

# Fruit for the Foot

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## Chapter 10

"I can't make any sense of this," Cora groaned, "what the hell is 'quintessence' and how did the prof make it using circles?! And what does any of this have to do with a revolutionary way to make cheap, green cosmetics?"

Meanwhile, Milly grimaced as she read the logs the professor had made the day before.

"It looks like whatever he was doing, the tests with lab mice went wrong yesterday... the same way it did for us. His mice started... turning fruit colors and everything!"

Cora's eyes glittered with new hope at that.

"Then he knows how to fix this! The answer must be further on, keep reading!"

But Milly could only shake her head, as she felt the knot in her midriff tighten.

"It says... he wrote that... he has no idea what's even causing the reaction.... His mice all turned into fruit-rodent hybrids. And sexual activity massively accelerated the changes!"

"Keep looking!" Cora insisted.

"I am, but I really don't think Parker knows how to fix this...."

"Probably why he was so worked up yesterday," mused Gabrielle.

"I'm getting nothing about this 'supernatural splicing' he writes about," Kristen said, "but it's taking forever to type anything."

The girl was wincing each time her indelicate digits mashed against her laptop and turned one keystroke into many. Her bare feet and foothands curled each time, with the intense feelings of debilitation and embarrassment.

Gabrielle gave a wistful sigh. "I've got nothing here too. None of Parker's notations or abbreviations make sense, and all this turning pages is just turning me on."

She glanced over at Milly, and the farm girl grinned to see how her friend was stroking her foot with her free foothand as she worked her computer with the other.

“W-we can’t give up,” Milly insisted, “we have to think, remember everything Parker’s said, in lectures, in course notes, everything. The most insignificant remark could give us the magic word we need to figure this all out.”

Cora let the textbook slip through her berry-tone toes with a thud.

“Oh.... Oh my gods!”

“What?”

“Magic!”

Cora uttered the word as if it were itself an incantation.

“Don’t you remember? I saw Parker in the library, *looking at magic books!*”

“No way,” Kristen muttered, “he’s a *professor*, even if that stuff actually worked, he wouldn’t try to use it in his research!”

They had only to look up the ‘historical text’ in question to see that, in fact, he would.

Referencing against the college’s digital copy, everything fell into place in mere minutes – the greatest difficulty was just in using their non-functional feet to operate the computer and look up the terms.

In under an hour they had all the answers, and had deciphered every last scrap of the professor’s research.

Cora shook her head as they re-read the same, stubbornly unchanging conclusions.

“This is... impossible. We have to have made a mistake!”

“We double checked!” Milly shot back, voice trembling. “There’s no error, we’re just....”

“Stuck like this,” Kristen murmured, “*permanently.*”

As one the girls shuddered at that taboo word.

“Well at least we’re not gonna cross-contaminate each other,” Gabrielle pointed out, her tone infuriatingly bright. “Looks like once a bodypart’s been ‘contaminated’ with one polish, others have no effect.”

“Who cares about that? I can’t just be a foot-handed raspberry forever!” Cora snapped back.

“Afraid you can, and you’re gonna.”

The thickset watermelon girl grinned as she spoke, stroking Cora's knee with her soft, squishy toes, then running them up the thigh to cup that wet patch of fabric that hid a reservoir of raspberry juice. The Asian girl gasped, blushing but failing to pull away.

"M-maybe we can stop the changes here! Even if we can't turn all the way back, it might not be too late to... to get back our hands or something...."

Gabrielle just snorted. A few watermelon seeds popped out of her nose and pinged off Cora's taut tummy.

"We've been remixed on the genetic level according to the prof – even a real witch couldn't turn us back. We're fruit for life now, so we may as well accept it. Enjoy it. I say we have some fun and see just what this magic can do!"

Kristen stared at her. "You want us to willingly accelerate the changes?!"

Her tone was scandalized... but Milly saw how her toes curled, a needy shiver running up her spine.

Gabrielle just giggled.

"I mean, just look at us... we're *gorgeous!*"

With the sheer toed stockings on all four of her limbs steaming with the scent of her soles, the point was inarguable.

Milly's chest was pounding, her face puce even where the blotchy contamination had yet to reach.

Her hands were really gone, forever.

Her arms ended in a pair of feet now. Permanently.

They felt, smelt so exquisite, she could imagine them as clearly as if they were filling her mouth in that very moment.

Because they were.

Milly whimpered, huffing the scent with her nose, sandwiched against her big toe, even as her tongue was massaging the smaller digits further along her foot.

The other foot ran over her chest, caressing her breasts, cupping and feeling the weight, the slosh of juices and the squish of peachflesh, toes pressing into her deforming, leaking nipples.

She was making out with her own foothands.

All of this, her thick, soft curves, her smooth fruit peel and juicy, delicate feet... it was forever.

The peachgirl whimpered at the thought, and bucked her hips against the toes pushing into her panties.

For a moment she thought they too were her own, but then she saw the long, green leg, so alluring with that wavy two-tone rind. Her soles pressed to it, and both girls moaned in pleasure as they felt one another's smooth, soft surfaces, so totally unlike skin.

"I knew I could count on my fave footsexual pair of socks," Gabrielle teased, as she reached over with her arm, and brushed Milly's lips with her toes. "You probably love this even more than me, since you're so toe-tally obsessed with feet!"

Milly wanted dearly to deny it... but the taste of melon toes was more important. Necessary. Needed so desperately that all she could muster was a humiliated, anxious whine as she struggled to pull Gabrielle's right foot into her face.

The left was skillfully pleasuring Cora, even as the raspberry girl muttered about her appearance, her social status, her parents.

Those complaints, the whole idea of how utterly and eternally she was ruining her life, only seemed to make Cora moan louder, her soles sinking into her breasts, kneading and squeezing at *both* bulging bosoms, upper and lower.

"Oh gods, she's right," Kristen gasped out, masturbating openly with her toes, "we're totally ruining our bodies, and there's no way back, not now or ever! We're going to be completely helpless! All feet and fruit! I-I can feel myself changing! I won't even be able to dress myself anymore!"

She plunged her face into Gabrielle's crotch, and with her teeth instead of her useless hands she tore away the panties covering those soft pink melon pussylips.

Alas that lured Gabrielle's foot away from Milly's face, to wrap around the head of the woman facefucking her crotch, but her teeth and tongue caught on to Gabrielle's soaking wet stocking, to retain that heavenly, mouthwatering taste of Latin feet as she sucked on Gabrielle's used lingerie. Redoubling her own efforts with her four feet she felt her nipples drooling in turn.

Adrift in that haze of inadvisable yet impossibly pleasurable mutual debasement, Milly's peachfuzzy mind latched on to one thing.

Kristen's feet, so beautifully cupped together as the girl lay beside her, intent on making Gabrielle scream with her cunnilingus.

The rich and sugary scent was all over the room, and it pulled inexorably on Milly's soul.

She shouldn't be doing it, couldn't – she wasn't a pervert, a creepy, kinky foot fetishist – yet there she was, sucking used socks for the second time that day, as she stared down at those bare, naked, heavenly feet. Nothing had ever looked more beautiful or alluring. Those perfect yellow soles were expanding, filling her vision as they did her mind, and Milly shook with the sheer arousal of their flawless curves and soaking soft surfaces.

Her face pressed into those twin pillows, and the girl howled in her primal, perverse passion.

Kristen gasped at the contact, but her toes were quick to clutch and hug Milly's face as it pressed into her soles, tickling her nose and forehead.

The other girls were grappling with bras and panties, pulling, biting to peel away the fabric from their former skin, all four sorority sisters shuddering in pleasure as they lost themselves in the spreading transformation.

Gabrielle kissed the humanity from Cora's lips, even Kristen's skillful tongue got her own nectar flooding up, moving through her body where once had run blood, remaking her own face in turn.

"Incredible," the girl gasped out, "I can feel melon juice pumping through my veins!"

Running her toes through her hair, and that of Kristen, the truncated digits rustled, as follicles thickened into fibrous stems, brown and black all unifying into rich, deep greens.

Atop fruit faces the blades of what was once hair branched out, unfurling into crowns of growing leaves.

Gabrielle sported a long mop of watermelon leaves, like overgrown arugula, shapes more like hands than any other part of her.

Atop a striking yellow brow, Kristen's curls had straightened and expanded into miniature banana palm leaves, bouncy and chaotic, befitting her shifting biology.

Cora too was remade, her pixie cut blooming into a tight nest of raspberry leaves, small and densely packed, as if to emulate the hair she had lost.

Had Milly the presence of mind to feel her own hair, she would have found the pleasing, slimline shapes of peach leaves were all which grew from her head now. Instead, with her face buried in the biggest pair of feet in the room, her mind was wholly on the glorious, degrading infusion of banana and bodily odors that those soft, tender soles were pressing into her from all sides.

In mere minutes the quartet were remade, skin ingrained with the texture and softness of real fruits, wondrous and surreal to feel underfoot. Toes sank into endless softness now, soles meeting tantalizing flora surfaces that could only be ripe and succulent fruit.

Juices were all that flowed through their new flesh, even the stiffness of bone forgotten as they became gloriously, impossibly flexible and squishy, letting all four writhe and intertwine, lips and feet and pussies meeting in whole new configurations as the last vestiges of their former selves were washed out in a surge of syrup sweat and expanding curves.

"Gods yes," the watermelon panted into Milly's lips, "Being fruit feet is divine! I have to have more! I need more!"

Tongues meeting once again, her pussy filled with Gabrielle's toes, Milly felt the juices flooding their mouths intensify abruptly, the fresh surge bringing with it that tell-tale tingle of something stronger. The musky, saline edge that Milly was so desperately, degradingly dependent on.

The peach howled around her partner's tongue as that long, slick appendage started to bulge out, new valleys and dimples forming, *sweating*, five wonderful peaks emerging around the edge as the underside warped into a landscape of heavenly softness, undulating with the form that was burned indelibly into Milly's soul and sex.

"Ohhh fuhhhk, thish ish thh beshh," the farmgirl groaned, amid her new transformation, "Imh gohhha beh sho gorhgeus! Ehhrehonsh gonnah beh loohkin! Ssockths here, mossht ofh all! Shesh's in lovhe wihth fheet!"

Savoring her slurring, sensual speech, Gabrielle purred as her partner sucked at her tongue all the harder, running her toes through Milly's hair and guiding the smaller girl to intertwine her pink foothands with her redder watermelon feet.

"Shay it, ssocksh," Gabrielle murmured, through her permanent mouthful of toes.

Milly felt her pink peel burning darker, crimson taking her face, her ears, even spreading down to her breasts and pussy as she blushed all over... yet as agonizing as the humiliation was, it was impossible to resist.

"I-I love feet!" she gasped out, eyes watering along with her mouth, sex and nipples.

It wasn't enough – those gorgeous, enchanting, intoxicating toes just waggled seductively at her.

"I live for feet! I need your feet in me, more than anything! Please make me your socks forever!"

She shook as she cried out that terrible confession and shameful plea, but Gabrielle just purred with delight as she pulled her back in.

Milly was powerless against her, able to think of nothing more than wrapping herself around every part of her lover. Her foothands groped those heavenly soles as her toes squeezed tight, her whole body shuddering as Gabrielle face-fucked her pretty little peach

with the brand new foot filling her mouth, flexing her silky new sole against that grateful tongue and splaying her new toes to knead and caress Milly's mouth with her extra set of sensitive digits.

More enclosed her cheeks and stroked nose and brows, foothands cradling her face as Gabrielle kissed her.

The words which came with her sloppy, foottongued makeout were muffled and wet, made all the more incoherent by her endless salivation of sweat-juice and her horny attempts to lick her own tonguetoes. Still, Milly knew what was being said all the same. She could feel the intent, in how her lover caressed and filled her with her feet so sensually.

"Thhiss ith whah yohh fohr now, ssockths."

'This is what you're for now, socks.'

Burning with shame and joy, Milly nodded.

"Yohh dohn efen nehnd a fathe – mah peath ith fhoot-wehr nahw. Yohh juss neehd a wahm plash toh kheeh mah fheet, doht yoh?"

'You don't even need a face – my peach is footwear now. You just need a warm place to keep my feet, don't you?'

It was true.

Worshipping feet was Milly's role in life.

She was being shown her purpose.

Her reason for living.

Milly quivered at the sheer degradation, as she impaled herself on the feet she so adored, and nodded, over and over, as if pleading for more.

Gratefully, urgently, lovingly fellating Gabrielle's foottongue, breathing the scent and wallowing in the taste of fruit feet, the peach felt herself ripening into a whole new being. Shifting, transforming as she drank those heavenly juices and felt herself corrupted into the depraved, desperate set of socks she would be forever.

A set of socks eternally hungry for feet to wear her, her mouth and sex sheaths for her lover to fill, to fuck, to fondle with those divine toes.

"Nohh mohh thilleh humah paahs heh."

'No more silly human parts here.'

Floral, fermented sweetness filled every part of her mind as the watermelon filled her mouth, and worked her skin.

She was being reshaped forever by those squishing, silky soles and sweating toes.

Her jaw was shifting, her nose sinking into the expanding flesh of her mouth as her lips spread upwards somehow, guided by the feet she adored. Her teeth seemed to soften and melt away against the foottongue wearing her, and in their place grew thick, dense folds, soft flesh that was as juicy as her gushing pussy, and even more sensitive.

The layers built up, pushed into rolling undulations, tongues and fronds of exquisite silk that embraced Gabrielle's toes, shaped by and for them.

Her nose was a bead of delicate softness insider her mouth now, throbbing with the same beat as her clit. Even under her lips, the merest tickle of toes made that new nervecenter glow, just as her original womanhood did, wracking her body with redoubled euphoria, as feet pushed inside her over and again.

Her jaw no longer moved, but it had nothing to articulate – Milly's entire mouth was a vertical blossom now, layer after layer of fat, full lips, piled together into the lewd form of an imprint, a pussy right there on her face, shaped into a perfect casting of her wearer's foot.

A second sex, made from what was once a face, framed by her pretty pink cheeks and her large, elegant eyes.

The same was happening to her crotch, as her labia embraced the foot plunging inside, and her delicate sex clung to, shaped itself around another flawless foot.

Milly howled out loud as the pleasure spiked, but it was with the wordless intensity of a beast, lost in rapture and overwhelmed by physicality.

Her face and pussy were perfectly remade, for Gabrielle to wear.

Milly was made for feet.

It was bliss.

'You're my perfect peach socks forever now,' the melon murmured to her, just barely decipherable through foottongue and deep, sloppy, sweaty kisses.

All that she heard in answer was another muffled, messy moan.

The set of socks lacked a mouth with which to reply.

Milly could never speak again.

Yet even that extravagant repurposing, from person to peach to plaything, couldn't distract Kristen and Cora.

The two were changing just as fast, kissing and groping one another in a bizarre embrace, as their bodies bulged into surreal new shapes.

Cora's foothands had multiplied, as two new limbs fruited from her sides, an extra pair of arms that ravaged her body with total abandon, fondling her now triple row of breasts and teasing at her face and mouth, even as more shapes pushed out all over her.

Pointed, with furrows below and pits above, they were taking shape everywhere, in three pairs down her back, on her expanding quartet of breasts, from her bulging buttocks, at either side of her head, and even from her soaking nethers. The growths ringed her, coated her, like the drupelets of a real raspberry.

Starting to open, air rushed into the lush, full orifices beneath each triangular protrusion, and Cora knew them at once for what they were.

Her face.

Her faces.

The Asian girl shook, feeling, hearing breath drawn through fresh noses, feeling, tasting the air on countless new sets of lips.

New cheeks pressed in on either side of her own, and as she moaned in her horror and lust, they harmonized with her sounds. Two more heads sharing her shoulders, steering her ever-more crowded body. Another voice murmured in rapture from within her own skull, and she quivered as she felt the mouth on the back of her head, the new face there grinning as she licked her lips.

"This is just wonderful!"

Cora heard the words in her voice, repeated and echoed from her breasts, her butt, even spoke through the tortured, sopping slit of her pussy.

"No!" she whimpered.

Kristen had only to watch, as Cora's new heads took over the task of kissing the raspberry into her permanent new body, the left taking her original mouth while the right locked lips with the new face on the back of her primary head.

Primary in position only.

"Hush sweetie," whispered her sex, "just enjoy the ride, because you know it's one way!"

Her foothands, her feet, every part of her body was moving, yet in her haze of impossible, masochistic overload, Cora had lost all control.

Foothands caressed her cheeks, kneaded and squished together breasts so they could kiss, slipped toes into hungry, horny mouths, all without her will.

Her body was making love to her.

She was her own orgy.

"Please, no! I can't be a berry!" Cora gasped out, between kisses, "please, turn me back, I want to be human!"

"Never, not even if it was possible," promised her right breast.

"A masochistic mess like you is better off berrified!" chimed in the left, licking her lips.

"I can't wait to show mom and dad," murmured her pussy, as she sucked and licked one of their foothands.

Cora's original head whimpered all the more into her partners' lips at the thought.

"Let the whole family see, how their perfect, pretty, brilliant baby girl didn't turn out to be a doctor or a scientist at all... because she was too busy turning herself into a big, juicy raspberry orgy... a multi-headed monstrosity of feet and fruit, wandering around making out with herself instead of studying... and she's not even the head head either!"

The raspberry's whines and moans only intensified at that.

Surreal and shocking was the sight, a future valedictorian made voluptuous fruit, psyche succumbing along with physiology.

That taboo, twisted, inexorable transformation seemed to have overwhelmed Kristen too.

Feet shifted from ripe red berry breasts, to the slick, spongy peel of the other figure, massaging it onwards, up her neck, enclosing face and features, countless Cora's whispering teases as their friend too lost all control.

All humanity.

"I can't stop it! I'm becoming so helpless and ridiculous," Kristen cried through mouthfuls of golden juice.

Her head was sinking down into the embrace of her new peel, even as the surreal coating of her erstwhile skin expanded up over it. She could only run her soles over her warping body and shudder at the sensations, as she inexorably remade herself, though her own rampaging lust.

“I’m really turning myself into a banana... forever.... Oh gods yes!”

Toes jilled rapturously at her soaking crotch, squirting juices drenching her thighs as she reveled in her irreversible remaking.

Her ass too was expanding, a ‘tail’ forming over those magnificent buttocks, pushing out and curving upwards just as her spine bowed forward and her neck craned back. With each moment, each surge of gooey yellow girlcum that welled from her pussy and lips, her torso shifted further, her ‘head’ vanishing under the closing cover of her new skin, her breasts and ass growing ever more exaggerated against a torso each moment further from anything human, and closer to a smooth crescent.

One lacking any sense of a head, or visible face.

Muffled within the dome of peel, the banana groaned in her debilitated delight, toes skittering off her spongy surface as she scrabbled at it, slick peel on peel, digits too weak, clumsy and soft to penetrate her prison.

Kristen’s face seemed to still be there somewhere, under the tropical glaciation, but she was powerless to free herself.

Her blissful sounds only grew louder as she realized her predicament.

Stumbling blindly to her feet, the four-footed fruit groped for support, fumbling with toes that lacked all dexterity, grip slipping off couch and chairs, finding purchase only on the edge of the table as she flailed about in her passion.

A voice, muffled and wet, called vaguely for aid, but given how her toes were plunging once more into her pussy, it was hard to know what form of help Kristen might be begging for.

Finally, Cora took mercy on her.

Or rather, the heads flanking that original, whimpering bud still desperately kissing them, took a moment from their self-pleasure to peel their friend.

Crowned with fibrous brown, that yellow peak split under the coordinated efforts of four feet. The surface split into five, neatly separating down to around where her neck should have been to reveal lighter yellow flesh within. It was softer still than the protective rind being removed, almost fluffy in texture.

Kristen gasped for air as her mouth reappeared.

As she was peeled like any other banana.

Yet what was revealed around her features was no head.

It was banana with a face on the tip, made of the same matter, pointed upwards as much as forwards. Her tapering shaft had only a mild dome at the top to evoke anything of a skull.

Another form was more powerfully evinced, however; a different manner of head.

“Oh gods, I’m so fucked up,” she spluttered aloud, eyes rolling back in their dainty, delicate sockets, her refined beauty so grotesquely at odds with her new shape.

Kristen’s bright yellow lips quivered, full and drooling, as her feet slid up, over her thick banana body, past the artful curls of scarf-like peel, to explore that new and virginal landscape.

Her toes sank into the exquisite softness, like footprints in fresh snow, but her surface sprung back with aplomb, revealing the wellspring of juices below. They were gushing up, emerging from her mouth freely, and giving a magnificent sheen to the huge glans that her face formed on the tip of her banana body.

Feet clutching haplessly at her squishy ‘neck’ and flared face, the fruit’s toes curled, sinking into carpet and flesh with equal ease. Pumping soles along her new length, she arched deeper, pushing out her breasts as the backwards banana masturbated her face. Her whole crescent filling slurped and squished as she pulled and pushed herself up and down inside her own peel.

Her rear split too, under the pressure, curling back to expose her pale upturned tail, the other end of her true self.

The other end of a giant fruit cock.

Kristen was a curvaceous, buxom banana, with huge breasts and butt bulging out from her near-cylindrical body. The peeled tips at each end throbbed with pleasure as she explored herself with her toes, and realized the extent of her inability. The uselessness of her feet. The imbalanced weight of her curves. The stiffness of her trunk.

She couldn’t even bend enough to look down at her own heaving chest.

“Oh gods, she’s wearing her own body,” Coras exclaimed in their lusty glee.

Scandalized and bewildered, Kristen could only babble with incoherent ecstasy as she felt her new form.

With every moment, each pang of sensual, twisted pleasure, she was realizing her utter, irreversible degradation, from person to penis.

“I-I’m a fucking cock!” she ejaculated through engorged lips, every part of her body twitching and shaking, “oh fuck, oh gods, my whole body’s a shaft, like a... a sextoy! I’m a fucking dildo wearing a banana suit! Backwards!”

Her words streamed from the urethra which was her throat, spilling out between spouts of fragrant cum, as the phallic fruit realized the depth and extremity of her transformation... her reduction... and shook with euphoria.

Ridiculously, hopelessly besotted with her own absurd body, Kristen threw herself on Cora.

The raspberry pulled Gabrielle and her footwear in too, the girls intertwining their surreal new selves, slipping toes deep into lips, feet filling pussies and mouths and more as they writhed together in their hedonistic heaven.

Overwhelmed underfoot, Milly's pussified face drooled and gurgled, her tongue dragging Gabrielle's left foot deeper as she ground her crotch into the right. Massaging every inch of those exquisite feet, she drank down the divine nectar of melon soles and toes, holding and hugging them tightly with her sexes.

Yet even that wasn't enough.

Cora and Kristen's feet teased over her peel, sinking into the ripeness of her breasts, and as if to answer her unspeakable desire, she felt her nipples parting.

Kissing.

Licking the juices from raspberry and banana digits, and slurping them inside. Into new maws, thick and heavy lips wrapping tight about heels, as her nipplemouths feasted. New tongues flattened against soles soft as cloud, exploring every contour of the two fruits' feet, the flavors exploding as she flooded herself with all of her friends' feet.

As all three of her favorite fruits wore her at once.