

Going to Town

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Elodia's soles gleamed in the afternoon sun, elegantly curved shapes that emphasized the same voluptuous femininity which the rest of her body so perfectly showcased. On his knees at the foot of her deckchair, Cumdump was captivated by the glistening forms, by the musky scent, by the salty, addictive flavors.

His lips wrapped around three of her toes, and the largest stroked his tongue as he sucked and licked, teasing his mouth just as the other foot was cupping and brushing his cheek, smearing him with the smells of his owner.

Surreal and humiliating as it was, Cumdump loved the whole sensory experience of worshipping his former girlfriend's most magnificent body parts.

He could still remember when he had been someone else, a normal person, with hands, and human genitals, blood even... yet such a form would have been surreal, even grotesque in this new world into which he'd been flung.

Cumdump rubbed the colossal horsecock standing upright between his legs, sandwiching it in the soft soles of both of his foothands and curving his digits around the tingling flare as he sucked on the toes of the woman he so adored.

"So I was thinking we could head to Georgio's for dinner tonight," Genevieve suggested, as she bounced atop Claire, riding her mother's colossus of a horsecock.

"Sounds perfect," replied her father, as he quivered atop Elodia's stallionhood.

The father of the family whinnied as his daughter took his toes in hers, their foothands interlocking as he made out with the larger foot that had replaced her head, but Cumdump didn't mind the surreal, incestuous orgy that had begun as they sunbathed.

In this world, so radically remade, sex seemed as normal as breathing. Here it was hands which would have been an aberration, as would human crotches or aged bodies.

Lapping at the delicious feet of his owner, Cumdump felt his engorged pony anus and tail twitching in response to that scintillating taste and seductive scent.

As he massaged himself with his foothands, rubbing his toes up and down his aching equine manhood, he felt very glad indeed that the world had changed.

"Will you take your condom?" Claire asked, looking over at Cumdump.

“Of course! He’s too sweet to leave behind!” Elodia replied, cupping his cheeks in her feet and giving them an affectionate squish as she projected her thoughts into their heads. “I know it’s weird to date a cumdump, but mine is just special that way.”

Cumdump shivered, feeling that surreal pride and pleasure that was growing with each demeaning, degrading word.

He was a possession now, to be used by others to pleasure themselves.

What was more embarrassing than the way the family members presented their feet for him to lick or fucked him casually in any available hole, was how much Cumdump was starting to love it.

The sense of unpersoning, of dehumanization... the feeling of satisfaction at pleasuring others well and the warm ease of being so full of cum, stuffed to the brim with Elodia’s delicious horseseed... the substance which was his every bodily fluid now.

For perhaps the dozenth time that day, Cumdump squirted his lover’s cum all over himself as he came from worshipping her feet and playing with himself.

“Oh, my soles are just dripping in this heat,” Adeline slurred, through the engorged folds of the pussy which had replaced her mouth and nose, “Cumdump, come lick me clean.”

With Elodia’s own soles coated only in a fine film of his ‘saliva’, she was happy to let him move on. She rubbed her feet together as he went to service her sister, enjoying the feeling of her own horsecum on her feet.

But while Cumdump was also more than happy to bury his face in the foothands and feet of another beautiful family member, the post-release focus that came to him as he was slipping his tongue between each toe to caress clean her skin had him wondering.

He’d seen on his phone how this magical remodeling appeared to be worldwide, but just what would that wide world look like in person?

If it was anything like his girlfriend-cum-owner’s family home, he had to see it.

“Elodia?” he asked, once Adeline’s four delicious feet were pristine once more.

The five-footed beauty reached out her arm, and stroked his lips with her little digits.

“What it is, Cumdump?” she asked.

“Would you mind if I went into town early, before everyone else?”

She giggled, and patted his face, ruffling his fringe.

“Not at all, sweetie! Go have some fun! We’ll see you at the restaurant.”

“What a lucky sex-aid you are,” Victor observed, with a laugh, “having such a kind owner!”

Pulled into a ‘kiss’, his face buried in the giant, creasing, sweat-soaked sole of his footheaded possessor, Cumdump entirely agreed, even as he was cumming uncontrollably from the heavenly sensations of her sole-muscles massaging his skin, and her folds clutching and squishing against him.

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The walk down the road was a quiet, short one, passing along a country lane. Cumdump had made it a dozen times, but it felt entirely new and different now.

For one thing, the stream was flowing and gurgling along with a merry cavorting flow of pure horse semen.

For another, in this world, clothes didn’t exist, so he was strolling entirely naked.

His engorged black balls and huge, squishing anus spread his legs a little more than he was accustomed to, and his flicking tail added to the titillation... but those sensations of jiggling pony genitals were secondary to the feeling of his four feet.

Each was as sensitive as his cock and softer than his ass, making his every step an exploration of the precise configurations and varieties of gravel, grit and grass under him, and the slick squishing of his sweaty flesh.

That lubrication was functional as well as fragrant – as he walked he realized that his skin shrugged off dirt, his feet staying gleaming and pristine, coated only in a layer of glittering sweat.

In contrast to his originals, the feet on his wrists were brushed only by the gentle breeze, yet they felt marvelously surreal and out of place for a man – or cumdump – accustomed to having hands. It was hard to know what to do with them, or how to hold them, without even pockets for concealment, and they were immensely clumsy and awkward compared to hands. Were the world not reshaped to match this new footheaded status-quo, they would have been a major impediment.

The whole experience was keeping him hard throughout the walk.

Arriving at the bus-stop he saw a woman already waiting there, a puffy black marehood glistening on her face where nose and mouth should be. That seemed a popular extra detail. Rarer, in his experience so far, were the thick lips smiling up at him from her breasts.

Her horsecock and her own four feet were all dripping in the heat, sweat covering her pits and curves too. Cumdump found himself sniffing the air as he sat down, a respectful distance away.

She looked over at the sound, and he gave an uncertain wave, flexing his toes in her direction. She scrunched her own toes back, and then leant over and patted them on his bouncing cockhead, as if it were the most natural thing imaginable.

He had no idea what the normal reaction to that would be, in this brave new reality, but he was saved finding out by the arrival of the bus.

The vehicle looked mostly normal, however as Cumdump peered inside he saw that the driver, a busty naked man with four arms, was working a wheel with special depressions into which his toes sank. The other controls were similarly modified and enlarged, to suit feet instead of hands, and allow operation even with only clumsy toes as digits.

Entering just behind the pretty, pussyfaced girl, he realized too late that his wallet had been in his pants... which no longer existed.

Fortunately, he had her demonstration to guide him.

As Cumdump watched the woman gripped her giant erection in her toes, and guided it into a slot just behind the driver's seat.

Humping the hole for a few seconds, she was quick to cum, and the gurgling flow set off a chime, and a green light on the dashboard.

Her payment rendered, she took a seat.

Cumdump felt self-conscious to say the least, as he approached the holes, but he reminded himself that this was just how the world worked now.

There were two openings, a rubbery mouth, and an expansive marepussey, the latter still dripping horsecum after its recent use. He chose to follow the woman's lead and pushed his erection into those damp, squishy folds, feeling her cum wetting his shaft.

Awkward as it was, to fuck a public onahole before all those passengers' eyes, the orifice was a wonder – filled with undulating latex frills and sucking layers, it brought him to climax rapidly.

Depositing some of Elodia's cum, he hurried, blushing to his seat.

It was a few seconds before he realized that the omnipresent scent of feet was unusually thick on the air there.

Turning, he saw the woman from before, sitting with both feet propped up on the back of his seat, soles flexing expectantly at him as she played clumsily with her phone.

She looked up, and gave him a vague smile with each breast, her toes waving at him, and Cumdump realized what she was expecting.

“Well? Come on,” she spoke in stereo.

After walking in the heat, her feet were drenched in fragrant footsweat, the mouthwatering musk tingling on his tongue as he obediently... gratefully pressed his face into them.

“Ohhh, nice, there’s a cumdump here,” the man across the aisle observed.

A moment later, Cumdump’s lower toes were wrapping around the quartet of cocks growing from the buxom male’s udder.

Another man pressed his own mighty rod deep into the condom’s puffy, twitching horseanus, wet slops and popping sounds filling the air as he fucked Cumdump deep and fast.

The two men chatted casually, about the weather and the local football team, while the woman whose toes Cumdump was tongue-bathing browsed the news feed on her phone and used her breast-mouths to speak voice commands when she wanted to type.

Masturbating with his foothands, he trampled on his bounding and jerking manhood as he was used, reveling in the fumbling stimulation of those stubby digits and the eroticism of all those cocks and feet all over his body.

Cumdump came many times over, as more passengers took their turns in inflating him with seed or washing their feet in his mouth.

It was only the bell that reminded him that he had a purpose beyond servicing several dozen sweaty foothanded fellow riders.

Alighting in the city center, his horniness was temporarily forgotten.

Cumdump stared about himself in wonder, as he walked slowly through the streets.

Everyone was just as naked as him of course, all foothanded and horse-genital, and all in the prime of life, but it was the city itself which captivated his attention.

It was so *clean*.

Fresh white surfaces gleamed in the sun, alongside old stone and even traditional wooden constructions, the cheap and dingy designs of the old city forgotten, like a bad dream.

Rooftops shone with solar panels, and walls were bursting with the riotous colors of flowers and vines, while below people sat along tree-lined boulevards, walked and gathered freely on grass instead of tar streets, and played and fucked in the open spaces which would once have been junctions and roads.

Cars appeared to have been wholly eliminated, the streets given over to pedestrians, small electric scooters and solar-powered trams.

Gone was the low rumbling of traffic.

There were no plastics anywhere in sight, no litter or stray debris.

The air felt clean and fresh.

Passing a vending machine, he laughed aloud as he saw that the prices were missing – instead a sign asked customers to make a ‘deposit’ in the provided hole, if they wanted any of the drinks.

All the glass bottles and cardboard boxes were filled with different blends and flavorings of horse cum and horse-cum products, often with sweat added like some sort of spice.

Coming to a small square, he saw an orgy in progress, and people bathing in the cool flood of the semen fountain at the center.

To one side, a restaurant was serving bowls of cum soup, and at the other a coffee shop was offering various beans to go with the patrons’ preferred variety of equine ejaculate.

Most of all, Cumdump was struck by how happy and carefree everyone seemed.

The sexpet wondered who had created this surreal utopia, and how... but he didn’t have long to think about that.

Many passing him waved and smiled, even teased and petted him, as if all could tell him for what he was – a cumdump rather than a person.

Others stopped to wave him to his knees and relieve themselves into his mouth, or order a footjob, perhaps a good footlicking, or even just to fuck his butt until they both came, clinging to one another.

There could be no room for doubt in his mind, as he drank the cum and licked and sniffed the feet of so many perfect strangers, that in this world Cumdump was a public plaything.

He was thoroughly enjoying his trip out.

Demeaning and degrading as his new role and body was, Cumdump felt a wonderful sense of peace and wellbeing in serving his true purpose.

This world was a true utopia, even for a sexpet like him.

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“Oh, Cumdump, welcome back to Board Stiff!”

The clerk at his favorite game store seemed mostly unchanged, other than the mandatory foothands and equine crotch, even her perky wave little altered by the changes, her toes wiggling playfully at one of her long-time customers.

He'd wandered in to see what gaming was like without hands, but now he recalled that today was the big boardgaming event... and even in this new world people had gathered to compete.

Paying his 'entry fee' into the portable onahole on the counter, Cumdump headed down onto the main floor.

Across the room he recognized another familiar voice, a classmate and friend since back in highschool, waving with the same schoolboy energy as ever.

Less familiar was the body from which that friendly tone emanated.

Ed had always been a scrawny, effeminate guy, androgynous and soft, but now his body rippled with powerful musculature, voluptuous curves enticing the eye down and around his bouncing breasts and flared hips, and towards the elephantine horsecock, larger than any equine Cumdump had ever seen, growing out of an equally vast ponycunt.

But even that titanic prick couldn't compete with the crowning glory of Ed's new body.

Rather than a head, he was, like Elodia, a five-footed beauty, speaking through telepathy thanks to the total replacement of his head with a huge, steaming foot, puffy sole gleaming in the light, totally devoid of face or hair.

It was, in turn, growing from the other end of the dreadnought of a dick, which seemed to pass all the way up through Ed's body, to emerge from a second marehood where his neck would have been.

Cumdump couldn't help but stare as he walked over, amazed by the sight of his friend, inserted into his own body as if his torso and limbs were all just a sheath for that huge penis.

Ed rose to meet him, and pulled the now-smaller male into his arms, 'kissing' him by engulfing his whole head in that musky foot, giving him a loving squeeze.

When the toes peeled back, Cumdump was reeling from the gorgeous scent and the taboo feeling of his altered friend... and so it took him a moment to realize that Ed wasn't the only one of their group present.

Lucy he recognized at once, as she creaked to her feet – the shining latex pooltoy might have hard plastic handles on her hips and shoulders, seams down her body and a painted-on face, but the design was clearly her, as was the voice emanating from that O-ring mouth.

"So good to see you again!" came her slightly squeakier speech.

She pulled herself against him with her toes for a kiss, and he felt those delicate hollow digits depositing sweat on his skin, while her inflatable pussy rubbed and squished against his crotch.

Laura prevented things going any further, however, slipping her toes into those handles and picking up the pooltoy girl with ease, then setting her back in her seat.

The dazzling red-skinned woman was easily her equal, a curvy, demonic presence with horns and a tail, her four feet shimmering with an intoxicating haze of pheromones and fluid, matched by the soaking marehoods on her breasts and the cluster of genitalia between her legs – two horesecocks, sweat-slicked quad-balls and buried pussy beneath them, all of which made her crotch a veritable swamp of body fluids and fragrance.

Yet her configuration wasn't as stunning as her composition – those dual dicks were unlike the rest of her body, a deep purple rather than the crimson of her shining, sweaty skin – and at the head of each was the cause.

The features of two more of their friends.

"Heya Cumdump!" Shanna said, blushing as her voice gurgled with cum.

She was nothing more than a face, growing out of the flat, flared glans, her mouth Laura's urethra.

As her side was Dave, the second, matching trunk and face, and the two seemed to rub their shaft-bodies together as they spoke.

"Like our new look?" the former man asked, his own features flushed red. "Laura claimed us yesterday, still kinda adjusting to being nothing but horsecocks forever."

"You look... amazing," was all the stunned cumdump could think to say.

Shanna giggled, nibbling at Dave's cheek with her puffy lips, and soon the two were making out, shafts bending and intertwining with one another as they moaned and ground together.

"I didn't know that was... possible...." Cumdump murmured as he watched.

"Anything's possible if you have the will," Laura answered, cupping his chin in those pungent, soft toes, and tilting his head up to look her in the eyes.

They glowed with a familiar energy.

"Wonderful to see you, E," she murmured through the thick, fat lips of the drooling horsepussy which had replaced the rest of her face.

"Or should I say Cumdump now?"

His eyes widened as her tail wrapped around his leg, the horsecock-tip pulling him against her.

“Hey, Cumdump’s already claimed, you can’t just steal him,” Ed reminded her. “Besides, we have a game to play here.”

The captivating succubus gave an exaggerated sigh, and released the living condom.

As he took a chair Cumdump felt a certain relief... and a tingle of disappointment.

It was the strangest group Cumdump had ever sat with, but he was starting to think that might be a common thread that day.

The game was as perverse and exciting as the players, to hear Laura’s slurring explanation.

It was tricky for her to speak through the engorged labial folds of her former face, but unlike Ed and the twin cocks, she seemed to understand clearly that the world had changed – and that Cumdump was still rather in the dark about the details.

Of course that didn’t stop her from propping her legs up as she talked, and gesturing to him to bury his face in her soles.

She seemed to particularly enjoy the tickling sensations as he sniffed air through the gaps in her toes.

He was burning to ask her more about the strange magical event which had remade everyone, but he made himself focus on the explanation, and on the moisture beading in the creases of her playful feet.

Shafts and Orifices was a strange take on Chutes and Ladders, but the game was actually highly educational – popular with all young people, as a way to learn vital life skills. They’d joined the tournament not just for fun, but to practice for the upcoming college finals.

Ed seemed especially pleased with their 6th player.

“I mean how many people get guidance from an actual cumdump like this? We’re gonna ace the test for sure now,” he said, his telepathic tone exuberant.

As strange as it sounded, Cumdump couldn’t deny that they focus was something he really was an expert in – after spending all day pleasuring himself and others, an exam on how to suck horsecocks sounded like a walk in the park.

It would probably involve fewer dicks in his mouth and butt than said walk, in fact.

The secondary topic, self-sucking, was also one he’d been working on whenever he had the opportunity, and so Cumdump felt surprisingly confident in his ability to play.

At least until he saw the game board.

It was a typical resource management game, with a track, counters, dice, and of course resources to play for. The only real difference was that they were competing over actual vials of cum, which they would fill as they played.

The problem lay not in extracting semen from his friends, but in the mechanical process of actually moving his pieces around the board, and capturing ejaculate without spilling it.

With no fingers, Cumdump's former hands had become startlingly awkward, clumsy rounded digits unable to move in opposition or precisely grip, their self-slicking sweaty surfaces great for maintaining 'cleanliness', but terrible for manipulating little wooden models or rolling tiny dice.

He shivered at the intense feeling of helplessness that came over him, as the game pieces slipped through his toes time and again.

Everyone else was doing just fine, acting like they'd always had feet instead of hands, but for someone who still remembered the old world, and still felt as if his body had always possessed fingers in addition to toes, it was shockingly difficult.

The distraction of all three of his whole-bodied friends playing with their feet up on the table, expecting him to suck and lick their toes clean in between his turns, was a further complication... if a welcome one.

He was also steadily accumulating cum from the other players as he expertly pleased their soles and toes, making them ejaculate even without directly stimulating their genitals, and forgoing vials to gulp their seed down directly into his tummy.

Came the final round, and the game itself seemed all but forgotten, as the sextet devolved from adversaries to partners, a cum-harvesting orgy breaking out.

Pushed down, Cumdump was all too eager to lick and suckle on the sweaty, sticky horseballs of the towering Ed, and even to tongue and squish at the sensitive sheath that was his crotch-vagina.

Ed reciprocated by trapping his cock underfoot, trampling and massaging Cumdump's aching erection against the floor with both soles as they locked foothands.

"Oh shit," he moaned in their minds, "you're so good at this! I gotta put you on already!"

Scooped up helplessly in those powerful arms, Cumdump felt proud of the effect he'd had on this beautiful busty boy... and quietly excited by the sheer volume of cum he was likely to harvest.

Raising his tail obediently, his throbbing anus squished as it spread open, a delicate pink donut that enveloped the enormous cock of his user eagerly. The tip was huge, and the shaft seemed endless, but his body was made for this now, designed to be worn and fucked, used and filled.

He felt himself stretching until the living condom really was like literally nothing else – a wrapping of Cumdump stretched out around the mammoth manhood so totally flooding his insides.

Ed started to thrust, holding the toy with both foothands, gripping the 'handle' which was his cock, and Cumdump quivered and moaned in delight as he received the delicate ministrations of those delicious toes alongside the wet slurps and slaps of the shaft pounding into his bubble-butt.

Laura too was quick to take advantage of their masturbation-aid, her twin dicks slithering over as she buried his cheeks in her foothands, hotboxing Cumdump with musky feet while he, Shanna and Dave were making out, swapping cum as they snuggled together in the embrace of succubus-soles.

Somewhere above, in parallel to his own impaled body, he could hear the creaking, squeaky form of Lucy, her cock pumping in and out of Laura's magnificent facial marehood, while she made out with Ed's headsole and toes.

They continued like that for some time, pleasure growing and orgasms rocking their intertwined, erogenous new bodies, until finally players started to drop out, fully spent.

Cumdump made sure to gulp down every drop of cum those beautiful paired penises erupted into his mouth, even as he was steadily inflating from Ed's efforts, and eventually both pricks, pooltoy and perverse demoness, were all drained.

Only Ed was left competing with him for the victory... and the delicious, creamy horsecum which was their prize.

Cumdump had already spewed galleons of the stuff as they fucked, but for every pint that the toy shipped into his throbbing pussies, Ed unloaded two more into Cumdump's quivering anus.

The two were clutching one another, Ed wearing Cumdump as a cocksock, while Cumdump was bound up in his coils as well as limbs, and caressed and massaged the other end of his extracted cockneck.

Headless as his torso might be, the should-sex was perfect for his partner's penis, while his crotch was added to the giant foothead engulfing Cumdump's more normal head and fumigating the plaything with the captivating odors of feet, balls, asshole and pussy.

It was bliss.

Cumdump had the edge all along, however – even as he was sucking and licking along the elegant lines of those tantalizingly curving feminine toes, Ed's blank face was pressing desperately to his head and shuddering, his voice raising in a silent cry of sheer ecstasy.

The sextoy writhed in his clutches, the duo climaxing together, feeling their mutual rapture and intoxicating intimacy, as they pumped each other's bodies with delicious pony-cream.

Finally, even Ed collapsed, and Cumdump staggered to his feet.

His belly was distended, bulging and sloshing with semen, but the sensation was pleasant, comforting even.

No-one else in the whole shop had collected half as much seed either.

Laura raised his foot to hers to proclaim his victory.

"Congratulations, Cumdump!" she said, ruffling his hair. "Time to claim your prize!"

All around the players at each table were grinning, dicks and pussies in their toes, as they gathered to administer his winnings.

As he was being railed by three gorgeous stallionhoods at once, Cumdump reflected that he might just be a little late for dinner that night.