

Dillon's Night

Erdo Taali

WARNING! Contains: Orientation Play, Humans, Friendship, Betrayal, Feet, Body Part Transformation into Feet.

"Alright buddy ," Dillon said, "I'll be like half an hour."

I sat at the computer in my jean shorts, my generic grey shirt, and was in my black slip-on sandals. "Have fun, guy ," I called back, idly . Dillon would not be spending time visiting me in my apartment as he thought.. I had much better plans for him and I. It was an urge, a need, and it was exactly what I wanted for him. Perhaps not what he necessarily wanted, but it was the the perfection of him in my mind. I looked back at his towel-wrapped nude form as he shut the door. His legs were much harrier than I'd prefer, but then again, I wouldn't be seeing them again much longer either.

Dillon was greeted into his private little space to the ambient but obtrusive sound of the bathroom vent buzzing. His bare feet stood on the

fluffy, gray bath matte on the floor. With a blank stare, he studied the control to the shower, as he or most would before using a shower for the first time. It was pretty straight- forward; turn it until it gets to the "H." Usually, older apartments like this one had old-fashioned nozzles or impossible-to-control temperature. It added to the more homey appeal to the place. He spun the handle and let the water start to run. He tested the water pressure with his hand and grimaced a bit; it was not very strong at all. "How does Erdo handle a light, shitty shower like this?," he thought to himself. He tested the water again to find it was still pretty cool, responding with a slight adjustment of the pointer to be a little hotter, and just idly stood, nude, studying the room a little more.

It was pretty organized; a first aid kit on the shelf, a tooth brush and toothpaste on the sink for Erdo, and the guest bag he had set up for Dillon by it. He walked to the matching grey bath matte in front of the toilet to get a closer look at the bag, feeling his heavy groin sag against the sink as he did so. He blinked in response, tilting his hips and rear back a bit to get out of the way, instinctually looking down to make sure the rim of the low sink was clean, already whipping his groin with his left

hand only to see that it was sparkling white clean. His eyes went back to the bag to study the contents: a mini toothpaste box, a toothbrush, a bar of soap, an extra loofa, and even travel-sized shampoo and conditioner. "Damn, Erdo is gay," he thought with a smile, but shrugged, looking back to the shower.

Now had to be enough time: He slid his hand behind the curtain to feel that the water was finally hot enough. He walked his hairy right leg in, and then the left. His brown hair instantly seemed to turn black as it went heavy, sticking to his skin, as it did up his thighs, gut, back, and up to his shaggy hair. A drivel of water ran down his chinstrap beard, and his thick, dark hair started to push to his head. The tall, nude man tried to turn his body around and about, getting as much water as he could from the weak nozzle. He rolled his eyes behind closed lids at the unfulfilling stream. The air, at least, was warm enough, but the weak stream of water quickly cooled off whatever wasn't in the path. Dillon faced the nozzle again, opening his eyes as he stared down to see the stream gently pour over the center of his chest. His bushy chest hair had all flattened against his skin, looking like thousands of jumbled black lines randomly thrown

about; it hid how pale his skin likely was. He was hoping for a more relaxing, fulfilling shower but this would have to do.

The weak water pressure though was the least of his worries. Just as he was reaching for the shampoo, I had already crept my way to the bathroom door, looking underneath to see if his feet were in view . Gone, I knew he was in there. I just had to wait a bit longer. To be safe, I had placed the special substance in both the travel bottles but also my own bottle of shampoo. Shampoo itself wasn't expensive; I didn't mind getting a new bottle. After all, I wouldn't dare touch that substance myself, even if I knew I'd be alone for days afterward. I knew I had to be patient, but would slowly progress by placing my hand on the handle and slowly turning, rotating until I felt it stop.

Dillon poured the shampoo in his hair and started to ruffle both of his hands through that thick, shaggy hair of his. When wet, he looked like a gelled, combed-back disco dancer The fruity substance sifted through his locks, but more importantly, the suds began to wash over his body. As they trailed down his neck, back, shoulders, arms, and chest, the special

substance would wash over his skin. His pores would naturally take in the water, and substance too. It perfectly interacted with his cells, biology , flesh, blood, and bones. He wouldn't feel a thing though. The more he washed, the more it spread about. Once it entered the pores, it rapidly made its way through his system. It was progressively changing the workings of his biology, making his strong, tall form vulnerable to any outside force, even one as weak as me: exactly what I needed.

Through the door, I could hear the "clap" of a splash: Dillon had shaken his head out and drooped it low , sending a heavier mass of water to the shower floor and onto his feet. It wasn't much, but it was enough to indicate to me that he had washed himself with the shampoo. I took a deep breath. Now or never - the substance was expensive. I wouldn't waste it, or an opportunity like this. Taking a quick breath in and out, I pushed the door open. Though the noise of the shower and fan, Dillon didn't hear me come in. His eyes were shut, still lathering his hands through his hair to wash out any traces of the shampoo, which made it much safer for me.. I quickly unzipped my fly , and took my shirt off in one swift motion, plopping it onto the toilet's mat. My erection pushed

from my spandex boxer-briefs, which I quickly unhooked, kicking the garments over idly with my feet. Nude, I reached with a shaky hand, grinning malevolently , and drew the curtain fast with a "snap."

Dillon instinctually jumped and moved back, his right leg stepping back. His hands were up on guard. His eyes went wide, and pupils dilated, focussed on my nude body, my hazel eyes staring him down. "Erdo! What the FUCK are you doing?" His hands quickly opened to push me away, a look of disgust, anger, and betrayal washing over his face. These last few years as friends, and this is suddenly what I was going to do? I knew he wasn't gay, and for that matter he had no interest in homosexuality. He always respected my sexuality. But now, this was a line crossed. It wasn't even cool in pornos, and it wasn't cool now .

"Fuck you Erdo, get out of here!," he demanded, thrusting his left arm forward to push me away. But, much to his shock and confusion, plopping his hand on me didn't move me a bit. He tried again, harder. "Fuck just, get out!" he demanded again, swinging his right arm with a balled fist. But again, the hand did nothing to me. "What the fuck's going

on?" he asked to himself and me, staring at his fist and back down at me.

"Sorry, Dillon," I answered, "I just can't resist it. I want your feet too bad. This is the best way to do it." I just grinned, my erection "staring" at him as I watched him in his confusion. He then lunged both of his hands at me, but again without any effect other than getting me wet.

"Are you a robot? A monster? This is a dream!"

"No, Dillon, I'm still me, which is the problem. I couldn't do this alone. But you're not you anymore. I filled that shampoo with a special body changing substance. It cost me a lot, but this was worth it to me. It deconstructs your biological molecules to how I want them to, as long as I shape you right."

"The FUCK does that mean? Dammit Erdo do you mean you drugged me? You son of a bitch, this isn't funny , I'll KILL you!" He loudly declared, again pressing his fists to me.

This time though, I reached up and placed my hands to his wet, muscular elbows. I shivered a bit feeling those arms, imagining what it'd be like to be wrapped in them. But that was never going to happen. I then grinned, and pressed them to his sides, which despite his strength he ended up complying in his weakness.

"Wha-how are you DOING this? Stop it!" He's arms tried to grip at me, which they did, but couldn't do anything except grip my sides. I kept pushing his elbows and biceps against his side. That's when he felt a strange force pushing into him. He felt his biceps and elbow numbing. His bone seemed to push *into* his skin. Not much pain, but it was mostly a compressing, inhuman pressure. He looked down to see what it was.

The water ran down his face as he stared in horror and dismay: his biceps and elbows were DISAPPEARING into his sides as I pressed my hands against them into him! "What the fuck... WHAT'S HAPPENING TO ME!?" His voice turned to pure dismay and shock.

"I told you, Dillon," I responded, "I'm changing you to how I want you." The pressure made him squint his eyes and let out a grunt by instinct. A million thoughts rushed through his head. He felt his body , but only felt his lower arms and hands, which flopped from out of his sides like he was deformed.

"How did... stop it man," he said with a hint of pleading. It only made me grin wider. I gripped those odd, flopping arms and pressed them to his sides. Much like his biceps, they stuck to his sides, appearing only as shivering lumps until they deteriorated into his torso. Just like that, Dillon's arms had dissolved into himself. As he watched his strong limbs disappear, he huffed out fractions of words, "No, wa, st, nigh, why, ho... NOO!" The last lump disappeared. "Let me go!"

He then ran his nude, armless form against mine. Hearing the "plop" of our bodies, the water clapped against me, and I even felt his heavy cock swing against my thigh. Unfortunately for him, this was all he could accomplish. "And let you escape like this?," I mocked, "No no, Dillon, I don't know how to change you back. So I'll take you as I want it. You're

mine." As I spoke, I placed my hands on his empty shoulders, puuuushing down on him with all strength that I could muster. I watched his face cringe as I did so, heaving as he tried to push back up, squirming from my grip in any way he could, grunting and huffing the air, spitting out water that filled his mouth.

He felt the pressure just like he did with his arms, but this time it went into his torso. "Stop! Ack...gngah... that feels weird dude!" It did squeeze a bit more, feeling the strange force. His heart beat faster as the pressure compressed him and his organs down. He felt the tension on his bones, muscles, and flesh, yet none of it broke, pulled, or tore. Instead, it just kept compressing down. Yet whenever I let up, the compression quickly stopped, and his body felt natural again, only missing what I had pushed away. In fact, he looked up to see that his head was now down to my chest: his muscular thighs had squeezed to half of their length looking like an awkward photo shop, and his stomach was starting to squeeze like an accordion.

"Oh my God, Erdo, what are you doing? WHAT ARE YOU

DOING TO ME?" He started to wobble in my grip as best he could, but my hand held him in place, still pressing my weight over him. He squinted his eyes again as he could even hear the *squelching* noise of his folds of skin and flesh compress into each other in the water. His folds of misshapen pink, hairy skin started to coil over his cock, the end just poking out. With a grin, I lifted my right foot and pushed it into his flesh, folding it over to sink into him. This particular move caused him to wiggle and let out a higher-pitched whine. In just that instant, his manhood was completely gone!

"Ack... this... this can't be happening!" In his wriggles, he ended up losing his balance, and tumbled to the shower floor. His deformed body flopped then: his thighs completely gone, bumps of his legs pushing from an oddly-folded hairy pink mass in the middle, while above his shoulders and intact chest heaved. He looked down at his form, watching his kicking feet push against the wall of the shower, the water plopping into his eyes. He squirmed out of the way of the stream, looking back up at me with horror and sadness "E-Erdo, stop this, please!," he begged. But all he saw as a response was my cock flex harder.

I crouched my nude form down and held his back, gripping my other against his ankle, squeezing the two ends together as best I could. He huffed watching me reach for him, squirming a little harder. He then tensed back up, squinting his eyes, shaking his head "no" as he let out another strained, grunt from the terrible, crushing pressure of losing his form. His shin bones and muscular calves pushed, folded, and deteriorated into his middle. He just wanted to push and punch, but he didn't even feel any connectors in his shoulders anymore.

He was plopped now on the shower floor: his big, handsome feet wobbling from the center mass, and shaking head sticking out from the top up at me. All he could do was wobble his soles against the stream of water, staring up at me while I stood back up with a growing grin. "W - what are you doing, man?" He asked with growing concern.

I lifted my right foot up in the air, over his face for him to see. "What are you doing?" He asked again, a bit louder. I lowered my foot down, closer to his face and blocked his view of me. "What are you doing,

man!?", much more frantic. I lowered it further. Even in the heat of the shower, he could feel the heat emanate from my foot. I then pressed my bare sole up against his face. "WHAT ARE YOUFFFFMF.mmf..mrraffm.....mmm..nn..." I pressed my foot hard against that protesting mouth and face. I pressed my toes to his forehead, heel to his chin.

As I pressed, crushing and compressed his head, his vocal chords began to disappear, buried in that mass. His grunts of protest and strain were quashed with little effort. I curled my foot, pressing and kneading it against the shrinking mass, careful to make sure no bit of my foot touched his. The only way to display his protests were by his feet flopping helplessly! But they did nothing but entertain me. I kept pressing with my foot over his helpless body . As the undefined mass in the middle shrunk, the feet stopped spreading and splaying, but instead started to curl defensively , as though trying to hide themselves, or perhaps from the incredible strain. I kept pushing, pushing and kneading, even stepping with my other foot, digging my toes into the mass.

His feet continued to curl their toes into one each other. They flared and curled again, until I could feel my toes suddenly touch each other through the mass. A sudden *pop* sound could be heard, and two separate gentle thuds flopped onto the shower floor: The central mass separated, leaving the two feet to wobble onto the floor. With that, I stood down with a grin at my work, at what Dillon had become, and all he was for me.

I looked down at two separated, wobbling, helpless, confused feet, squirming aimlessly without a host on the shower floor! The right seemed to circle while the left just splayed and curl, each one trying to figure out what was going on. Indeed, Dillon could feel himself again naturally, but not in the way he was used to. It was familiar yet alien all the same. What was going on? Where was he?

When I pushed him in, he felt his external senses start to disappear: He couldn't hear the bathroom fan or shower anymore. He couldn't even hear his own grunts or heartbeat anymore, if he had one at all that is. He couldn't smell or taste my foot over himself anymore, well at least not in the same way. He seemed instead to "feel" a flavor over him... one that

was familiar, one that he associated with his own self, but one that was clean. He couldn't see: All had turned a dark, terrible blackness. He could not even sense any dots of light leftover. All was a dark.

But as for feeling? Feeling, oh could he feel. His sense of touch had amplified exponentially . He suddenly felt the drivel of water running over his very sensitive soles - his whole form for that matter, completely overwhelm him! It caused him to squirm those helpless feet harder on the floor, flopping and squirming as best he could to get away, but feeling his entire forms curl and contort only made him more aware of his alien form!

Familiar yet so different an terrible. He knew all senses of a foot, but instead it had encapsulated his entire being! Stranger, worse, he could feel himself "spread." Two separate bodies, yet one mind, linked in an odd way . It felt like it was an eternity on the floor, and he kept squirming, sure he could get away somehow , not knowing all he was now was a pair of feet plopped on the floor. He was sure he'd wake up soon, he'd HAVE to!

Instead though, as he squirmed on that shower floor, he started to "sense" the running water around him changing. It became that of musk, sweat and dirt. It was sour and unpleasant against his skin. In fact, above, admiring my work, I had stepped into the shower just to wash myself. My sweat and musk was washing to the floor and over him. With a grin, I idly reached my left foot over to his right sole, poking him with my big toe.

He felt something nudge his sensitive form, a feeling he'd never experienced in his whole body , and made his foot quickly crunch and curl, then attempt to kick forward, but all it did was flop on the shower floor again while his left foot wobbled, as though it in itself was shaking "no." They curled, confused again as they sensed the fruity substance of my bar soap. The suds washed and pooled around him. His right foot wobbled to the point where the sole made it to the floor, "standing." The toes curled on the floor, attempting to "walk," but all it could do was the initial curl of toes. His useless heel couldn't lift. Above, the blank slate where his leg would have been was simply smoothed out skin. I nudged my toe on this end: a feeling no one had ever experienced before, and

quickly made the foot flop back on its side, now next to my feet in confusion.

Smiling, overcome with my delight of the sight, I huffed a breath out. My heart raced faster and faster as I stared at what I did to my friend. My cock throbbed harder. I crouched at the floor, staring at those helpless feet which "stared" back up at me. My face had turned to a cold, lustful gaze at them. "Oh man, Dillon, I just can't resist. I wanted the first time to be even more special, but I have to NOW!"

He didn't hear a word of it. Instead, all he did was feel. He felt my terrible hands over his feet. The toes curled defensively, almost begging against them, pleading in his mind not to change him anymore, not to ruin any more of his integrity! He knew it now: all of his remaining essence, sense, and being, was pushed into his feet. The rest of his body was somehow "in" there. He just could only beg now that it would somehow wear off. He felt his forms lifted into the air, the trail of water grazing over the tops of his toes and heels. He wanted to wriggle away, yet was still instinctively nervous of a fall so far up onto the hard floor.

Suddenly my hands just gripped around the tops, thumbs and fingers holding so the soles were exposed. I held them to the stream of hot water, letting them glisten against it as they kicked, confused and helpless, then turned them back toward me. He felt his feet touch one another as I pulled him closer. Then, he suddenly felt his feet against a warm, meaty surface. His toes curled defensively again, It was a feeling he knew: Human skin. My skin, my thighs. I grazed them along their smooth forms, closer to my pelvis. The soles curled again as their only defense.

Then, Dillon felt on his toes, his head, his "tops," his appendages suddenly stroking against a pulsing, flesh form, up a length of six and a half inches - the head as big as his toes. The soles suddenly splayed their widest, curling again next in disgust. He tried to throb, wriggle and kick his way out of my grip. "Oh God, no, NO FUCKING W A Y ," he screamed in his mind. But next he felt his soles pressed against the hardened form. The "taste" of musk grazed under his toes and all along the balls of those bare feet. He cringed in his mind, the feet actually sagging as though defeated, but instead were so disgusted he went limp

for a moment.

He then felt his heels pushed together, feet arching, and balls touching while the cock humped in between the soles, toes squirming against each other as though trying to comfort one another of their mutual sorrow . .I grinned, groooaanning at the feel of Dillon's feet... well, Dillon himself, stroking along my manhood. I clasped the soles in my hands, and then PRESSED them to my cock, up against my pelvis!

I just moaned more, staring down with heaving breath, watching as the soles squirmed against my pelvis, toes curling trying to crawl away, yet all he was doing was pleasuring me more. I held them by the ankles and started to lean my pelvis in and out against them. I rocked my hips up and down, faster and slower, harder then softer. His feet rocked and squirmed as much as he could, even trying to kick against me or push against my balls, but all he did was just make my cock squirm a bit more in its need!

He was mine, and his feet curled and splayed their toes as their own way of sobbing in their peril. I circled my hips against them, watching as

they squirmed. Dillon was indeed sobbing in his mind. How could Erdo do this? Why would he? What's going to happen to me? Will he ever turn me back?

But suddenly , the musk overwhelmed his mind again. He felt my cock stiffen its hardest yet. "Oh no... no no no," he thought and begged. He felt the hands suddenly push against that flesh tight as ever. He felt the form stiffen more. His toes curled in fear. Then he felt it. He tasted and smelled it. The load of my seed poured over his entire "face." It poured over his toes. It spilled over his soles and driveled all the way down to his heels. I held them out in the air, watching as the milky seed just slid down, idly driveled to the heels and off onto the floor. The feet, exhausted, betrayed, angered, devastated, just idly curled and wobbled, lost in it all. Dillon was shattered, violated, and betrayed in the worst possible way.

He didn't even squirm all that much when he felt himself washed under the shower's stream again. No amount of water could wash away what had just been done to him. He felt the hands rub against his form, and tasted the soap over his form again, washing the musk off of him. The

water stopped, and the wet feet just wobbled.

Satisfied with the pleasure, and staring at the feet, I picked them up to my face and gave each one a kiss. In response, each one arched backward defensively, the toes curling in again in resistance, but having no effect whatsoever. With that, I carried them over to the towels, the one I had set up for him. I gave them a quick little wipe down, watching as they squirmed in their ticklish defense. With a shrug, I just tossed Dillon's feet onto the bath mat with two light "thuds." They squirmed again at the sudden shock, then curled and spread again in confusion. They could make no distance or progress. They couldn't do anything but just flop helplessly or hold still.

Grinning again at their handsome forms, I turned my nude back to them, shutting the light off to finish drying my hair. I went back to the computer, staring at the clock. Only an hour had gone by? Not bad at all! I stared back at the bathroom, watching the feet still squirm in the shadows. I grinned with mocking sympathy, standing back up and walking over to pick them up. Again, with not as strong a reaction, they squirmed

feeling my lustful hands over them. I tossed Dillon to the bed to wobble aimlessly as I messaged "goodnight" to various people, finally shutting the computer down.

I stared at the feet, picking them up with my right hand and drew the blankets with my left. I slid my nude form underneath, and held those clean, soft limbs to my head. I kissed them each again, and then left them to squirm next to me. I watched him squirm a little more, the toes curling , as though in deep thought, wobbling idly more. They twitched a little weaker, less frantic, but then they finally fell, weak. I knew that in his exhaustion, Dillon had fallen asleep.

"Sleep tight," I whispered, even though I knew he couldn't hear me, "It's a day off tomorrow , and I can't wait to play with you again."