

Fruit for the Foot

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Chapter 11

Falling heavy on the thick wood, a series of thuds shook the door to the house.

“Hello?! Gabrielle?! Milly?! Can you hear me?!”

Cora was the first to notice the sounds – with so many ears that was no wonder – but the raspberry patch of kissing, groping bodyparts showed no sign of answering the voice of Professor Parker outside.

“I know you’re in there,” the interloper went on, “you were seen taking those files today!”

“Oh shit,” the original Cora muttered, even as her bodymates were planting kisses on her cheeks.

“Is that the professor?!” Kristen asked.

There was a window by the door, but she couldn’t angle her stiff, phallic figure down far enough to look at the source of the disturbance.

“I’m not angry, but you need to let me in – I need to make sure you’re okay!”

That young, uncertain yet earnest tone could only be Parker.

“Ahh cahhn belehf hesh crahhing thh pahhy again!” Gabrielle exclaimed, her lament just barely intelligible.

She rose reluctantly, disentangling from the others. Cora and Kristen too got to their feet, wincing at the sensations of putting weight on their wonderfully sensitive soles. That left Milly suddenly, startlingly empty, left kneeling beside them, peach pussies drooling needily, yet cruelly abandoned.

The forlorn footwear made herself focus on the problem of Parker.

He was still banging on the door, sounding increasingly worried.

Disgraceful as it was to be seen like this, she had to say something, to assuage his alarm.

Milly’s pussyface squished and burbled, peach juice drooling out in a thick wave to cascade from her chin and drench her jiggling, giggling breasts.

“Speaking’s our job now, socks,” her left breast asserted, grinning up at her flushed features, “you just have to look lewd and slip yourself onto feet all day!”

The right piped up too. “Yeah, your face is a thing of the past, just like your dignity! So why not fill that squishy sex-sock with your toes while we handle telling Parker all about how you turned yourself into fruit and feet on purpose?”

Absurd, nonsensical excitement gripped her, as her own breasts derided their formerly human host.

There was no escape, no way to hide it or make it end.

This was permanent.

This was irreversible.

Milly would never speak a word again. Just as she would never have hands or a face. Never laugh aloud or write her name. Never dress herself or drive a car....

Never look at another girl without dreaming, longing for them to wear her. To fuck her with their feet.

Abruptly the door swung open, and Professor Parker stared in, straight at her.

At the thick, succulent figure of exaggerated hips and bust, then at the crude, nonsensical slits adorning what should have been breasts and face.

Parker gaped as Milly’s pussyface winked hungrily towards him, and the peach quivered in her heavenly humiliation.

“Wh-what happened?” he gasped out.

“Yohh nehh-pohhlussuh hapund!” Gabrielle gurgled, around her overgrown foottongue.

Standing by the door, she gave him a slap on the shoulder, and Parker stumbled inside as she closed it. The melon had some trouble working the handle and lock, as she must have in opening it, but between both feet and her foottongue she managed to fumble her way through operating both mechanisms.

Sealing their visitor in.

Professor Parker didn’t even notice. He was too busy staring around in disbelief. Taking in the surreal sights. His eyes bulged as they beheld Kristen, masturbating her banana-cock-body inside her peel, and Cora, protesting and moaning in equal measure as she felt the sting of this fresh degradation. Finally they settled on Milly.

“Girls, I’m so sorry, this is all my fault! I-I’ve turned you into... into....”

“Feet and fruit?” Kristen suggested, through another glob of gooey banana-smoothie cum.

He looked down at Milly’s feet, glistening on her wrists, then traced the exaggerated lines of her flared hips and bouncing butt, up, to where her boobs were blowing kisses towards the stunned scientist, and on, to gaze in disbelief at the drooling vagina which had replaced all save Milly’s eyes.

It was too embarrassing to bear.

Toes slipped into her face and crotch, and the plump peach whimpered in bliss as Parker watched her denigrate herself so surreally, footfucking herself to the teases and jibes of her own tits.

“Oh gods, Milly, I’m so sorry,” he spluttered, after far too long.

His tenting trousers and roving eyes belied the sentiment, as did the quickening of his breath as he drank in the forms of the four fruits arrayed around him.

“I-I’ll make this up to you, I’ll find a way to turn you back! A-and give you all top grades! Help you... hide until you’re back to normal....”

“We all know you can’t do that,” Cora’s crotch reminded him, beaming up from between those ruby-red thighs. “You said it yourself in those notes... this is utterly impossible to undo... ever!”

Cora’s original head whined as her pussy took such visible pleasure in reminding them all of how fully fucked the four fruit were... but the others were moaning in pleasure too.

“We’re never even going to have hands again,” Kristen moaned, flexing and scrunching her upper set of soles at him as she stumbled closer.

With great difficulty the banana gripped Parker’s fingers, her toes disappearing between them as she struggled even to find enough purchase to hold his hands.

“I can’t even look you in the eye,” she purred, “or look at anything I’m doing... bend... wash myself... dress myself... I’m totally helpless, permanently! Even wearing human clothes is gonna be impossible! I’m a *backwards banana cock* and I’m *wearing my own body like a suit!*”

Dropping to her knees, Kristen twisted forward, her squirting cock-tail pushed up to bring her stiff, squishy cock-head in line with the teacher’s.

“My body’s completely ruined, forever!”

He didn’t resist as the giant phallus kissed him.

When he finally pulled back, Parker was panting, banana dripping from his lips. He wasn't quite ready to give up, however.

"M-maybe I missed something," he insisted, squeezing her toes tighter, "we should run more tests!"

"Wundafuh adehha!" Gabrielle exclaimed.

Milly had no idea how the overripe watermelon managed it with only feet, but she had the box of polishes open on the table... a vial gripped, lidless, in the crook of her soles.

"True," Kristen said, nodding her entire body at once to move her head, "since we're so helpless now, you can become our helper! The perfect way to make it up to us!"

Before the professor could say a word, Gabrielle dumped the entire vial of orange fluid out, directly over his hands.

The scent of pineapple flooded the air.

"Wait, stop!" he cried, belatedly, "I can't fix you without my hands!"

"Thass the adehha," Gabrielle whispered, tonguetoes tickling his cheek. "Wehh pehhfehh lakh thisss!"

"P-please, prof," gasped out the original Cora, "I can't control myself! Y-you have to turn me back! I can't let anyone see me like this! It's so... oh gods why does it feel so good?!"

His final ally fell silent, lost in the unending makeout that was her new body, as the fruits massaged gooey juice and thick polish into his body, peeling off clothing to spread the contagion directly to every part of him at once.

"He deserves a little fun after all his hard work turning us into fruits," Milly's breasts piped up.

"Soon that's what he'll be too," Cora's right head promised. "A gorgeous fruitgirl with squishy sweaty feet for Milly to suck!"

"But I'm... a... man," he protested pathetically.

Soles were closing in all around the fellow, his face horrified and horny in equal measure as Kristen's foothands pressed against him, reshaping his own hands forever into juicy yellow feet.

Kristen giggled at his protest. "And I was a woman, until I became a bananadildo! And now you're gonna be a beautiful busty man made of fruit, who lives to service our pussies and feet – just like socks here!"

Parker's cries were gasps now, sensual and needy, his limbs not flailing, but pushing, body arching to press into the touches of those soft, succulent feet as they sculpted him, expanded him, grew and ripened him from man into plant.

"Don't," he moaned out, as they worked up his arms.

Skin was becoming soft and flexible segments, meat and bone beneath homogenizing into simple, succulent pineapple flesh. Yet his shape wasn't simply a rounded, walking fruit. Gabrielle's direction was birthing something more, something stranger. The segmented ridges of a pineapple emerging all over him were forming scales, tips dyed crimson, and as they spread they rose up into new curves and bulges. Flat butt and chest bowed out as feet kneaded flesh into a voluptuous female form, soft breasts and childbearing hips crafted entirely from fruit.

"Don't... stop...."

His bust pushed out, grinding a smooth-scaled bosom into Gabrielle's soles, as the increasingly reptilian professor gave up the fight.

In that moment, Milly saw in his eyes a kindred being.

His submission was plain to see in the wanting shivers which passed through his feminizing form. His daintily reduced feet curled, and new clawed toes gripped the carpet, a pleading look turned on them as their toes pulled and stretched out his mouth and nose.

As much as he tried to fight it, Parker loved the feeling of his body being remade, all against his will.

The pineapple groaned in bliss, as he felt them shaping his new snout.

Leaves were growing atop his head, shaping into new hair and rising up in twin spurs to form horns. At his back, Gabrielle was hard at work, crafting his new tail, while Cora's many toes gave shape to leafy, reptilian wings.

Milly was in awe as she watched the new pineapple creature take shape.

"Almost seems unfair, right?" her breast asked, speaking her thoughts aloud. "He gets to be a dragon, and you can't even *say* dragon!"

That decided her.

If she was going to be a pussyfaced peach forever, Parker could at least provide her with some relief.

The scaled creation howled as Milly's foothands enveloped his neglected, aching erection. Wisps of red, vaporized juices wafted from his new nostrils. Hips bucked, thrusting into the gorgeous, soft, soaking soles cradling his last trace of maleness. His foothands were gliding

over his new peel, those bare yellow fruit soles impossibly soft and sensitive as they explored his prickly scales. Lost in the euphoria of his submission and reshaping, he fucked Milly's feet as she slathered another polish all over his penis.

His cock was turning green, transforming in opposition to the rest of his body, taking on the sheen and shape of a ripe pear, softer than the rest of his body by far. His balls too were pulled into that rival remodeling, rising up to form the rounded, bowing base of the giant fruit growing from his crotch.

Parker shook, and sweet juices squirted from the rounded end of his former erection.

Milly could resist no longer. She pushed her face down onto her creation, and moaned in rapture as she felt it pushed into the impression that filled her pussy... the shape of Gabrielle's foot.

Glans spread and smushed, pushed up into five new points, while Parker's shaft spread and flattened. The pear penis poured into that waiting container, wearing Milly's face as she squeezed his genitals into their new shape.

The professor was fucking her head with a delicious pear footcock.

Remade so utterly, from human to fruit-dragon, Parker convulsed around the velvet folds of peach pussy, his toes sinking into Milly's hair as he made love to her pussypolds.

Release building, pear overripe and ready, he gave one final thrust, flared hips slamming into her former face.

With a sudden, shocking squish, Parker felt his crotch release.

Not with the bliss of orgasm, but with the still more shocking give of yielding, a burst of juices escaping as his footcock popped right off in its new sock.

"Way to go girl," Kristen said, from where she knelt at Milly's side, "that's an awesome sextoy, and I'd fucking know!"

"But I need that!" Parker cried out, reaching forlornly with his toes for his former manhood.

"Too bad, because it's ours now," the banana retorted, smirking.

Pressing her face to his gyrating hips, the motions only sped up, as Parker felt that squishy glans of ripe cock-head parting a new set of lips.

The dragoness roared with delight, as his new pussy stretched out around Kristen's cock, and buried his snout eagerly... gratefully in Cora's offered crotch, exchanging kisses with her sex.

Gabrielle, overjoyed with her new creation, planted her feet on her peach's face as she played with the giant dragontits she'd so masterfully crafted.

Milly lost track of who was where after that.

Amid the shifting flurry of feet she could identify her partners only by the shapes and textures of their soles and toes, and by the intoxicating flavors, fermented juices and rich musks that permeated each foot and mouth and sex.

Toes pushed into every part of her, caressing and covering her in that divine nectar of feet, her lips finding delicate womanhoods and elegant digits to suckle as she writhed and moaned, floating in speechless, helpless ecstasy.

Countless foothands and feet made love to her, wore her, held and trampled her in an endless orgy.

Euphoria filled the peach to her limits, climax after climax pulling her ever deeper into the endless ecstasy of feet and fruit. Her feet were intertwined with so many others, more cradling her face and stroking their sticky sweet scents through her leaf hair and over her sweaty skin.

Milly was a pair of socks, being fucked senseless by uncountable feet.

She gurgled joyously into the thick pussylips of her watermelon wearer as she realized that this was her life now.

Forever.