would experience everything *together*, with a form as wonderful and unique as the feelings which birthed it, a body neither would dream of changing.

Even if they could.

Neither end of the new woman could say if it would be heaven or hell.

Both halves were overjoyed, as they went there together, once again.