

Fruit for the Foot

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Chapter 5

Nails sank down all too easily into Cora's thickened thigh as the girl whined in her futile resistance.

The pressure seemed to push out a fresh upwelling of what the girls could only admit was fruit juice, and she grimaced at the sight, mopping it up with a tissue, wedged between two of her decreasingly dexterous fingers.

"It just won't stop spreading.... This is so fucked up, everyone's going to think I'm a total mess! My legs are so thick now, and my butt's bigger too! Even my tits are swelling!"

It was true – as the rogue reaction traced rouge around her chest Cora's bust was bulging out more than ever.

All four of the girls had found the same thing that morning.

The corruption had begun to spread over their torsos, their limbs wholly claimed by the surreal, fruity taint, their thighs, breasts and butts all expanding as they succumbed.

Worse yet, everywhere that had changed felt so intensely sensual, erogenous and delicate, the softness crying out to be touched, even using their hands releasing inescapable waves of warm, thick, sensual stimulation.

"I feel so helpless, I couldn't even hold onto the soap," Kristen muttered, face pink as she looked down at her yellow limbs.

The tanned girl had already toweled off, yet that act and the humiliating recollection of the shower, had her gleaming with something akin to sweat.

"My hands don't work right at all...," she murmured, as her fingers fumbled to adjust the hem of her panties. "It's gotten even worse, I probably can't even hold my phone now.... I'm becoming so... helpless!"

The shiver running through her friend made Milly's crotch tingle in empathetic anxiety.

She knew that look on Kristen's face, even if she didn't want to admit it.

"It's so intense, like wearing socks and gloves I can't take off," Gabrielle mused, the startlingly curvaceous woman sounding far less troubled as she rubbed her foot in both hands. "These hips could kill too! And they're so smooth and supple too...."

Gabrielle's limbs were fully covered in the two-tone green waves of a watermelon, but as the reaction spread and her curves thickened her extremities had lost that glossy, more rigid finish, and turned a deep, glistening pink. Touching them made Milly blush, to feel such sensual exposure. It was as though her hands and feet were 'peeled', naked and staggeringly soft, her 'rind' resuming at her wrists and ankles, where it bulged out slightly in darker rings, like cuffs.

"Mmmmh... I look *delicious*," she murmured, "sexier than ever...."

"I don't exactly feel 'sexy' like this," Milly lied.

She was making a conscious effort not to grope her own breasts as the four helped one another dry off and dress, but it was impossible not to as she wrestled with her bra. The blood was pumping throughout her hands and feet, filling her growing curves and the heavy, humiliating bulges of her breasts.

At least, she hoped it was blood.

With a ping her bra slipped off again.

Milly growled at the wayward garment, draped over Gabrielle's shoulder.

The greening Latina woman couldn't help but giggle at that.

"Come on, Milly, this is why we said we'd help each other. Let me get that on for you, and you can do mine."

Milly glanced once more at the nonsensically stubby digits of her misshapen hands, and then gave a reluctant nod, steeling herself to contain any... strange reactions.

But she was totally unprepared for just how soft and silky those hands would be.

As the juicy crooks of each 'finger' pressed naked to her chest, Milly gasped aloud.

"Wh-what are you doing? You forgot the bra?!"

Gabrielle stuck out her tongue.

"Oopsie!"

Milly tried to glare at the smug face visible over her shoulder in the mirror, but the look was undercut by how her breasts pushed out, and the way her butt pressed into the other's thighs in response to those tender caresses.

"You just look too sexy in pink, sweetie."

The farm lass laughed as Milly's face turned a similarly flattering shade, and stroked her bare, juicy feet along Milly's calves.

Traces of fruit-sweat lingered there, making her skin tingle, while the shape of those exquisite soles and skillful toes expanded in her mind as they played with her fruitified legs.

"I know you try to pretend, but we know our little peach loves to look at our fabulous feet."

"No!"

Milly tensed as she made the reflexive denial, but Gabrielle's touch was gentle, affirming, palms and soles both massaging her sensitive body.

"It's okay... turns out that... I love the attention... almost as much as you love my toes."

Purring in pleasure, Gabrielle held a foot out, towards the mirror, and watched Milly's face as she tried... failed to look away. Failed to keep her eyes from those waving digits, or the saliva from her watering mouth.

Gabrielle's feet were so impossibly squishy and smooth, and at her touch the reflected sole squeezed together, a fresh coat of droplets beading in the tantalizing folds.

Her hand reached down to brush against the rippling row of succulent digits, and she shuddered, feeling their wetness stick to her hand.

Clumsily, her fingers half-closed, half intertwined around them, and she squished the other girl's soft, sticky foot.

Gabrielle moaned in delight as Milly squeezed juice from her toes, then guided her hand back up, to blushing pink lips.

Milly squirmed, as if to try to escape, but the scent alone overpowered her. That summer aroma of fructose and pheromones, just a hint of mouthwatering, fermenting sugars and feminine musk....

Her tongue slipped out as she sucked on her own fingers, tasting the sticky sweetness, lapping it from her digits.

If only she had toes to suck, instead of fingers.

"H-hey, quit it, you two, this isn't supposed to be sexy!" Cora cut in, looking scandalized, face redder than her corrupted breasts. "We should be trying to fix this, not trying to f-fuck like a bunch of... fruit!"

The hand pressed between her thighs undercut her argument, however.

Even as she was speaking, chastising the others, the smaller woman had her elegant little palm between her newly thickened thighs, rubbing at her crotch.

"It's so messed up, all of this is, I'm going to need a whole new wardrobe!"

"Fuck, you're right," Kristen gasped out, "even if I could dress myself, my ass is too big for my jeans...."

Cora whined at that, looking over at the slip of fabric she'd planned to wear that day. Even folded it was obviously several sizes too small for her new hourglass figure.

"It's not fair! It shouldn't feel this intense... I'm so gross like this, I'll never get a date again!"

The hand pressed deeper, in time with her moan.

"Oh gods, my parents are gonna kill me if I come home looking like a raspberry!"

The other sank into her breast, a masochistic shudder passing through the uptight high-flyer.

"You'll always have us," Kristen reminded her, eyes straying a little too low, undermining the heartfelt words.

She too was rubbing herself now, her panties soaking wet, her back arching as she tried, *struggled* to get her fingers in under the elastic. With how useless their hands were becoming, her panties were almost a chastity belt.

"No matter how... helpless we are, we can still... mhhhh...."

Kristen's lips met Cora's.

Tentatively at first, then with passion, with need and urgency.

The tan taller woman sank onto the couch as the two pressed close, breasts grinding, nipple on nipple, hands switching sides to grope one another instead as they kissed.

As they changed.

Cora's breasts were reddening, *ripening*, growing slick and heavy with juice as she rubbed them against her partner. Kristen's butt was changing too, visibly wider each moment, her thighs bulging out around the hems of her panties, the yellow creeping up her back.

"You're making it go faster!" Milly exclaimed.

"We can't stop it anyway," Kristen muttered into Cora's lips, "we're totally powerless to do anything... anything but... give in...."

Burning with the disgraceful loss of face, Cora tried once more to push her away, but Kristen had only to plant a tender kiss on her shrinking fingers to defeat that last resistance.

“Just enjoy it, Cora, as I turn you into a delicious little berry and pop your cherry!”

Cora could muster only a whimper of lust at the absurd suggestion.

Gabrielle gave an approving, husky sigh at the show.

“You want to try that too? You’d be such a pretty peach! You can make out with my toes instead of my tongue, if you pr-”

Milly couldn’t take any more. Face burning brighter than her fingertips, she turned, and silenced her friend with a deep, desperate kiss.

Gabrielle tasted of watermelon, her saliva rich and sweet as juice, and Milly’s mouth watered in turn as the flavor spread.

“I guess you don’t hate becoming fuckable fruit after all, sweetie,” Gabrielle purred, returning her kisses.

It was the breaking of a dam.

Embarrassment, shyness, humiliation and arousal were all feeding together, simmering just below the surface, and as she felt Gabrielle’s tongue filling her lips it was too much.

Milly threw herself onto the larger woman, the throb of need and the flames of passion spreading to every corner of her body. Just the feel of her ripe peach-breasts against Gabrielle’s glossy melons was divine. Her fingers clutched and sank into the plush, voluptuous figure of the other, the chubby girl a goddess of bountiful bulges and bouncing breasts.

Between each delicious meeting of mouths she muttered out the only answer she could.

“Shut. Up. And. Turn. Me. Into. A. Peach!”

Gabrielle pressed back against her, moaning into her lips, and then guiding her down, onto her knees. Towards the objects of her overwhelming desire. A foot hooked her head, toes slipping into her hair, but they were there only to tease and please her – no pushing was required.

Powerless to resist the existential urgency born within her pounding chest, Milly pressed her lips to Gabrielle’s toes, in the greatest kiss of her life.

The fragrance, the softness, the sugary sweat flavor, all were so much more intense now, but none could compete with the simple bliss of pulling those perfect toes into her mouth and pressing her tongue between them as she huffed their smell.

The other foot closed over her face, and her nose sank into the softness of the sole, porous and soaking like a juice-drenched pillow. Her own skin tingled as she in turn was slathered in sweetness, marked with the juices of Gabrielle's feet.

Then two more feet joined in too, smaller and subtler, petite toes stroking through her bangs and rubbing over her cheeks, more trailing down across her shoulders, soles pressing in with a rush of succulent berry scent, trampling her features and vying to fill her mouth with a second taste; raspberry.

Milly was beyond words – she could only groan deep and long in her bewildered lust as Cora stepped on her face with one foot and delicately pressed the other into her breasts.

She felt hands on her thighs, exploring up over widening hips. Kristen was there, swapping saliva with Gabrielle in a deep, delightful kiss as she massaged her friend. Amid that loving stimulation, Milly herself could feel the mounds under her bulging up, out, her chest growing too as she and Cora kneaded her breasts.

Kristen's hands found hers, and the two interlocked their fingers with a sigh, while outstretched, her larger and bolder soles added banana to the fruit salad forming on Milly's face, enclosing her head in a humid, horny dome of female feet.

Milly's own reached back, their legs crisscrossing as she returned the favor.

They were changing faster than ever as they gave in to their desires, yet Milly was powerless to stop herself, even as she took on new, absurd curves, and a squishy, erogenous texture.

The four sorority sisters were lost in the intoxicating pleasure of fruitifying themselves.

Bodies intertwined, stray limbs gripped and kissed, stroked and pressed together, interlocking, gripping and massaging, stubby fingers finding lips and labias, limber toes pressed to faces and breasts, and filling any opening that could be found.

Every part of Milly's expanding body felt staggeringly voluptuous and sensual as the four-way makeout intensified, yet nothing could compare with the throbbing in her pussy... in her feet... in her hands.

Her wrists no longer sat straight.

They rested at a right-angle, upturned, 'palms' facing outwards and fingers straight up. It took great effort to hold her digits forwards in an approximation of their former orientation, and as she did, Milly felt the long, flexing body of muscle and soft padding that made up their new undersides, scrunching and squishing so delicately it made her pussy gush with peach-juice at the nonsensical thrill.

Her hands were positioned like feet on the ends of her wrists.

With every kiss and grope and moan the shape too was brought a little closer to that ideal form.

Even if her fingers had still worked, Milly would have struggled to even point them in a useful direction. All four girls were the same, yet even as the fearful changes spread the pleasure they brought was impossible to ignore.

“Our hands,” she cried out, through her lust, “th-they’re changing! We’re losing our hands!”

“Fuck, yes, I’ll be so stunning,” Gabrielle exclaimed, pressing one ‘palm’ into her crotch, rubbing herself with the growing form of a heel.

“And so helpless... totally unable to even write our names or dress ourselves,” came Kristen’s breathy voice, as she tried and failed to so much as ball up her shortening digits.

Cora whined at the thought of it.

“We’ll be monsters! Twisted, nonsensical piles of fruit and feet! What are people going to think?! What am I gonna tell my mom?!”

Her shrinking former fingers pressed into her crotch.

“We have to... to do something,” said Milly, staring at her own shifting ‘hands’ as her mouth watered.

Kristen took her palms in hers, and her lips found her overstimulated, nonsensically reshaping digits.

“There’s only one thing to do.”

Raising her leg, Kristen pushed it into the other girl’s face.

“Enjoy it, as your dream comes true, footslut!”

Milly’s hands were shifting faster than ever as she made out with the offered toes, shamefully sucking and licking, planting deep, loving, desperate kisses into the pillowy underside of the sole that was imprinting itself onto her every thought.

The shapes of feet were flooding her mind, even as they spread over her body, her palms bulging into what could no longer be called anything other than soles, her fingers retreating to meet them, as a brand new set of toes.

Kiss.

Her little finger gave with the pressure, flesh flowing like wet clay.

The process sped along by that sensual contact, her digit shrank down, kissed into a sweet little stub.

A little toe.

“But I need my hands,” Milly gasped out.

“But you want feet!”

Kiss.

Her ring finger gave out, with a burst of wonderful release, yielding and sinking down, until it fixed itself into a new shape.

Kristen’s toes filled her mouth, even as Gabrielle’s pressed to her pussy. The girl shuddered as she sucked both sets inside herself.

They were wearing her face and sex like a pair of socks.

She sucked and fucked herself on those heavenly feet as if they were her solemates, exploring every exquisitely textured line and crease of each sole with both sets of lips, and pressing her tongue up between the delicious digits.

Kiss.

Her already-vanishing middle finger was remade before her eyes.

“We don’t need these anymore,” Kristen whispered between kisses. “No more hands, only helpless, useless feet on our wrists!”

Milly could only groan in her absolute, utter agreement.

Kiss.

Her index finger was gone, even as her thumb was being pushed up the side of her palm... her sole... the thicker digit twitching and shaking with her rampant desire.

Before her eyes, her fingers were shrinking away, being remade into mouthwatering toes.

Her hands were turning into feet.

Her world was feet.

Kiss.

As her right hand became a right foot Milly howled around her mouthful of toes, her body and spirit reeling from the waves of rapture flooding through her.

Riding the sets of toes in her sex and mouth, her netherfolds clamped the lower in place, delicately rippled layers of soft flesh embracing Gabrielle's toes, pulling, slurping as she worked it in and out, and stretching to fit the squishing soft sole too, her lover fucking Milly with an entire foot.

Her tongue hugged the other, dragging it too ever deeper, gratefully worshipping the form of her universe, of her goddess.

The shapes of feet were filling every part of her mind and body amid the magnificent maelstrom of pleasure.

It was so wrong, so deeply degrading and humiliating, yet Milly had never loved, never *needed*, anything more than this.

Kristen's kisses were pressing each of her final five fingers down in turn, squishing three inches into two, then one, over and over.

Gabrielle's lips moved down her neck, trailing kisses over her achingly stiff nipples, and Milly felt the girl's *second* pair of feet cupping her chest.

Grinding into the farmgirl's foothands, she interlaced her own new toes with them, soles squishing together in a taboo union as she fucked herself silly on her best friend's foot.

It was absurd, outrageous, wrong in so many ways, yet she was hopelessly in love with their twisted, nonsensical bodies.

Their hands were utterly remade, transformed into pairs of juicy, succulent fruit-feet.