

Fruit for the Foot

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Chapter 9

Returning home after the longest day of her life, Milly had ignored the other girls as she wrestled her tingling feet free of her sticky shoes.

Gathered in the living room, clad only in underwear, they were clumsily rifling through a box file of notes and a collection of USB sticks, trying not to get juice everywhere. Milly should have joined them, but as glad as she was to see the 'heist' a success, she had never been so eager to strip off and jump into the shower.

Speaking would also have revealed her shameful plunder.

Her clothes had been soaking with juices, and even the gentle pressure of the waters on her supple new surface of soft peach was arousing, but the aching humiliation of her conduct that afternoon was too fresh and sharp for her to give in to her twisted urges again.

She even fished the stolen socks out of her mouth and... crotch.

Returning them was a problem for when she was normal again.

Diligently she washed herself with her foothands, ignoring the twinges of pleasure and desire stirring each time soft, useless soles and petite toes touched her peel.

'Skin', she reminded herself. People didn't have peels, and she was a person, not a peach.

Even if the transformation was spreading up her neck now.

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"You okay, Milly?"

Kristen was fumbling with her phone, but she looked concerned about more than just her inability to work a touchscreen as Milly rejoined the others.

"Was this morning... too much for you?"

The guilty expression on the other's yellowing cheeks made Milly quick to deny it.

"It's not like that, this morning was... as much my fault as anyone.... I just... really needed to get clean."

Taking a seat at the table, Milly was nude, save for panties, having quickly given up on trying to dress herself with the throbbing feet on her wrists – the attempt had been little more than a form of masturbation, given the total non-functionality of her former hands.

Even working the doors was a trial.

Trying to open a book made her soft, dainty toes tingle, along with her heavy, oversized pussy and breasts. That set her soles scrunching and glistening with sweat, in turn making her mouth water as she recalled her disgraceful behavior earlier in the day.

“Sounds like you had quite a day at work,” Gabrielle observed, twiddling her toes in the gorgeous thigh-high stockings that adorned all four of her limbs with such striking style. “Gotta be tough making drinks and serving folks now that we have feet instead of hands, hm? Must have got a toooon of stares too....”

Her feet curled in the sheer fabric, all four squeezing happily at the thought.

Milly’s eyes followed the movements of those individually-encased digits. She felt her body warming, breasts seeping and womanhood weeping at the thought of pressing her lips to them. Of filling her mouth with watermelon perspiration.

“It was so humiliating,” she admitted, even as she struggled not to repeat her past disgrace. “I had to bring this gorgeous girl’s order, and she... had her socks off, with her feet up on the couch.”

“Total nightmare,” Kristen remarked, dryly.

“It really was! I-I couldn’t stop staring! And... oh gods, everyone in the place knew it too....”

The taller girl chuckled, patting her puce toes with a yellow foot.

“Come on, that’s just in your head.”

Milly’s face was tingling as she felt the blood gathering there... or perhaps it was juice now.

“Not after I... ughh.... I....”

“What? What did our fave little footslut do now?”

The farm-girl had a glint in her eye as she leaned closer, her green-blotched face eager and amused despite her predicament.

Milly looked away, feeling her feet sweating with shame.

“Oh wow, was it that bad?” Cora asked, from across the table.

“I... sniffed her feet,” Milly whispered, staring down.

Naturally that put still more perfect pairs of soles and sets of toes in her eyeline. Perhaps that was why she kept speaking.

“R-right there, in front of everyone....”

“Oh my gods,” Kristen laughed, “did she see?!”

“She looked up... and asked what I was doing... a-and she definitely saw when I... did it again....”

She would have buried her face in her hands, but Milly didn’t have hands anymore.

Somehow, burying her face in her soles, as seductive as the thought was, didn’t seem likely to help.

Gabrielle’s giggling only made it even worse, a fresh wave of humiliation hitting her.

“I just couldn’t help it, OK?!”

Surprisingly, the melon-patterned woman nodded.

“Of course! Why wouldn’t a would-be pair of socks want to get up close and personal with a hot girl’s feet?!”

“It wasn’t like that!”

“Oh really?” Gabrielle asked, holding out her own, on the ends of her arms.

They stood upright, the sharp angle with her wrists somehow adding to the surreal allure as she flexed their muscles and made her soles undulate. It was a gorgeous display of her altered anatomy, in those salacious stockings.

“So you wouldn’t wanna give these beauties a good huff?”

Milly’s mouth was watering.

“Or maybe borrow the pair I wore out today?”

“I-I don’t need anything like that,” the humiliated, horny young woman insisted, “I’ve already got to return that poor customer’s socks!”

She froze, as she realized what she’d said.

As the others processed the shocking admission.

“Shit, Milly, you really stole her socks too?!” Kristen asked, agape.

She looked almost impressed.

“That’s disgusting,” Cora reminded them, quite without need or conviction. “What were you thinking?!”

“Socks here was thinking she couldn’t live without the smell of sweaty girlfeet, right?” Gabrielle said, stroking Milly’s cheeks with her toes.

The whimper she made failed to disguise the sound of sniffing.

Her head was swimming in the fermenting scent of musk and the floral notes of fruit.

“I just couldn’t- I was so horny and....”

Trembling as she spoke, Milly breathed deep, the shame and sensuality alloying into something greater than either.

“They felt so good in my mouth and pussy....”

Stunned silence was all that followed her giddy admission, three faces turned towards her in disbelief.

Gabrielle broke the quiet.

“Damn, girl, you actually stole socks to suck and masturbate with?! You really were born to be my footwear!”

“Oh my gods,” Cora exclaimed, as she slammed her book down on the table. “Will you stop flirting with socks and help me here? Some of us would like to get our hands back, and she can still perv out on your regular feet after we’re done!”

The words were like a splash of cold water.

If cold water left a greater heat rising in its wake.

Still, stunned by her own lapse, Milly made herself focus on the fruits of Gabrielle’s footwork.