

Fruit for the Foot

<https://www.patreon.com/ralwatt>

Chapter 4

Just getting back to the house that night was tricky – every step lit up the soft undersides of their feet, sending tremors through their legs and tingles up to their crotches as they moved – and then there was the door to tackle. With their fingers dramatically abbreviated as they were, working a key had become a two-hand task, involving significant trial and error.

Finally arriving inside, they tugged off their shoes and sank down onto the nearest seats to recover.

Not that their feet hurt exactly, but it felt wonderful to get them out of the confines of shoes, and none of them could take any more stimulation right away.

Eventually they decided to undress there in their lounge, and see just what the situation was.

Pulling off socks and stockings, and removing jackets and tops, the girls were shocked to see how far things had progressed over the course of the day.

“This can’t be happening,” Cora muttered, as she ran a hand along the soft, red flesh of her arm, up towards the blotchy band at her shoulder, where the corruption was still spreading.

All four girls were in the same state; the reaction had covered their limbs, altering skin in texture and consistency, and softening the flesh beneath, creating a surreal, silky surface that was disconcertingly spongy to touch, and gave off intoxicating aromas and mouthwatering juices.

“It feels so wrong, so... intense....”

Cora’s words echoed in Milly’s ears, but she pretended not to hear the sniff as the prim, proper girl brought her hand up to her nose, and looked away as her fingers slid into her mouth.

Milly was too worked up not to have done the same, multiple times that day, but her attention was on the shining, smooth soles of the others. Not a crease or wrinkle showed in the plush flesh of their feet, until they arched or scrunched their feet, to make the softness curl and fold up so sensually.

Running her palm along her own thigh, Milly groaned at the sensation of smoothness, her leg thicker at the top, yet tapering more than she recalled at the calves, as if somehow her flesh and fat were being redistributed.

Daring not to descend so far as her actual feet, a tremor ran through her as she brought her fingers up again instead, towards her crotch and mouth.

She had to turn away, to hide the spreading, soaking patch in the front of her panties, as she sucked on her fingertips, and the flavors of peach percolated over her tongue.

"My ass is bigger, I swear it is," Gabrielle observed, "this is amazing...."

Kristen was staring at her hands, turning them over. "How can there still be fruit tastes on our fingers? After all that washing... it's like we're... oozing them from our pores...."

"We have to get to the bottom of this," Cora declared.

Her firm tone stirred the others out of their various self-examinations.

The girls spent the rest of their evening pouring through books and papers, trying to find something, anything that could shed light on their bewildering reaction to simple fruit extracts, but to no avail.

Milly could barely even focus on the pages as they slipped over her fingers – her thoughts were on her changing hands and tingling feet, and the glistening, juice-stained soles and toes of her friends.

When midnight came, they were no nearer to an answer.

"There's only one thing left," Cora said dramatically, puffing out her chest like a general giving a speech, "we have to find out exactly what the prof put in those vials. Without anyone knowing. Him especially."

Milly raised an eyebrow.

"You mean... you want to steal his notes?"

"Not a bad idea," Gabrielle admitted, nodding, "he's out of office tomorrow afternoon, and it's a Friday, so he won't be back in until Monday."

"I have work tomorrow," Milly reminded them. "Kristen too."

"And you're going like *this*?" Cora asked, holding up a hand.

The glistening red surface caught the light wonderfully, the enlarged palm and reducing fingers highlighted in all their absurdity.

"L-look, not all of us have rich parents, C," Kristen reminded her. "It'll be rough, but they already cut my hours two months in a row."

"It's fine, we don't need too many people anyway. Cora and I can just slip in and borrow them. We'll bring them back before he ever notices a thing. And before he finds out we used the nail polish. "

"And if you get caught?"

"Then we say we're returning his polish samples, just like he asked."

The plan didn't sit well with Milly... especially after the disgraceful storm of rumor and attention they'd garnered that afternoon... but they really were out of options.

In the end the four agreed.

After that, they retired for an uneasy night.

Brushing her teeth proved nigh impossible with her expanded hands and truncated digits, the brush clattering into the sink every time she tried to adjust her grip. Milly gave up entirely as, in attempting to get the head back to her molars, she punched herself in the nose with her misshapen knuckles, and sent the brush plopping into the toilet.

Eyes watering, she abandoned it there, moaning as she stomped off, hitting her feet a little too hard against the floor and sending a shock of pleasure through her core.

It was so unfair, so wrong, that all this degrading absurdity could feel so....

Seductive.

Her fingers brushed together in her bed, her soles rubbing one other the other as she tried to think of anything else.

There was just enough time for a few hours of sleep before work the next morning.

~~~

Majestic forms filled Milly's awareness, vast and awesome to behold as they towered over her, surrounded and enveloped her, cutting off all escape. One was pink, one yellow, one red, but all were heartbreakingly beautiful.

Each was a great edifice, running slick with waterfalls of cascading liquid which bounced and scattered from the bulges and curves of the megaliths, releasing fragrances of rich, floral pheromones, fermenting juices adding a slight savory undertone that had her salivating all the more.

At their peaks the giant cliffs had dainty crenellations, so perfectly proportioned and elegantly posed. As Milly stared up they waved down, like maidens beckoning to any brave knight willing to scale the walls.

But the true maidens were those six giants, pressing in lovingly all around.

Milly reached out to the pink landscape of the giant sole before her, and she felt the feet on her wrists sink into that divine expanse, soft, pillowy watermelon flesh squishing between her toes.

Her face joined them, and the taste flooded in, her sex gushing in answer, as she felt toes wiggling into her womanhood.

It was heaven.

If only that awful wailing buzz would leave her be.

Some foul beast she must slay, before she could marry her six giant brides, perhaps.

It was irritatingly shrill and piercing.

Milly awoke with a start, her phone blaring from the table, her face burning crimson at the humiliating fantasy it had interrupted.

Pulling her hand out of herself, she gasped at the sensation... the feeling of her fingers, too short by far, and so uncannily like the surreal feelings in her dream.

Holding her hands up, she cringed at the sight of the redistributed mass. Her fingers were less than half their normal size now. Her extremities were looking ever more like those of her dreams.

"It's impossible...."

Yet her pussy tensed just at the idea of it.

She made herself rise from the bed, and start her day.

The alternative, if she kept dwelling on her body... would have been too embarrassing to think about.

Yet leaving the bed, and exposing her changing body, Milly found it hard to think of anything else.

The staining had spread all the way over her hips and shoulders, the former thickened and heavy, her butt bulging out far more than she was accustomed to. The shocking softness of her throbbing hands and feet had claimed all of her limbs too, and a thick smell of peach was heavy all around, especially from her soaked panties.

First things first, a very thorough shower.