

The Optimal Life

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Part One: Character Recreation

Max checked his watch for the third time. Five minutes to. He was definitely going to be late to the meeting.

The meeting wasn't important, but as a junior marketing executive he was expected to attend all meetings, regardless of utility. As such the anxiety he felt was of that tedious, irritated variety, forewarning him of a long and patronizing conversation about respect and teamwork, and the importance of punctuality.

He would have turned around and walked out on the job entirely, if only he could have afforded to. But then even with a sufficient bank balance he would have found it difficult to leave.

"Why did we have to move into the Labyrinth?" he muttered glumly, "there are perfectly good office buildings just up the street. We get the only one custom designed to hide bovine monstrosities."

Pushing through yet another pair of unmarked doors, he found himself in the fifth identical, art deco lobby. Possibly the sixth. All were oddly well kept, yet totally deserted. It was an entirely too pointed metaphor for his own life; orderly, proper and respectable, and going nowhere fast.

It wasn't that his job was terrible. He actually rather liked the more creative aspects of designing eye-catching, unusual imagery. Nor was his home life anything to complain about. He got together with the guys two nights a week for tabletop games, and he had plenty of time for his personal hobby of RPGs. In love too all was... quite adequate. He'd been seeing Phoebe for two months now, and even if she was a dead fish in bed she was a sweet, pretty girl who knew how to make him laugh.

But none of it thrilled him.

There was no danger, nothing new or bold or bizarre about him or his circumstances. He'd always played things safe, a safe job, safe friends, a safe

dating scene, but that left life so tediously simple. Without challenge, and similarly short on rewards.

There were times when Max wished he could just respec and start over. Try all the things he wouldn't have dared when he was just starting out as a kid picking his major. Take some big risks, and maybe screw it all up... or maybe end up very glad he did.

Naturally it was too late for that now. He had college debts, and rent to pay. He also still hadn't found his way out of that damned maze.

He was starting to fear he'd been going in circles, however his eyes alighted upon a large, ornate door across the way and his heart leapt. It was marked 'Exit Lobby'.

His hand pressed to the cool metal surface, and light flooded out.

'Exiting the Lobby will also finalize your character. Once your character is finalized you cannot return to this menu or make further changes. Are you certain you wish to continue?'

The transparent words, floating in the air before his eyes, made Max pinch his arm.

It hurt.

Max raised a hand, and watched in fascination as it passed through the hovering, three-dimensional lettering.

Below it were two buttons, themselves floating, but with a solid fill that made them look almost real. One was marked 'Continue' and the other 'Reallocate Points'.

Naturally, he pressed the latter.

It was solid, and clicked under his finger. The text vanished and a panel appeared, filling the front of his vision with a huge diagram, an image of himself with annotations, figures and details listed to either side. At the top was a large box with 'Points Remaining: 100'.

"Too many RPGs before bed," he told himself.

He tried pinching his other arm. That also hurt.

Rousing himself from slumber while already quite sure he was awake had failed, so instead he tried the 'Toggle Gear' option on the menu.

In an instant he was naked, without so much as a flash. Not just in the image, but in reality too.

The young man saw himself as others did, able to spin and zoom his image. Max took in all the bland details. Tediously-kempt brown follicles sat atop a traditionally handsome face, over a body kept in tone by three thirty minute gym sessions a week.

His fingers went next to the hair sliders... but as they hovered there he recalled his earlier thoughts. This wasn't the time for caution. Instead he threw it to the winds and scrolled down to 'Genitals'.

He moved one of the sliders, and he watched in wonder as his average, plain and pale-skinned penis circled through a rainbow of colors, and then patterns and styles too.

Max could *feel* the changes, as real and clear as anything he'd ever experienced. One moment he had a foreskin, then a split tip, then piercings, then his was a dog dick, then what he could only guess was the penis of some sea creature.

This was no dream or illusion. This was totally real. He was actually in control of the character creator for his own self.

It was time to reset the changes to the default, but he realized to his surprise that there was no such button, or any marking for what the default had actually been. He set his genitals back to 'Human Penis', but what he got looked nothing like his own manhood. If he wanted his original dick back, he would have to manually recreate it through careful, protracted adjustments of the hundreds of nested sliders in the 'Cock Creation Menu'.

For many people that would have been a sobering, even fearful thought. The message had been clear; any changes he made here would be permanent once he left. For their own sake, anyone given such a power should use it with extreme caution. Already it seemed doubtful he would ever be able to make his dick look exactly as it used to.

Max broke into a wide, gleeful grin, and scrolled through until he found 'horsecock'.

Instantly his genitals expanded into the shape of a towering pony dick, brown, veiny and a little leathery. He shivered at he felt the huge mass and weight of his new flesh, and that alien texture. It was so thick that it took both hands to hold it, yet powerful as it felt, it was sensitive too, pulsing as his growing arousal tried to harden it.

But he wanted more out of life than just sexual excitement.

He found the resources tab in one corner and tried to pull the 'Wealth' slider all the way up.

Max frowned as it got stuck near the bottom. A flash of red above him brought his attention to the 'Points Remaining: 0' at the top of his character screen.

"Naturally," he remarked to himself in irritation, "they never give you enough points. Well fine, I guess money is more important than having a giant aching horse dong."

He didn't just revert it entirely however. Most of the cost seemed to be in that absurd two feet. He didn't really need that much cock, and Phoebe would probably thank him for not trying to use it all on her anyway, so instead he adjusted only the length.

Feeling his genitals shrinking, shortening without losing any thickness or sensitivity, was an intense experience. Exciting even. But not half so exciting as seeing the number at the top of the screen soaring.

He'd taken only six inches off his two feet of dick, yet already he was back to where he started, at a full 100 points.

Max laughed aloud as she shrunk his own penis.

"They forgot to account for the difference in base size!" he declared in delight.

Those points let him move the wealth slider all the way up to somewhere in the six figures. He would finally be able to repay his student loans!

Max could have stopped there, and walked away with what was still the world's largest member, at least on an otherwise human body, but there was no way he was going to leave things at that.

His heart was pounding in his chest, fingers shaking a little on the slider as he kept removing inch after inch from his genitalia. It was embarrassing – he shouldn't be enjoying how it felt to shrink his cock – yet it was compelling, addictive even. As each inch melted away he wanted to see another go, to watch his organ grow more absurdly short yet thick, and feel all that sensitivity concentrating into a smaller and smaller area.

"I'm going to crack this character creator wide open," he muttered to himself, panting.

Already his penis was down to just four inches, as wide as it was long.

Max thought about what it would feel like, trying to use a dick like that. Could he even get it inside Phoebe at all?

Probably not.

"Well... may as well take full advantage."

He slid the bar all the way down to 1. As it almost bottomed out he saw a new minus added to the description. The 'Impotent' demerit. In an instant his points had almost doubled.

"Wow," he murmured, as he brushed the flat, flared glans... its broad top nestled against his clean-shaven groin.

It felt as it looked; utterly bizarre. His genitals were an inhuman, painfully sensitive head with no shaft at all, and two huge, heavy balls.

"I guess I don't have to worry about fitting it in Phoebe any more...."

Unless he adjusted himself some more, Max was confident he would never have to worry about vaginal sex ever again.

He looked up at the engorged point score, won at the cost of his manhood, and he smiled. He poured all those points into wealth, and the number soared into eight figures.

"Worth it. Tons of rich dudes have a micropenis. I can learn to please her without my dick."

As perverse as the thought was, Max found he was actually excited imagining the challenge.

"It's like hard mode... no more easy, boring stick it in and hump a bit.... This is really going to spice things up."

If he wanted anything more he'd have to get creative with the creator... but his min-maxer's heart was only stirred by the thought.

Brushing that tantalizing, exciting new hurdle between his legs with one hand, the other scrolled through his other options.

Too many to count scrolled past, but he had to be tactical. When optimizing a build what mattered was getting the perks you couldn't just pick up later, and getting the best growth potential.

If only the 'Intellect' slider wasn't so expensive.

He had to find some major demerit, a flaw that would pay out like his now-useless cock had.

His gender was set to male, naturally, but he still had the full breast customization sliders. That gave him an idea.

Two shapely, jiggle breasts grew rapidly from his chest, expanding into perky giants that didn't look at all natural, despite being all real flesh. They would have been more at home on a pornstar. He dialed the sensitivity all the way up too. His altered chest was alive with sensation and incredibly soft.

'Gynecomastia' had appeared on his menu at some point, and just like that he had a plethora of points once more.

Max hit the checkmark below, and both his points and his tits were doubled. Four boobs, stacked in two pairs, pressed together as they competed for space on his crowded chest.

As he cupped the lowermost pair in his hands he felt his truncated dick twitching. He flicked his nipples with his thumbs and a shudder passed through him at the potent sensation and sight of his new breasts.

Unfortunately the rest of him wasn't quite keeping up with his bust, and so he reached for the femininity slider nearby. It gave no points, but as he watched and felt himself grow curvy, muscles fading into a voluptuous, mouthwatering figure, Max knew he'd made the right choice.

It was still him, recognizable despite his beautified, elegant face and supple, reshaped lines, and underneath it all his mind was unchanged. He smiled at himself, and a busty dickgirl grinned back.

Max looked bizarre, ridiculous even with those huge breasts and shortened horsecock, but certainly not boring. It sent a tingle down his spine and made his newly thickened thighs jiggle as he imagined seeing this face, this figure, looking back at him from every mirror. Waking up each morning with a dream set of tits and a useless cock that he could only squish and rub to try to get off.

Most importantly, that gave him all the points he needed to cap his 'Intellect'

New thoughts flowed into his head, questions and fresh ideas, old dilemmas abruptly retuning to mind with clear solutions. All those complicated courses from his first year of college seemed suddenly simple, obvious in retrospect.

However, Max had also become painfully aware that if he left like this, it would cause a huge stir. He couldn't just tell everyone he stumbled into the character creator for life, and while he presumed it *would* be possible to leave, he doubted he could find the way back again. Even if he could, the instructions were clear that he wouldn't get another chance at this.

Under the miscellaneous perks he found 'Reaction Negation Aura', and purchased level 1. No-one seeing him would panic, or try to contact authorities, and they would accept the reality of what they saw, even if they might not understand it. Just the most basic version was relatively cheap, and he felt a bead of sweat on his forehead at the thought that, if not for his newfound clarity of mind, he might have left without it.

"This is some good shit," he said to himself, chuckling.

That made his tits jiggle, but the sight only pleased him more. His body was becoming like a work of sculpture, shaped by his own hands into something unique and striking, and certain to never bore him again.

He had the wits to make full use of his wealth now too.

“But what good are riches and beauty if they last a mere fifty more years?”

No-one would send for men in black or call in the army on him now, and there was so much more room to min-max too... it was exhilarating to think of the possibilities, if only he dared be a little bolder.

As he pondered he massaged his breasts, reveling in the rolling range of hills and valleys around his sternum. He suspected that given time and practice he could bring himself to climax with only those and his hands.

Experimentally, he turned up the dexterity and nerve density in his fingers.

That felt good. Their tips danced on his tits, and he imagined he could easily be a virtuoso at the piano, but his remaining points ran out very quickly indeed. Manual dexterity was highly valuable it seemed.

Max's heart skipped a beat as he realized what to do.

“It's not like I have to do anything by hand anymore... I can pay someone to type my emails and drive my car now.... Once I buy one.”

He was talking himself into it, as he scrolled through another options menu.

Types of hands and feet gave way to paws, then claws, and finally at the very bottom he saw them. Hooves. The payout for taking the 'Cloven Hooves' demerit was giant, as it should be for anyone fool enough to give up their hands and feet permanently.

Max hesitated as his fingers hovered over the button. He thought about how this could be the last time he ever felt them, about all the videogames he still wanted to play, and about how awkward it would make everything, even just writing his name....

Yet the thought of doing this to himself, willingly accepting such a perverse deal, thrilled him even more than it worried him. His horsecock throbbed eagerly, and his breasts tingled, the color of a hot flush of arousal spreading over his feminized form.

He thought too about how difficult it would be to grope his breasts, or massage himself. It might make it impossible for him to get off without help.

His fingers hit the button.

They hadn't even finished bending against the surface from that hard, eager push, before they sprung back as two black, shiny hooves.

He held up his hands, and stared in awe at the sight, mirrored at his feet. His digits were totally gone. Cloven bovine toes were all he saw. He could flex and bend them a little at the joints, but that would be small help.

In fact....

His hoof clopped clumsily against the floating surface of the menu, and he couldn't help but mash the other into his breasts at the feeling.

Masturbating himself with a cow hoof felt incredibly awkward, the surface slipping off or poking into his tender mammaries, but he kept trying, both to grab at his tits and to work the menu.

It took three attempts just to get his hoof-tip to trigger the slider, but once he did he slid the manual dexterity slider all the way down to zero. His hooves straightened and stiffened, the split toes growing still and inert, all ability to control his former hands and feet surrendered. He could stand, he could walk, and he could thunk his hooves against flat surfaces or mash them oafishly into his tits, but the idea of stroking himself, or gripping anything between them, was utterly impossible now.

His hoof slipped off the menu, and attempting to trigger it again his useless hands just bonked together, hooves colliding and bouncing off the panel.

Nosing at the controls, and even trying his tongue proved more ineffectual still, the interface not even responding.

It would have been easy to panic then, but he wasn't out of ideas.

Using an elbow was rejected too. His embarrassingly awkward, heavy hooves were the only part of him recognized by the system.

Painstakingly he applied his left forearm to guide the tip of his right hoof to touch the buttons. It felt like trying to work a smartphone with his feet, while they were trapped in large, unwieldy hiking boots.

It took seven tries this time, but he eventually opened the submenu he wanted. From there it was a few more minutes work to do what ought to have taken three seconds, but as Max purchased the 'Unaging' upgrade he felt an unparalleled sense of accomplishment.

This was addictive. It was perverse yes, and embarrassing to watch himself bumping his hooves at his breasts and moaning, but it exciting too. As he looked himself over he grinned.

He had replaced his hands with useless, surreal hooves, and grown huge breasts even as he made his cock uselessly short. His body was a surreal, tantalizing display now, a clash of ideas and forms that made his thoughts whirl.

So many challenges would lie ahead, and yet the erotic appeal of his self-modification overcame any doubts with ease.

There were still more upgrades he needed anyway.

He'd already traded in his hands... perhaps his humanity wasn't really that much more important.

As he'd imagined... hoped... there were indeed species filters that could be applied, and with them payouts for the most 'degrading' options. And at the very bottom of the list was 'Dairy Cow'.

Max's breath was short in his throat as he painstakingly worked the controls, forced into tortuous anticipation by the agony of his new pace and the elation of what was to come.

He opened the submenu, and went down the list toggling each option on.

Horns grew from his head, followed by his ears reshaping into a large, mobile animal pair. He gave them a twitch, and swished the new tail that had joined them.

With a tingling sensation blotches spread over his skin, a classic pattern of spots appearing as his fur grew in, a thick, dense, plush layer of fluff that was wholly inhuman and totally animal.

His mouth and nose stretched out and widened as his skull changed shape, and he staggered from the intense sensations of being inside the very body he was twisting and corrupting into an anthropomorphic but very bovine form.

"This is a labyrinth, so I guess that makes me the minotaur."

He burst out laughing, then the mirth broke into a long, loud 'moo', and he gasped. Then he moo'd again, his hooves returning to his breasts to mash against them.

"Maybe not a minotaur," he murmured, as he groped at himself, "moooore like a fucked up heifer!"

That gave another idea.

He didn't *really* need his genitals that badly, did he? He was impotent anyway, and if Phoebe, or any other woman were to date him, they'd hardly expect a voluptuous cowgirl like he was to be bringing anything other than a strapon to use on them.

The huge, swollen sack and shortened cock between his legs ballooned outwards, inflating absurdly until all detail vanished into a single rounded mass, the equal of all four of his breasts combined. A quartet of needy teats popped out of the veined, bouncing and sloshing mass of a titanic udder.

'Nullified' popped up, to yield more points.

Max moo'd in bliss at the sensations of his impotent udder, his hooves sinking into the churning reservoir and rubbing at his teats.

Those teats had options too however... and his eyes widened as he saw another opportunity for points. He hesitated to actually go that far, to warp his body so much... but as he imagined it, imagined that giant, needy udder forever denied, being eternally unable to relieve himself of that pleasure and pressure, the masochistic thrill moved his hooves.

Teats became horsecocks, gigantic and pulsing. Then, with a protracted and frustrating process of clopping hooves on frictionless projected surfaces, they shrank away, this time all the way to 0. All those inches converted into free points, just by erasing a few extra body parts. All that sensitivity preserved, to make his udder burn with pleasure at the slightest waft of air.

'Unmilkable Udder' appeared, to bless him with still more resources for his upgrades.

Already the fleshy sack felt incredibly heavy and tight, the pressure throbbing, the smoothed, blank, null udder yearning for some sort of release. He'd already made sure he would never have any.

Staring at himself in the menu, a twisted, ridiculous body stared back. He brushed his udder with the sides of his hooves and Max gasped at the overwhelming stimulation... but the sound quickly broke down into another long, low, needy moo.

"I'm a dairy cow that can't even milk himself."

Warping his own flesh into this depraved, humiliating form had stirred something inside him. A thirst had awoken, for perverse self-imposed challenge and debilitation, and the exhilaration of an eternal struggle with his body. He was his own canvas for an absurdist work of art, and the performance of the piece would be his life story. A story with no end in sight. He would certainly never be bored again.

It was time to spend his rewards.

'Regeneration' ensured that nothing short of incineration could cut short his long, perverse life, while 'Poison Immunity' was a cheap addition to ensure its quality.

That still left one more key upgrade, however, tantalizingly out of reach. There was no point living forever if he could be wracked by disease. The debilitation he wanted was in his artistically depraved shape, not the function of his organs.

The temptation also lingered to gild the lily. He was incredible like that, yet he felt sure he could do more, go just a little further.

Browsing the menu slowly and painstakingly he had ample time to ponder his legs. He was paying a thousand points just for the two of any limb, arms or legs, while extras cost only 500 a pair. It was an irresistible bargain.

He pressed the hooves on his wrists to the ground experimentally. They were firm and rigid, and could easily have held his entire weight.

That decided the matter. He wasn't there for an easy life with everything taken care of at character creation. He wanted to keep every moment exciting, a challenge, something he might struggle with but could never find dull.

Sitting, he found the menu lowered with him. His legs were no more awkward and unwieldy than his arms now, so using his legs for the last time, he operated the menu to double up on his upper limbs... giving him ample means to ambulate... and deleted the lower pair entirely at the thighs. They vanished to leave only two wiggly nubs, just enough to squeeze and rub their furred sides against his udder and make him quiver in pleasure.

With his new, lower arms he held himself upright, while the upper pair selected 'Disease Immunity'.

Max was almost there now, but there was just one more issue to take care of. He had no legs and no hands – which meant sorely limited mobility, and quite literally zero manual dexterity. He needed to make sure that he couldn't fall victim to starvation or suffocation.

That mouth on the end of his long, inhuman muzzle was the last major way he could think of to earn the points deal with those issues – he wouldn't much need it if he was immune to starvation and suffocation anyway.

The latter would be easy – hovering his hoof-tip over the delete button for his lungs he could preview the 'Breathless' debuff that would give. It made clear that he wouldn't need air – of course he would also be unable to speak, and that seemed a little much. Even Max, reveling in perverting his body into something exotic and exciting, needed to be able to communicate somehow.

He browsed for some time before he hit on an answer. Telepathy. It was half price for anyone who had a mouth... any mouth... and halved again if it was limited to physical contact.

"This is perfect," he declared as he enacted the plan.

In a moment the air rushed out of his throat.

A muffled 'moooooo!' of pleasure was the final sound he would ever make. Then the tone of his voice faded to a whisper, then silence.

Moving his mouth and trying to pump his chest... he simply felt nothing happen. He wasn't breathing, but he didn't actually have to. There wasn't even the sensation of wanting to draw in fresh air.

That netted him touch-range telepathy too, but he still needed a way to prevent starving.

His whole body was also awash with the pleasure of his reformation, his udder, squishing against the floor, so tight and tender it felt like it might pop, while his breasts were crying to to be touched, pawed by those useless hooves of his.

It was a rush, but he definitely needed some means of release, if he meant to live for centuries.

A simple matter, he realized, to fix both issues at once.

He grinned, looking his mirrored self in the eyes, and he mouthed 'so long' with doomed lips.

Feeling his entire muzzle transform into a gigantic horsecock was heavenly, his nose and mouth subsumed into and spreading throughout the urethra, his throat repurposed into the channel for his new genitalia, the cavities of his lungs reservoirs to feed it.

His whole snout was a horsecock.

Max groped and rubbed at the tortuously sensitive shaft and tasted his urethra-mouth, and as he did he shortened it down. More points for his future, and more twisted absurdity for his body.

Soon it was back down to the length his snout had been. He kept it there, pleased with the aesthetics of a snout made entirely of penis.

All that remained was to cash in his last points on 'Self Sustaining', eliminating the need for food and drink.

That done he just sat there on his stumps and stared at himself. Stared out from the eyes just above that fat, ridiculously short horsecock face, at the bizarre and outrageous body he had given himself.

It was utterly thrilling to be so perversely inhuman and warped, and it was beautiful too. Like a sculptor he'd pared away everything unnecessary, stripping

himself of hands, of his manhood, of his humanity even, to snatch up every last point to make himself... perfect. This was the ideal form, his personal peak performance and a beauty of function and dysfunction both.

He was a depraved, nullified cowgirl who couldn't walk or speak, couldn't write or type, and would never even milk himself. He would clamber about, swaying as he lumbered on four hoofed arms, forced to resort to touch just to convey his thoughts, and to resort to clopping at his face to earn his orgasms.

Those challenges and obstacles would tease and delight him for millennia to come as he enjoyed the return on that commitment.

He had created a life that really could be described as 'hard mode' for himself, yet he knew he would come out on top – he'd given himself all the tools to do so after all.

But first, he gave himself to the scalding heat in his loins and face, and started to paw at the sources of his yearning, crying need.

With four hooves he could mash them ineffectually into many places at once. One bumped clumsily into his cocksnoout, and then managed to crook it with his wrist, masturbating his face slowly and making him squirm at the feeling of his face-made-cock. Two more flopped flat against the peaks of his breasts, fur tickling his nipples as the hooves themselves smooshed his chest-fat indelicately. Finally one trampled his udder, and he tried to cry out, no, to moo aloud... but he couldn't.

His whole body was shaking, grinding and squishing and rubbing in fumbling euphoria, the knowledge of what he had made himself speeding him all too quickly to his first new climax.

Orgasm through his former face was too much, at least without warning. His udder, breasts and snout all exploded with ecstasy, dying his vision white from the overload of stimulation. He convulsed, his mind howling out his silenced moos as he came all over himself, emptying his former lungs to coat his fur in sticky, gooey, musky horsecum.

When he was able to think again it had been some time, his sticky mess already cooled. His fur kept him warm however, as he noted with pleasure.

Pushing himself up on his hips and udder he looked over at himself in the menu.

His masterpiece was complete. There was nothing left to add, and no more he dared take away.

With a trembling hoof he hit that big, glowing button in the corner marked 'Continue to Exit'.

Once again the system asked him; 'Exiting the Lobby will also finalize your character. Once your character is finalized you cannot return to this menu or make further changes. Are you certain you wish to continue?'

He thought about it for a moment. If he really hit continue, that was it. This would be him, forever. He would be trapped with this totally messed up, ridiculous body, permanently.

Phoebe might not understand either. She might run a mile, even if she couldn't panic.

But Max couldn't imagine even trying to revert everything now, giving up on his ideal life. Nor could he bear the thought of going back to being so painfully bland. He was fascinating now, surreal and impossible, but all the more gorgeous for it.

His horsecock-face throbbed at the thought, and his breasts and udder spoke up in agreement.

Max had always loved to min-max after all.

He hoofed the 'Continue' button.



Pic credit: lines by [mot](#), color by [donraptor](#)

Part Two: The Escape Sequence

Everything went dark, and then his sight returned with a neon wash of office lighting.

Max blinked, looking around. He was at the marketing meeting, the room packed with his coworkers.

For a terrible moment he thought it had all been no more than a daydream.

Then he tried to move his leg and felt the round stumps of his hips jiggle his creaking, churning udder.

His hooves were holding him now, standing him up like a tripod by his shoulders, the fourth free to awkwardly squeeze his marketing dossier against his hungry breasts.

They were squeezed into his shirt, which now strained angrily, buttons ready to fly at any moment, while his name-badge hung atop those heaving mounds in his usual rainbow lanyard. His pants seemed to have totally vanished, but couldn't have gotten them on even if he'd wanted to.

The entire room stared at him. By the projected sales figures for Q3 stood Sandra, his dowdy but rather cute partner on the project. She towered over him now, her mouth agape.

"Max?" asked Xander, from the head of the table. "Is that you?"

His boss wore the baffled, irritated look of a man whose star employee just showed up half an hour late to a key meeting, dressed as a clown and bearing a facial tattoo. It was impressive he'd recognized him at all, but the lanyard likely helped.

Max tried to answer, but he had no mouth.

Instead he squirted a blob of horsecum onto the carpet tiles near his udder.

Xander's face darkened.

"Is this some sort of prank? This hardly appropriate workplace conduct, Max."

"I think you better answer him," Sanda whispered, leaning closer, "and you could have at least told me you were getting so much work done... is that... an *udder*? I didn't think they could even *do* that..."

Max could feel himself blushing. This was decidedly not how he had planned to begin his new life. Yet it was also an opportunity – embarrassing as it was to have everyone stare like that as his boss was getting ready to tear into him, it was saving him the struggle of writing a long and awkward email.

"You're going to have to find a way to get some pants on you at the very least," Xander was saying from the end of the room, "and you needn't think that getting cosmetic surgery to turn yourself into a ridiculous dairy sow is getting you out of writing that report, whether you have hands or not!"

Rather than speak, he dropped his binder, and pressed his hoof to Sandra's slightly pudgy hand, still clutching the remote for the slideshow.

'Sorry,' he thought to her, 'could you speak for mooo? I mean me.'

The woman looked bemused, but as he looked up silently into her eyes she acquiesced, announcing that he had something to say.

"Xander, this job's almost as boring as you are. Luckily, I'm not just a dairy cow, I'm a work of bovine art, and twice the man you are too. You can come up with your own slogans from now on, but this last one's free: kiss my udder!"

Repeating after him, she rendered his words with impressive dedication to style and emphasis, if not energy. Mercifully, she edited out the stray mooing sounds that were also projected into her mind.

The room was left in stunned silence as Max lumbered towards the door. Walking on his arms was harder than he'd imagined, but he managed to keep it together until he reached the exit. Even with his udder trailing against the rough weave of the carpet tiles as he pulled it along.

At the door however, his hooves clacked absurdly against the rounded handle.

Xander had started fuming and muttering, but the others looked rather impressed now that they'd realized what was going on. The repeated attempts to try to wedge the handle between the wrists of his inert cloven non-hands undermined that somewhat, and he heard a few giggles and amused mutterings before he finally managed to twist it enough to escape.

From there he didn't look back. He lumbered straight for his desk, and pulled his jacket off the back of his chair by hooking it on his squishy, throbbing cockface. It had his phone, wallet and keys. Everything else he could leave. If he could just get home, there were riches and unlimited time waiting for him.

As soon as he started to move his null udder caught under him again. He felt it squish harder than ever and he shook with the intense pleasure and need. Need with no possibility of release, then or ever. His shirt buttons gave up at

the visceral shudder that thought gave him, and pinged off wildly, his tits bouncing free with merry abandon. They tugged at his jacket, and the pressure compressed the flared edge of his glans, making him stumble as his jacket slid right off and fell to the floor.

He looked down at the pile of fabric for a few moments, ignoring all the people staring at him.

"You okay, Max?" one asked, "what... happened to your hands there, bud?"

He shot the man a withering look, but the other's eyes were on the leaky urethra that dripped as he did so.

A blob of cum fell into the downy fur lining his breasts and he shivered.

"They're gonna bill you if you get any more of that on the floor you know," Sandra said, from over his shoulder.

He stared up, and she winked at him.

"Xander's livid, says he's never heard such insubordination. I think I owe you one just for that, here...."

Holding up the jacket for him, she helped guide his upper pair of hooves into the openings, and slide it on. It was awkwardly tight, and certainly wouldn't be possible to zip up, but he could get home at least.

'Thanks' he thought to her.

"Call me!" Sandra said, as he lumbered off. "I have to know who your surgeon is!"

Outside there were more eyes on him, and Max found for the first time in his life that he knew just what it was to really stand out. To be too different, too bizarre to ever blend into the background.

As a woman stared openly at his udder, trailing on the sidewalk and collecting small motes of dust, Max threw up his cockface proudly and stared right back at her. He might still be new to all this, uncertain and self-conscious, but he was a work of art, a surrealist creature of imagination and magic, and he should welcome the chance to share his work with the world.

With no hands and no mouth he couldn't even dream of taking the bus home, so he had to walk the entire way there. By the time he hauled himself into the elevator his hooves were sore and his arms achy, and he sank down gratefully onto his ass, tail and ears swishing in relief.

That was when he saw Lyra in the other corner, looking down at him, her eyebrows vanishing up her face into the shadow of her oversized baseball cap.

"Yo," she said, wiping sweat from her brow, "didn't see you at the gym, but you look like you just had a better workout than I did. What the fuck happened to you, dude?"

He waved at her with a hoof, and she stepped over. He hooked her wrist with his to think at his longtime friend and neighbor.

'I made some imprmoovements; you know to spice things up.'

"Pretty spicy, Max," she said, giggling. "You talk to Phoebe about this first?"

He gulped a urethra-full of precum at the question, and she shorted in laughter.

"You seriously trade in your hands, your legs, even your dick, to become a squishy busty cow, without even an FYI to your lady?"

'We've only been together two months now,' he protested, 'besides I'm absolutely loaded mooo. If I need a pair of hands I'll hire one!'

"Oh yeah? And who are you gonna hire to wash all that musky mess out of your fur? Or get you in your front door? Honestly, if she dumps you don't think I'm dating you. I want a man who can fill me, not wear me as a facemask."

Max felt himself blushing at her playful rejoinder, far more cutting than usual. He was just formulating a response when the elevator dinged and Lyra stepped out.

"This is my floor!" she said, with a pointed smirk as the doors were closing. "Good luck, Max!"

A few floors later, and as she foresaw, he was facing his locked apartment door. The handle was at head height now, and like in the office it was a rounded one.

The first ten minutes were spent just trying to wriggle and pull his way out of his jacket.

The second ten went on trying to nose and hoof the key from his pocket, mostly resulting in smearing precum on the fabric and the floor.

By the time he actually had the key out, he was sweating heavily.

As a human he was used to being comfortable in a shirt and slacks, but now he was a cow, lined with layers of fat and a thick, warm coat of fur.

It was almost funny how much work it was to wedge the key between the hard edges of his frozen hooves too. He had been there a total of forty five minutes by the time he raised the tiny slip of metal to the lock.

With manual dexterity of zero, his hooves bounced off the wooden doorframe, missing entirely. The key clattered to the floor.

Max shivered despite the heat, as he wondered if he was going to have to go find Lyra to get help, or wait for someone to come along.

But that was a long way, or a potentially longer wait, so he persevered.

Ninety minutes after arriving at his door the wooden barrier popped open and the young bovine collapsed inside with relief.

What a day.

As he lay, cock-down on the rug in his hall, he thought about trying to work the shower handles with his hooves. Or unlocking his phone to give Phoebe a text. Or just trying to re-lock the door.

He'd wanted a challenge, but was this one going to be too much? Was hard mode actually 'nightmare' difficulty?

However he hadn't done all this to himself for fun.

His udder and muzzle each throbbed. Impotent hooves bonked against the ground as he tried to roll himself over, and he shivered with excitement as he caught sight of himself in the hall mirror.

Not just for fun anyway.

He had wealth and intellect, and time too. He would overcome all these hurdles one by one, and he would be all the more magnificent for it.

Already his mind was concocting a way to operate a touchscreen by impaling a chunk of frankfurter from the fridge on the tip of his hoof. If that failed, well get his nipples hard enough and they might just work as surrogate fingertips....

But first, he had an abused, tortured udder, four boobs and a horsecock for a face, and they were screaming in his mute head for some cloven attention.

Part Three: The Date

Sitting naked and alone at a table for two in the most exclusive restaurant in the city would have been an anxious experience for Max even when he was human. Doing it as the only anthropomorphic dairy cow in the world made it feel like he was a celebrity, being very publically stood up.

"Would you care for anything, sir?" the waiter asked.

The man allowed him to touch his tail to his leg to make the prerequisite contact to answer.

'Mooore wine please.'

It had been a tumultuous ten days, but he'd gotten the hang of using his otherwise quite uncontrollable tail a little like a slap-bracelet, hooking around people's legs to talk to them. It went over a lot better than nuzzling at their hands with his cock-snout.

He still couldn't stop himself from telepathically mooing... but he was rather enjoying getting into the new him. He'd chosen to be a cow, and cows went moo. It was part of his style now. It also felt... thrillingly debilitating when he got so horny that all he could do was sound off like an animal inside his own head, his very thoughts dissolving into moos until he released some tension.

Leaning forward, he took a sip from his glass, using the straw he'd brought with him. His urethra was, technically, still his mouth, and like any mouth it could eat and drink and taste. Thanks to the sublimation of his nose, it could even smell.

His face was still a horse's penis of course, and the wine stung a little going down, but it was pleasant, especially when it mingled with the musky aftertaste left behind from when he last came.

That was just before leaving for the restaurant, but already he needed to again. It was all thanks to his permanently overfull teatless udder. Just moving around on it was too much sometimes. It was a struggle to last more than a couple of hours without some attention. As he waited and sipped, he couldn't resist rubbing his lower hooves and his thigh-stumps against the attention-seeking bladder of milk.

"So this is why you stopped answering my calls."

His eyes widened as he looked up to see Phoebe standing over him.

Her full lips were pursed, her brow furrowed in a frown as her eyes looked him over.

The revelation of his new form was a moment of awkwardness he'd been growing accustomed to, but it was harder when it was his girlfriend. It was all the more embarrassing to have to do it in public, and in so refined a locale too, but he'd promised to take her out for her birthday. It was also the perfect chance to flash his new cash.

He leant forward as she was standing there. As though startled out of a daze, she held out a small, elegant hand. He pushed the back of a hoof up against it and kissed his urethra to her finger. She giggled at the soft, moist feeling. That was a good sign, he hoped.

"Lyra told me you'd changed, but... I thought she was joking when she suggested I get you a wheelchair for Christmas.... I never even imagined you'd be a... bull?"

'Lyra's an ass,' he thought to her, 'but I'm a dairy cow now.'

He gestured proudly to his udder with an arm.

'Don't worry though, honey, I'm still the same boyfriend inside. Just incredibly sexy, smart and healthy. Not to mention, finally debt-free moo! Er, too!'

If she was surprised to hear his voice in her head she didn't show it. Instead she sat opposite him, and atop the table she gripped his upper hoof.

A glass of wine disappeared rapidly down her pretty lips, and he watched her throat working. He knew better than to offer to pour her a refill, however.

"I think you'd better start from the beginning, honey."

He had just gotten to the part with the door and the message when their meal arrived.

Max had wanted a challenge in his life, and a burger was it for that day. He had to break it up with his hooves to try to get the pieces small enough to swallow, and squeezing them down his urethra meant a lot of embarrassing squishing of his cockified former face into the table. Once she'd finished her own portion, Phoebe lent him a pair of hands to make things just a little easier.

Despite the need to push it down his penis in small lumps the food was delicious – well worth the price when his bank account was as full as his last statement confirmed it to be. As his meal was slurped down his horsecock bit by bit, he talked on the whole time.

It was a compelling story, and with over a week of practice he told it well, but as the meal concluded his lover looked unconvinced.

He thought nothing to her for a while, and the silence stretched out as they ate dessert.

The ice cream was way too cold going down his urethra, but Max tried not to make a scene. Or cum on the table.

"So... all of this... almost makes sense," Phoebe said at last, as she sipped her coffee, "but did you think at all about what this would do to our love life? There's no way you're putting that snout of yours in me, Max, I wouldn't be able to walk for a week!"

He caught her eye, and she blushed as she realized what she'd said, but his hoof pressed to her hands before she could apologize.

'It's okay, honey. As for the bedroom, I don't expect it to necessarily be easy, but if I wanted easy I'd still be human. I do know that girls manage to have plenty of fun without a phallus... but I also got you a present for your birthday to help with that. If you come back to my place I can show moooo... and you can play with the goods all you like.'

If he'd been able he'd have grinned, but instead he had to hope his tone could convey the humor, as he mashed his naked breasts together with his hooves.

Phoebe giggled.

Then she called quickly for the check.

After returning home via taxi, Max found himself carried across the threshold in the arms of his tipsy, horny girlfriend.

She took him straight to his bed, and pushing aside the ramp he'd had made, she laid him out on the bed.

The two looked at one another in quiet for a beat, and then Phoebe threw herself on him with a growl.

Max had never heard his girlfriend so much as meow before.

Now she kissed him, right there on the cockface, and kneaded and twisted his breasts with a hunger that startled him.

He wanted to reciprocate of course, but his hooves were so awkward and cumbersome that rather than stroke her breast back, he accidentally poked her, then pinched her nipple in his toes as she tried to pull back.

'Sorry!' he thought quickly.

She waved it off and lay down atop him. Her mouth and hands were exploring the valleys formed by so many breasts, slowly working down from the top pair to the bottom. It was intense, and sorely needed, pleasure he could never give himself with his hooves.

Phoebe only stiffened a little as she heard his passionate 'moo' in her mind.

Locking her lips around one nipple she refocused. Her fingers were drifting ever lower, however.

'Mmmoooot there' he tried to warm her, but she was oblivious.

Her hands sank into his taught, throbbing, aching udder, and with a loud slosh he arched and howled in their minds 'Mooooooooo!'

She say up, panting, face bright red even in the dimly lit bedroom. Max looked up at her, his cocksnot also showing signs of a blush.

"Sorry honey," she said, after a pause, "I guess it doesn't feel great being touched too hard there, when you can't get milked?"

'Mooo, ah... no, it... it's not bad, just very intense.'

She reached down hesitantly, and gave the giant, sagging orb a gentle caress.

Max shivered, but thought no more to her.

She cupped the sides, ever so gently in her hands, and gave the slightest probing squeeze. His tail and ears swished, and she was rewarded with another echoing mental moo.

"It's a shame you don't have anything down here that I could hold on to," she said breathlessly.

'Look in the drawer,' he thought back.

He had no idea if she'd go for it, but he wanted to try. The night had been going that well. Awkward and confusing and incredibly strange, but definitely well.

Phoebe withdrew a large latex toy, shaped like a smaller version of the ridiculous snoutdong he sported. It had straps and a harness, made to fit a giant, squishy mound of flesh.

'Wanna strap me in and take my udder for a ride? Or is it too weird?'

His lover grinned for the both of them.

As it transpired, their night had only just started getting weird.

Part Four: Epilogue

Max unhooked his hooves from the metal frame of his adapted controller. He'd had the amusingly gigantic device made to allow him to play RPGs and other turn-based games, and it served its purpose well, but he had less time lately for gaming.

The last twelve years had been an incredible challenge, and while there'd been many setbacks, humiliations and disasters, his resources and his mind had conquered them all, just as he had those early trials of struggling to adjust to his helpless, ridiculous body.

Now his company had just gone public, and his bank balance had added another zero to the end. He was officially recognized as the world's richest cow – and in terms of humans he would have been up there too. He was leaving in an hour for his latest press conference, to reveal his latest invention, but he wanted to unwind a little before he went.

He swung on his hooves as he moved, the motion keeping his udder up, off the ground as he clopped along, heading out into the sun and sand beyond the wide double doors. The tropical sun and cool ocean breeze each felt lovely on his fur.

From one of the deckchairs, on the private beach, Phoebe waved her tail to him.

No matter how he practiced his hooves still kicked up sand as he walked, and a few grains scattered over his wife's shoulders.

'Hey!' a synthetic voice said, from the phone on the table beside her. 'You'll get sand in my vagina!'

He pressed his horsecock-face to those delicate lips between her smooth, scaled and limbless shoulders, and tenderly brushed away the errant grains.

Max was tempted to push his snout right into that engorged, powerful opening, but the red, dangerous eyes peering up at him from her crotch were also warning him off any cheeky advances.

Otherwise that long, powerful tail might yet coil around him and pin him down for another merciless udder-teasing session. Even after giving up all four limbs and most of her face, Phoebe still knew how to make her cow-boy moo with bliss. She especially loved to use him with her birthday dildo strapped to his udder, and revel in how the eternally unmilkable organ drove him wild as he filled her from both ends.

She had been one of the first to trial his biomedical innovations, and as the gorgeous, headless, armless naga before him could attest, they were wonders. She was a work of art now too, a gorgeous fusion of form, function and

fuckability. Her limbs mouth, nose, head and more she had gladly discarded to reduce her to her most essential self, augmented and twisted then with scales and a tail, and those magnificent red eyes.

In return she enjoyed an ageless body, immunity to disease, and more besides. She even had a neural link to her phone. And of course, they'd kept some aspects of her mouth. That heavenly pussyneck could actually perform fellatio....

She blew him a 'kiss', flexing her tummy and clenching her original vulva, to make the tattoo'd jaws on her crotch undulate at him.

The bovine lay down beside his limbless, reptile lover, as she sunned herself, and kissed his urethra to the soft patch of scales that wrapped around her smooth shoulder. His hoof bumped gently into her breasts.

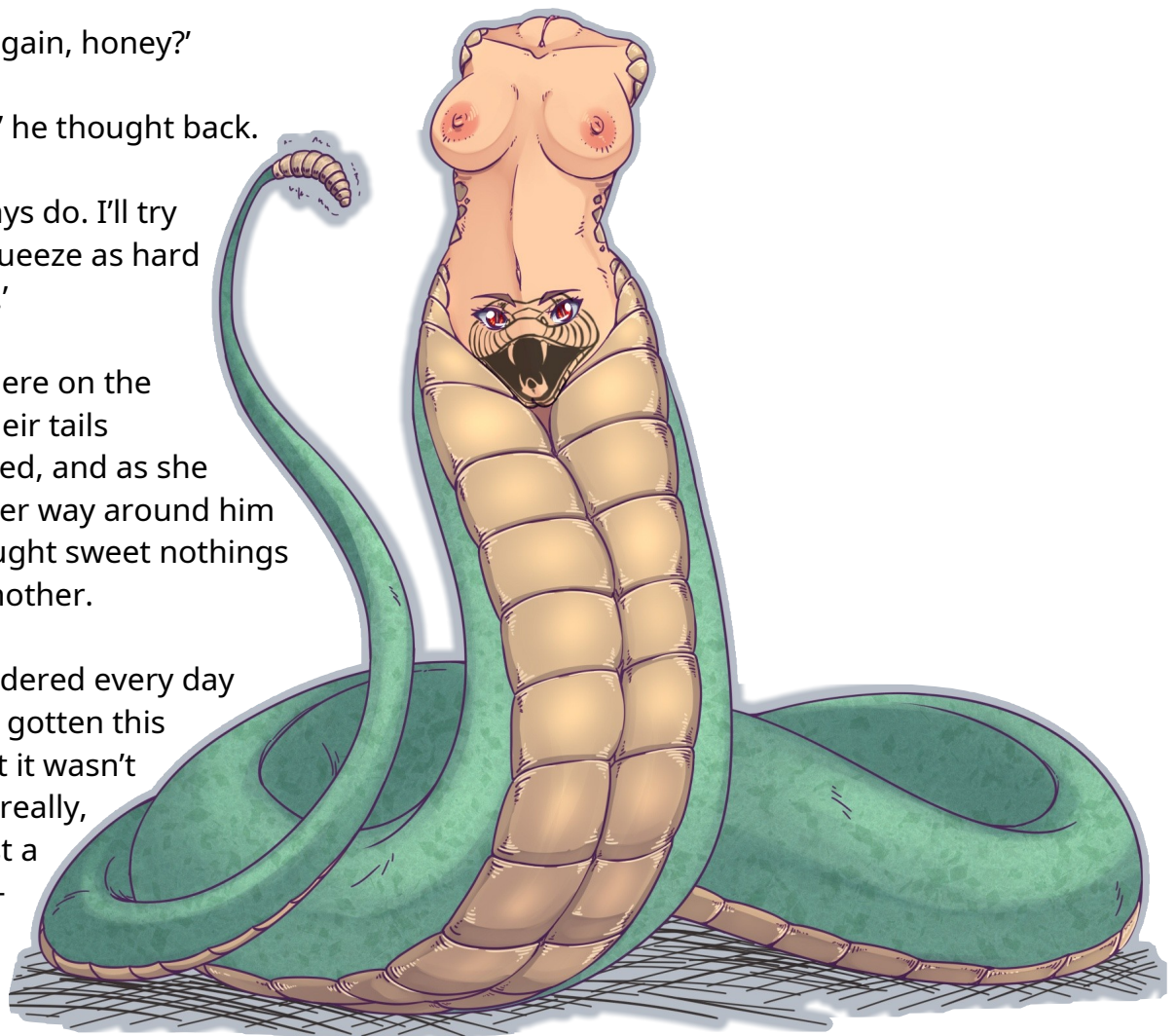
'Need milking again, honey?'

'God yes,' he thought back.

'You always do. I'll try not to squeeze as hard this time.'

Laying there on the beach, their tails intertwined, and as she snaked her way around him they thought sweet nothings to one another.

Max wondered every day how he'd gotten this lucky, but it wasn't luck, not really, it was just a little min-maxing.



Pic credit: [Gammatelier](#)