

Fruit for the Foot

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Chapter 1

Wine Wednesdays were a new tradition to Milly. For a girl who'd grown up respecting the sanctity of 'school nights', there was something scandalous about staying up drinking and partying with friends in their bedrooms when there were classes to attend the next day. She rather liked the little tingle of the taboo she felt as she sipped the sparkling white alongside her sorority sisters. They had encouraged her in many ways, since she started college.

Wriggling her toes against the rug as she leant on the bed, she felt a similar ripple of pleasure moving up her legs, from the form-fitting thigh-highs she'd just bought. The purple and black striping made a wonderful contrast against her creamy skin, a perfect complement to her fluffy cardigan and short skater-skirt, but that wasn't what pleased her so. It might have been the drinks, but she loved how it felt to have her feet and calves hugged like that. Her feet felt so soft and sensual, and as she gave a stretch she was amazingly aware of the shape of her soles and the petite curves of her toes.

Perhaps that was shy she'd slipped off her sneakers some time earlier.

Milly would have felt self-conscious, silly as it was, but the others were all similarly unshod.

Her eyes flicked once more to the larger, darker pair of feet opposite her, embraced in beautiful individually toed silk stockings. The transparent fabric perfectly framed Gabrielle's legs as she rested those curvaceous limbs crossed on the floor between them, the slightest movement of her muscles making the undersides of each foot crease or flatten before Milly's eyes.

There was something powerful about Gabrielle's feet, sucking in her gaze and monopolizing her thoughts as she admired their artful, yet practical forms. They had a strength built over years of work on the farm, but it was tempered by a natural elegance, and the refined efforts of her Hispanic friend's care routine. With each digit individually cradled in the sheer weave, they somehow looked more exposed than if they were bare, and the lazy movements of those flexing soles and the little adjustments of each toe were almost... hypnotic.

Mouthwatering.

"Like what you see?"

Milly stiffened, choking down a mouthful of wine and adjusting a few stray follicles of black hair from her bangs.

The striking Latina woman gave a satisfied giggle, curling her strong lips into a winning smile and waving her feet in the paler girl's direction. Effortless as the leggings, shorts and shirts she favored seemed, her curvaceous figure perfectly suited the style, and now her jean-shorts and tee were completed masterfully by her tights.

"I can't blame you, I know I look great!"

It was irritating, but inarguable – Gabrielle was gorgeous from head to toes. Lately she'd started a minor fad among the four of them with her cute footwear choices. Each was showing off their new socks and stockings that very evening as a result.

"Original isn't always best," Cora reminded them, as she stretched out her own legs from the bean-bag chair.

She was wearing a long, flowing dress, of a design popular in her parents' home town in Japan, and small as it was, it covered her petite frame entirely, save the dainty little feet emerging from under the hem. Her short cropped hair might have clashed, but against delicate features and skillfully applied cosmetics the pixie cut worked to give her an almost elven appearance.

At least until one looked at her feet, and the thick, wooly toe-socks she wore.

Cora wagged her fluffy toes, and Milly felt her tongue twitch, as is in sympathetic resonance with those pretty little shapes.

The Japanese girl's take on the trend eschewed any overt eroticism – not that feet were erotic, of course – but cute as they were with their raspberry patterning, they still highlighted the petite, flawless forms of the smaller woman's feet, outlining her soles with their seams, emphasizing each toe with the dashes of red at the tips. Even the way she wiggled them, sweet as it looked, had a certain refined allure.

"Ohhh, they're *adorable*," Kristen exclaimed, waving a hand, "are raspberries your favorite fruit?"

"They're alright, but I don't really like fruit... I just thought the shape looked pretty."

After topping up the others' glasses, Gabrielle poured out her third. A few droplets escaped the lip of the bottle, dyeing her right foot a little darker with the moisture.

"What about you, Kristen? Did you get anything new?"

"Well, a little something," the taller girl admitted, tanned features twisting into a teasing smirk. "I picked something I knew you'd all love... Milly especially."

Milly wrestled her eyes away from watching the way the alcohol was wicking across Gabrielle's heel.

A tiny gasp escaped her lips, as she saw the stockings Kristen had revealed from under her dress.

Paler than the rest of her long, slender legs, luscious olive-toned toes with creamy undersides stood out against the dark background of thick nylon, digits left daringly bare by the perverse, toeless design, free to wave to the others atop Kristen's large and shapely soles.

Milly knew she was staring, but something compelled her to look just a little longer, to... drink in the details of that curious, contradictory image, nudity made so much worse by what remained covered.

"Damn girl, those are kinky!"

Gabrielle's devastating bluntness made Milly all the more self-aware.

Then she met Kristen's eye, and saw the recognition in her grin.

"If you like them so much you should put a toering on them," the other suggested. "Or maybe a O-ring?"

"No way, gross!"

Milly felt her cheeks tingling, blood gathering even as she tried to shake off the suggestion.

Kristen flexed her soles, toes spreading in the air as she brought them a little closer. Between the left and right, those pale, smooth soles could have totally enveloped Milly's head. With how they were moving nearer, they might even do so.

"Sure you don't want a try? What was it my dealer said? First taste's free!"

Milly shivered as she imagined the heat and softness, and that slight moisture that would bring the scent of Kristen's feet.

She could picture the larger woman's naked toes sinking into her hair.

Her own curled at the thought.

"Ew! I'm not into anything weird like... that!"

"Like what? Like my feet?"

"Like anyone's feet, feet aren't sexy."

"You're sure you don't have a little bit of a crush on mine? I don't mind if you wanna have a closer look...."

It was ridiculous, just a silly game to embarrass her, but Milly made herself look away all the same.

That hid the worst of her blush, yes, but it also left her totally unguarded as Kristen reached out.

The girl's naked toes pressed into the softness of her cheek.

Milly gave a squeak of alarm, yet she didn't pull back, her cheeks burning as the imprint of Kristen's foot sank into her skin.

The scent was entering her nose.

"Oh, I know who *you* have a crush on, Kris," Cora cut in. "Professor Parker!"

"Mmmmmh...."

Three voices rose in agreement, Milly gratefully forgotten as she dabbed at spilled droplets of wine on her skirt.

"Such a cutie," Gabrielle agreed.

"I normally go for cute shy girls, but there really is something about him," Kristen admitted.

"He's not even that old," she added out, as she tucked away those long, dangerous legs of hers. "I hear he's still in his twenties."

Recovering from the earlier tension, Milly gave her own nod, eager to dispel any recollections of how she'd... frozen like that... the faint sniff of air she'd taken.... Involuntarily of course.

"I'm glad we went into genetics, I love his classes. He's such a visionary in genetic engineering."

"I know right?" Cora nodded, "kinda mysterious too – you know I saw him in the library last week, looking up books on the *occult*?"

"What, like witchcraft?!" Gabrielle exclaimed, with a gleeful look.

"Totally! He had a whole stack of super old books about sorcery and 'majyck' and shit!"

"You should have talked to him, he'd love a dork like you!" Kristen suggested.

"Ohhh, no way, he was totally embarrassed about it. Didn't want anyone to see his hobby. You know how judgmental people can be."

"Well I've got the perfect way to get a little closer to him," Gabrielle declared, rummaging in her bag.

Triumphantly, she withdrew a small box, and extracted one of the vials within.

"Nail polish?" Milly asked, nonplussed.

"*Professor Parker's* nail polish! Some sort of visionary new concoction that uses all natural ingredients like fruit extracts, so they're cheap, sustainable and non-toxic. He said they're proven safe for mice, so I'm meant to organize some human volunteers to test them."

"That sounds like you should be designing a proper study, not giving them out to friends."

She answered with a laugh, toes waving as she slurped down the rest of her glass. The devious giggle of the drunken Gabrielle was infectious.

"Probably, but he didn't actually *say* that, did he? I figure you three just about qualify, and it means we all get to talk to him as much as we want about the project. He might even want us to help more if it's panning out. They're just fruit juice and stuff anyway, everything's already approved and all that junk, so the tests are a practically a formality."

The others were already rooting through the box, a rich, fruity cocktail of alluring scents wafting out as they extracted different polishes to try.

Milly found herself joining them despite her qualms, picking an appealing peach and nectarine blend, with a pretty pink color and a scent that made her mouth water.

Painting it onto her fingertips, the young woman felt strangely aware of her physicality. Each slow, clumsy stroke of the brush seemed to make her keratin throb in time with her chest, and the fluid tingled and stained her skin where she painted over the edges of her nails. It was surely just natural acids in the juice that made it feel so odd, and she could wash it off later... but it was really getting her going.

Once more thoughts of those... scandalous footwear choices came to mind, while her own feet tingled in sympathy. She felt almost disappointed that they weren't painting their *toenails* with the stuff.

Too much to drink, certainly. That and the strange, seductive beauty of well-groomed and cared-for feet. It was just natural for girls as beautiful as her friends to also have beautiful feet. It wasn't as if Milly had some sort of perversion or... fetish.

"Prof. P. better be careful or people are gonna eat this stuff," Gabrielle remarked, as she applied the watermelon vial to herself.

Indeed, as she inspected the results, the farm girl actually brought her hand to her lips and lapped up the wayward drips.

“Damn, it’s better than the real thing....”

Milly should have said something about that – even if the ingredients were all natural, they weren’t necessarily all edible – but it was only a small amount, after all. She was just glad that they’d forgotten about that humiliating moment earlier, when the alcohol must have gone to her head.

“Damn, even actual banana isn’t this bananaey,” Kristen remarked, tasting her own sample.

Cora tentatively licked a drop from her own finger.

“I could enjoy raspberries if they tasted this good,” she proclaimed.

It was only as mouthwatering sweetness and light, summer scents spread through her own mouth that Milly realized she was sucking her fingers too. She pulled them out of her mouth right away, but she had to admit that the nail polish was bizarrely delicious.

Her qualms were forgotten as Gabrielle plopped a now-bare foot into her lap.

Milly’s breath stuck in her throat, as she looked down at the beautiful form, curvaceous like its owner, those enticing toes beckoning with their bending, that smooth, gleaming sole pressing against her leg.

“You do mine and I’ll do yours,” her friend proposed.

Milly gulped down her drink and took up the offered vial of polish, while the farm girl was playfully sliding her thigh-highs down, hands brushing gently over the tops of her toes as the material slid against the sensitive undersides.

Her heart was pounding as she both admired and painted Gabrielle’s feet, and felt the young woman doing the same to her own.

Just the alcohol, she reminded herself.