

Satisfaction Guaranteed [for Mia and Tia]

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“So, you’ve come to me after all, to defy the edicts of your very flesh!”

Lent further mystique by a threatening 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!”

Mia and Tia eyed the other speaker with apprehension.

Behind the mysterious figure, a row of masks on the wall eyed the girls back, each uncannily lifelike.

They regarded a young female form, light skinned and dark haired, *both* heads atop her shoulders bearing a luxuriously styled mop of hair, Mia’s curly and brown, Tia’s straight and black. The conjoined women were dressed in a shirt modified to suit their mutual torso and quadruple arms, and ordinary jeans over a single set of legs.

Stepping into the light, the other figure doffed her hood.

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

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

“I don’t recall working on you, but I see someone did a fine job.... So what brings you lovely ladies to my shop?”

Even her voice had changed, now the gentle lilt of an Edinburgh brogue, as she examined the two women up close, running a hand over their shoulders, down into that sensitive valley between necks.

“Perhaps a poultice? Maybe a love potion? Or indeed a good curse? Got someone you want to see poking out between your legs? Or maybe you’re the ones who want to change... yes, I could see you with something bovine down there-”

"Your advert," Mia cut in quickly, to stem the embarrassing guessing. "You said that you have the ultimate treatment for... dissatisfaction."

"As I do indeed," she said, taking her by the upper hand. "Right this way, miss Mia and miss Tia."

The bodymates exchanged a look at that, but concluded without words that it was better not to ask how she knew their names.

Tanith led them through the winding maze of shelves and cabinets, to a small workspace, with two chairs.

Sitting them 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 both?"

The girls hesitated, suddenly feeling as if they were in a therapist's office, rather than a magic shop.

Mia intertwined one hand with Tia's, and her partner gave an encouraging squeeze.

"It's nothing *major*, but we... feel a little bit plain."

Tanith's raised brow made the girls blush.

"Not just physically," she explained, "but in lifestyle and everything."

Tia continued the thought, reaching up to stroke Mia's cheek fondly as she spoke. "We love being together like this, we just feel like the daily routine isn't for us. Too much stressing about work, about mundane and tedious things, like paying bills or being late to work, when we just want to enjoy our lives... enjoy our body together."

Mia nodded in agreement.

"We figured your treatment could help remove some of those mundane worries, as well as make our time together... even more exciting."

Tanith nodded empathetically, patting Tia's hand as she munched loudly on a chocolate chip.

"I can see you do indeed need my help. You need a change, a little... more than cosmetic magical body modification, of the permanent variety."

"You mean like... a *phallus*?" Tia asked, with an eager gleam in her eye.

“Oh, I think we’ll have to get a little more daring than just a cock if we’re going to give you girls a whole new life.”

“We probably shouldn’t do anything *too* extreme – we do still need to go to work.” Mia pointed out, loathe though she looked to admit it.

Tia nodded. “Yeah, and I don’t think we’re desperate enough for anything *drastic*.”

Tanith clicked her tongue.

“Now now, you mustn’t try to fool a witch – or yourselves – I know what’s right for you even if you don’t like to admit it. You two need a *total* makeover if you’re going to break out of your rut. When I’m done with you, you won’t even recognize each other!”

The growing sensation in their shared loins affirmed those words, regardless of what the girls might say.

“Can that sort of... thing... really help with issues like this?” Tia queried, still feeling uncertain despite the arousal each felt in that wholly shared form.

“Oh but certainly so!” Tanith said at once, “I’m the last word in life-altering treatments – and don’t you worry, cuties, 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, and filled with kinky excitement.”

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

She touched a fingertip to each pair of lips.

“Let me worry about that, darlings, you don’t need to trouble your pretty heads with the details. You just have to cough up the dough, 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 their misgivings. It helped also that her dominating personality came with the ravishing looks to match.

“Anyway, you’re both here and so am I, and your lives aren’t getting any stranger on their 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 two 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 took their hands with that firm, motherly air, each felt their resistance fading.

"Well... you did do great work with Adam...." Mia mumbled.

"Centorea," Tia corrected. "And your reviews online were stellar."

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

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

"Let's do it!" they said in chorus.

Tia reached for their cash.

"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 them.

A few minutes later the witch was paid, and one and a half women were disrobed, ready to begin.

They felt deeply exposed as they sat on a stool in the middle of the small workshop, the six nipples of their double-stacked bust stiff as their tensed, muscular back. That bare body was inspected ponderously by their dubiously qualified physician, and Tanith practically purred as she ran her palm over the top three tits of their sextet breasts.

"Yes, this should work just perfectly," said the witch.

Pressing her palm to their shared sex, she clutched, and the girls moaned aloud at the intense contact.

Twisted, blushing and writhing and hugging one another, as Tanith *pulled*.

Smoothly their lower lips stretched out, pulled with the moving grip of the witch, dragged up into a new, throbbing shaft.

In an instant, they had a cock, pulsing with pleasure between their thighs, jerking in the witch's grip.

"Oh wow," Tia murmured, gingerly brushing her fingertips over that taut new head.

"This feels amazing, so *big* and *tingly*!" Mia exclaimed, as their hips bucked against the touch.

"This is only a warmup," Tanith assured them, "the real magic starts now."

She reached out her hands, and, somehow, took all four of theirs at once.

The girls were sure their fleshcrafter had only two arms before, yet not so now.

She met Mia's confused stare with a tender warmth in hers, that smile promising all would be well.

Then, with a gentle push, the two bodymates watched, *felt* their hands collapse, all four squishing into soft nothing in Tanith's quadruple grip.

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

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

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

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

Mia and Tia moaned aloud as they felt that impossible touch.

With a juddering breath they shook in those powerful arms, showing them where their own had been mere moments ago, Tanith's fingers sinking into the soft, plush mounds of muscle and fat which were the new *corners* of their torso.

"You... removed our arms?"

Each less-than-stump felt still more shocking than it looked, and the girls flexed them, feeling that stunning *lack* of their bodyparts, shoulderblades waving futilely in her grip as the witch giggled, clearly enjoying her subjects' bewilderment.

As she also admired that lewd, lascivious twitching of their new cock, bouncing in time with their flexing nubs, dripping precum as the young women felt themselves disarmed, just at the moment they most longed to touch their altered loins.

Experiencing that surreal, shocking sense of sudden haplessness was a rush of embarrassment and arousal. Taboo and perverse... yet equally exhilarating. As they yearned to touch themselves, the bodymates were teased by their own anatomy, the plush mounds of limbless shoulders throbbing with wonderful sensation as they brushed futilely against the tops of their tits. They dearly needed more, yet that denial was a bizarre new pleasure, one neither could never have imagined prior to that moment, as each woman was all the more turned on to realize the impossibility of touching herself – or her lover.

Entranced by that feeling, they lacked the presence of mind to try to object, as Tanith's hands moved on to their next target.

In just a heartbeat more, they were watching as their toes joined fingers in consignment to oblivion.

With casual ease the witch smoothed away those remaining digits and drew out struts at the back of each sole, reducing their feet to mere shoe-shapes, flesh with the form of high heels. Stylishly useless lumps of squishy sole brought to a fashionable, rounded point, devoid of all ability to grip or manipulate.

Flexing the first of their altered feet, they couldn't even grip at their thighs, the shapes too rigid to move from that locked orientation, the forms of shoes, permanently sculpted from their own bodyparts.

It felt incredible to be reshaped so by the witch, flesh flowing clay, putty in her hands, yet still more absorbing was the abrupt change in character of their thoughts, as the girls watched their remaining independence removed. Without arms they were reduced, vulnerable and clumsy, but without mobile feet they were truly *helpless*.

Their drooling cock made clear how little it minded that, as they stared down at their suddenly, irreversibly reduced body.

As they felt that visceral, intoxicating rush, of trying to reach down and touch themselves, and nothing happening.

"There we go, dears," Tanith hummed, as she expanded their big, soft hips, into plush flares to match those of their empty shoulders, "no more manual dexterity to spoil everything. I imagine you're feeling better already, to know that you're going to be entirely helpless for all eternity!"

"But... we needed our arms," Mia muttered in disbelief, even as she tried hungrily, yet hopelessly, to stretch one tingling, sensual shoulder over, to fondle and feel those of her partner.

"You needed them amputated, you mean!"

Concern and confusion vied in that shared chest, which felt suddenly so restrictive, so immobile, now that it lacked the usual animated elements. Like a straitjacket about their whole body... only this was one they could never remove, trapping even their feet into irreversible uselessness.

"Oh gods this is a lot," Tia muttered, as they shuddered together in lust.

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

“Our-”

Their *what* went unspoken, as the armless torso writhed in sudden, overwhelming ecstasy, at those hands sinking once more into their so recently acquired sex.

The erection, generously sized and visibly delighted by the addition of four new areas of erogenous flesh at their shoulders, was the fifth victim of the treatment, the girls watching in awe as their 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 their sculptress' hand.

Just like that, they had been nullified.

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

Tanith teased out the corners of their 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 their genitals.

“Oh gods what are yohhhh-”

Tia's words turned into guttural groaning, as Tanith gave her new anatomy another squeeze, and they felt the thick, tender layers compress, milk seeping through the shafts of their new openings, each so unlike a cock, yet more sensitive than their penis ever had been. All of that udder was, as were the hints of stumps which they so futilely wagged towards it, as the girls tried and failed to touch one another.

“Oh gods that feels so wrong,” gasped Mia. “H-how on Earth do we get off now?!”

Tanith just snorted with mirth.

“My dear silly darling, you *don't*! You're quite utterly impotent – with my lifetime orgasm-free guarantee!”

Both women stared up, only a low, lustful whimper escaping their lips.

“After all, there would hardly be any point nullifying you if you were just going to climax anyway!”

As she spoke, her fingers squeezed tighter, mercilessly plunging into that rubbery expanse, to make their overstimulated body writhe with want. They had no hands to grope themselves, no toes to curl, so all they could do was grind their hips back into that teasing touch, feeling their milk-filled former phallus throb and churn, in pathetic plea for impossible release.

“You’re far better off without genitals, darlings! I think you’ll find the bliss of a good milking far outweighs the stimulation of little things like sex or cumming, despite the total lack of relief. Not that you’ll be capable of milking yourselves with those heels instead of feet – but that’s part of the fun too!”

Entranced, enchanted by those perverse words, and the masochistic incoherence of their delight, they barely realized she was still working, too busy rubbing thighs and straining shoulders to try to reach their null-udder, the sloshing replacement for a sex driving both wild.

Neither paid any heed as navel was smoothed over, or as anus sank into the reworked cleft of an enlarged and equally null rear, to match the huge and wobbling mound of impotent udder at their front.

Each was too absorbed in the rapturous kisses of lovers exploring their reduced body together, as best they could, bouncing the vast mass of bubbling milk-tank atop their legs and grinding their deliciously useless remaining limbs against its intense softness.

Dimly, they were aware of the building pleasure in their breasts, as fingers pressed inside erect and aching nipples, but unable to touch those tender parts of their figure for themselves anymore, they could only imagine what Tanith was doing.

Until they heard one another moaning in stereo, and tasted air on too many tongues.

The witch was kind enough to help her armless patrons push their breasts together, so that their luscious new lipples could join in six-way kissing.

“Looks like you’re both enjoying yourselves so far,” she mused, as she guided heads to teats, lips interlocking between various parts of their body, while those uselessly bootified feet slithered against the floor.

Both girls raised their voices in breathless, moaning assent.

“Excellent! It’s lucky I nullified you early, or else you’d have made a terrible mess by now. But there’s still more to remove, my dears! It’s time to wave your goodbye to those silly faces of yours! Uh... metaphorically, given your lack of hands.”

Mira broke out of the pleasant stupor of smooches at that.

“Our what?!”

“Your *faces*, dears,” Tanith repeated. “I’m removing them now. You know, mouths... noses... and of course eyes.”

Those last widened, at the alarming proposition, but Tanith simply smiled, caressing Mia’s cheek.

“You’ll love being eyeless, *trapped* in your body, unable to see a thing, yet feeling one another all the more powerfully for it, experiencing this beautifully useless shared body endlessly, in infinite detail....”

Both bodymates moaned at that taboo idea, writhing in place, shaking their heads even as they squeezed their nudder ever more longingly into the stool between their thighs.

“That’s right, I’m going to blind you now, darlings.”

The sensation, as those fingertips slipped in, under the edges of their faces, to so gently slide the twin trophies from the fronts of their heads, would live with each woman evermore.

The feeling, of everything that made each a person, pulling away in a single sheet, like removing any other face peel, the pristine and pink skin beneath adhering a little, then snapping back, plush and shiny and blank, where mouths and noses once were.

Finally, there was the moment, as the smiling visage of Tanith looked down into their eyes, and gave that last tug. In a rush of surreal, *thrilling* eroticism, unlike anything either had ever imagined, their eyes detached along with the rest, slid off like a pair of masks, their sight stolen just as their identities were.

The girls were nullified from head to toe, blank ‘faces’ throbbing with erogenous sensuality beyond anything they had felt before, the reverberated pleasure of shoulder stumps, breasts and butt, even their blanked feet all feeding together, echoing and amplifying the sensations and excitement.

Wanton, longing moans emerged from their breasts, as those last features left on their bodies expressed just how terribly good it felt.

They had no recourse, but to press the plush pads of blanked head-fronts together.

Each pillowy surface *squished*, jiggling with all the softness of their breasts and many times the eroticism, folds piling up as they rubbed them together in a twisted non-kiss better than anything those heads could ever have exchanged before.

Their new null-faces were so *wrong*... yet the sensations of creases and throbbing of skin between those twin bulbous bumps of nullness made their heart flutter, in impossible pleasure of more than just the physical spreading through what remained of their body.

A sense of something akin to... bewildering, inexplicable release, of a tension they had never perceived themselves to be under before that moment.

As if Mia and Tia had finally let go a shared breath, held in for all those years.

The only outward sign, was in how their jubilant groans and audible sloshing of their udder intensified, the fat, bouncing teats of the latter dripping with their impotent rapture as the

two so hopelessly humped the stool, desperately trying to cum, or even just to touch themselves, the nullified lovers all the more delighted that they could never again do either.

“Perfection,” the witch finally declared. “I pronounce you both entirely cured! You’re a triumph of medicinal magecraft, even if I say it myself!”

Pent up at they were, that proclamation reached what remained of their rational minds.

Blankly, two faceless heads turned towards her.

Or rather, towards a point a few feet to one side of her.

“But we can’t do *anything* like this! We can’t even dress ourselves!” Mia exclaimed, unable to keep the horny note of humiliating pleasure from her voice.

Tanith planted a kiss on her featureless expanse of former face, and watched how both girls squirmed, breasts crooning in ecstasy as her lips sank into the nothingness, and her hand stroked over the other girl, fingers running through her long hair, the sole facet of the nullified heads which remained.

“*Precisely*. Just as you needed! Free of the pressures of identity or employment... or orgasms... unfettered by the tyrannical demands of biology, a body to make your every moment a *fascinating* and sensual challenge, revolving not around needs, but endless, impotent, erotic intimacy! A day like this and all your troubles will just melt away. And you’re getting the full lifetime!”

They wanted to argue the point there. There was stopping to smell the roses, and then there was getting nullified to turn oneself into a surreal, nonsensical amputee without even a face.

And yet... as they twisted, blindly reaching with those nothing-arms to try and fail to caress themselves, they became aware that nonsensical as the methodology might be, it certainly was true... all those persistent, irritating and burdensome worries... were indeed very distant now.

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

Every single moment of their existence had changed forever, as even the simplest of tasks – such as operating a door – would become absurdist, erotic efforts of herculean magnitude. There could never be a dull moment amid the intoxicating immediacy of a perpetual struggle with their body.

Gripping their shoulders, Tanith turned them atop the stool, to face the mirror over the desk.

They couldn’t see it of course.

The girls had no idea of how Mia now sported a shock of rich scarlet hair, glowing neon atop her head in two-tone contrast with the viridescent vibrance of Tia's own fluorescent follicles. Nor did they know that their nipple-mouths were radiant with the same color-scheme, alternating between the two, three red, three green.

They could not even watch, as their detached faces were hung up, mere decorations on the witch's walls.

Tanith did not leave them entirely in the dark, however. She still made a show of talking them through the details of their new body, as lightly as if merely explaining the unremarked highlights of their new haircuts.

Disorientated and debilitatingly aroused as they were, the girls tried to focus on her words... still rubbing their throbbing shoulder-stubs against their breasts and their thighs against their aching null udder, squeezing together knees and quivering to feel the milk flow within their uselessly erogenous nullge.

Fortunately, mercifully, Tanith kept the briefing concise.

Magic had removed their faces – and all other details save lipples and teats – but that same supernatural blessing ensured they would never again require food or drink, or even air, and guaranteed a long and healthy life, with no limit on length. Such was the way of magical creatures and their impossible biologies.

Mia and Tia had never imagined they would be joining those ranks together, yet in their faceless, lustful caresses, of soft nothing face on soft nothing face, they had found something they needed more than sight or identity.

As Tanith touched on the various areas of their altered anatomy, they quivered in pleasure, embarrassed yet elated by their surreal new self.

Hard as it was to take in, that armless, faceless, *helpless*, form and its overfull, agonized udder, was them.

Thanks to the witch's magic, it would be forever.

The thought made their null sex ache with absurd, incoherent gratitude, milk churning about inside.

That irreversibly altered new shared self felt truly exquisite.

They couldn't have gone back, even if it were possible.

With both girls lost in that thought they didn't notice as the shop bell chimed.

It was only the following series of thunks, of someone entering with a highly unusual gait, which drew their attention.

“Ah, I knew I’d have an 11-o’clock,” Tanith said, sounding pleased.

The clunking sounds drew nearer.

“Ah, Donna! Back again so soon?” Tanith asked, her patients seeming quite forgotten as they squirmed in denied delight.

An emphatic toot like a raspberry sounded in answer.

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

The other presence moved away with her, making a sound like one hoof, clopping on the floor with a regular rhythm.

“W-wait!” Tia piped up, though her three of their breasts, “Speaking of aftercare, we... still can’t see anything....”

“Well, naturally not,” Tanith answered, “thanks to my magic you never will again! Your faces are hanging on my wall as the latest additions to my collection. Thank you, by the way; they make adorable decorations! Now, apologies for the hurry, dears, however you’ll have to be off now. Can’t have you listening in on my other clients.”

Tanith hefted their reduced weight, and then set the girls down *en pointe*, the duo forced to stands on tiptoe by their heel-form feet.

“But we *needed* our faces and arms!” Mia protested, all the more alarmed as she started to better realize the practicalities – and *impracticalities* – of their situation. “We can’t even... pick up our purses!”

That was in fact the least of their concerns, yet the pragmatic immediacy of the issue brought it to the fore, even amid questions of how to walk or navigate, or what on earth they would tell their boss or friends.

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

Tanith brushed the girls’ effects into a small hip-bag, then strapped it to their newly voluptuous waist.

“I think we need more than just a bag! We’re totally naked!” Tia reminded her.

“Oh nonsense! What’s the point of clothing without anything for it to cover up? There isn’t even a butthole on that big round behind of yours.”

She gave it a playful pat, and the girls groaned at the sensation of their nullified body jiggling, the vibrations transmitted forward, to set that incredible udder wobbling too.

“Ahhhhh.... B-but... how do we get home? How do we *see* anything?”

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

“My silly dears, you *don’t* see! 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, my darlings. To be helpless and blind, nullified and horny, struggling with your wonderful new body forever, tormented by bliss yet never able to reach release.”

They received one final pat on the head, and that was the last they heard of Tanith.

Footsteps and hoofbeats receded.

All they could do was try to find their way out of the shop.

Actually making it to the door was a painstaking process, as they wobbled unsteadily atop their bare feet, legs bowing out around that oversized nullge of an udder, its swaying setting them stumbling on permaheels which lacked the control and breadth to support them properly, their blank shoulders and heavy breasts making their absurdist body both top-heavy and unable to correct their balance.

Walking was going to be a perpetual struggle, they realized, as they squished that orgasmically impotent nudder between their knees.

The door itself was a still greater challenge.

Lacking hands, and with their breasts far too soft for their mouths to grip the handle, they were momentarily nonplussed, until Tia hit upon an idea.

Degrading... surreal... thrilling as it was, they had to grope about blindly for the knob, smushing their former faces into the wood until a burst of sensual pressure revealed it, and then press their nullified faces against the metal bulb, to trap and twist it between their heads as though each was the tip of a gigantic finger.

Nothing had ever felt so demeaning... or delicious.

The process had their throbbing nullge-heads aching just as much as the udder wobbling between their waddling thighs.

“Oh *fuck* our faces are so sensitive now,” Mia moaned from their chest.

Not that they were capable of fucking now.

“Mmmmh... just... try to focus....” Tia answered, as they worked the door open.

“I’m so horny already, and we aren’t even home yet,” whined her bodymate.

"Oh fuck that, we're not going home," replied Tia.

"We're not?!"

"Girl, I can *not* survive a whole night with no-one to touch my face or crotch!"

"...and tits," their bust reminded her.

"And tits! We're hitting the *club*, the second we can find our way there!"

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"Wow, Tanith wasn't lying, I really wouldn't have recognized you," Centorea asserted, smug smile audible on the busty centaur's lips. "Although is it weird to say that nullification really suits you girls? I love how pent up you are already, and it's only been a few hours!"

A former coworker, once known as Adam, she was leading the conjoined pair through the club on a leash, twin tips attached to each neck by collars, the other end of which was attached to the base of that huge horse phallus which hung perpetually erect between the legs of her otherwise female form.

The two defaced girls shuddered in mutual delight at the surreal compliment, and pressed those blank pads harder to the cock it was their task to worship, smushing erogenous folds of flabby nothing to the shaft, to feel every line and vein in exquisite detail, clearer and more vivid than anything eyes could have revealed.

"I love the lack of features to get in the way," the other woman went on, as she clopped past a variety of less heavily modified but similarly salacious forms. "Really feel like I could just jerk off with your heads all day long. So how about it? Want to be my pet full time? It's not like you can go back to work."

Moaning breasts grew louder at the teasing reminder, the conjoined girls enjoying the increasingly familiar mutual thrill of their helplessness anew, a constant companion, yet one eternally novel thanks to sheer intensity.

"Hell, maybe if I milk that nudder of yours just right you can imagine what it would be like to orgasm!"

Her tail flicked, slapping the overfilled, jiggling mass, and making the null figure sway and shudder in impotent bliss. Being unable ever again to touch, to masturbate that overgrown, abominably taut udder, gurgling with *far* too much milk, was a divine frustration, more addictive than any release. They were trembling not just with pleasure, but *euphoria*, as they were so viscerally reminded that they would *never* cum. It was impossible to get used to this... to being nullified and blind and armless, *helpless* to do anything but grope and pleasure others.

They adored it.

Relished it.

The only answer they could give was to press their breasts to that towering phallus too, six hungry mouths adding elated kisses and licks to the impossible softness of their faces.

The centaur chuckled, and they felt her stiffen a little more as she rubbed against them.

“Alright then, you’re hired!”