

Satisfaction Guaranteed [for Adam]

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

“So, you’ve come to me after all, to pursue the longings of the flesh!”

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!”

Adam eyed the speaker with abrupt apprehension.

This was not quite what Charlotte had led him to expect.

Through a baffle of bubbling tinctures he could make out only the sheen of dripping fangs and the glow of two demonic eyes under an embroidered hem.

They regarded a younger man, human – as everyone was, before venturing into a place such as this – pale skinned and thin, long black hair tied back, wearing glasses and dressed more for a trip to the game store than the magic shop.

“Um... warning noted, I suppose? But my friend referred me to you, and I’d still like some help, if the witch is available?”

The figure stepped into the light and doffed her hood.

The girl who emerged couldn’t have been the imposing, *monstrous* figure he’d seen at first, yet there had been no substitution Adam 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 a few years his *junior*, strikingly attractive in her form-fitting attire of leather and cotton, adorned with buckles, gloves and boots, and completed with her cloak.

“So what troubles you then?”

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

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

“Your advert,” he explained quickly, to stem the unsettlingly accurate guessing, homing in with fearsome speed and precision on his embarrassing, unspoken affections. “You said that you have the ultimate treatment for... dissatisfaction, ‘of heart or mind’ according to your infomercial.... And it certainly worked wonders for Charlotte.”

“Indeed so!” she said, taking him by the hand. “Right this way, Adam.”

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?”

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

“It’s nothing *major*, but I... feel a little bit plain. Especially compared to Charlotte. She was always gorgeous, ever since I first moved in beside her as a kid, but... well you worked some impressive magic with her too.”

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

Adam barely noticed – his mind’s eye lingered on that lovely, bouncing surface, jiggling as Charlotte moved, teats swollen and succulent, the soft expanse calling out with that inviting undulating against her thighs.

Adam couldn’t get her udder out of his head.

The witch’s raised brow made him blush, as she seemed to see through those lewd thoughts.

“Well well, I see how it is now. But not to worry, this is all very understandable,” she nodded, “it’s not uncommon to find oneself unsettled, even alarmed, to be confronted with a realization like this. It’s hard for most people to get even this far, but fortunately I know exactly how to treat such affairs of the heart....”

“With magic?”

The word tingled on his tongue, his lips seeming to stumble over it in their eagerness and apprehension.

“*Precisely*. What you need is change, a little... more than cosmetic magical body modification, of the *permanent* variety.”

“You mean like... giving me an *udder*?” Adam asked, with an eager gleam in his eye, at the thought of such a licentious organ, swaying from his loins.

“Oh, I think we’ll have to get a little more daring than that.”

Adam stiffened, cheeks tingling with a hint of red as she struck so very too close to his own innermost thoughts.

However that word *permanent* was rather concerning.

“Maybe I could try something temporary first? A trial run for a week or two? Besides, I probably shouldn’t do anything *too* extreme – I do still need to go to work.”

Tanith clicked her tongue.

“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 *permanent transformation*, that means you *need* me to remake you, *udderly* and *eternally*, and that’s that.”

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

“Wh-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 do great work with Charlotte....” he mumbled, “and your reviews online were stellar.”

“Indeed! And I didn’t even curse anyone to get them written!”

Adam gulped, wondering anew about the wisdom of all this... and his mind’s eye returned to that gorgeous expanse of soft flesh, rubbing between Charlotte’s thighs, a needy shudder passing through him.

As he met Tanith’s 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, Adam 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 cattle at market.

“Yes, this should work just perfectly,” said the witch.

Pressing her palm to his jerking and tensing sex, she clutched, and he moaned aloud at the intense contact.

That erection, generously sized and visibly delighted by the titillating touch of the fleshcrafter and the strange bovine fantasies filling his mind, was the first victim of the treatment.

Adam watched in awe and surreal exhilaration, 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.

Reality seemed to give way like his body, only the shock of intense pleasure announcing the spell.

Just like that, he had been nullified.

Head, shaft and sack were all swirled against one another in that featureless mound, but as they blended together he felt the erogenous concentration of nerves growing, spreading as though taking root, reaching out through all the rest of his body.

“H-holy shit, what’s happening to my cock?!”

“Just making sure you won’t orgasm, my dear,” Tanith assured him, “a little permanent chastity for you to enjoy, that’s all.”

His obliterated cock squished in her grip, fingers smoothing it into nothing, and the witch giggled as she gave it a tighter squeeze.

“The real magic starts now.”

His head spun at the thought, as his hips bucked, nullge visibly twitching with absurd thrill, his own denial only amplifying that perverse pleasure.

Taking his hands, she met his eye with a tender warmth in hers, that smile promising all would be well.

Then, with a gentle push, his hands followed his cock, squashed into soft nothingness.

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.

Adam 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, every part of his body burning with sensual need, pleading to be touched.

“You... removed my *arms*?”

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

As she also admired that lewd, lascivious jerking of his nullge, bouncing in time with his flexing stumps, tensing and wobbling so crudely with want, as the man felt himself disarmed.

Experienced that surreal, shocking sense of sudden haplessness... embarrassing and perverse... yet equally exhilarating.

Amputation was far too extreme a mod, surely, yet as Tanith caressed his blanked shoulders he shuddered, pressing into her hands, his body wracked by pleasure he could never have imagined prior to that moment, eagerly, urgently attempting to orgasm, and growing all the more excited by each obvious and inevitable failure of his absent sex.

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

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

It felt incredible, for his body to be reshaped so, moved 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. Unable to resist, even as Tanith took him in her hands, turning and laying him down on the counter, his annulled hips and shoulders mere useless edges to his shape. His bucking nullge made clear how little he minded that, as he stared up at the mirror tactically placed on the ceiling overhead, gazing in awe at his suddenly, irreversibly reduced body.

Adam was a nullified quadruple amputee.

He felt a visceral rush at the sight, as he tried to reach out and touch himself, and failed.

“There we go, dear, no more appendages to spoil everything. I imagine you’re feeling better already, to know that you’ll be limbless 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.

Tanith hummed, as she continued working, his skin growing impossibly soft and exponentially more sensual as she massaged away all trace of hair or blemish.

Although astounded eyes could little make sense of the sight, his skin was turning pink and smooth everywhere, the same tone and texture as that wonderful organ of Charlotte’s....

Soon her hands were rounding off his big, soft hips and squishy shoulders, each touch sending a fresh surge of pleasure through his increasingly delicate, padded form, setting him swaying, shuddering and *jiggling* so sensually. She was balancing them out into symmetrical plush corners, shifting muscle, fat and bone as she reworked her client’s figure to look less like a human body, and more like twin pairs of big, bountiful buttocks.

Each of which she finished with a squat, fat bulge, a nipple so engorged and erogenous that he could feel them pulsate, thicker than his cock ever was, yet uselessly short and soft... mere decorations like tassels on the corners of the pillow he had become.

“What... what are you *doing* to me?” he gasped, struggling to speak through the juddering jolts of pleasure wracking his incredible new shape, setting him jiggling all over.

“Fixing you, my dear! You were all wrong as a human, as a person, but this will work just perfectly for you....”

So speaking, she pressed his head down, and Adam felt the incoherent *flow* of flesh once more, as his neck and skull seemed to sink away into nothing, until his face was looking up out of the space which should have been shoulders.

Tanith gripped its edges, his cheeks and forehead, and the whole world, even his corporeal form seemed to move, as his perspective stayed fixed... until he looked back up at the mirror, and saw how Tanith *slid* his face over his own body. Soon she was settling him into place, in the approximate position of his stomach, his bulging, feminine hips stretching out before him as two large bumps, what were once his shoulders forming the matching lobes of his upper half ‘behind’ him.

Adam gasped aloud, as he realized Tanith’s outrageous plan for him, yet it was *far* too late to stop her now.

Already, inside his chest, the degraded human felt bone and cartilage softening, muscles fading and organs melting away into that spreading sensation of *churn*.

Tanith was kneading his innards away, in honor of his amore, was massaging his very humanity into mere milk... so that he could be that he most yearned for.

Not the woman, but the *udder*.

“This is impossible! I can’t just be a *bodypart*!” he exclaimed, squirming with alarm, and anxious, overwrought energy, as all the sensuality of his lost sex seemed to grow and flourish throughout his new shape.

“Now now, hold still until I’m done, honey. I assure you that you can – this is all *perfectly* safe. My magic will keep you safe and healthy regardless of a few little organs.”

That hardly seemed to justify her meddling however she pleased with his anatomy, but Adam 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 more, the whole contents of his chest was gone, reduced to sloshing milk inside a brand new udder.

His body had four chambers, overlapping together in perfect proportion, no trace of hip or shoulder left, only the mental distinction remaining to tell him that *this* aching bulge was once an arm, or *that* one formerly a leg. The thick, rubbery walls were mere layers of fat and formless tissue now, horrendously sensitive, more so than ever his cock had been, yet containing nothing but fresh bovine milk, so agonizingly caressing his insides.

“Mmmm, now this suits you far better than being a person....”

Tanith grazed a fingernail against his right rear teat, erstwhile a shoulder, and watched how he wriggled in impotent lust, the four leaking nozzles which were his only remaining anatomy wagging as he sloshed with pleasure.

Gazing up in overawed disbelief, Adam saw only a pink blob staring back in the elevated mirror.

His face sat at the top, where a body ought to have attached, yet all the rest of him was totally replaced, with an achinglly erogenous, absurdly exciting udder.

The sight made his impotent teats squirt with pleasure, as he filled all the faster with milk.

That hot, pulsing tingle of pressure, of his ruined and useless body growing taut, helpless to move a single muscle beyond the edges of his absurd face, was the most humiliating experience Adam had ever felt.

Yet somehow, in the midst of that degrading flood of thrilling depravity, he felt something more.

A sense of something akin to... bewildering, inexplicable release, not of the sexual form – indeed he was more pent up than he had ever imagined possible – but 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, see? This is exactly what you needed. To stop *pretending* to be a person.”

She gave his side a slap, and Adam whimpered as he *wobbled*, feeling his body sloshing with the huge reservoir of milk inside, a crude, nonsensical beach-ball, sagging atop the table and quivering in masochistic bliss.

“Perfection,” the witch finally declared, as the motions eased.

Hard as it was to take in, that limbless, pillow-like udder truly was *him*.

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

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

Adam gaped, looking up over at her from a sharp angle, incapable as he was of turning his face.

"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 cheek.

"*Precisely*. Just as you needed! You were never a person, Adam, you were always meant to be an udder – that's simply what you are inside! I just made your body match your spirit, my dear. And naturally, to make sure you get the *most* out of the new you, I made sure you're utterly helpless and completely impotent – no orgasms, only the bliss of endlessly spiraling arousal, and urgent, euphoric milking sessions."

The thought made the udder ache with absurd, incoherent gratitude.

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. The 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, Adam seeming quite forgotten, as he sat there, leaking all over the counter.

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 Adam the udder stared over, 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 Adam 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 Adam, then frowned.

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

She hefted his reduced weight, and he squirmed in her hands, squirting milk 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 deliciously disempowering, a stark and visceral demonstration of his lack of agency, even over his body.

As befitted an udder.

He squished wonderfully against the floorboards as Tanith set him down on his inflated underside.

Milk oozed from his throbbing teats as his own weight pushed it out through those tingling, tense tubes.

“Now on your way, cutie!”

“But you removed my limbs!” the bovine mammary-mass 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 drive his car.

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

Tanith brushed Adam’s effects into a small hip-bag, then draped it over his squishing top.

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

“Well naturally! It isn’t as though you’ve anything to show, my sexless little cutie-cow – not even a butthole on that big round udder of yours.”

She gave it a playful pat, in the approximate area which should have been his erection, and he groaned at the sensation of his nullified body jiggling and bubbling.

“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 to my shop door will be a struggle for you now. Because this is what you need, Adam. To be a helpless udder, debilitated by your own body, trapped in eternal frustration and lust.”

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

It was oddly fitting that his only ability to move in any way, was *involuntarily*.

Such as how his teats twitched, as they drooled puddles of milk all around him.

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

As the two and a half figures receded into a back room, Adam was left there, on the soaking floor.

He still struggled to believe all this was really happening – that this was really him – but the throbbing of his sensitive new shape was undeniable.

As was his utter immobility.

He couldn’t even jiggle himself. All he could do was sit there, on the floor, leaking sensually from his teats, shaking with his arousal.

Tanith and her customers ignored him totally, circling around the mess as they came and went, the minutes stretching on into an hour, then more, as he just *felt* himself, and longed for some hand to come and help him, to touch him, even to milk him.

It was only as the pressure grew to the point of small jets emerging with a hot jab of pleasure from his four overfull corners, that Adam hit upon an idea more constructive than ‘lie there quivering in lust’.

“Hey siri, text Charlotte!”

The phone was all too eager to answer his request, and the udder felt a surreal relief as he realized that it at least couldn't tell the difference between Adam the person, and Adam the udder.

His hastily dictated text, a simple plea that she come pick him up, was soon dispatched.

It was only a few minutes later that he heard that wonderful slosh, of another udder entering the store.

Bare breasts swayed into sight, a huge bovine udder bouncing below, flicking strands of creamy milk everywhere as the woman approached, still in her milkmaid outfit, having come straight from the bar.

"Oh wow, Adam!" she exclaimed, clapping hands to her elegant cheeks, her bovine ears flicking in delight. "Tanith turned you into an *udder*?!"

He flushed pinker than ever, as he realized he couldn't nod.

"Y-yeah," he said, through his ruddy cheeks, as she knelt down and let her own already-impressive udder press against his larger form. "Tanith, uh... fff-figured out that... I'd be best off like this...."

The shudder which took him ground that hapless body against her equally smooth and silky surface, and both figures, cowgirl and udder, made an echoing *moo* in their pleasure.

"Are you okay?" she asked.

He saw the doubling flow of fluids from her exposed anatomy, signaling so plainly her arousal, and felt the way her eyes were roving over him thirstily, her hands hesitating, hovering inches from his skin.

"I... think so," he mumbled, all the more embarrassed to say it aloud, "this feels... incredible, you know? I mean I... always really loved your udder so... I guess that's why Tanith decided I should... actually be one. Even if it means I can't have... sex... or... orgasm."

His ecstatic little shudder as he spoke made it obvious just how much Adam was enjoying his new self.

Charlotte burst out with a snorting giggle, quickly smothered by her hands.

"If it helps, sweetie... I think you look just gorgeous.... And I love boys – or udders – who are all pent up and needy...."

Her fingers trailed over his top, and the ball of milk reverberated with arousal at the thought, as he felt that blissful caress.

"In fact you'd make the perfect decoration – and drink dispenser – at the milk bar."

Drifting in the haze of his longing and adoration for this bovine goddess, and the rampant passions of his permanently supine body, Adam could only make a groaning gush of assent, squirting from all four corners.

“Good udder,” she purred, “and at night you can snuggle up alongside me, and help pleasure my pussy with that face and those little teats... while I watch all those wonderful impotent expressions of yours.”

She kissed him, hands sinking into his aching sides and hauling him up to rest against her breasts and crotch, and Adam pressed his face against hers with all the force he could muster, tormented and thrilled by his utter inability to touch her back as she cradled her new acquisition.

He could only squish and slosh in her arms, as she carried her possession out to the taxi, his jiggling mass an utterly incoherent sight for the baffled onlookers, not even remotely evocative of anything like a person, let alone the handsome human man who had walked into the store a few hours earlier.

Set down on her lap in the vibrating vehicle, Adam’s reduced 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 to move, or reach orgasmic release, or even touch his aching udder for himself.

It felt *right*.

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

Wriggling helplessly in Charlotte’s arms, trying and failing to even squeeze her own udder with his base or her breasts with his teats, was *divine*, his powerlessness ensuring that he had no agency left, no control or power.

Charlotte giggled delightedly at his helplessness, as she cradled her friend turned bodypart, caressing his sides and ‘back’, hands fondling formless rubbery flesh so affectionately, as though stroking a pet.

Her lips found his former arm, and kissed softly to that teat.

Feeling the milk *sucked* out of that taut pressure-chamber, Adam gave a whining, desperate, mooing moan, as finally, he understood the witch’s words.

Nothing could compare to 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, infinitely intensifying edging agonizing his form.

Dizzy with lust, bulging overfull with milk and shuddering in overflowing joy, Adam at last comprehended the full magnitude of his new reality.

This useless, sloshing, impotent udder was his true self, 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 lust and euphoria, Adam was himself at last.

A bloated, curvy, aching udder, grinding needily against his owner as she sampled his milk.

Tanith was going to get a *gushing* customer review.