

Satisfaction Guaranteed [for Nicci]

<https://www.patreon.com/ralwatt>

“So, you’ve come to change your fate, eh?”

Lent further mystique by a Glaswegian tone, the words croaked from the throat of a shadowed figure, hunched and veiled, half-hidden among shelves filled with strange vials, potions and trinkets.

“The great witch Tanith sees all – knows all – and you meddle in the workings of this world at your peril, boy!”

Nicci eyed the other speaker with apprehension.

A jar of mismatched eyeballs between the two eyed him back.

They regarded a young man, tanned and bearing a mop of frizzy brown hair, dressed in fanciful rainbow glove and stocking, a band tee and jeans over top.

The witch stepped into the light and doffed her hood.

The girl who emerged couldn’t have been the gnarled and twisted figure he’d seen at first, yet there had been no substitution Nicci could see.

Far from sinister, her air was fresh and easy, a kindly smile tickling her cheeks as she looked her new customer up and down. Hers was a bubbly, warm face, youthful and bright, framed in golden curls, the witch about his age and strikingly attractive in her form-fitting attire of leather and cotton, adorned with buckles, gloves and boots, and completed with a cloak.

“So what brings you to my shop?”

Even her voice had changed, now the gentle lilt of an Edinburgh brogue.

“Perhaps a poultice? Maybe a love potion? Or indeed a good curse? Got someone you want to see break out in a rash of cocks? Or maybe you’re the one who wants to change... yes, I could see you in something bovine-”

“Your advert,” Nicci explained quickly, to stem the embarrassing guessing. “You said that you have the ultimate treatment for... melancholy.”

“As I do indeed,” she said, taking him by the hand. “Right this way, Nicci.”

He decided it better not to ask how she knew his name, as she led him through the winding maze of shelves and cabinets, to a small workspace, with two chairs.

Sitting him in one, she took the other, crossing booted legs and pushing a plate of cookies forwards on the counter at their side.

“So, what’s been bothering you?”

Nicci hesitated, suddenly feeling as if he was in a therapist’s office, rather than a magic shop.

“It’s nothing major, I just... well things can be a lot sometimes, you know? It gets a bit much, and I get frustrated, or angry, or just sort of... feel burned out worrying about silly stuff.”

She nodded empathetically, patting his hand as she munched loudly on a chocolate chip.

“You feel dissatisfied with your body, and with your lifestyle. You need a change, a simplification. A little... more than cosmetic magical body modification, of the permanent variety.”

“Woah, uh, I wouldn’t go that far,” he replied quickly, as she struck a little too close to the mark.

“Now now, you mustn’t try to fool a witch – or yourself – I know what’s right for you even if you don’t like to admit it. So when I say the treatment is *transformation*, that means you *need* me to remake you, and that’s that.”

The growing sensation in his loins affirmed her words, regardless of what he might say.

“Can that sort of... magic... really help with things like this? I mean I don’t know that I’d be any more upbeat with a bigger dick or fur or any of that.”

“Oh but certainly it will help!” she said at once, “I’m the last word in life-altering treatments – and don’t you worry, cutie, I can see *exactly* what’s the matter, and how to set you right! My store is your one-stop-shop for a life free of stress and worry.”

“Well... what exactly do you... prescribe for me?”

She touched a fingertip to his lip.

“Let me worry about that, darling, you don’t need to trouble your pretty head with the details. You just have to cough up the dough, and then I’ll do the rest.”

It seemed highly unwise not to even verify her plan in advance, yet her confidence was remarkable, encouraging despite his misgivings. It helped also that her dominating personality came with the ravishing looks to match.

“So, you’re here and I’m here, and your life isn’t getting any stranger on its own. Let’s get started!”

"Now?!"

"No time like the present! And my prognostication suggests I have quite a busy morning ahead of me, so all the more reason for me to get you fixed up and on your way before any more customers come knocking."

It was hard to know what to make of this beguiling, mystical beauty, but as she ruffled his hair with that firm, motherly air, he felt his resistance fading.

"Well... you did come with a lot of good reviews...."

"Indeed! And I didn't even curse anyone to get them written!"

Nicci gulped, wondering anew about the wisdom of all this... but as he met her eye he felt a sudden rush of daring.

"Okay, let's do it!"

He reached for his banknotes.

"Oh, contactless only," Tanith said, as she drew a card reader from behind a stack of grimoires, and plopped it down on the desk beside him.

A few minutes later the witch was paid, Nicci was disrobed, and they were ready to begin.

He felt deeply exposed as he sat on a stool in the middle of the small workshop, cock stiff as his tensed back, his bare body inspected ponderously by his physician, as one might a hound on display at show.

"Yes, this should work just perfectly," Tanith said, as she reached out her hands.

He took them, and she met his eye with a tender warmth in hers, that smile promising all would be well.

Then, with a gentle push, his hands collapsed into soft nothing.

Nicci stared, as reality seemed to give way like his body, only the shock of intense pleasure announcing the spell.

Bone flowed easily as the blood flooding into his loins, tangling, compressing nerves piling up with the bunched flesh in her fingers, squeezed together as though she were kneading a set of stressballs.

She kept pushing, bizarre erogenous stimulation intensifying as she twisted her grip to follow the lines of his arms, and so much mass of limb simply vanished into nothingness as she went.

Before his eyes, before he could speak a single sound, her palms were rounding his elbows, then rising up to press, to *flatten* against his shoulders.

Nicci gasped aloud with a juddering breath, as he felt her fingers sink into the soft, plush mounds of muscle and fat which were the new *corners* of his torso.

“You... removed my arms?”

Each felt still more shocking than it looked, and he flexed them, feeling that stunning *lack* of his bodyparts, shoulderblades waving futilely in her grip as the witch giggled, clearly enjoying her subject’s bewilderment.

As she also admired that lewd, lascivious twitching of his cock, bouncing in time with his flexing stumps, dripping precum as the young man felt himself disarmed.

Experienced that surreal, shocking sense of sudden haplessness... so taboo and perverse... yet equally exhilarating, as he endured pleasure he could never have imagined prior to that moment.

Entranced by that feeling, he lacked the presence of mind to try to object, as her hands moved on to their next target.

In just a heartbeat more, Nicci was watching as his legs joined arms in consignment to oblivion.

It felt incredible, for his body to be reshaped so, like flowing clay, putty in her hands, yet still more absorbing was the abrupt change in character of his thoughts, as he watched his remaining limbs removed.

Without arms he was reduced, vulnerable and clumsy, but without legs he was truly *helpless*, unable even to stand, or move, let alone escape. His drooling cock made clear how little it minded that, as he stared down at his suddenly, irreversibly reduced body.

As he felt that visceral rush, of trying to reach down and touch himself, and failing.

“There we go, dear,” Tanith hummed, as she rounded off his big, soft hips, into plush corners to match those of his shoulders, “no more appendages to spoil everything. I imagine you’re feeling better already, to know that you’re a limbless torso for all time!”

“But... I... needed them,” he muttered in disbelief, even as he tried hungrily, yet hopelessly, to reach over with one shoulder to fondle and feel the other.

“You needed them amputated, you mean!”

Concern and confusion vied in his chest, which felt suddenly much further away from his head, after his body had been so drastically rescaled. His new stumps were so *wrong*... yet the witch’s fingers against those bulbous bumps of non-limb made his heart flutter, a

surreal pleasure of more than just the physical, spreading through what remained of his body.

A sense of something akin to... bewildering, inexplicable release, of a tension he had not perceived himself to be under before that moment.

As if he had finally let go a breath, held in for all those years.

"Don't worry, darling, Tanith knows best. Now let's finish your treatment, and then you'll feel just *worlds* better. Especially once your genitals are gone."

"My-"

His what went unspoken, as the immobilized torso writhed in sudden, overwhelming ecstasy, hands sinking into his sex.

His erection, generously sized and visibly delighted by the addition of four new areas of erogenous flesh to his hips and shoulders, was the fifth victim of his treatment.

Nicci watched as his cock collapsed with a spring of taut shaft and a squish of reflowing mass, mashed down in one smooth motion, into a wobbling, spongy ball, filling his sculptress' hand.

Just like that, he had been nullified.

Head, shaft and sack were all swirled together in that featureless mound, but as they blended together Nicci felt the bulb expand out like blown glass, until he could sense something else within, sloshing against the lining of that taut, rubbery ball of non-genitals.

Tanith teased out the corners of his orb between her fingers, rolling skin up to create nubs, then pulling. Fresh phallic structures bulged out into fat, jiggling nipples... teats, crowning the overfilling udder which had replaced his manhood.

"Oh gods what is thaaaaauughhhh!"

His words turned into guttural groaning, as she gave his new anatomy another squeeze, and he felt the thick, tender layers compress, milk seeping through the shafts of his new openings, each so unlike a cock, yet more sensitive than his penis ever had been. All of that udder was, as were the less-than-stumps which he so futilely wagged towards it, as he tried and failed to touch himself. As his hips ground into her hand, in pathetic plea for release.

"That's your replacement for genitals, hon! I think you'll find the bliss of a good milking far outweighs the stimulation of little things like sex."

He barely realized she was still working, as her hands continued to spread out from his crotch, not until he felt how she pushed *in* at his hips, creating a new flare to his waist, then bowed *out* at his chest, to add a bust to the budding hourglass.

Sculpting his growing curves, Tanith was shaping the young man into a perfect feminine torso, the erotic ideal which he himself would have most enjoyed... if not rendered from his own self.

But Nicci would never have imagined the udders that were growing on his chest in place of true breasts.

Just as full as his nethereservoir was, those new four-teated expanses of bovine 'boob' grew almost as large too, and every bit as sensitive.

As was... everything below his neck.

Although astounded eyes could little make sense of the sight, his skin was turning pink and smooth everywhere, the same tone and texture as those rubbery udders... and inside his chest the feminized torso-boy felt bone and cartilage soften, organs melting away in the spreading *churn*, as Tanith kneaded his innards.

Massaging his organs away.

Magic would preserve him... and so she was free to meddle however she pleased with his anatomy.

Nicci certainly couldn't stop her.

With how it felt, he wouldn't have tried, even had he arms to make the effort.

In mere seconds, the whole contents of his chest was gone, reduced to sloshing milk inside the largest udder of all, one shaped like a voluptuous woman, yet lacking even teats to emulate limbs.

"Mmmm, now this suits you far better than being a humanoid...."

Tanith ran a fingernail along his shoulder, and watched how he wriggled in impotent lust, the three lesser udders of his breasts and crotch jiggling and sloshing in time with the movements of the greater, the udder which was his very self.

"Perfection," the witch finally declared, as the motions eased.

Gripping his shoulders, she turned him, to face the mirror over the desk.

Short as it was, it captured his whole height easily.

Hard as it was to take in, that limbless, pillow-like female form, created by overflowing udders, was *him*.

Thanks to the witch's magic, it would be for the rest of his life.

The thought made his udders ache with absurd, incoherent gratitude.

"I pronounce you entirely cured! You're a triumph of medicinal magecraft, even if I say it myself!"

Nicci gaped, looking up over his shoulder at her.

"But I can't do *anything* like this! I'm a... a... useless milk tank!"

She beamed down, planting a kiss on his still-human brow, hand stroking his head, the sole part of the feminized figure which remained unmodified.

"*Precisely*. Just as you needed! You were pushing yourself too hard, expecting too much! You needed a body to make you slow down, and truly enjoy each moment. A day like this and all your troubles will just melt away. And you're getting the full lifetime!"

Nicci wanted to argue the point there. There was stopping to smell the roses, and then there was amputating your limbs and getting nullified to turn yourself into a surreal, nonsensical milk-ball....

And yet... as he twisted, reaching with those non-arms to try and fail to touch himself, he became aware that nonsensical as the methodology might be, it certainly was true... his usual fears and anxieties, all those persistent, irritating and burdensome worries... were indeed very distant now.

Quite ridiculous, in the face of this new *issue*.

They had been replaced with the intoxicating immediacy of a perpetual struggle with his own body.

He was lost in that thought when the shop bell chimed, followed by a series of thunks, of someone entering with a highly unusual gait.

"Ah, I knew I'd have an 11-o'clock," Tanith said, sounding pleased.

The figure which hopped in was grey, a fine downy coat of fur the only thing covering her body, vibrant patches of orange standing out against it at the head and neck. Their shape announced that she was a horse-woman, her equine muzzle unmistakable... even if it ended not in a mouth, but an overgrown, twitching horsecock.

"Ah, Donna! Back again so soon?" Tanith asked, Nicci seeming quite forgotten.

The equine girl hopped closer, and her body was exposed from behind the shelves, showing that the magic she had purchased went well behind species or skull-modification.

She gestured expressively, with the blank, rounded nubs of her own shoulders, equally armless as those of the former human sat watching her. From between her oddly... buttock-like breasts, there emerged an emphatic toot of clear air. Her tail tossed with a second, matching raspberry sound emerging at her rear.

Apparently, it was speech.

“Well right this way, I’m sure I can rustle up something to help with that. Aftercare is so important after all.”

Donna hopped closer on the single remaining leg she retained, her right, the hoof clapping on the floor with a regular rhythm.

As she passed Nicci the torso stared up, astonished to behold a second equine head. It emerged in place of the expected tail, *his* hair the trailing formation which had emulated one so well.

He mouthed at Nicci with his own pussy-lips, and Tanith giggled.

“Just ignore *Don* there, he’s still getting used to being two people, not to mention the permanent handstand he’s in... at least from his perspective.”

The witch looked down at Nicci, then frowned.

“Oh, but you’re still here? Apologies for the hurry, dear, however you’ll have to be off now, can’t have you watching other clients.”

She hefted his reduced weight, and then set him down on his inflatable ass.

“But you removed my limbs!” Nicci protested, all the more alarmed as he started to better realize the practicalities – and *impracticalities* – of his situation. “I can’t even... pick up my wallet or phone!”

That was in fact the least of his concerns, yet the pragmatic immediacy of the issue brought it to the fore, even amid questions of how to eat, or walk, or operate his computer.

“Oh, of course, sorry about that, sweetie!”

Tanith brushed Nicci’s effects into a small hip-bag, then strapped it to his squishing waist.

“I think I need more than just a bag! I’m totally naked!” he reminded her.

“Well naturally! I can’t imagine you’ve much use of those cute stockings now. Besides, it isn’t as though you’ve anything to show, my sexless little cutie-cow – not even a butthole on that big round udder-ass of yours.”

She gave it a playful pat, and he groaned at the sensation of his nullified body jiggling.

“But... how do I get home? I can’t even walk!”

The witch laughed, a sonorous, rich sound of genuine pleasure.

“My silly dear, that’s the whole *point*. Even getting out of my shop door will be a struggle for you now. Because this is what you need, Nicci. To be a helpless udder struggling with your body forever.”

His eyes widened at those words, a shudder passing through him as he felt how... startlingly right she was.

“Now off you go! Apologies, Donna, Don, right this way, and I’ll see about that translation spell. I quite understand not wanting to have to blow air in morse, not the most effective mode of communication in professional settings-”

As the two and a half figures receded into a back room, Nicci was left there, on the floor, with little choice but to try to make his way home sans limbs.

His first effort, at shuffling forwards, ended with his waggling form toppling over, to land with a squish atop his breasts and crotch, those delicate udders making him shiver with pleasure as they cushioned the landing.

At least it didn’t hurt.

Actually making it to the door was a painstaking process, however, one of inching along, jiggling ass and chest in alternate to try to worm forwards.

It was also incredibly frustrating for his stunningly sensual curves and erotic bulges of null udder to be handled only by the hardwood floorboards... yet somehow real hands would have been almost too easy, at that point.

As would a push door.

Instead he had to plant his face and breasts against the wood, and inch himself up with his ass, until his mouth was in range to turn the handle.

It tasted bitter and metallic, but it was only for a moment before it turned – and dumped him back onto his face on the shop steps.

From there, he set off down the street, the towering humans all around looming like skyscrapers over his tiny body. He could only trust in them not to tread on him, but, perhaps fortunately, the stir he was drawing ensured that none missed him there.

All eyes were on the sloshing pink shape of a curvaceous girl, as it flopped and pushed itself along towards the bus stop.

The queue was an especially surreal experience. Five ordinary men and women, and one busty-boy udder, waiting in order.

He was making a spectacle of himself, he knew, yet it felt as exciting as it was embarrassing.

Not every comment he heard among the murmurs and whispered remarks of those nearby was negative, either.

“Doesn’t he look soft,” one girl said, a regular at that stop just as he was, and a certified cutie, “I wish I could squeeze him....”

His happy little blush at the compliment was obvious, and she looked away as their eyes met.

When it finally came his turn to board, he had to rock himself back and forth several times, before he could manage to push his boobs up, onto the first step of the bus.

How he would manage the second was harder to see, however the matter resolved itself, as the figure behind him gave an exaggerated sigh, scooped him up. Soft fingers dug into his sides, and he squirmed in her hands as she hugged him to her chest like a pillow.

Nothing thus far had so perfectly emphasized just how helpless, how reduced he was, as being lifted up like any other object, moved so easily through the air without any question of his own will in the matter. It felt so disempowering, a stark and visceral demonstration of his lack of agency, even over his body.

His udders twitched, dripping with pleasure at the idea.

It should have been deeply, dreadfully degrading... yet humiliating as it certainly was, it felt uplifting too.

As he was raised in the arms of that stranger, he felt his spirits soar too.

Peering over his shoulder, he saw the cute features of the girl who’d been admiring him, winking back as she held him up to the driver’s window.

He had meant to go home – what else could one do when suddenly faced with the removal of half their body?

Yet now, as she, and many others watched in something almost awe, Nicci felt a surreal renewal of that boldness of earlier in the morning. He was helpless yes, his busty, null body on shocking, depraved display, still shaking with want as he longed to touch himself with hands he no longer possessed, yet in that extremity of debilitation, at the mercy of his own flesh and the graces of the others around him, Nicci found a new sense of freedom.

If he could *do* nothing, he could certainly do nothing *wrong*.

It wasn't his fault, if he was a feminine udder-torso... and how much could really be expected of a man incapable even of sitting up unaided?

There was an odd, arousing sense of comfort in that, as he realized that whatever he might say, or attempt and fail to do, would have little impact to alter the notions behind all those eyes on him – when you were a limbless udder your *conduct* was a moot point.

So why was he worrying, if it was entirely out of his non-existent hands?

If this was his body forever, then it would do no good to hide away.

Looking back down at himself, he shivered, with the twisted pride of seeing that form, which held driver and passengers transfixed with its surreal sensuality.

"The arcade please," he declared, his voice only cracking a *little*.

His helper had to fetch his money of course.

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"No. Way."

"Holy shit dude, *Nicci?! Is that seriously you?!*"

"Nahhh, that's someone's inflatable sexdoll blown in by the breeze."

Sloshing into the bustling arcade, the udderboy blushed as he bounced forwards on his hips and nullge. Each movement was a fresh surge of impotent sensation, shocking and intoxicating, as his null udder rubbed on the floor, but he made valiant effort to ignore that, as well as the wobbling of his breasts and sway of his hips, as he shuffled up to meet his friends.

They seemed much taller now.

"Yeah, uh, in the flesh, so to speak!"

Ella snorted at the sight. "Don't tell us you really went to that freaky witch!"

Nicci blushed, looking away rather than give the obvious answer.

"Damn, she did a number on you. Kinda suits you though.... If you don't mind not being able to walk."

"Or open doors," Ella pointed out.

"Write your name."

“Use your PC.”

“Dress yourself.”

Everyone was getting in on that new game, as they watched his face turning almost as pink as his udders.

“Eat out of anything that isn’t a doggy bowl.”

“Touch yourself.”

“Wash yourself!”

“Jerk off!”

“Game!”

Writhing with the titillation of those teases, Nicci did at least push back on that last suggestion.

“Hey, I can play... some games....”

“Hah, maybe 4x-es,” Ella suggested. “Very slowly.... Your fightgame days are totally over, dude!”

“I know right?” spoke Grant, as ever more gamers gathered around. “I approve though, you’re *never* gonna kick our asses at DDR again now.”

“I can still hit the tiles,” Nicci insisted, somewhat uncertainly.

“What about, you know, daily life and stuff? You don’t have like, cool telekinesis or anything?” Clarice queried, from the Street Fighter cabinet across the way.

He turned all the redder.

“Tanith said that... being helpless would... make me happier....”

“The tits and curves too, hmm?” Grant observed.

The giddy little wriggle of the bashful udderboy suggested the treatment was working already.

“Don’t tell me you bounced all the way here!” Ella asked.

“I’ve been kinda... getting the hang of it,” Nicci admitted, with a bashful grin.

Clarice snorted. "Damn, kinda impressed not gonna lie. The SF rematch is gonna be a bit of a letdown though."

"So what's with all the udders anyway?" asked Ella, as she reached down to prod his breasts. "You don't even have a dick now...."

Nicci couldn't help but shiver, pressing into the touch, humping his nudder against the carpet as he felt a sorely needed contact on his overstimulated, extra-full body.

"Tanith, uh... decided I'll be... happier as an udder than as a guy... I guess. Even if I don't have genitals...."

The little shake that passed over his bounding breasts and nullge proved how right the witch was, as her patient found himself twitching with his own surreal pleasure, as he felt his reduced body through the touches of the others.

"Damn dude, that's messed up," Clarice exclaimed, with a snort, "probably paid her extra for it – I always knew you were a perv!"

"Says the girl staring at my teats so hard she just lost to the AI," Nicci pointed out.

"Pfft, yeah, well... when I'm done scrubbing out I still get to walk home and fap, don't I?"

Ella just chortled at the back and forth, the two taking pot-shots just as they ever had, despite the surreal shape of her remade friend. She was still fondling Nicci's chest-udders too – something he raised no objection to – but he pushed at her arm with his stumpy little shoulder to get her attention.

"Hey, easy on my... breasts... they're... new."

She grinned.

"If you say so... I was thinking you might like me to go a bit harder though. I grew up on a farm, and I know exactly how to milk an udder like you."

Nicci flushed, giving the faintest nod, as the thought gripped his mind.

"That's... uh... I mean, maybe you can... take me home and show me?"

"Hell yeah," the girl affirmed.

"But before then, think you could help me up on the seat? I at least have to try and defend my honor."

She did him one better, supporting the helpless torso-udder Nicci called a body as he tried to play.

It was helpful to be able to blame her hands, fondling his breasts with such salacious abandon, when his fumbling shoulder-nubs inevitably failed even to keep hold of the stick, or hit fewer than three buttons at a time.

But everyone present knew the truth, even if Nicci was pretending otherwise – his own crushing defeat was only driving home the warm, enveloping feeling of his own debilitated body.

Feeling his friends hefting him, passing him around to tweak and squeeze his nullge and breasts, and squish his stumps, Nicci's whole body was throbbing with pleasure. The rich, delicious sensuality of his form, and the deeper layers, of thrilling dehumanization and surreal satisfaction.

It wasn't just exciting, to be unable even to move himself, or touch his body, or rub his aching udders.

It felt *right*.

Being a limbless udder, unable to walk or touch or fuck or cum was a wonderful, rapturous *relief*.

Wriggling helplessly and trying, failing to even squeeze his own stumps felt *divine*. He was at ease now, not just despite, but *because* of his helplessness. His limitations and debilitation were wonderful things, reassuring and comforting, his powerlessness ensuring that he had no agency left, no control or power.

Nothing left to fear.

Taking his limbs was the greatest gift Tanith could have given Nicci.

His body was a blessing, made all the better by all those responsibilities and aspirations which his friends were so eagerly reminded him would by necessity go unfulfilled now.

Ella suckled on his breast-udder, and he gave a whining, desperate, mooing moan, as finally, he understood the witch's words. And felt that rushing, gushing non-release, as he was milked, so intense and erotic, but without any easing, or sense of coming orgasm. Like a shepherd tone of sexual energy.

Dizzy with lust, bulging overfull with milk and shuddering in overflowing joy, Nicci understood the full magnitude of his new self.

This limbless plaything was what he would always be, for the rest of his life.

What he *needed* to be.

Thank gods, he thought, that this was permanent.

Overcome by the waves of relief and euphoria, Nicci was finally at peace in body and mind.

He was himself at last.

A bloated, curvy, horny udder, grinding needily against his friends as they sampled his milk.

Tanith was going to get the best customer review of her life.

If he could get voice controls working on his phone, anyway.