

Adoration Becomes Adornment

For rs38v

By TheSpiralledEye

Yasmine loved Halloween; it was the only day of the year she could walk around in full witch regalia without getting stared at. Well, that wasn't strictly true, she got stared at quite a bit but instead of sneers and eye rolls, now people looked at her with desire and envy. She always had the best costume at every party she crashed of course, despite everybody thinking witches were old hat, no pun intended. She wore a simple yet revealing black dress with a plunging neckline, dark black lipstick, batwing eyeliner and strappy sandals despite the cool autumn weather. She hummed to herself, pointed black nail resting on her cheek as she pursued her houses of choice. This street always had a selection of decent Halloween parties and several doorways were open to her; it would be an easy hunt tonight. She'd grown tired of the men she'd been with lately, she needed something fresh and new, something with a bit of magical flare.

As she walked up and into a stranger's house, she found it packed to the rafters with drunk men and woman, some of which were already falling over one another, making out in doorways and on couches. She smiled. Perfect. Now, who to choose? She loved to play with her prey a bit, so she didn't want anybody too eager, she strolled through the party, smiling demurring at each man who's eye dipped to her generous cleavage. Then she spotted him; a plain looking man not in costume, standing alone holding a red plastic cup looking distinctly uncomfortable.

Using her magic, she gently probed his mind; he hadn't wanted to come here tonight but his friend had made him and since disappeared upstairs with a drunk girl dressed as a bunny. She could sense the loyalty in him, staying despite knowing no one and being too awkward to strike up a conversation. He was shy, reserved, *perfect* for her games. As she stepped forward, she paused, foot suspended in the air. Her perfectly pedicured and black coated toenails gleamed under the low lights; beautiful but unadorned. A wicked smile formed across her features as an idea came, she was going to enjoy this night immensely.

~

Ryan sighed, staring down at his bored face reflected in his cup. The punch was mostly vodka at this point, having been spiked by so many people it was basically undrinkable unless you were already off your rocker. Silently he cursed Ben, what the hell was taking so long anyway? The guy had the stamina and charm of a limp noodle. Surely, he and that girl couldn't still be going at it. Full of self-pity, he took a swig of his drink, grimacing at the burn of pure alcohol on his tongue.

"Tough night?"

He looked up and almost choked; the woman standing before him was breathtaking. He had to fight to swallow down the burning alcohol without spluttering like a fool. She laughed softly, an enchanting sound that by all rights he should not have been able to hear over the music and other sounds of the party, yet somehow, seemed to be so clear. She was dressed as a sexy witch but somehow exuded an air of class and sophistication compared to most costumes. All those sexy cats and nurses running around suddenly looked so tacky and cheap, nothing on her splendour. Most stunning of all were her eyes, a soft, violet purple that almost seemed to glitter like stars. He found himself drawn to them, even with her breasts on near full display it was those eyes that seemed to call to him. He was so enchanted several long seconds had passed before he realised, he had never answered her question.

“Oh uh, no just waiting for a friend. You know how it is.”

God, he sounded so flustered already. Here he was, lucky enough to have a woman this hot approach *him* and he was blowing it! Luckily, she just smiled, such a beautiful smile.

“That’s very rude of them, to leave you all alone.” She cooed, “I’m all alone too, perhaps we could keep each other company.”

Her voice was like a song, the rest of the world was fading into coloured blurs and white noise. His entire focus on the woman around him as the party faded away.

“That would be nice.”

Don’t assume anything Ryan, she could just want company, regular old company, don’t-

“Why don’t we go and see if there is a spare room for us to...talk.”

The world ‘talk’ was so laden with innuendo Ryan just about popped a boner right there. She took his hand, holding it tightly as she began to lead him through the crowd. He couldn’t make out anybody’s faces, it was as if the whole world had gone blurry, his new woman the only thing in stark focus. He was glad for the alcohol now, it gave him the confidence to follow without hesitation.

“I’m Ryan.” He croaked, “What’s your name?”

“Yasmine.” She smiled over her shoulder.

“A name as beautiful as you.” The words fell out before he could stop them and he blushed profusely.

“Oh, such a sweetheart.”

The praise warmed him, or maybe it was the vodka; either way he found his excitement building for what was about to come. They were climbing the stairs now, Yasmine’s peach shaped ass swaying slightly right before him a few stairs ahead. It was almost hypnotising, his eyes followed unabashedly, back and forth, back and forth. She didn’t seem to mind, in fact he could have sworn she emphasised the movement once she caught him looking. By the time they reached the second floor landing he was almost dizzy with lust, letting Yasmine lead him through the house, gently knocking on doors until they found an unoccupied room. A study by the looks of it, no bed to speak of but that didn’t matter; Ryan’s mind was already filled with images of taking this woman against the wall, feeling that soft skin against his own. Fuck, he was already hard.

Yasmine locked the door and turned to face him; he could see the slight red blush to her cleavage. Her eyes dipped to his tented pants and grinned, at least he needed not be embarrassed, she seemed just as eager as him. Full of strange desperation he surged for her, eager to take those soft lips in his own but she held out a palm, resting it against his chest.

“Not so fast, dear. Let’s take things slow, shall we?”

He nodded obediently.

“Anything for you.” He whispered, looking deep into those violet eyes, still glowing faintly despite the dim light of the room.

He meant it too. Yasmine was unlike any woman he’d ever encountered, was this what the story tellers meant by love at first sight? He’d spoken only a handful of words to this woman and yet, he really did feel like he would do anything for her. It was almost as if her very presence put him under a spell.

She walked slowly past him, tracing her fingers across his chest and arm as she did so, leaving warm tingles in her wake before taking a seat at the office chair and crossing one leg over the other.

“Remove my shoes.”

Her voice took on an authoritative tone and he rushed to obey, the submission sending a bolt of pleasure through him. He'd never been much of a sub, then again, he'd never been dominated by such a woman before. If she got off telling men what to do, he wasn't about to say no. So long as he got to kiss her soon, God he wanted to kiss her.

He fell to his knees and gently, almost reverently, undid the buckles on her sandals, placing them to the side. Her pale feet were before him, neat toenails with black polish shining in the moonlight.

"Kiss them."

Despite his odd devotion Ryan felt himself demure. He wasn't really into feet; he knew a lot of people were but it was a fetish he'd never really understood. He looked up at her expectant face, fully intending to say something when those eyes captured him again. For a second he felt himself sway, then his eyes dropped back down to her feet and...how had he ever been repulsed by something so beautiful? These were no regular feet; the skin was smooth all over, even the underside of her heel where most peoples were cracked and tough. He ran his hands over one, feeling the contours of her arch and the smooth, coolness of her painted nails. Exquisite.

He pressed his lips to the warm skin, it was subtle but he swore he could feel a slight vibration there, a spark. Maybe this was love, he certainly felt mad with it. A hand raked through his hair.

"Good boy, now suck."

The praise went straight to his cock, and eager for more he obeyed, taking her big toe in his mouth, and suckling gently. The taste of her skin was erotic, he ran his tongue along the underside of her toe, moaning as it twitched slightly under his ministrations. At first, he was doing it only to please her but the longer it was in his mouth, the more the taste of her permeated him the more he wanted it. This was even better than kissing her lips would be. He swirled his tongue, trying to taste every inch of skin as he began sucking harder. Above him she moaned slightly, uncrossing her other leg and wrapping it around his shoulder, pinning him in place as he continued to worship her feet.

He was painfully hard but found he couldn't stop. He needed to taste more of her, moving to each toe in turn and licking at them, rewarded with moans from his mistress. When had he started thinking of her as mistress? It felt right anyway.

"You like my feet, don't you?"

He could only make a muffled groan in response. Talking would require taking her toes from his mouth and that was something he very much did not want to do.

“I think you’ll be a perfect accessory for them.” She sighed, arching her back as he sucked particularly hard.

He wanted to ask what she meant by that, but with his mouth full that was impossible. Instead, he just looked up from his position on the ground, meeting those eyes once again and was hit with a wave of pleasure and dizziness. In spite of his desire to keep sucking, he fell backwards, her feet slipping from his grip. He blinked in confusion as his vision began to blur, his whole body turning cold and rigid against his will. The pleasure turned to numbness and Ryan felt a stab of worry that was instantly washed away as his eyes found Yasmine’s. They were looking at him with pupils blown wide with desire and in return, lust filled him. This was good, whatever it was that was happening, if it bought her pleasure, it gave it to him too. The feeling in his limbs disappeared as he felt them warping, moving unnaturally as his vision blacked out for a few seconds. There was darkness for a moment before he came to, still lying on the floor feeling bitterly cold. He tried to move but found he could not, nor could he speak or blink. His sight was warped, Yasmine now a giant in his vision, towering over his tiny form as she bent down to pick him up. As she did so, warmth bloomed where her finger touched and he realised his body was now made of metal. He was small, curved and his eye was a cold, purple gem, the same shade as her eyes.

He had been transformed into a ring! How was that possible? Panic began to build only to stop, once again washed away by the gentle touch of Yasmine as she placed him in her palm, stroking him almost like a cat. Each touch sent bliss washing over him, his whole, tiny body was extra sensitive.

“What a good ring.” She breathed, her lips were so close now, “You took to the change so well, you deserve a reward.”

She bent over and for a moment he was scared she would discard him. His metal body was so cold without her body heat! He couldn’t stand it if she put him down. But Yasmine was not lying, his mistress was merciful and instead of putting him on the floor she reached down and slipped him onto her toe, the one right next to her big toe so that he was sandwiched between them. It was so warm, so cosy here he wished he had the ability to talk so he could thank her. Then, as the heat began to permeate his body Ryan realised, he could do more than feel physically. He could smell, he could *taste*. The flavour of her skin was so much stronger here, between the crevices of her toes. The skin was still slick with warm saliva from his own ministrations and he found himself angry, if he hadn’t kissed and sucked quite so hard there would be more for him to taste now!

Yasmine wiggled her toes, sending shockwaves through him as her appendages stroked against his sides. She was gazing down at him, admiring smile on her face. To know that he was adorning her, giving her that pleasure, it was almost enough to make him cum. Not that he was able to like this.

“Let’s go find somebody to play with, shall we?” Her face was flush with arousal now, “You got me so turned on, I should have waited to change you until I came but I just couldn’t resist.”

She was up, walking barefoot through the house with purpose. He could feel the rough carpet tickling his underside with each step as he was crushed into it. Her toes squeezing him with each movement, pleasuring him with their feel and taste. His whole metal body was warm now, her body heat having fully coated him. He was practically a part of her and that idea was so hot.

There were voices above him and that blissful feeling of submission began to wash over him at the sound of Yasmine seducing another. He would have been jealous but he knew better; as her toe ring, he was happier than he ever could be as a man. Then they were moving again and he felt a thrill pass through him that was not his own. He almost managed a twitch in his excitement; that bolt of arousal was Yasmine's; he could feel what she was feeling!

Within moments they were back in the study, the same scene playing out as it had for him. Only now he had a front row seat as Yasmine sat, crossing her legs so that he was on full display; anticipation building within them both.

“Kiss my ring.” She ordered.

The man, his expression gormless, fell to his hands and knees in an instant, reaching out and lifting her foot, and by extension him, up to his mouth. That wet cavern closed around him, rough tongue swiping across his gem and Ryan felt an ecstasy he'd never known. He couldn't even tell if it was him or Yasmine feeling it, it didn't matter really. All that mattered was the steadily building pleasure inside them both as the man began to suck.

With each pursing of his lips, a bolt of pleasure flowed through them. Ryan could feel the gratification building inside Yasmine as she got close to the edge just from having her toes suckled at. She was getting off on his pleasure, his submission to her and this new man's as well. The sounds were muffled inside the man's mouth but Ryan could hear her breathy moans; they were like ambrosia for the ears. The man moaned as well, the deep baritone made his metal form vibrate and he was sure, if he were able to cum on his own, he would be. His metal form was so hot, in every sense of the word and the pleasure was building until the man gave one final, hard suck and Yasmine came. Her whole body shuddered, feet and toes twitching as pleased washed over her and into him. It was the closest to an orgasm a toe ring could ask for and Ryan felt his mind melting into nothing but the white noise of bliss. When he finally came back to himself, the man and the heat of his mouth was gone. Yasmine still breathing heavily, splayed out in the chair. She looked down at him with heavy lidded eyes, a lopsided smile on her face.

She reached down and then past him to something else on the floor. He watched as she picked up yet another ring, silver like him but adorned with a green gem this time.

“Look, I made you a little friend.” She cooed, slipping the ring onto her wet toe right next to him.

Ryan was beset with jealousy; he was her first and favourite ring. This new guy better not take his place just because he made her cum.

“I don’t really need two...” She hummed to herself, eyes glinting with mischief, “I could turn one of you back...”

Ryan wanted to scream, not him! Please, he wanted to stay here forever, adorning her feet, feeling her pleasure. She leaned back in the chair, holding her foot up high and wiggling her toes, teasing more pleasure from his already over stimulated form. She smiled.

“No, I think I’ll keep you both.” She said matter-o-factly, “If fact, I think we could go again, don’t you?”

Ryan wanted to cheer! There were so many other people at the party, he couldn’t wait for them all to experience the pleasure of becoming part of their little family.