

Fruit for the Foot

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

Chapter 7

At work things were better, if only a little.

Her long sleeves kept her bright pink toes *almost* hidden, provided she didn't raise her arms too high, and there were ample pressures to distract her from the intrusive thoughts that were ever encroaching on her mind.

Fantasies of big, round, bulging rears, and thick, powerful thighs, and a building thirst for the sweetness between them. Images of elegant soles treading through her awareness, leaving sticky footprints on her skin. The succulent, sensual kiss of toes to her lips, so intense she could almost taste them....

"Milly, stop making kissy faces at the customers and pour that latte I'm waiting for!"

The sharp interjection brought the young barista back to the moment, there, behind the counter, and her hot pink toes curled at the embarrassing realization that, once again, she'd been daydreaming about... feet.

It was hard not to, when every step was a fresh attack of sensual awareness.

Everything she touched sent a jolt of intense, erotic stimulation through the feet still throbbing on the ends of each wrist. Being in the café made it so much worse, too. Every glance, every questioning look or offhand remark from customers and coworkers alike electrified her with the terror of discovery, and the degrading, humiliating *longing* to be found out, to be publically exposed, judged, shamed for the outrageous pervert she had become....

Milly bit back a moan as she worked the espresso machine with her toes, stricken once again by that twisted, sick thrill as her body failed her. It wasn't even possible to keep her soles straight as she would her hands – they sat at a sharp angle on her wrists, and it was a stretch to straighten them out for even a few seconds. Add to that her lack of fingers, and the constant slick of perspiration covering her extremities, and her helplessness was overpowering. Her digits were ridiculously short, and the rounded, polished metal knobs and levers of the expensive coffee maker slipped right through her grip, flashes of tell-tale pink on show every time she splayed and flexed her toes to try to find purchase.

"Good grief, girl, those 'gloves' are totally inappropriate for this. You can barely use your hands at all!"

Anna huffed as she bustled past, picking up the slack for her colleague while Milly was 'temporarily inhibited' by the 'bioengineered gloves' she was 'helping to test'.

The pointed glance down at the exposed fruit surface of her sole as Milly struggled with the mugs made it obvious what Anna thought of the lie.

"I'm sorry, it should only be for today!" Milly insisted again.

She blushed all the harder as she found herself wondering if that would be true.

Anna might be sufficiently incurious and overworked not to make an issue of why her coworker had come to the café with a pair of feet on her wrists that day, but their boss and the customers were less likely to overlook the perversity of the young woman's remade body, and such transparent fabrications certainly couldn't keep the charade going for long. A proper look at what was barely concealed under the hazy outline of her stockings would reveal to even the most casual observer that Milly's arms ended in what were inarguably a pair of bright pink feet.

As she painstakingly poured out another drink, Milly reflected on this fresh proof that people really didn't pay much attention to their servers. Even so, it was a miracle no-one had called out her ill-conceived lie.

She kept her feet hidden up her sleeves of course, but as she carried the mug over to her waiting coworker she had to keep it sandwiched between two long, clumsy soles, looking entirely-unlike anything one might call palms or fingers.

"Are your hands okay?" the waiting customer asked, the older woman turning a motherly eye on her sweating barista. "Did you burn yourself?"

Milly's cheeks burned all the redder at the undeserved sympathy, and she scrunched up her toes as best she could... but her sleeves were too short to totally hide them, no matter what she did.

"It's nothing, really, please enjoy your feet!"

The woman raised an eyebrow.

"Day! I mean day! Please enjoy your coffee and have a nice day!"

The stares of the rest of the queue were boring into her as Milly felt her four soles squishing and her heart pounding.

'Please', she thought, as she drank in the sight of the soccer mom's retreating posterior, 'don't let them look at my crotch'.

Instead, the man next in line stared openly at the stubby toes peeking out from her sleeves, ignoring entirely the soaking wet juice-stain spreading out on the front of her pants.

“Something smell like peaches in here?” he asked, eyeing the glistening surface of her stockings.

The air was heavy with the sugary fruit scent, rich and layered, notes of musk beneath the saccharine floral overtones.

Her sweating only got worse, and the odor stronger, as he kept staring, and she kept shamefully squirming her toes and squeezing her thighs together, crotch and feet soaking with her arousal.

“P-probably the cobbler,” she said, gesturing with her elbow, trying not to move her former hand any further out of the sleeve.

They both ignored the droplet of fruit juice that fell from her toes as she did so.

~~~

“PLS HERY+ c AAANT KIP THSup 4 LNG”

Milly growled in frustration at her own useless toes as she saw the garbled message appearing on her phone screen, but infuriating as it was, it represented the work of her entire breaktime.

Milly’s feet couldn’t even hit the right buttons when the phone was still and she was using both arms to guide one toe.

Visceral proof of her total loss of all manual dexterity.

Just unlocking the device had taken several minutes, in which she’d dropped it multiple times, and simply holding it still on her legs while she bent her foothands over to type with her big toes was a nightmare.

Especially with how each degrading digital mistake made her super-sensitive fruit feet sweat juice and her peach-scented pussy throb all the harder. That terrible, sweet shame was dizzying... intoxicating.

She couldn’t even get her phone back in her pocket without resorting to pinning it between her heels and fumbling for another few minutes.