

Victor came home with a grin on his face. He was always in a good mood after work, knowing he was heading to see his wife, the love of his life. He opened the door wide, calling out:

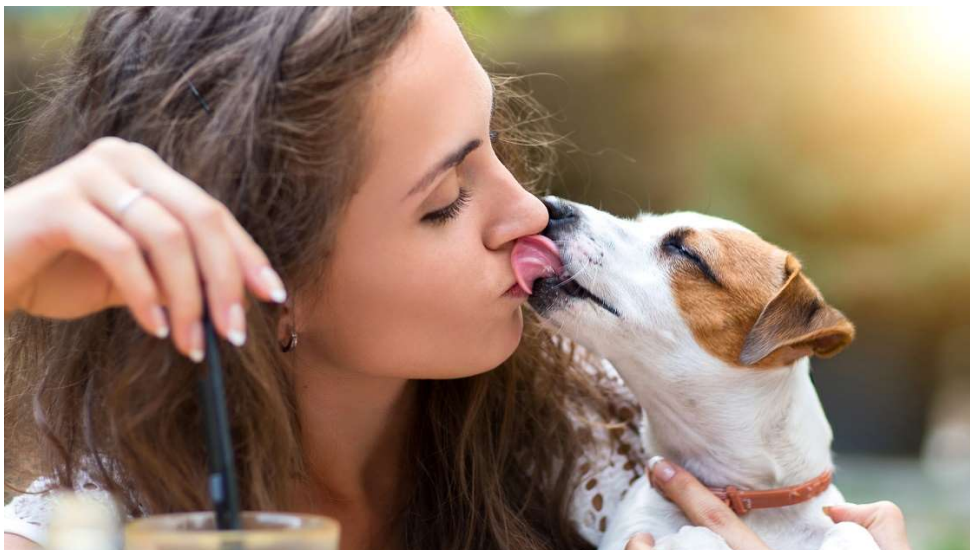
“Honey, I’m home!”

Shuffling came from the kitchen area, but no one came to greet the man at the door. He quickly scurried to take off his shoes and close the door, heading directly to the kitchen. There, a woman stood, a dispassionate look on her bored face. She didn’t even acknowledge the man’s presence as he entered the room, keeping to her tasks. But despite the cold reception, he still beamed with joy, happy as could be. But his love filled eyes weren’t directed at the woman’s deep brown eyes, or even at her gorgeous face.

He was staring straight at her ass.

It had all changed a few days ago, when Victor and Lucille had been walking in the park, taking advantage of the shade of the trees and the light summer breeze to ward off the scorching heat. The two of them liked spending time outside like this, walking quietly and simply enjoying each other’s presence, taking in the fresh air and relaxing a little, decompressing from a hard day of work. The two of them had been married for five years now, and they found that this daily routine helped strengthen their bond as well as establish and maintain trust in their relationship.

People were up and about, a group of kids playing ball, a family having a picnic. But one person in particular caught Lucille’s eye. A young woman, sitting at a bench, sipping an overpriced iced coffee, her pet dog sitting beside her. Lucille had never wanted pets. She hated going to friend’s who had them, because she despised having hairs all over her clothes, found drooling excessively gross, and simply couldn’t stand the constant agitation, from dogs in particular, which she found to be high maintenance as well as high energy. As such, she could hardly fathom anyone wanting something like that in their lives, but still respected the fact that it was their decision, as well as their responsibility. But when she saw the dog lean forward and start licking the woman’s face, she couldn’t help but feel a shiver of disgust run through her whole body. To make things even worse, didn’t even try to stop the animal, bending over and letting him spread his saliva all over her face and mouth, all with a smile! Lucille brought a hand to her mouth, feeling like she was about to throw up.



“Oh my god that is disgusting!” She said, not bothering to keep her tone down. She had always been a direct, almost blunt person, never managing her words and saying things as they are, no matter who hears. It took a few seconds for Victor to spot the woman that Lucille had been looking at, and to understand what had happened to make her react this way. Victor was the opposite of Lucille, a quiet, mild-mannered man, who preferred to avoid confrontation, which in a sense helped in their relationship, since they complimented each other with their different personalities and characters. So, he tried to deflect her from the situation at hand, and make sure she wouldn’t cause a scene by inadvertently insulting the young lady.

“Come on babe, it’s a public park. She isn’t doing anything wrong. Let’s just go, alright?”

Already he had a hand around her shoulder and was pushing past the lady and her dog, to be out of range as soon as possible. But Lucille kept on commenting as they passed the bench where she was sitting.

“Honestly, that is such a weird relationship to have with a dog. And to do that in public? Gah! I would be ashamed...”

Victor felt the color drain from his face, hoping the lady hadn’t heard his wife’s comments. But looking back, he saw that she definitely had, as her attention had shifted from her dog directly to them, her eyes shooting daggers at their direction. He could swear he saw a soft purple glow coming from them as well. He turned back around, hoping that despite the insults she would leave them alone, and not call them out on his wife’s comments. But his hopes were soon dashed when he heard a voice resounding from behind them.

“What the fuck did you just say?”

Fear gripped his heart at the words. He hated, dreaded confrontation, and in such a public spot, it would surely attract the attention of others. But his wife at stopped in her tracks, and he knew that while he would have desperately wanted her to ignore the other woman and just keep on walking, Lucille wasn’t one to back down from an argument. Sure enough, she turned around, staring at the woman, who had gotten up from her bench and was standing in the middle of the pathway, a few meters apart from them. A few people stopped to stare at the commotion, while some others bent their heads down to look at the ground and scurry off. Victor wished he could go with them, but as much as he dreaded this, he still stood by his wife, ready to support her.

“I said that’s it disgusting that you let your dog slobber all over your face like that in public. Whatever you freaks do in the comfort of your home is of no concern to me, but please keep your weird shit to yourselves.” Lucille proclaimed, ever so straightforward.

Victor cringed inside, but tried not to let it show, instead standing in silent support next to his now angry wife. But as he glanced over to the woman, he noticed another flash of purple in her eyes. This definitely wasn’t his imagination. In her anger, his wife didn’t seem to have noticed. He was about to tell her that there was something wrong, and that they should leave when the woman spoke up one more time.

“Oh yeah? You think my relationship with my dog is weird, and should be kept private? I’ll show you weird... I’ll make you weird...”

With those ominous words, she started waving her hands around like a mad person. This in itself would be strange enough, but then the same purple glow that Victor had seen in her eyes started emanating from her hands, tracing after them like an after image, drawing obscure occult symbols in the air. The few people who had stuck around to see the argument gaped at the impossible display, including Lucille and Victor, who were too shocked to keep the argument going, or try to run away. Then, the woman directed her outspread hands toward them in one sudden motion, pushing the ethereal runes towards them at a staggering speed, too fast for them to dodge. It hit them, and for a moment, they stood weightless in the neather, before crashing back down to reality, standing just as they had been a few seconds prior. But something felt... off. Something was wrong, very wrong, but neither of them could tell exactly what that was.

“What... What did you just do to us?” Victor asked in a shaky voice, dread slowly seeping in.

The woman smirked, obviously very proud of what she just did, staring at the couple with a mischievous twinkle in her eye.

“It is simple, you see. I am a witch, and it is never a good idea to insult and anger a witch. What I did was cast a little spell on you, a curse, if you will. You thought my relationship with my dog was strange and unseemly? Well, I altered the very nature of your own relationship, to show you what weird really is. You too, are no longer married, in fact you are no longer in love with each other. Instead, you...” She dramatically pointed towards Victor, making him jump and recoil in fear. “Are now legally married and in love with her ass. And you...” She slowly turned her finger towards Lucille, who was staring at her incredulously. “Are now legally married and in love with your neighbor’s feet. You may not like it at first, but I am sure you will learn to love it. It is in your nature, at least, now it is. And I made sure that you now have an inclination towards having lots of P.D.A. with your new spouses, make sure you get to show off your brand-new shameful relationships to everyone around you. Have fun, perverts!”

With that, she cackled maniacally before vanishing in a cloud of purple smoke along with her dog, leaving her victims, and all the witnesses, stunned, unsure what to make of what had just happened. The small crowd stared at the couple, intent on seeing their reaction to all this. Meanwhile, Lucille and Victor slowly turned to each other, dreading the moment where their eyes would meet each other, because deep down they knew, they knew that the witch had not lied, either about her magical capacity, or what she had done to them. And sure enough, once their eyes met, they found what they feared. Nothing. Nothing at all. All the love, trust and intimacy they had built over the years, it was all gone. Not that their memories had been erased or replaced, they still remembered everything they had done together, their first date, the first time they had slept together, the day they got married, it was all there, just... oddly impersonal. As if they had shared these moments with an ex-partner that they had since moved on from.

But then Victor’s eyes started drifting downwards, ever so slowly. His heart beat faster and faster as the anticipation built up. He knew what awaited him down there, he knew what he would find. And it scared him, so very much. But he had to see it, he had to look, he had to know. His gaze fell onto her breasts, two sacks of flesh which meant nothing to him anymore. Then he was looking at her trim waist and fit abdomen, just another part of the woman he used to love. And then her pelvis, and her wide hips, behind which he knew what he would find. Forcefully, without even looking up, he grabbed her shoulders and turned her around, revealing the object of his quest. Magnificent and large, ever so perky, jutting out slightly and giving her pants that enticing rounded shape, her glorious butt.

His wife.

He gasped, as if he was seeing it for the first time, love and admiration returning to his eyes. Instinctively, his hands dropped from Lucille's shoulders to her hips, framing her ass, his wife, while he looked at it longingly, passion stirring in his loins. Lucille blushed deeply, looking around nervously as more than one witness took out their cellphone, filming the strange display with astonished looks on their faces.

"Victor... Victor!" She said in a hushed tone, trying to make sure she remained inaudible to the people around them. "Get ahold of yourself! Let's go home, we need to discuss what just happened, and find a solution!"

He shook himself out of his stupor, realizing that a lot of people were staring at them, dumbfounded. He took his hands off and nodded sheepishly.

"Yes... Let's go home, quick!"

They shuffled off, as the crowd burst into hushed whispers, behind them, discussing what had just happened. Never had the two of them been so humiliated. But it was more than that. What the witch had done was very real and had changed them to their core. Even now, Victor couldn't help but notice that Lucille had called him by his first name, something she hadn't done in years, usually preferring using one of his nicknames for him. But he also noticed that it hadn't bothered him one bit, while normally hearing her use his first name would have sent shivers down his spine. Even now, as they walked there was a safe space between them, and they weren't holding hands as they usually did. But as they hurried off, Victor couldn't help but slow his pace a little, trailing off slightly behind her so that he could admire the sway of her ass as she walked. The way it undulated with every step, shaking up and down in an enticing manner, begging to be touched... to be kissed... to be loved. He once again shook himself out of his reverie. Was he really having those thoughts? About a butt, an ass? Then again, he was married to that ass...

As they approached their house, he noticed that the hot next-door neighbor Jenny was out, watering her flowers. She was wearing a tank top, some booty shorts, but most importantly, a thin pair of sandals that left nothing to the imagination. As they came into view, Lucille stopped dead in her tracks, eyes growing wide as she stared down at those feet, the two, dainty, pedicured arches that she was married to now. But as with Victor, it was more than a contractual obligation. She was in love with those feet, she deeply wanted to cuddle those feet, hold them close to her, kiss them, make love to them... Victor almost ran into her, and looked at her questioningly, before following her gaze and understanding what was going on. He pushed her towards the house, pressing his hands to her bum to keep her moving. Seeing them arrive, the friendly neighbor gave them a wave and a smile. Lucille, still entranced by Jenny's beautiful feet, waved back weakly, while Victor apologized faintly before ushering her inside and closing the door behind them.

"That was... something..." Lucille whispered dreamily, still picturing the two dirt covered feet in her mind, which she somehow loved and adored more than anything in the world.

"Yeah, I get what you mean..." Victor responded, his eyes once again drawn to her perfect buttocks, feeling his heart swell with tenderness and care he had once only felt for her.

They conferred back to the kitchen, sitting down in a stunned silence, uncertain of how to even approach the subject.

“So...” Victor started tentatively, breaking the awkward silence.

“Yeah... How could this happen? How is this even possible? I can't be married to a pair of fucking feet! Not only are they disgusting and completely unattractive, but it doesn't even make sense! How can I be married to a body part, which belongs to another person? Does that mean I am married to her as well? But then, are you still married to me, through my ass? This is ridiculous! I am not going to play her twisted little game, that's for certain...”

She kept ranting, but even as she was saying those things, she couldn't help picturing herself with those feet, kissing them, running her tongue all over them, between the toes, grinding her pussy in the arch of the foot, putting a few toes as deep as possible inside of her... She was lying to herself. Even if she didn't have a foot fetish before, she definitely had one now.

“I don't know, I just don't...”

Victor took his head in his hands, lost in deep thought. Five years of marriage. Gone, lost forever. They were perfect for each other, and he knew she had been the love of his life, as he had been hers. And yet now he couldn't picture himself with her, in any way shape or form. He tried imagining the both of them on a date, but the image that came up unbidden was of himself sitting at a table, and Lucille on the other side, facing away from him, knees on the chair, slightly bent forward so her ass jutted out perfectly, eye level with himself, clad in a pair of form fitting yoga pants that emphasized its shape and size. A romantic dinner with his wife.

“I don't think it works like that Lucille. I really don't think we are married in any way, shape or form now. At least, I don't feel like we are. And I promise we will undo this, we have to, but for now... Could you... Could you remove your pants please? I need to see it, to be able to look at it completely. I swear to you this is temporary, but I swear I can't hold it any longer, I need to see your ass.”

She looked at him, shocked, confused and a little bit hurt, but deep down, she understood his urgent need. So, not out of love for him, but more out of respect and mutual comprehension of the fucked-up situation they were both stuck in, she stood up, turned around, and lowered her pants and panties, revealing her ass in its bare-naked glory. Immediately Victor's eyes lit up. He fell to his knees, grabbing both the cheeks that now formed his new wife, looking at the crack with tender eyes. Then, spreading both cheeks apart, he bent down, and gave her a languorously kiss on the lips. Victor had never been into ass play before, yet there he was, deeply in love and making out with an asshole. He was ashamed of the act he was committing, a little disgusted when thinking about it, but also deeply turned on. It felt so wrong, yet so right at the same time, and there was no denying the supernatural urge that now dwelled within him, bestowed by that fateful curse.

He spent quite a bit of time like that, making out with the butthole he was now married to, Lucille patiently waiting above him, not aroused by the feeling of his tongue on her ass, but not bothered by it either. It was just a thing she did, or more accurately, that she let happen to her. After a while he stopped, giving the ass a loving peck on the cheek before Lucille pulled her pants back up. Without a word to the man who had been her husband, she left, heading out the door. It's not that she was angry or hurt by the act. Maybe ashamed a little, but that wasn't why she didn't address him at all before

leaving like that. She just didn't care about him, didn't love him, and as such, didn't take any considerations for his feelings. On his end, Victor wasn't mad at seeing her leaving like that suddenly, he knew she had a life to live and couldn't afford to stick around just so he could spend some extra quality time with her ass, although he was a little disappointed at seeing her sexy butt wiggling out the door. But he knew she would be back, so he wasn't concerned, instead setting up to watch one of his shows in the living room, remembering fondly the enthusiastic make out session that had just occurred.



Meanwhile Lucille was walking to her neighbor's place with a determined step. Despite not feeling any pleasure or direct arousal from Victor's tongue on her ass, it still manifested something deep inside her: jealousy. She was jealous that he could spend quality time with his new spouse, and she could not. At first, she had been troubled by the lust surging inside her whenever she even thought of the neighbor's dainty feet, trying to repress the thoughts and feelings, which felt unnatural and inappropriate. But she had been thinking about it, and after a while, coming to terms with her new situation, and figured that it was no use fighting it, at least for now. She would have to admit that she was attracted, and married to a pair of feet, no matter how humiliating and shameful that was. Thus, she resolved that when Victor was done making out with his spouse, she would go and seek out her own brand-new partner. And that is how she found herself to be standing at her neighbor's door, sweating nervously, heart thumping through her chest in a mix of panic, anxiety and sheer anticipation. Taking a deep breath, she took the plunge and knocked twice before taking a step back. The door opened to reveal Jenny, who smiled when she saw her.

"Hi Lucy! What brings you over?"

Lucille gulped nervously, looking around to make sure no one was observing them before asking: "Hi Jenny... Do you mind if we go inside? I need to talk to you about something..."

“Hum... sure, I guess?” Jenny answered hesitantly, not too certain what this was all about.

They took place inside the living room, taking place on separate couch, and Lucille had to muster all the willpower she had not to stare at Jenny’s gorgeous feet, and appear like a complete freak and pervert right off the bat.

“So... What’s up? What did you want to talk about?” Jenny asked, curious about what this was all about.

Lucille took a deep breath and decided that the best thing to do was to start from the beginning, and explain everything, starting with the encounter with the witch, down to the curse she was now under. Jenny listened to her the whole time, her facial expressions varying from incredulous to shocked throughout the tale. But most importantly, she was taking Lucille seriously, seeming to believe her without a shred of proof. This was surprising, as the cursed woman expected to be laughed at, ridiculed and turned away. But instead, Jenny seemed to believe every word she was saying, nodding along.

“Wow... That is... quite the story... So, you say that your husband is now married to your ass? And you are somehow married to my feet? Like, not me, but a part of me? How strange, in fact, this is downright bizarre... What does that even imply? You want to be with them? Both romantically and sexually? Did I get that right?”

Lucille looked desperate at that point, so close to her goal, to finally being with the ones she loved more than anything in the world. Hesitantly, she spoke up, voice shaking and quivering with anxiety and hesitation, uncertain of how to even approach the subject.

“Yes... you got it right. And I know that I have no right to ask this, and you can say no if you are not comfortable with it... But can I see them? Touch them? I would really like to have them close to me...”

Jenny looked perplexed for a few moments, but not completely repulsed by the idea.

“You know what? I should be screaming at you to leave right now, calling you a creep, a freak, a pervert, even calling the cops maybe. But for some reason I just feel... curious? Intrigued? Maybe the curse affected me somehow too, because even if I know it is wrong, I am somehow inclined to play along with all this...”

A glimmer of hope returned to Lucille’s eyes, but she stayed silent, letting Jenny keep talking.

“So... I think that yes, we can do this. It’s weird and unnatural, but also strangely interesting. So... how do we do this?”

With Jenny’s approval, Lucille took the lead. She lowered herself to the ground, kneeling before the other woman. But she wasn’t looking directly at her, instead, her eyes were riveted on her feet, encased in a pair of light sandals. Carefully she removed each one, leaving them completely bare. She caressed the arch of her soles, following their curves, tracing their delicate yet sturdy form. She admired each toe, their stumped shapes topped by a nailed covered in pink polish. It was... the most beautiful thing she had ever seen. Unable to resist any longer, she leaned in, kissing each toe in succession, from one foot to the other. The she started becoming more intense, more passionate, and began to use her tongue, sliding it between each toe, tracing the whole sole from the heel to the tip, making out with the feet she was married to, the feet that she was deeply, powerfully in love with.



Up above, Jenny was observing the spectacle, not uncomfortable or creeped out. Eventually she got bored of the display, deciding to start playing on her phone, letting the other woman have the fun she wanted with her feet. Normally pretty ticklish, she felt nothing at Lucille's ministrations. It was as if she was disconnected from her feet at that particular moment.

But for Lucille, it was the other way around. She was feeling more aroused and excited than she ever had before. Things had progressed, and she had now spread her legs, peeling her soaked panties from her crotch, pussy drenched in anticipation of what to come. She lowered the foot, pressing it flat against her mounds, rubbing it on her lips. The feeling was electric, unlike anything else she had felt previously with Victor. Big toe rubbing against her clit, it was a matter of only a few minutes before she shuddered with her first orgasm. But she wasn't close to done, and soon, she had a big part of the foot stuck in her cunt, as she thrust her hips back and forth, massaging her insides with the foot. At the same time, she had the other foot raised up to her lips, kissing it with passion. She was truly making love to her new spouse.

It was late when she finally left her neighbor's house, letting Jenny go and wash off all the juices from her feet. Lucille felt content, fulfilled and relieved, relieved that everything had gone well, much better than expected in fact. But as she returned home, she also returned to reality. A reality where the man she was supposed to be married to was snoring loudly from the guest bedroom, unconcerned as to where she had been, and what she had done. A reality where she was in love with a pair of feet, and where Victor was married to her ass. A cursed, strange, perverted reality. They needed to fix this, to get out of this hell. But for now, she needed some rest, so she took place, alone in the bed she used to share with the man of her life, for a night of troubled sleep.