

Voluntary Vulvafication

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“Wow, they look so real.”

“Mmmh, they feel it too. Go ahead and try....”

The equine gave a sigh, pressing his chest out appreciatively at Lepharion’s inquisitive touch.

The dark grey of Don’s chest was softer than it looked, and the unicorn tossed his head, pulling back flowing yellow locks so the others could get a better look at the breasts he was sporting.

That also allowed him to properly cup them, and admire his reflection in the lounge mirror.

“I look *good* with these,” he mused, hefting the weight.

“Thith apph ith amathing,” Jayren slurred, as his tongue stiffened from the impressive sight of so buxom a man.

The melanistic fox had, like Don, been quite normal until the party, save for his striking black and orange fur. Now he was wrestling with the increasingly rigid rod of a large penis, a match for his original but poking out of his mouth, reacting much like his original erection to the erotic scenery.

“You’ve been keeping quiet but you should try some modifications too, Lephi,” Don suggested.

“Agreed,” murmured the lithe, blue-scaled young man.

His pussy was already making his pants humid with roused desire for the sexy and ridiculous shapes of his friends.

“In time, in time! I’m not done with you yet, Don,” muttered Roxy.

Hers was the most absurd body of all.

The short green girl was tapping away at her phone not with fingers, but phalli. That was by necessity of course – when the goblin had arrived that evening with the working prototype of her employer’s newest magical phone app she’d begun the perverse party by testing it on herself.

Smooth, blank shoulders waggled with effort, her tongue sticking out as she used one of the dozen cock-tentacles which made up her lower limbs to operate the smartphone.

Three more were busy filling her pussy, and another was working her rear, but that still left a half-dozen ravenous erections searching about for any willing orifice.

Lepharion was sorely tempted to offer his own, but he was eager to get in on the fun of the app first.

A moment later, Don groaned, as the fingers running through his furred bust started to fuse.

Holding up his hands, he whinnied at the surreal sensations of his forearms swelling up, hands melting into flared heads, skin turning darker, smooth and veined, and starting to pulse.

Precum welled forth from what should have been his arms, as the new cocks replacing all below the elbow leaked profusely onto the floor. The group watched with slack jaws – save for Jayren – rubbing themselves appreciatively as they enjoyed the perverse show.

Don's hooves joined hands in that twisted transformation, everything below his knees similarly converting into more semi-soft cock.

His every step was a squishing, wobbly affair, as he staggered on flared dicks over to the couch, and flopped down.

"Thank gods I have tile," Lepharion murmured.

"You never do lose your head, do you?" Don observed, even as he was panting, pressing those clumsy new appendages to his breasts and to that original erection between his legs. "You should be freaking out! Or jerking off!"

The dragon gnawed at his lip, as his hand pressed down into his underwear following that encouragement.

"Oh, you can have so much more fun than just fingers, Lephi," Roxy murmured, as she turned the camera of her phone his way.

It was a surreal sensation, as the magic connected with his scaled skin and the flesh within. He could feel the taps and strokes of that smearing cock-tentacle working the screen, as though it was fondling his own body.

"Mmmm, that sounds good," he admitted, as he rubbed his crotch into the phantom presence hovering against it.

"Well, first these clothes gotta go!"

When Roxy deleted his shirt and pants it was as though that unseen hand had physically ripped them apart. The fabric burst off in handfuls, then seemed to vanish in fluttering ribbons that broke apart as they fell, leaving the blue dragon stood there nude, his lithe

figure exposed, hands lingering over the heat of his vulva and gripping nervously at the curve of his horns.

“Just grab onto that horn actually,” the bedicked goblin muttered, “and hold tight, would you?”

Handle-like as they were, it was easy to get a grip, but the dragon had no idea why he would need to hold onto his own horns.

Then his head fell off.

There was no warning, save for a sudden pressure, then an intense *pop*, erogenous and explosive, bringing with it a wonderful sense of relief. It was as though he’d cracked every joint in his neck all at once, easing a pressure he’d not even perceived himself to be suffering.

The weight of his own head.

The floor and couch lurched towards him as he came apart in his hands, his awareness spinning with his skull. He tensed, steadying himself before he bonked his snout into the coffee table.

Holding himself up, in both hands, the dragon turned, to look into the mirror.

It was a bizarre sight, to look at himself for waist height, and see reflected the giant shapes of his own hands on either side of his face – they felt huge holding him up, yet they were entirely normal.

The lower half of his neck ended with a smooth but well defined edge, and he wondered how it would feel to play with that, and caress the odd stump... however he had a more pressing appointment. The *upper* half of his neck ended in a hot, tense new slit, the dripping match for that between his thighs.

“Surreal,” he murmured in approval.

Laying back atop a bean-bag chair, he spread his legs, and admired his original pussy up close.

In the open air of the apartment, it steamed slightly, his accumulated lust making his lips fuller than usual, thick, a little fat even, and the gentle musk of his sex filled his nostrils with each breath, to set his mouth watering.

The others were all enjoying their warped forms thoroughly, Jayren jerking his cocktongue, Don rubbing limbs against one another, and Roxy fucking herself silly on barely-controlled tentacles, so there was no reason not to cut loose and have all the fun he liked.

Kissing his own sex was intense, the taste, the soft sensation of parting lips and the heat within all luring him deeper, and soon he was smooching his netherslit, making out eagerly with the delicate folds of flesh within his scaled loins, his thighs hugging his head as he ate himself out and his tail rubbing eagerly at the equally erogenous underside of his neck.

It was intoxicating, to bury his mind in the pleasure of his pussies, and he bucked his hips against his face, wielding his cranium by the horns like a sextoy as he fucked himself with his own snout... yet it wasn't enough.

As sexy as this was, Lepharon wanted more.

"Mmmh, this show is awesome, but it's a bit of a sausage-fest," Roxy observed. "Someone needs some more holes, to take all these shafts!"

Both hands still occupied with holding his own head, Lepharon pulled his tial-tip from his neck with a slurp and raised it up instead.

"Use me!" he suggested eagerly, voice muffled by his own muff, but clearly excited, "I'd love some more pussies! In fact, make me a sextoy that can take everyone's dicks at once, as many vulvas as you can fit!"

The goblin grinned.

"Now there's an idea! A pussypillow's exactly what I need right now!"

Still smooching his own nethers, the dragon failed to consider her meaning. Instead he reveled in the tantalizing touch of that supernatural app once more, and shivered with anticipation as he imagined the surreal ways he would be changed.

It began with his hands.

Fingers shrank away first, mass bunching up and compressing, sensation magnified even as the digits melted into his palms.

As those too began to withdraw, he could no longer hold his head.

Lepharon gave a yelp, as he slipped from his own shrinking limbs.

Everything spun as he fell, and he landed upside-down on the floor, fall absorbed in part by his horns.

With a slight bounce he flopped over onto one side. He lay there, immobile and hapless, a mere head between his own feet. Fortunate then, that it was the perfect angle from which to watch his upper limbs disappear.

After hands and forearms, his elbows were sinking into the upper reaches of the appendages, and all that banked sensuality seemed to be concentrating there, about his throbbing shoulders.

Erogenous nerve endings piled up as bone and muscle were reabsorbed and repurposed, and the group, his own head included, marveled at the sight of arms disappearing into the growing slits of two brand new vulvas, the final excess mass of needless fingertips emerging as squirts of discarded juice.

Each vulva felt every bit as sensitive as that one between his thighs, only now he was feeling them far closer to his head, throbbing, *pulsing* with want at the sides of his torso, as if to hem him in and grope at his suddenly, deeply defenseless torso with those sensual new shapes. The openings ran deep inside him, but he had no idea what he might find there – for his own hands had been removed to make way for these new orifices, leaving him utterly incapable of fondling them the way he so wanted.

“Oh gods, that feels so... good.”

Trying to flex his arms, or move his hands, sent a strange short through his mind and shoulders, those slight mounds of mons pubis *flexing* as though to try to control bodyparts which no longer existed.

Better yet was the sensation as he made the effort to work his fingers... and felt how his new folds clenched and spread, dilating with desire and weeping a fresh flood of musky wetness down his sides.

“Suits you too, Lephi!” Don remarked, as he fumbled with his own genital-extremities.

Urgently the dragon squirmed his torso, toes curling with the surging pleasure, but giddy as he felt with passion, his body couldn’t move the way he needed. That just made it all the more thrilling. Pussies were so much sexier than arms, not just despite but *because* of how totally helpless he was to touch them.

His wanton groan of lust made clear to the others just how delightful a feeling that was.

A tail would have to do. And a face.

His feet found his head, and pushed, forcing his nose up against his lower sex, while his tail curled around his shoulders. Labial lips spread as it pressed through the opening at his right side, and the dragon groaned in wonder to feel so soft a series of folds, sucking his appendage in.

But before he could probe deeper than the surface, that relieving limb pulled back.

A moment later, his head slipped away down the bean-slope, as his feet lost hold of his head. They too were being absorbed and repurposed.

“No jumping the gun, dude,” Roxy said, as she continued to work the phone, “you’ll have plenty of that once you’re ready for us to fill with cocks!”

The dragon whined, at the painful delay in slaking his desire, and the degrading sensations of his tail and legs shrinking away, out of sight of his discarded head.

Fortunately, Jayren scooped him up, and angled him back towards his body, so he could see all the juicy details of his soaking new slits taking shape.

“You’re such a sadist,” he protested.

“Nah dude, you’re just a masochist,” Roxy shot back, “besides, look how gorgeous you are without limbs to get in the way!”

He groaned, painfully aware of just how right she was as he looked up at his body, watching the last traces of his extremities vanishing.

All his agency and ability, his capacity to walk, to touch himself, even to turn over.

Gone.

His sexes wept with delight at the feeling, the sensations his reduction to a mere torso. His hips were rounded off, bulging out like his shoulders into new sexes, while at the back, unseen but intensely felt, was the space where a tail and anus should have been – now united as a perfect recreation of the pussy on the *front* of his crotch.

“Oh fuck me this feels so good,” he murmured.

It was no wonder – Lepharon’s ‘base’ had a total of four vaginas, with two more at his shoulders – and all six were *throbbing* with need.

“I’m so compact! And... sexy... but how can there be enough room inside me? Especially for dicks Don’s size....”

“Wehh who theth you needh anything in thah body other than nith pluth lining to thlurp and mathaathe our cocth?” asked Jayren.

The baffling breakdown in enunciation he suffered with so phallic a tongue aside, he had a point.

“That’s right, I can just delete all your organs and whatever, to make room for more pussy!” Roxy declared. “In fact, I have a few more ideas for cock storage space on you too....”

As he watched, Lepharon saw, *felt* his torso changing, softening as bones seemed to melt away, puffing up and expanding in places, as his hips narrowed a little, and his butt took on a newly feminine curve, his chest bulging into four modest mounds, no match for those of Don, but each an appreciable breast... capped with its own drooling slit and throbbing clit.

At the same time, he felt the many hot, tense mounds on his surface seeming to spread inside, growing and linking, joining up into one shared space at his core, expanding as all the needless non-vaginal components were eviscerated in a flow of magical perversion.

His body was a high-end onahole, a living sleeve for cocks.

“Woah,” he murmured, as he wriggled himself, and felt all those delicate sexes squish, “I’m more pussy than dragon! You seriously turned me into an actual sextoy!”

“Like a little squishy bodypillow,” Don observed, highly aroused himself at the thought of sliding his new limbs inside those many openings. “What a fuck you’d be....”

“Mmmmph! W-well fuck me already then!” The dragon urged.

“Just one more opening to add,” the goblin went on.

“What’s thahhh-”

His words were cut short, as he saw the stump of his neck bulging out into a final, crowning crotch – and as his own mouth seemed to close and melt away.

It was no more sudden than the other changes, but feeling his *head* disappear was far harder to process than the rest.

That was natural, given how the world cut so abruptly to black.

In mere seconds his face had vanished, his eyes erased, tongue dissipated and snout and skull undone, even his brain ablating into mere wisps of magic.

His consciousness had to move of course, and the dragon struggled in his sensory deprivation, to reorient his awareness around that part of him which remained, and make sense of the newly-limited input.

Wriggling his body, Lepharon understood exactly what had happened, thanks to the intensity of that single sense which dominated everything.

Touch.

Without sight or speech, lacking all locomotion save hapless squirms, there was nothing to dilute the sensations of his warped flesh.

Lepharon was blind and mute, totally headless, reduced from a *person* to a limbless, toyified sleeve of vaginas – a pussypillow, just as Roxy promised.

Deleting his final extremity to make room for another sex had erased even the parts presently detached, leaving him incapable even of moving from the spot where he lay, atop the beanbag, listening to its rustle.

At least he could still hear clearly.

“Woah... you okay in there?” Don asked.

He tried to answer, just in case, but the attempt to work his mouth only flexed and clenched the delicate lips between his shoulders, pushing out more clear, slick precum as every corner of his crotchified body soaked itself with lubrication.

Incapable of making a single sound, beyond wet squishes, the sextoy-dragon instead tried to wiggle in what felt like a vaguely affirmative way, jiggling his new breasts and hips, and feeling the wonderful wetness of those many gushing lips.

“Good enough for me,” Roxy declared.

A moment later, those agile erections of hers were scooping him up, while the thicker, hotter flares of Don pressed eagerly, insistently to his shoulders and hips.

Jayren’s lips found those of what was once his sole pussy, on his unaltered crotch, and the fox’s hands cradled and caressed him as the trio of bodies pressed in on all sides. Skin and fur and limbs groped at his body in all the ways he longed to touch himself, as they found and filled and stretched his many orifices.

“Oh wow, this is the best,” Don panted, as he fondled clumsily at the dragon’s sides, kneading those soft folds and starting to spread them.

His original dick was pushing up into what used to be a neck, and the dragon delighted in imagining the sight, as he ‘sucked’ the unicorn’s twitching, shuddering shaft.

“Yessss, that’s it,” the man moaned.

Lepharion longed to hold him back, to kiss and suck and caress in return, but as Don’s dick-limbs socketed themselves in his shoulders and hips, and Roxy populated all of his tits and his rear with countless tendril-tongues, Lepharion felt almost glad that he couldn’t.

It felt too good, to be helpless in their embrace.

To be fucked, *used* the way they chose, a helpless sextoy made for their delight.

To be eyeless... faceless... everything else removed so he could focus purely on how best to pleasure them.

“Holy shit he’s sopping,” Roxy observed, “I shoulda turned him into a pussypillow years ago!”

Throbbing bodyparts were pumping into every part of him now, his torso twisting and stretching, muscles working to grab the shafts inside him, squirming and bending to use his own openings like lips. His passages were *groping* his friends' phalli, caressing them with squishy, drooling pussyfolds, raking thousands of tongues of tender, undulating innards along their cocks to make them groan and gasp and *scream* in bliss – all the sounds he himself was gratefully incapable of.

Those movements, so energetic and eager, merciless in inflicting pleasure and seeking it out, had all four of them shuddering, writhing together in mutual bliss as they used his body as their communal cocksleeve – and as he caressed every inch of their erections with his insides. He couldn't walk or talk, or see or speak – his body was utterly helpless, useless for any other purpose – yet as a sextoy he was perfection. He didn't *want* eyes, nor a mouth or limbs. He could move his lining, convulse and clench and lick with his layers within, every part of the multi-opening space making love to the erections inside him in blind bliss as their bodypillow.

To be anything more, would have made it all so much less.

None of them were sure who came first. They were all so wound up, by hours of transforming, teasing and now masturbating with their amazing new toy, that when one cock finally squirted, the sudden pressure set all the rest off too.

Lepharion shuddered in bliss, as they came into him, grinding himself onto all those divine dicks as a cascade of crotches erupted in response, detonating throughout his body to explode all thoughts into a scintillating sea of stars, dazzling pleasure overriding all awareness.

He rode the orgasmic maelstrom for what seemed hours, as each of his pussies peaked, and spread that overwhelming climax on through the rest. They composed his whole body now – he was nothing *but* vaginas – and so shockwaves of ejaculation spread without end, rippling around his torso like aftershocks for minutes on end, as his sexes squirted everywhere, drenching himself and his friends.

Finally, after what felt like a lifetime, the erogenous inferno calmed, burning down, the heat in his slits smoldering pleasantly, still heating his absurd body with the warmth of eleven afterglows.

"That was... the best," Roxy murmured.

She spoke for him, and for the others it seemed, to hear their own sounds of approval.

"Fucking amazing," Jayren affirmed, his erection finally eased enough to speak clearly.

There was quiet for a while then, and the dragon was left to float atop the couch and drool as they each cleaned up a little, as best they could.

After that drinks were handed around.

Or rather, as Jayren fetched drinks and placed them into to the cock-limbs of his friends.

Lepharion couldn't receive one of course, but nor did he feel any real need to. However his body worked at the present, it showed no sign of needing sustenance. Given that he was thinking with no brain and hearing with no ears, that wasn't surprising.

Roxy could probably have even allowed him to see without eyes... and he felt a little shiver of perverse gratitude to know she'd chosen not to.

He felt supremely content as a sightless pussysleeve, just laying between Roxy and Don, still held in their appendages... several of his sexes still hugging theirs tight.

Finally, someone brought up the elephant in the room.

"Okay," Jayren said, sounding a little deflated, "amazing as this was, I have work tomorrow, and I probably shouldn't show up with a mouthful of cock. We also have a lot of mopping to do."

The dragon couldn't see, of course, but he heard the gooey sound of the fox stepping in what sounded like a whole lot of cum on the floor.

He was glad all over again that it wasn't carpet.

"Roxy, can you revert the changes?"

The dragon felt a surprising sharpness to that wistful pang, as he became aware that he was about to be restored.

There was silence throughout the room, save a few soft, squishy sounds from the girl's direction.

"Roxy?" Don asked, after a moment.

He felt the cocktopus-goblin squirm against him.

"Soooooooooooo... funny thing about that. This is the overnight build, and... well I swear that yesterday's snapshot had a full backup and undo function in it.... But I guess this version doesn't!"

There was silence once more, the air heavy suddenly, bodies stiffening against Lepharion, as he too tensed up.

"You mean...."

“They probably hit that bug we’re having with memory use – that’s been a consistent hitch in development,” Roxy explained. “Turns out storing entire bodyparts is really memory intensive and stuff! So... this version doesn’t.”

“You’re fucking with me,” Don murmured.

“Well we can totally do that again,” she said, voice perking up.

“But afterwards?” asked Jayren.

“Well, uh, the lack of backups would technically make all these transformations... entirely irreversible.”

“Okay, just TF us into new bodies like look like the old ones,” Don proposed.

Lepharion felt Roxy squirm.

“Heh, yeah, funny thing about magic... it works way more on the spirit of a thing than the letter. Kinda... closes its own loopholes. So, no undo means no ‘technically a new body but still looks and feels pretty like the old one’ either. Anything added to our bodies is staying forever – and anything removed is so gone I can’t even magic up a facsimile.”

The dragon reeled at that.

He was, at that moment, an eyeless, faceless, limbless blob, vaguely femme-shaped and drooling from almost a dozen vaginas.

And he was going to be like this *permanently*.

He head would have spun, if only he’d had one, but it was gone forever, along with things like hands or sight.

He couldn’t even begin to imagine how he could manage living as a mere torso of pussies.

Just being faceless alone was near impossible to deal with, yet he lacked even the limbs he might have used to read Braille, or a mouth with which to communicate his needs.

His sexes tightened as he shivered.

The others were more able to voice their concerns, and were in the middle of doing so, yet their own protests faltered as they felt the plaything between them gripping their dicks tightly and pressing into their arms.

“Oh, right... Lephi,” Don murmured, patting his top.

“I know,” Jayren said.

“Well, it’s gonna be tough,” Roxy admitted, “but we can figure this out.”

“I want him weekends,” Don said at once.

“Ah fuck,” Jayren groaned, “okay, fine, but then I get him Mondays to Wednesdays!”

“What?! So I only get our fuckpillow friend for two days a week?!” Roxy moaned. “And neither’s a weekend day?! At least gimme Saturdays!”

“You’re the one who forgot to check if any of this was reversible,” Jayren reminded her. “I gotta give a presentation tomorrow with a cock for a tongue!”

“You’re lucky you can walk to work without getting arrested for indecent exposure,” Don reminded him. “I gotta figure out how to cycle without hands and hooves... and how to type! And I have to buy *bras!*”

Lepharion felt the unicorn’s cocklimbs hardening, even as he spoke.

“Okay, okay,” Roxy groaned. “But I wanna be able to visit Lephi on the days you guys have him, so I can use him when he’s free. Poor thing’s gonna be aching for cock now he’s an onahole permanently. Not like he can do much else after all!”

The others were quick enough to agree to that.

And to agree that, given that they couldn’t change back... they might as well enjoy another round with their favorite friend-*cum*-onahole.

As all those wonderful dicks filled him up, and he felt himself cuddled tightly, snug and safe in their affectionate arms and tentacles, Lepharion felt a happy little shudder pass through him.

It was a simple realization.

He felt *relieved*.

Having senses or limbs or a life of his own... that would have meant less time spent here, like this.

Lost in the sensual intimacy of sightlessness snuggling, feeling, tasting, *seeing* those amazing cocks with his insides, his whole awareness, his very mind wrapped around those shafts, contained within the gooey, sopping throb of his pussies.

He was overwhelmed anew, by his helplessness and debilitation yes, but by more than that.

Euphoria flooded through him, as their teasing words and eager thrusts reminded him of just how perversely useless he’d become for anything else.

As they squeezed and kissed his sexes, and promised to use him every day.

To hold his soft, squishy body close each night, and make sure he never lacked a cock to fill him.

Lepharion was *glad* that they were 'stuck' this way.

Being a pussypillow was ecstasy.