

Fruit for the Foot

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Chapter 3

“There’s no way we can tell anyone now,” Cora groaned, pressing her shiny red hands deeper into the folds of her dress, “we should never have tried the polishes! You were meant to plan a trial, not just... give them out to friends over drinks!”

Milly flinched as she saw faces turning their way from further up the queue. They’d endured walking on their oversensitized feet to get off campus for lunch, but even so the café was no place for such discussions.

“We should go home and just scrub it all off,” the girl went on.

Kristen shook her head. “I had one shower last night and two this morning – I even used a nail brush and polish remover, I’ve tried everything. We can’t get it off.”

Her voice seemed feverish, unusually intense as she whispered, and afterwards she chewed at her lip... just as she did whenever they talked of the Professor, or a particularly cute girl in class....

“At least he said that the side effects were minor,” Gabrielle mused, rubbing her chin with a mitten.

She was lucky – alone among the four, she’d picked handwear that she could still get her misshapen extremities into comfortably, despite how their fingers had shortened and palms stretched.

“We probably just... imagined that it was anything more than a temporary reaction....”

Milly wanted to believe her, but it only took one look at the shocking pink sheen of her forearms and wrists, or one flex of the changing palms and digits below, to know something was amiss. Parker had looked very concerned too, if all the samples would do is give the users a rash.

Try as she might, she couldn’t deny that her hands were different. Not just in color, but in *shape*. Their fingers were barely half the size they should be, and their palms were thicker and longer, actually *stretched* out. No amount of inflammation could do that.

She was still fretting when she realized, abruptly, that she was at the front of the line.

“U-uh just a latte and... um... I guess the soup,” she muttered, avoiding the gaze of the girl at the counter and she fumbled with her backpack.

Almost-hidden by her long sleeves, her fingers were dazzling beacons in her perception, screaming out to all around what a freak she was. Actually using them was even worse. They felt so stunningly wrong, delicate, yet sluggish and lurching in motion. The balls of her palms were oddly enflamed now too, catching on the hem of her pack as she tried to tug out her money. Everything was so sensitive too, her skin and flesh alive with stimulation, making her fingers and toes alike curl at the feel of it all and setting her nethers aglow with tension.

The bill she had gripped between her digits slipped from her grip, and a low whimper slipped from her lips in turn. It felt as though the papery note has been brushed across her aching stiff nipple.

The woman was staring at her now, and Milly felt herself getting hotter, her skin tingling, bristling as hairs stood up and blood rose to the surface.

“S-sorry, too much shit in here,” she stammered. “You know how it is! Let me just-”

She hooked her whole purse in her hand, and dragged it out, but as she tried to open it those bizarrely, impossibly *off* fingertips fell short of where they were meant to reach, and with a thunk and a clatter she dropped her purse on the counter, cards and cash spilling out.

Reaching desperately after it, her hands were laid bare too, as they stretched out of her sleeves, nonsensically reduced fingers and thickened palms lit up with a smooth nectarine sheen and the pleasing fragrance of ripe peach.

Clattering plastic and coins drew all attention to her transformed hands, everyone in the café looking at her.

The barista’s vision was transfixed by the strange appendages on Milly’s wrists.

It was impossible to miss how her extremities curved now, and as her own eyes traced along those lines she saw the odd note of elegance entering into the bulbous palms and shortening fingers, and the strange sheen of fruit-sweat clinging to them.

Her hands almost looked like bright pink feet.

Milly’s chest thumped, and she felt the water returning to her parched throat and mouth as she salivated over the twisted shape of her own hands.

All along the line behind her, people stared at them, and at the wrists and fingertips flashing from the pockets and dress-folds of her friends. All of them were showing off snatches of color where they tried and failed to hide their hands.

She was just the focal point of the surreal show.

There were so many eyes questioning, judging her, seeing how she was shaking and panting with such... inappropriate desperation.

Some of the onlookers were familiar faces, too, other students from their courses. She even recognized Tiffany from the lab.

"I told you-" the other was muttering, "-something wrong with those four, Milly especially. Wait until I tell everyone back at-"

Milly's jaw fell open, a look of blank dismay obvious on her face as she struggled with her cuffs.

They were just an inch or two short of concealing her fingers, even when she pulled them down as far as they'd go.

Her feet and hands were both aching, and her eyes watered as she pressed her knees tight against one another to fight the sympathetic throbbing of her abdomen.

"Oh... I'm... sorry," the barista murmured, looking stunned, "I didn't realize you were... that you didn't have- I mean, let me... help you there?"

"N-no, I've got it!" Milly said quickly.

She pushed forwards one of the fallen banknotes, sweeping the rest haphazardly back into her bag.

Milly dared not look up at the woman across the counter, but perhaps, at least, no-one else in the café had seen her bizarre hands that clearly.

Walking shakily over to their table, the stares of every single person present screamed silently just how wrong she was. She could see, could *feel* those eyes on the colorful nails and fingertips visible below the ends of her sleeves.

It was the most humiliating moment of her entire life.

Milly groaned as she sat, and felt the wetness in her panties squish. There was nothing but heat and humiliation, burning need and degrading shame, searing into her.

Everyone was still looking right at her, as she rubbed her thighs together, and balled up her toes in twisted arousal.

"Learn from our example, and wear gloves when you're painting!"

The cheery proclamation came from across the table, accompanied by a waving green blob.

In a moment, Milly was back to her senses, and the blob resolved into a ridiculously colored hand... oddly shaped, yes, but moving fast enough through the air that it would be hard to be sure of that. It was attached to a strong but shapely arm, emerging from the voluptuous figure of Gabrielle.

"We've been painting a banner for spirit week," the farm-girl went on, returning her hands to her lap before anyone could get too close a look.

It was a nonsensical excuse, one Milly could hear Tiffany distantly protesting, yet many of the gazes were turning away, people returning to their drinks and discourses, as if that shallow lie had explained everything.

"Thank you," Milly murmured, amazed by her friend's boldness.

She wasn't even trying to replace her mittens.

"You take these," Gabrielle suggested instead, pushing them across the table.

"You don't need them?"

"Looks like you need them more. I really don't care that much if a few strangers notice my hands look funny."

A charming line, almost heroic, to the Milly of that moment, yet as she spoke Gabrielle was breathing a little too hard. Her hands were pressing together in her lap, and below the table her feet were slipped free of her flats.

Even through her tights her feet practically glowed green.

Milly shivered as she watched Gabrielle's toes sliding over one another, the girl practically playing with herself right there at the table... showing off her feet as though trying to tell anyone looking that her line had been a lie.

Of course a show proved inevitable.

Once lunch came the girls had no choice but to confront just how... debilitating the strange alterations to their hands were.

"This is so fucked up," Kristen muttered, after the barista had moved on.

Her once-large fingers could barely grip her sandwich, and as she lifted it up slices of tomato and lettuce spilled out onto her plate. Trying to catch them only made her ever-stubbier digits slip, poking into the mayo and tearing the bread.

"I-I thought a sandwich would be easy.... I'm so... helpless like this.... What if it never wears off?!"

Her groans as she struggled with her meal sounded less and less like protests. The girl's words were almost... erotic... the beautiful tanned girl sweating and squirming just as Milly did, her curls bouncing with an energy entirely unwholesome.

Cora and Milly were faring little better with the soup. Wedging the spoon in their digits wasn't too difficult, but even bending forward, they still had to flash their colorful skin to the entire café.

Every bite was making Milly wetter, and not just because of the droplets of broth spilling onto her dress. Holding her feet up to her face like that was intense, the scent filling her sinuses with every mouthful, the shining, juicy underside of her foot far more delicious than the food.

'*Hand*', Milly reminded herself, with a shudder. They weren't animals – they had *hands* on their arms, and feet on their legs.

Not that Gabrielle seemed to know the difference.

After dropping it one too many times she'd abandoned her fork, and was eating her salad with her pretty green-splotched toes.

Fingers.

She was eating with her fingers.

As Milly watched the girl licked dressing from the cutely-patterned digits, the oils adding to their sheen and bringing out the glossy texture, less like skin and more akin to polished nails, only softer, more fragrant and juicy.

Gabrielle was blushing, yet she looked almost pleased as she showed herself off so brazenly, everyone watching once more as she feasted of leaves of romaine, juicy tomato quarters and squishy avocado cubes, using her green, misshapen hands almost like shovels.

It was hard not to feel envious, with how delicious she made it look, lapping every last drop of the juices from her palms, and sucking on her fingertips.

At least with all the stares focused on her, no-one noticed Milly's free hand, pressing into her crotch.

"Don't you see everyone staring?!" Cora hissed, from her side.

Her hand whipped back, but then she realized that Cora was talking to Gabrielle.

The farm girl's brown skin darkened a little more as she looked up, what might have been shame creeping into her features as she glanced furtively over her shoulder... but then those waving lips blossomed with a smile.

Her eye met one of the staring girls, and a little shiver passed down her spine, near imperceptible, but all too obvious to her friends.

She blew a kiss from the tips of her green digits... then slipped them back into her mouth.

“Gabrielle!” Cora hissed, scandalized.

“Whha?”

The malformed finger slipped free again, and she gave the other girl a conspiratorial smirk.

“If we can’t do anything about this... we may as well enjoy it while it lasts. It’s not like it hurts. Far from it... my hands feel so... intense...”

She slurped her tongue up, from her palm to the tip of her finger, then sucked the end into her mouth with an appreciative sigh, and pulled it back out with an audible pop.

“Tastes... amazing. So why not give these perverts a proper show?”

Cora and Milly hurried her out of the restaurant soon after, ignoring the near-painful stimulation to their delicate feet as they hurried back to campus.

The feeling of being watched followed them on through the afternoon, however. In every class there was someone staring, muttering or turning their head to try to get a look at the girls’ hands, and any time such a glimpse was won, it was followed by a fresh round of whispers.

Milly just hoped that the strange, embarrassing rumors would end when they were back to normal.