

Udder Contentment

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Chapter 2

“Touch me, my lovely little udder!”

Charlotte was, upon her return from work, almost as excited as Adam himself. She’d scooped him up and carried him off to her room even before she’d changed out of her maid costume, laying him on a waterproof sheet atop her bed.

Now, he was watching as she disrobed, shrugging away the coverings of her dress and slipping off sweaty underwear, to expose the curvaceous figure beneath.

Adam longed desperately to obey her command, yet each saw in the other the giddy pleasure of his debilitation. His inability even to caress her soft, supple skin, as she pressed her own udder to his side.

“I suppose Mommy will have to make do with another inanimate toy after all,” she murmured, with a performative sigh. “You’re just as helpless as that onahole I found in your old room. Back when you were a person, I mean.”

Adam groaned, at the embarrassing reminder, despite his still more extreme present predicament, his face flushed red as she pressed her breasts to his lips.

“Not that you can even use a toy like that now... that would require having hands. And a penis. Like this... you’re not even as useful as a sextoy... you can’t even make love to me!”

His kisses were all the more eager for her affectionate tormenting.

“Please,” he gasped, through mouthfuls of mammary, “use me, Charlotte! I-I can still make you cum! Even if I can’t!”

“But of course! Now your penis is gone forever, you can look forward to a lifetime supply of Mommy’s prime pussy – all you can eat, and much much more – 100% orgasm-free! For you, at least!”

It was hard to know which of them was more delighted by his utter denial.

“Yes, Mommy! Please, use me to cum! I need to eat you out and feel your orgasms! S-so I can... can....”

Their eyes locked together, and she beamed down, hands stroking his cheeks.

“So you can feel the bliss, of giving up all your gratification, just to turn me on,” she whispered.

He adored her more than ever, for speaking the words he couldn't. More than that, Adam was infatuated, obsessed, *drunk* on simply *feeling*, on experiencing how his own sexuality had been so totally corrupted, co-opted into something entirely for her satisfaction, and how his very body, his humanity had been irreversibly erased towards that end. His frustration, his desperate, aching urges and pathetic longing for an orgasm he could never reach – all were a delight for this amazing woman, and her rapture was an intoxicating aphrodisiac to her precious new plaything.

“Good udder,” she whispered, “that’s right, Mommy’s going to love making sure you never ever orgasm again!”

A kiss like none before connected their lips, as each felt in the other the joy, of a sexuality redefined. A life, an entire existence, warped beyond recognition, and remade into a sextoy, all for her pleasure.

“Thank you, Mommy!”

Charlotte groaned at his words, as she ground herself against him, squishing udders together. He felt the wetness of her sex, soaking the base of the bulge she rubbed atop his front. Soon it was resting atop him, smothering his face with ass and udder and crotch all at once. Her thighs and knees hugged Adam tight as she rode him, bucking and grinding, drilling her vulva down into his mouth to ‘kiss’ her plaything.

Adam adored the sounds of her, the scent of pheromones flooding his nostrils as he raked them up with each giddy snort, and most of all the salty, savory-sweet flavor of those swollen lips, which wrapped so eagerly about his own, swelling into his mouth to soak his tongue.

Promising such bliss, if he would but press his sex inside them.

His kisses were gooey, sucking, kneading affairs, as he massaged her layers with his last, lapping appendage, his lips giving loving caresses to the womanhood of this divine creature atop him, as he felt her weight squeeze milk through his corners with her every movement.

“Yes! That’s it, sweetie! Don’t stop!” she cried, as she convulsed on his face.

Her whole weight was going into each thrust, bouncing her butt and udder on his top, *grinding* her overstimulated sex into him, fucking his face with her pussypolds and clutching, groping his tongue inside her, as so many fronds of delicate flesh stroked and pulled him deeper.

To feel his actual phallus inside her in that moment, would surely have been nirvana.

As if reading his depraved thoughts, she squeezed tighter.

“Just think, my toy, that you can never fuck me now, no matter how hard you try... as desperately, as delightfully as you eat me out, nothing you do will ever give you the release of thrusting your manhood inside my pussy – because you’re just my impotent, adorable udder now!”

Every part of Adam, such as he was, ached with need. *Throbbled*, with terrible, wonderful want, his dire, *existential* urgency for orgasm mingling with the sheer, masochistic joy of his total deprivation. He couldn’t even tell, as his body was scorched and scalded by his rampant sexual inferno of hyperstimulation and longing, whether it was an anguish, or a *relief* to know he would never feel her lips around his dick.

To know he would never cum again.

“Don’t worry, my sweet toy,” Charlotte gasped, between thrusts, “I know what you need – and what I want! I promise you, my gorgeous plaything, that you’re never, *ever* going to orgasm!”

Adam convulsed with bliss, as those words drove deep, into the core of his overwhelmed mind.

Her hands were masturbating his aching teats as she spoke, each spewing great jets of release, yet they were divinely devoid of all relief.

“You’re a dream come true my dear! My greatest want, my ultimate fantasy – a lover incapable of cumming, unable to even attempt to fuck me! A man with no cock, no limbs, not even hands to hold me... just a soft, squishy, helpless body that *shudders* with desperate *impotent* need... as I get to deny you eternally!”

It was bliss beyond words, which gripped Adam then, as both bodies shook with ecstasy for the thrilling climax of the one – brought about by the abject ruin of the other.

He pressed his face all the harder into her, feeling her toes curl and feet clutch his base, her fingers grasping desperately at his teat-handles as Charlotte came from Adam’s total denial.

The pleasure was beyond even climax for the udder, yet it just grew, ever sharper and hotter, as she orgasmed with glee at his impotence.

Only as she finally fell, collapsing to the bed beside her trembling, groaning toy, did Adam realize it was over.

At least for her.

“That really was incredible, my darling,” Charlotte murmured, as she lay her head atop him. “I love you – *Mommy* loves you – my perfect little pet.”

All that intense sensuality, still pulsing through every cell of his body... it was left no escape or outlet, as his owner snuggled up with him, and quickly fell asleep.

Unable to even move so much as a teat, the sloshing ball of milk and mammary could only shiver with delight as he was overcome anew by the intensity of his body. The steady weight of Charlotte's head atop him, making his teats tingle. The piercing throb of his flesh, stretched around all that milk, longing to be caressed. The feeling of all that was missing from his body, of the loss of his arms and legs, so very permanently removed for his own pleasure.

Even then, he was still trying to move them, whenever his awareness lapsed.

Trying to reach out, and touch his warped form, and sink hands into that blissfully soft mass he had become.

It made him tremble with lust each time he felt that jolt of mental and physical dissonance, as he realized all over again his utter limbleness.

Adam's hands were gone, forever. His arms too. Even his head. Everything which had made him human, Tanith had removed.

To make him so much less.

Without any distraction beyond the slow, gentle breaths of the woman he loved, Adam was forced to fully experience what it was to be reduced, from a person to an object. Nothing but a blob, useless, utterly helpless and hopelessly horny.

The exquisite relief of knowing he could never be anything else.

Never touch himself again.

Never move his own body.

Never feel the release of his sex.

Instead, as those long, calm hours drew out, they brought with them the flow of images, recollections, of how Tanith had removed those precious parts of him, and of how Charlotte had so delighted in his denigration.

Rather than touch himself, Adam would need *her* to touch him.

She would, of course, but when and how *she* pleased. Even when she did, there would be no release for her whimpering, desperate udder toy. She would use him for *her* pleasure only, not for his – save in realizing that masochistic, perverse longing he felt even then, for still more complete, absolute denial.

It was his wildest fantasy made immutable, inescapable reality.

As terrifying as it was wondrous.

Despite that, despite the recollections of hands, smoothing away arms and cock and head, and the needy, futile tingling filling his impossibly horny body, Adam too slipped, slowly but inevitably, into a blissful slumber.