

Fruit for the Foot

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Chapter 8

“Large latte for Sam,” Anna called.

Milly grimaced as the mug slipped around in her soaking soles, the slick, spongy undersides of her feet throbbing as she wrestled it off the stand and onto a saucer.

‘Sam’ was reclining by the window, a beautiful young woman with long, slender legs. As Milly poured the milk into coffee she was slipping her feet out of her trainers, her socked soles exposed to the whole café as she propped them up one atop the other on the arm of the couch.

Her toes, wrapped in fuzzy white and outlined by the gentle grey of sweatmarks, seemed to be waving to Milly, as they steamed gently in the warm air.

The barista took a breath, and the sweet scents of her own soles seemed to mingle with that exotic sight, her mouth watering as she imagined the feet within those cotton covers.

She didn’t have to imagine for long.

Sam worked the fabric up, over her heels, using only her toes to pry her feet loose, showing more dexterity with her feet than Milly could with what remained of her hands. That exposed her delicate pink undersides, artfully dappled with moisture as they flexed and stretched. Finally, even the succulent shapes of her toes themselves were laid bare.

They wriggled absently as the girl read her book.

Begging someone, anyone to wrap their lips around them and suck up that fragrant sheen of sweat.

Milly whined in her dire, desperate need.

“Shit, careful!” Anna exclaimed, as hot coffee and milk poured over the rim of the mug and spread across the counter.

“Sorry! I just... my toes slipped!”

Anna stared over.

“Fingers! I mean my fingers!”

The other woman provided a towel to mop up the excess, but her icy expression spoke frankly of what she thought of her coworkers' daydreaming.

Her words were franker still.

"Stop drooling over our customer's feet and deliver her order already!"

"I-I'm not, I mean, I wouldn't-"

"I have eyes you know."

Anna held out the tray, staring down openly at the pink flesh of Milly's digits.

Wracked by a fresh wave of embarrassing self-awareness, Milly could only press it between her soles and try not to moan at the sensation of the hard edges, pushing into her delicate feet.

She failed.

At least she managed not to drop anything, walking the drinks over to Sam's table with only a few wobbles and near calamities. Of course it was impossible not to moan at the feeling of each step, and she felt her lip wobble at the piercing humiliation of so many people turning to watch as she made those horny, desperate, pathetic sounds.

It was all she could do to keep moving, acting by rote, bending and laying the tray down on the table for Sam and her companions, busy with their books and phones.

Only as she fumbled with the saucer did Milly realize that her face was mere inches from those shining, radiant soles of Sam's.

So beautiful.

So perfect.

So pungent.

They grew in her mind as they filled her vision.

Milly's nose tickled the bare digits as the tip slipped between and *sniffed*.

She shuddered as the thick smell permeated her nostrils, the scent of this gorgeous girl's sweaty feet.

Their owner stared over at Milly, eyes wide as her barista leaned over her feet, face almost touching them.

"Did you just... sniff my sweaty feet?"

The humiliation was absolute, agony stabbing to her core as those eyes saw right through her, in that moment of utter self-debasement.

Their eyes met and Milly's sex gushed, the wetness of her panties outpacing the tears in her eyes and overflowing to grow the dark patch on her sweatpants visibly, while the filthy pleasure of that unclean act was still burning in her sinuses.

Terrified and transfixed, Milly sniffed again.

She moaned aloud as that divine smell of sweaty female feet flooded her senses.

Sam stared, eyes widening in horror, as she watched her server degrading herself so publically, huffing the stink of her toes right there before her eyes.

Others were watching too, Sam's friends turning to look, and the embarrassment only surged to new heights as she dimly heard them asking if she was okay.

She had to retreat.

To run.

To hide and bury herself and her shame forever.

Yet that searing mortification of such public exposure had her quivering with passion.

Her eyes caught the crumpled forms of Sam's discarded socks, flopped atop her shoes.

Rounded, fat little stubs reached out, laid bare as she reached beyond her sleeve's shelter, and the group stared as Milly's pink toes groped ineffectually at the piled of pair of socks.

"What the fuck are you doing?" the girl a seat over demanded, far too loudly.

A lull fell over the café, as everyone turned to look.

"J-just tidying up!" she squeaked out.

Dozens of faces fixated on her, as Milly snagged her sweat-soaked plunder between her soles and lurched away, shaking as she stumbled off with her shamefully stolen prize.

In the distance behind her she heard a voice.

"Did you see her hands? They looked just like feet!"

The storeroom offered shelter as she tried to catch her breath and calm her nerves, but Milly found herself doing neither in that secluded space.

The smell of intense, fermenting footsweat rose thick from the socks gripped in her scrunched soles, whispering to her of the long hours spent in the gym, and the heady brew of foot-funk made Milly whine in her pathetic, perverse pleasure as she pressed one directly into her face.

Sweat hit her tongue, salty and bold, traces of bitterness elevating the sweet and savory taste, and the fruitgirl groaned in bliss as she pushed the purloined garment past her lips, slathering her tongue with that taboo, twisted, *disgraceful* taste.

The other she forced under the hem of her pants and stockings, driving it down, into her panties, as if to stem the escaping flood.

Milly's legs were soaking and wet patches seeping through her pants as she forced a stranger's sweaty sock into her pussy, fucking herself with Sam's footsweat and her own equally sopping toes.

She was making out with used gym socks, drowning in Sam's suffocating scent and gorgeous foot flavors.

"So this is where you ran off to!"

Milly jumped at the sound of her boss' voice, and stiffened, foothands whipped back from her glorious moment of self-abuse as the older man entered the room.

"Milly? What are you doing in here?"

"Juuhh clehnhnin uhhp!"

A sock was still stuffed into her mouth, that awful taste of the disgustingly divine pervading her senses as she tried to speak. The other, naturally, was still stuffed into her pussy.

"Cleaning did you say? In the middle of the lunchtime rush?"

Milly did her best to give a noncommittal shrug as Grant looked her over. She thanked the gods that he hated to wear his glasses.

"It stinks in here, like an old gymbag," he went on, "and I think someone spilled one of the fruit teas too? Do you smell that? Ugh! It reeks of peaches and feet in here!"

With the man expecting an answer, Milly had to push the sock aside with her tongue to speak.

The juices of Sam's exquisite toes seeped throughout her mouth as she pretended she couldn't smell a thing.

"I'll have to get the cleaners in again," the man said with a heavy sigh, "well for now, back out there. You have another four hours to work."

“Buh I-”

“No no, you’ve had enough of a break loitering in here! Go on, before Anna’s complaining to me again about you slacking off. The line’s almost out the door!”

Defeated, Milly stumbled back to the counter... mouth and sex still stuffed with Sam’s socks.

More than one customer commented on the strange smell, or asked what she was eating, but those questions were secondary to the looks and queries about the obvious pink feet on the ends of her arms.

Not one single person actually believed they were just gloves.