

# Bianca: The Uninvited Guest



It was Thursday night. Yes, night. It was after 8:00, and all the sunlight was gone in this region. After cleaning my house all day, I was ready to relax. I just wanted to take my box of pizza, plop down in the living room, watch TV, and leave it at that. My night would have gone smoothly if I had only followed that plan, if I had ignored that knock at the door. But like a fool, I went and answered it.

Important rule for life: if someone knocks on your door when you have a doorbell, don't open it. Doubly so if it's raining outside.

"Can I help you?" I didn't recognise this person. At first I thought she was some lost housewife in her late 20s. But those red glasses made her look older than she really was. The moment she opened her mouth, I knew she was my age.

"Thanks a bunch!" She waltzed in and shut the door. "Ooh. It's freezing in here."

"I beg your damn pardon?"

First of all, she just walked in like this was her house. Second, it was cold? It had it set at 70°F, AKA 21°C for the non-Unovans. That might have been chilly for a woman, but for a man, that was

the standard. Plus, she had on a big orange sweater. And a hat. And two layers of tops. She was bundled up for autumn even though we were in spring.

She waved to me. “Do you have anything to eat?”

“Do I know you?”

“Now you do. Name’s Bianca, Professor Juniper’s best assistant.”

“Great, you’re researching Pokémon when these Pokédex devices had all the info filled in years ago. We appreciate your hard work. Now kindly fuck off.”

“First thing in the morning, for sure.” She walked into my kitchen, prompting me to grab her by the shoulder. “Hey, it’s thundering out there. I gotta, like, bunk somewhere for the night, you know?”

“And you pick my house? All these houses out here, and you just had to come to mine.”

“Every house on this block had the same chance of me getting in, yep.”

If I didn’t have any decent morals, I would’ve left her to the Liepard and Galvantula out there. This was a sucky situation, but as long as she acted like she had common sense, one night with her could be bearable. For example, you don’t touch other people’s food when you’re the uninvited guest in their home. I squeezed her pale hand the moment she reached for a slice of pizza.

“My house, my rules. Sit in that living room, shut up and wait.” I looked down. “And take your shoes off inside.”

She gave a thumbs up and skipped out the kitchen. I cursed behind her, noticing the trail of mud her shoes had left on my tile floor. Well, that took five minutes out of my night to mop the kitchen. Again. Once that was done and over with, I grabbed the pizza and went to...

Her feet. Why were they on my coffee table? More importantly, where were her socks?

“Do you mind?” I pointed at her disgusting things.

“Just a minute, sorry. Gotta give my feet a bit of flexing time, you know?”

Nope, we weren’t doing this. It took me less than a second to swat her feet off my clean table and put the pizza down. And just as I was about to sit, I realised I didn’t even have a drink. And considering that Miss Moron here didn’t have any brains, I might as well have grabbed her something, too.

“Do you want orange soda?”

“Actually—”

“You’re getting orange soda.” I poured two cups of it, then returned to the living room.

My drink almost spilt on the floor. I hadn’t left her alone for minute, and somehow she had already ruined the rest of the night. Why was the pizza box open? Why were her feet all over the eight slices? I gulped. I stepped right in front of her to see just how nasty the bottoms of her feet were. It didn’t take an expert to deduce that they were sweaty, as the way the light reflected off them made it obvious. And with sweatiness came stickiness. Suddenly I was no longer in the mood to eat my ordered food knowing that some shoe grit and foot juice was getting mixed in it.

This girl, Bianca, had managed to completely piss me off. Her obnoxiously loud lip smacking made me fume, along with her greasy fingers staining my couch.

And yet I couldn't rip this girl a new one because I was too petrified.

"Why am I not surprised?" I covered my nose. "Only natural for a ditz to wear boots without any protection. No wonder your feet smell like that."

"They smell fine to me. But Professor Juniper says the same thing about them being a bit too ripe."

"And even knowing that, you've decided to ruin my dinner that I paid for with my money."

"You asked me to take my shoes off." She pressed the balls of her feet into the pizza. "I had to keep my dogs toasty somehow."

Idiot logic at its finest. Believe it or not, the smell seemed to increase the longer she kept her shoes off. I hadn't changed position, and my lungs got heavier. The whole atmosphere of the living room became heavier. Imagine sniffing someone's crusty, wet socks after they've been left in a garbage can for days. It was absurd how bad Bianca's feet reeked, and I was a decent distance away from them.

As much as it hurt to have my living space defiled, I tried to maintain what little control I had over my anger.

"Please take a shower."

"Won't do any good, sorry to say." Using her toes, she grabbed a piece of pepperoni, then stuck it in her mouth. "The professor told me the only way to make my feet smell super good is with some spitrus."

"Excuse me? Wanna repeat that?"

"Spitrus. I dunno, I think it's a chemical found in human spit. She just told me like I'd know what I was out the blue. She would've probably lectured me on it if I didn't clock out early."

I raised an eyebrow. "So what exactly are you trying to imply?"

"Well... If you can't handle the scent of my feet, you'll just have to lick them 'til the stink is gone."

Unbelievable. In my own home, I was expected to lick a girl's feet like some kind of slave? All because her feet had some strange condition that she brought to me? There was no hell cruel enough for this Bianca character. I would've called the police to toss her out, but when did the police ever do their job in Unova? With her milky and frail body, they'd twist the story to make me look guilty for not letting the stink-foot bitch in during a storm.

Tonight I'd have to use the entire bottle of mouthwash. Maybe with a shot of antifreeze for good measure.

I'd take this one foot at a time. The left foot came first, and boy, did my stomach turn when I picked it up. Bianca's feet were greasier than her hands, and now that I held one of them, the sweat felt sickening. This salty perspiration rained from her foot when I squeezed it, like water from a wrung-out rag.

"Mmm... Wish you added a few mushrooms, but I haven't eaten pizza in a long while."

I glared at her. "One lick on each foot should be enough, right?"

“No idea. If you wanna be sure, best to lick them until they’re soaked from heel to toe. At least that’s what I’d do.”

“And what’s to stop me from just spitting on them?”

“Your mouth’ll dry out and then you’ll have to deal with the smell for even longer. Duh.” Now she had her toes closer to my nose. “And call my crazy, but I’d say the smell is making you a bit dizzy right now the way you’re swaying like a metronome. Might wanna start now.”

She wasn’t wrong. I was already seeing double. Four feet in front of me, along with two idiots smiling and eating my food.

I pushed my face into Bianca’s left foot and stuck out my tongue. From there, I licked her toes. I already began to feel queasy. Touching her greasy foot was one thing, but having my tongue between her toes... The fact that she kept moving them made it worse, like a constant reminder of how disgusting these things were. Whenever they scrunched, I got an unwelcome sight of her toenails. No trim, no polish, and topped off with some slight gunk under her toenails.

To my horror, the gunk had mixed in with some of the pizza cheese. And here I thought the worst thing about ordering a thick cheese pizza was the gas that came later. No, the stickiness and stretchiness of the cheese really gave me pause. And Bianca had dug her grubby toes so deep into the pizza that the cheese dominated the sections between her toes. It was hot to the touch, too, as my tongue found out.

A tiny tear ran down my cheek as I heard the long, high-pitched squeak. Like an object in desperate need of oil. Finally, with some wriggling, the gunk under her largest toenail popped free and fell into my mouth.

There was no way I’d get to the garbage in time to spit it out.

With a look of shame, I swallowed it and the rest of the cheese. As much as I wanted to vomit, looking at Bianca’s sole reminded me of why I couldn’t. The loads of pizza sauce and sweat made it clear that my mission to survive was not over.

This time I closed my eyes and licked the foot from the heel to the toes. The lick covered much of the sole, but it also destroyed many of my taste buds. Bianca’s foot tasted exactly like it smelt. It was this mixture of too sour and too sweet, the latter effect probably coming from the pizza sauce. But even after the pizza sauce had gone down my throat—along with a few bits of boot dirt for extra measure—the foot didn’t taste right. Actually, it did. It was exactly what I’d expect from a foot that hadn’t been wearing a sock in a boot during a rainstorm.

But she seemed blind to my pain and suffering. While I soaked her noxious foot in my spit, Bianca continued to eat without a care in the world. Only three slices were left in the box, the stain of grease and foot sweat taking the place of the others.

“Oh, don’t forget the sides of my feet,” she said. “I don’t think you’d wanna miss a single spot.”

“Wow, thanks for the advice.” The smell didn’t feel like it was going away. If anything, it was making me slower. Where before I was just annoyed, I was whimpering as I felt my tongue run along the sides of her long foot.

“Wait!” She stuck a hand out. “My foot itches. Nibble on the side.”

“What?”

She forced the foot sideways into my mouth, my teeth pressing against it. As she moved it back and forth, she let out a sigh of relief.

“Oh my gosh, yes! That feels so good...!”

When she was done, she pressed her right foot against my face. Her five toes trapped my nose in a little pocket of toxic foot fumes. Now imagine breathing in someone’s putrid odour and having no recourse. I could no longer stop shedding the occasional tear, and Bianca would just suck the sauce off her fingers, unphased.

I needed to put an end to this.

I grabbed the slimy foot and squeezed all the toes together, pushing them into my mouth. The biggest fit easily, and I could tell it was eager to destroy my body. Its smaller stinky siblings followed suit, some bunching together and some developing a mind of their own. But the little one wanted to be stubborn and just dangled out.

No matter. From here I sucked. I sucked on the foot, tears streaming from my eyes, and felt the sticky gunk from the toenails break loose. There was less cheese to catch it this time, so the taste was even rawer. Salty, sour, bitter, whichever unappealing adjective I could think of.

Only a freak would get any sort of pleasure knowing that her smelly feet were licked, and Bianca fit the bill. She squirmed deeper into the couch, giggling here and there.

“Don’t forget my baby toe.” With a thrust, the foot went down my throat. “Atta boy!”

The longer her toes were in my mouth, the more apparent it was that they were lengthy. Even the big toe, not normally very long in humans, was long enough to reach the back of my tongue. Unfortunately, bigger is not always better. What thrill did it give to choke on somebody’s toes as they tried to turn your mouth into a playground? Especially when combined with her untrimmed toenails, I had jolts of pain that rivalled her moans of pleasure.

Yet through this, enough spit came out that it dripped down her stinking sole.

“This isn’t so fun for me, you know?” I flicked her foot.

“But it feels nice to me. Its your nose’s life on the line, so let’s finish with the rest of my foot. Get it real wet.”

Sucking on her soles didn’t get any less vile. No amount of pizza could make it better. If anything, it made it worse, reminding me of just how soiled my order was.

Now I had to suck the sweat from this heel. Because her feet were so skinny, I thankfully didn’t tear my mouth trying to fit it inside. But that didn’t change that it was like sucking all the juice out of a grapefruit, the devil’s fruit. As I sucked, I made it a point to grind my teeth on Bianca’s heel. Scrape any bits of dirt off that I might’ve missed. Along with flicking my tongue along the bottom of it, she was laughing her ass off.

When her toes curled so tight that there was a pop, I knew she was getting sick pleasure out of this.

“I think I need to get my feet licked more often. Like, it feels super good.”

“That’s disgusting,” I spat out her heel to say. “No one would ever willingly do it.”

“Big world out there. Somewhere, there’s someone who wants to come home to a girl who’ll ask him to lick her feet after a busy day. Gosh, especially if I had something serious like my corns—”

“No more talking!”

For another four minutes, I felt the life draining from my body. Sitting on the remaining slices of pizza were two soaked feet. It looked like Bianca had stepped out of a pool. Her uncaring expression was incredibly irritating. Worst of all, my tongue had shrivelled up, with no moisture and nothing but a foul taste in my breath.

“I’m gonna be sick,” I groaned.

“But isn’t the stinky smell gone?” She rubbed her wet soles together, creating a bigger mess when the spit splashed onto the table. “The wonders of the human body.”

In the bathroom, I spent a long time leaning over the toilet. But everything I’d swallowed concerning her feet refused to leave my body. It left me exhausted, disgusted...

She swung the door open. “Mind if I shower?”

...No. No! Not after the ordeal I just went through! How!?

“I did all of that, and your feet still stink up the whole house!” I hit the counter. “You have the worst feet I have ever had around me!”

“Really?”

I dug through my cabinets and pulled out a wrapped bar of soap. It was premium, lemon-scented. It was supposed to be one of the most powerful bars I had, but too bad I didn’t get to use it on myself.

“Do not touch my soap that’s already in there. Just use this one and throw it away when you’re done.”

Bianca stared at the bar. She looked at it as if it were a legendary artefact. Probably felt like one too, considering her feet had clearly never had a date with soap or body wash. But after seconds of seeing her green eyes shrink, I snapped my fingers.

“You’re free to open it anytime.”

“I am so sorry.”

“What do you mean now?”

She looked up, giggling nervously. “I’m starting to think the professor said ‘citrus’, not ‘spitrus’.”