

## My New Position on the Ground

"I don't think you are going to be the best fit for our firm," I told the young man who sat across from my desk – slouched would be a better way to describe how he positioned himself. I had seen kids like him around town; tracksuits, piercings, bleached blonde hair, and an overall lazy carefree attitude. I shouldn't have even entertained the idea of an interview with him. He didn't come with a resume or any research on the position, but he did come into my office with a horrible stench and an aura of musk.

"What you mean I'm not the best fit?" He barked back at me, pushing himself from his chair and towards my desk. "I need this job mate. It isn't like you have all these other people bustin' down the door to work at your stupid office." I puffed out my chest, rose from my chair, and extended my hand.

"Thank you for coming today, Robert. I wish you the best of luck in finding a position that suits you...attitude and demeanor." A flash came across the screen of my computer, and I looked into the once frozen screen and saw a shadowy figure lean towards me as if he could see me on the other side.

"Your wish is granted." The man said as he blew a cloud of smoke out which leaked from the screen and filled the room. I coughed and swatted the smoke away unsure of how such a thing could be possible, but just as quick as the smoke appeared. It disappeared.

"Mr. Jackson I think you would be perfect for the position," Robert spoke to me as he leaned back in my office chair.

"What?" I asked confused. "How did I get over here?" I said looking around my office and noticed how things had changed; images of my family were gone, my supplies were changed, but what drew my attention was that my nameplate had changed from Anthony Jackson to Robert Peisher.

"I think we will be able to have you start today actually. I have been meaning to get a new cleaner in here, but you know how business goes." Robert disregarded my question and propped his feet on my desk with a heavy thud. For such a small man his feet had to be at least be a size 13 if not larger. His shoes were covered and muck and flung mud onto the once clean surface. The large Adidas slid off his feet with a quick movement and his white, if I could call them white, socks were dark and discolored from use. I sniffed the air and felt my gag reflex react to the horrid stench in the air. "Why don't you start with the socks and then when I can see what you can do. We can move on to the actual feet."

It was like some unknown force pulled me into his socks face first. I brushed my face against the dirty underside of his feet and felt the cottony socks squish against my face as sweat and god only knew

what else was squeezed out onto my face. My mouth parted and I chewed on the sweaty cotton, wringing out the stench and the liquid into my mouth and onto my face. I tried to push away from Robert's feet but the force held me tightly against his socks and made my throat swallow whatever oozed out of them.

"Such an eager worker. I think we will have to promote you from sock licker to foot cleaner. Go ahead and take them off, with your teeth." I bit into his sock and pulled them off and was happy to have the ability to spit them onto the ground as quickly as possible. But I was soon assaulted by the stench that was his unwashed feet. "Go ahead and start with the toes and work your way down boy," Robert ordered as he wiggled his feet at me seductively.

I felt tears in my eyes as my tongue extended and started from the base of his base and licked up to his toes. The taste was disgusting but my body would not stop. My tongue swirled around his sole, cleaning the muck and the stained underside.

"Show me how much you love cleaning your new bosses' feet." Robert moaned as he rubbed his other foot against my face. I felt my cock grow erect in my trousers, almost painfully erect, as it leaked into my pants. I stood from my chair and he laughed at my cock as it strained against my crotch. "Go ahead and rub it against my feet," he ordered. I clutched his feet and rubbed my crotch against them both and groaned. I was disgusted and aroused. I wanted to stop but I couldn't. I wanted to worship his feet but I wanted to punch him. So many feelings swarmed my head as he humped his large feet.

"No, I think I have a better place for you then just cleaning them. Why don't you be my feet?" Robert's voice was smooth and enticing as I felt my body begin to shrink. My lust only grew as I felt the taste of his toes and his musk in my very bones. I stared at his smirk as I grew smaller and smaller. My clothes fell to the ground as I became one with his feet. The taste of his stench was so overwhelming I couldn't stop myself from screaming in ecstasy and blacking out from the pleasure. And when I awoke I was on the ground, staring up at Robert as he wickedly smiled back at me.

"I always thought I was fit to be the boss and walk all over you worthless mates. But its time to get going now. Now make sure you behave, wouldn't want to get in trouble with the new boss." I tried to fight, I tried to scream, but I could not move nor could I talk. He moved his hands and covered me in one of his socks and I felt the stench waft over me. I don't know how I could smell it but the stench was brought to another level. I wasn't just covered in the smell, I was the smell. I had become his feet and he was going to walk all over me just like I walked over him.

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It was warm. So warm in the dark place that held my mind. I tried to speak, but I couldn't. I tried to sleep but I couldn't. Though the darkness held some of my senses in a tight grasp I could still taste I could still smell. I didn't know where I was but I knew it was that kid's fault. That stupid scally boy who came into my office. I remembered little of what happened before, and the smell that filled the darkness with me did not help. It was horrible the musky stench that filled my surrounding. It was like I floated in the stench itself. Where did it begin? Where did I end?

I couldn't tell how long I had held in the darkness, mixing with the foulness. Time seemed to stand still while the stench haunted me. Every moment of consciousness all I could do was stench the odor and smell the funk. There were stretches of time I thought I would go mad from the smell, while others I spent time obeying its command – becoming one with it. It was all I could think about it was all I could dread. The mixture of sweat, of heat, of being unwashed.

It was my only companion in the darkness, and I obeyed it. It was my master's. I began to love it. I yearned for it. Some days in the darkness it was worse. It was so horrible I felt my mind revolt at the stench, but something inside of me throbbed in enjoyment. Throbbled for it to become worse, to become even more unbearable than before.

"Time to wake up," a voice called to me from the darkness. Was it the smell? Did it finally call to me? Did it finally answer back to me after my time of gip?

"Time to wake up," it said once more." I could feel the darkness fall away from me and the stench lessened. I grabbed at it the smell as if it were ropes, not wanting to lose it. "Time to wake up," it said one final time and I opened my eyes.

Eyes. I had eyes again. I blinked, feeling my body settle on the ground. It was bright, so very bright as my eyes tried to grow accustomed to my surroundings. I could see nothing but the blinding light that was above me. The ground below me as soft against my body. I moved to grasp the ground but my hands felt number. They felt wrong. My whole body felt wrong.

My arms, my legs, my head, none of it felt right. Like I have broken apart and put back together incorrectly. I tried to look at my body, but my eyes could barely open.

"Hello," I croaked, feeling my voice fall into place. A voice I had not heard. I wanted to speak again, but a smell hit my senses. THE smell hit my senses. I sniffed the air like a bloodhound, knowing that it was near. My mouth salivated as I breathed deep. It was so horrible, it was warm, it was fresh, and it made my cock throb with need. My cock was hard and throbbled between my thighs as I rolled over onto my so match and rubbed it against the carpet. It smeared cum onto the fibers and onto my stomach as I crawled. I crawled around the carpet like a beast, searching for the smell. Rubbing my cock

on the ground I cried for the funk. And my pleas were answered when my face fit flesh and my nose was pressed into the smell.

“FUCKKKKKKK,” I cried as I felt the smell flood my nostrils. I pushed my face into the skin and sniffed and breathed in the stench. It smelled so bad but I wanted it. The odor that had been following me in the darkness, the stench that was my only friend was here. I pushed out my tongue and flicked my tongue over it. The salty stench of sweat and musk rolled over my senses. I groaned as it grew the more my tongue licked and searched the stench. I rubbed my cock into the carpet feeling it grow painfully erect. My tongue reached the top of whatever I and swirled between things, finding more sweat buried between the mounds.

“Enjoying my feet pig?” A voice asked. I knew the voice, that taunting voice but I did not stop. My eyes still had not focused, but I knew what I had been licking – what I had been worshipping. The stench that had been my god. I knew that it was familiar.

“Robert,” I said in between licks of the man’s feet. He laughed at me as he brought his second foot to my face. The stench was renewed and refreshed as he pushed his second foot into my face, not waiting for me to find the scent. He rubbed his foot against my face. His heel pushed down my lips and rubbed my tongue against the sole of his foot. I mindlessly groaned as he rubbed his feet back and forth over my face. My tongue held out like a beast as he scrubbed his feet against it, using it as a mat. I pumped my cock against the floor as I worshipped his feet and the funk that was wrapped around them.

“Such a pathetic little foot pig,” Robert laughed as he crossed his feet. My sight slowly adjusted to the light and I was able to see once more. I stared up at the man as his wicked eyes knitted together as he looked down at me. “What a stupid little foot pig. I’m surprised you haven’t noticed any of your other changes just yet,” he laughed. My body went rigid as I realized the reason why my body felt wrong. I didn’t come back as myself.

I wouldn’t look down at my body, I couldn’t look down. I knew something was wrong when I was pulled from the darkness. I flexed my face and my neck. I rolled my shoulders and flexed my feet. I mentally checked every part of my body, moving every muscle, and rotating every joint. I moved down my arms and felt that they moved as expected and then I got to my hands. I tried to flex them and felt they were wrong. My fingers were small and my hands were massive. They were long as I smacked them against the floor. I was afraid to look but my eyes would not stop as they looked down at my hands, or what my hands had become. I gasped at their sight and my stomach rolled at the abomination I had become.

“You look at your new hands? Thought it would be nice for you to have a pair of your own,” Robert laughed as his feet kicked my hands, or feet would be a better title. My second pair of feet where my hands used to be. I brought them to my face and saw the massive pair of feet that were connected to my arms. I had become something inhuman. They were both massive, a size 13 if not 14. Larger than my feet or even those of the lad in front of me. I stared at them and the scent hit me. It smacked into me like a ton of bricks and I pushed them into my nose.

“UGHHHHH,” I moaned as I rubbed them over my face, losing my fears and my worries as I rubbed my new hands over my face. The extra sweaty soles oozed onto my face and my licked whatever it could find. My cock pulsed with a need to touch them – to feel them wrapped around my cock. I rolled over onto my back and placed my feet-hands around my cock and thrust my hips. The feeling was heightened to levels I never knew before. The sweaty soles acted as the perfect lubricant for my cock as it slid between them. I rubbed them around my dick as my cock pushed cum onto them both. I tried to not look at what I had become but the twisted sense of my mind made me look. It made me want to see what I was and what I had become a slave to – the lad’s feet.

“Poor little foot pig,” he teased as he stepped one of his feet onto my face. He wormed his big toe into my mouth and I sucked it. My tongue wrapped around his toe and sucked as I fucked my new appendages, moving my hips in time with my tongue as I sucked one toe at a time. He walked around me and he kicked my legs aside. “Fucking loser, foot obsessed, nasty ass pig.” My bare legs were kicked wider and he pushed his foot underneath my cock as he moved it towards my hole.

“You like your new additions?” He asked as he pushed his foot against my dick and rubbed along my shaft while my new hands worked their own magic.

“NoOOoo,” I moaned as he rubbed my tip with his toes. I flexed my toes as he smeared my cum onto his foot. He took it away and pushed it between my cheeks, seeking my hole. I leaned into his foot as his toe sunk into my hole, easily stretching around the invader as if my body wanted it in me.

“Are you sure?” The lad asked as he wiggled his toes inside my hole. The multiple digits felt like multiple cocks as they squirmed further within me. I pushed my feet-hands together and pushed my cock back and forth between them as his foot moved further into my hole. I looked down and saw as his large foot disappeared inch after inch until I felt all 11 inches of his foot in my hole.

My mind was breaking in two at the changes, the newfound lust, the need to obey, and worship my new master. I arched my back and fed the foot in and out of my hole as the lad laughed at me – his twisted creation. My cock had a mind of its own as my feet-hands rubbed and massaged and flexed around my cock. I would kick my balls with one hand while I road up the sole of the other. I could feel

my balls as they tightened with every slap of one of my feet and every thrust of the lad's foot into my hole.

"Say it," the lad ordered as he kicked his foot in and out of my ruined hole.

"OooOOoo," I groaned unable to form the words I knew he wanted to hear.

"Say it, slave. Say what you really are," he ordered. Malice and humiliation dripped from his words and I loved it.

"I'm your foot faggot." I could feel my orgasm encroaching. "I'm your foot slave. I'm nothing but your mat to walk on. I am your waste bin to be used to clean your feet. Ugh. . . I'm gonna . . . I'm gonna . . . UGH!" I screamed. My cock unleashed onto my feet-hands and onto my chest. I felt my hole tighten around the lad's foot as it sunk all the way to his hell. I hole clamped down, not wanting to let it go. My head swam with pleasure as I rubbed my cock between my two new hands, washing cum over both of them.

When my ball emptied, and my hand-feet were covered I brought them to my mouth and licked them both clean as the lad withdrew his foot and laughed. He sat in a large cushioned chair – my old char – and kicked a pair of sneakers toward me. I looked at them, covered in muck, and repacking to high heaven. I pushed my nose into the first shoe and felt my cock come back to life.

"Fucking pathetic foot bitch. I hope those keep you busy. I have a lot of conference calls, and want those puppies smelling fresh by the end of the day." I wanted to ask him why, or beg him to turn me back but all I could do was sniff his shoes and groan at the new scents that flooded my senses.