

Udder Contentment

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Chapter 1

The gentle rocking of the car had Adam's body gurgling, a deep, sensual experience, as liquid moved against his delicate insides, sloshing harder as they rounded bends, bubbling and frothing like the kiss of delicate lips as they passed over rougher patches in the road.

Add to that those hands, so soft and gentle as they cradled him against an equally squishy partner – Charlotte's own mammary-mound – and the taxi-ride was the perfect exploration of the life which lay before Adam.

As an udder.

"You really are so adorable like this," she murmured, beautiful features beaming down past her bust, "you can't even milk yourself without my help, let alone move around... or make love...."

The little shudder passing through her made clear how deeply that thought delighted her. It mirrored the matching quake of pleasure which filled Adam himself, as she showed him his shape with her caresses, affectionately following those lewd curves, fondling the filling lobes of his body and reveling in the absolute absence of all human anatomy.

No arms.

No legs.

Not even a head.

Yet all the *sensuality* of his lost anatomy remained. The awareness, the erogeneity of so many nerves, all condensed into one small form. Packed into the pink ball on his best friend's lap, feeling itself swelling ever larger with milk as the sexual pleasure intensified without vent or focus. Fluids washed through his innards, lapping at his delicate lining, supercharging his perverse pleasure with the relentless flood of sensuality, soaking through every part of his featureless form, to stir his mind to ever greater heights of arousal and desire.

Every part of him was genitals now, yet he was utterly, irreversibly impotent, lacking all apparatus for sexual release.

Adam whined with want, yet he was unable even to press his face to Charlotte's fingertips as she brushed over his lips.

All he could manage was to suck pleadingly on her digit, as she slipped it into his mouth, pulling with tongue and teeth, begging for more of her touch.

She bit her lip with such obvious lust that it made him *wobble* in delight.

“Good udder! Such a powerless little creature, completely helpless, even your cock gone... and all your orgasms with it... all to make you the ideal plaything, the perfect impotent pillow-partner for me! My little toy, totally dependent on Mommy to care for you, to help you cope without any more release....”

“Oh gods... thank you Charlotte....”

“Mommy,” she corrected, with a radiant giggle.

The driver was staring, yet both ignored the eyes on them, too focused on one another, and on this newfound form of intimacy in dependence.

“Yes,” he groaned, intensely humiliated and impossibly thrilled as this gorgeous woman degraded and adored him, “thank you, Mommy!”

Pressing against his friend’s matching organ, feeling it rub so gladly against his side, he could sense just how alike he and it were, experiencing how wondrously pliant his body had become, in reduction from person to part, while Charlotte was all too eager to assist in the self-exploration which his loss of limbs rendered otherwise impossible.

“I just love your little teats! Such sweet reminders of what you *used* to have.”

Charlotte practically purred as she gripped those squat, fat nipples, spaced around his corners, and gave them a slight squeeze. Milk squirted from them easily, making Adam gasp at the intense sensation.

She stopped as the driver cut across their intimacy with a warning about getting milk on the seats or upholstery.

Yet without the blessed venting enabled by his milkmaid-mommy, Adam’s overproductive body had no way to stay the endless expansion.

Rapidly the sways and jolts of the drive grew harsher, as he felt his slick skin tauten, tightening around the growing mass of his contents. The udder was inflating, as he kept generating milk, bulging out into an ever-rounder form.

The conceptual excitement of that tormenting form was matched only by the lust he felt as he tried once again to move, to massage his aching sides, and felt his absolute immobility.

“M-Mommy, I’m so... helpless... and so very stretched... please can you... milk me?”

Just saying the words was a greater pleasure than any sexual stimulation he'd known as a person, and yet the tantalizing frustration was many times greater still.

Especially as she shook her head with a dismissive giggle.

"Awwww, my poor little milk-tank's so full! But we can't empty you here, can we? Besides, it's up to me when I play with my toy – and I wanna see how full you can get!"

Her glee only grew, as he transformed into the semblance less of an udder and more of a beachball.

One aching and uncomfortable, too horny to stay still, yet lacking the capacity to move.

Capable only of *vibrating* with need on her knees.

When the drive had, finally, mercifully ended, she had to leave him on the seat so she could climb out first, then reach in after his engorged form.

"C-careful!" he gasped, as her hands gripped his overstimulated sides.

Charlotte pulled, straining with the sheer weight of so much milk, and Adam felt the seat rubbing against his underside as he was dragged out, drawing a long, low groan from his lips.

It turned to a whine, as his swollen teats caught on the doorway.

"Oh shit," he muttered, at that awful pressure penning him in, squeezing against his swollen sides as he became wedged. "I'm stuck! I can't move!"

Of course, that had already been true even before entering the taxi, but in that moment, not just immobile, but trapped, being forcibly manipulated like a mere object, Adam experienced his unpersoning with a whole new intensity.

"Try turning it," the driver proposed, "that teat-thing's catching on the belt!"

"Yes, but his sides are stuck between the door pillars," Charlotte replied, as she twisted him about.

Adam could only groan and twitch, as he felt his whole existence *squish* between those two vertical barriers.

"Just... hold still," she said, wholly without need, as she wrestled his warped body.

Finally, with a pop, the wobbling mass came free, bowling his owner over.

Charlotte just giggled, as Adam squirted all over her legs and the sidewalk, jiggling atop her.

Full as he was, he was too heavy to carry all the way in, so she *rolled* him towards her building instead. Dizzied and disorientated, as his world seemed to turn about him, Adam trailed arcing lines of milk as he went, pushed from his body by the uneven pressure on his taut surface.

Stimulated past bearing, teats drooling everywhere and creating a huge puddle under him, he was only dimly aware of riding up the elevator – still on one side – and finally being wheeled into her apartment.

Charlotte was very glad she didn't have carpet, as she pushed him through to the bathroom.

By the time he was settled in place in her bathtub, Adam was panting, teats gushing with the sheer pressure inside him, and the terrifying growth of exponential pleasure without relief.

"I suppose it would be mean for Mommy to leave you like this," Charlotte said. "Plus, I can hardly store you in here full time!"

Adam was quick to agree.

"Well, I think you've earned a little fun before I go back to work...."

Their lips met, and the udder made a low, moaning *moo* of lust, matched by a deeper sound from his owner, as she sank her hands into his sides to massage his milk-filled body.

Adam had imagined being together with Charlotte many, *many* times, yet never had he dreamed it would be like this. That he would be totally without limbs, utterly incapable of so much as touching her body.

He loved it.

Her digits curled not around his cock, so hard and powerful, but about two of his four teats, short and stubby and aching soft, making him wail with wanton lust and joyous abandon, as she started to stroke.

To milk.

Gushing out, the creamy substance flooded from him, yet even as he was deflating, the pressure steadily being relieved by each dragging caress of her hands, the *pleasure* only grew, those exquisite sensations of being drained, of being milked like the udder he was, far better than any sex.

And offering none of the satisfaction.

Adam couldn't even control how she touched him.

He longed desperately to grab himself, to squeeze *tight* and jerk *hard* on those infuriatingly supple teats, to hug and squeeze his whole rotund mass and *force* the milk out – yet he was totally dependent on Charlotte, even to touch himself.

“Mmmmmmmh, I can feel how pent up you are... how frustrated and needy.... Fuck that’s so hot, sweetie!”

Her words showed how maligned her purpose was with his, but beyond that her style was fundamentally different too. Her lovemaking was playful and indulgent, reveling in his moans and teasing ever louder sounds of pitiful need from his lips between her kisses, as she made out with her toy, and delighted in his impotence.

He was still trembling, oozing milk from his mercifully deflated form, and jiggling that still-generous blob of an udder which was his body, when she finished.

Adam had experienced not a jot of sexual gratification.

From the scent, and the sweat coating her skin, and those deep, sharp breaths, Charlotte seemed to have relished the experience all the more for that.

As had he.

Alas, that there was no time for anything more.

She settled him in front of the TV, while she returned, worked up and horny, to her milk bar.

His phone was still in the bag where Tanith had left it – across the room on the table – so Adam was left to spend his own afternoon indulging in the experience of his own helplessness, as he lay there on the couch, propped up slightly so he could see the screen, and ‘enjoy’ the documentary she’d left playing. A detailed account of the men and women, like Charlotte herself, who had found employment as cowgirls. The sight of them, mooing in lust as they were milked, made him all the more desperate to touch himself.

To masturbate.

To find release.

He couldn’t even shake off that aching throb, or jiggle his body to settle the taut sides more comfortably.

It was a deliriously dire torment, to feel so keenly not only his inability to grope his throbbing shape, but his total lack of any anatomy to touch.

Adam adored his new body.