

Udder Contentment

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

Chapter 3

“I can’t believe you didn’t even charge my phone....”

The complaint emerged from his wobbling lips, as Adam lay top the bed, looking not at the body of the gorgeous bovine woman who had claimed him, but at the considerably duller sight of her ceiling.

It wasn’t even textured.

“Sorry honey!” she replied, with a playful giggle that suggested she wasn’t at all, “but I’ll leave it charging when I go to work – so it’s really just for today that you have to... feel just how totally helpless you are, without your limbs. Without a head, or even a torso. Just a big, round blob, sagging with all that milk....”

She spoke the words as though that hadn’t been his whole night, or indeed most of the day before.

His whine made her smirk all the more, as she satisfied herself that the former human was feeling suitably overcome by his objectification.

Perfectly primed for her to heave him up in her arms, and carry him through to the bedroom, for a sorely overdue shower.

“Really,” she said, as she scrubbed his teats roughly, “you’d think Tanith could have made your contents vanish when spilled or something. So that people like *me* don’t have to spend hours cleaning you up.”

“I’m sorry that my transformation into a limbless udder has inconvenienced you,” Adam retorted, with a blushing, cheeky smile.

Charlotte giggled at that, as she rinsed him down.

“You’re worth it, my precious little pet. Mommy adores the new you!”

It was a wonderful kiss they shared then, each so deeply hungry for the other, and so hopelessly besotted, sextoy with woman and woman with sextoy.

Perhaps it was his reward, for being such a charming udder, that she took the time to slowly apply her body lotion, right before his eyes.

Or perhaps Charlotte simply loved seeing the thwarted desire in his eyes, as she showed herself off to her inanimate pet.

Given the scent of feminine lust in the air, likely the latter.

She didn't stop at her own body, either.

"C-careful!" he squeaked, as her fingers curled around one of his throbbing teats.

"Just try not to jiggle too much, darling, I don't want to have to mop the floors twice in one day," was her response, as Charlotte massaged the cream into his soft pink hide.

Adam's body was supernaturally soft, silken, yet with the stretch and wobble of rubber, and every fiber of his new being was alive with intense sensuality as Charlotte stroked circles on his skin, kneading the lotion in.

"We wouldn't want you to dry out, after all," she'd said.

Small risk of that, with how her moaning charge was leaking everywhere, already far too full, his sides only growing tighter, springing like a drum to the touch.

She was merciless in her thoroughness too, ensuring, slowly, with painstaking precision that every single inch of Adam was coated, even doubling up the layers around his teats, as she gave him that agonizingly sensual, sedate massage.

Little wonder Adam was leaking badly, his quaking form gasping with renewed need, his lusts bubbling back to the surface after settling through the long slumber of the night.

But the time she was finished, he had been teased back to a state of quivering desperation all over again.

Her kiss was a delicious finish to the sensual skinship of the process.

And a playful reminder, not to expect anything more.

Instead, she set him down on a pile of towels, in the kitchen, and drew a jugful from his teat.

"Oh gods... please don't stop, Mommy!" he exclaimed, as that blessed evacuation came to a halt all too soon – leaving him still terrible strained with so much contents.

"This is all I need for breakfast though," she replied innocently.

The pancakes and coffee she made with his milk were delicious, even to the udder himself – for she was patient and caring in ensuring he was properly fed with both, despite his lack of any actual need for them.

All too soon, she was getting ready to go.

“Remember sweetie, no leaking outside the bedroom and bathroom, especially while Mommy’s out.”

“I’ll try to hold it in,” Adam replied, “just... don’t be too long?”

As she left him there, still shivering atop the table, Adam realized that she hadn’t even turned on the TV.

Not that he could turn to look at it anyway.

That experience should have been deeply dull, but all the boredom of those long and ponderous moments, piling up one after another, simply gave more room to his overwhelming lust.

More kindling for the fire.

Instead of feeling the weight of so many hours of nothing, Adam’s focus was instead freed to dwell all the more on the aching pleasure; the crushing demands of his body, already well past due for milking.

Incapable of consciously moving any part of the udder he had become, Adam felt his new shape all the more intensely for it, the little details of his teats and curves coming alive in the refreshing breeze through the window, the dull pulse of milk steadily expanding him keeping him on the edge of an impossible orgasm.

Even without the presence of his lover, his mind returned to those same familiar trials from the past night. It was inevitable – without distraction to spare him they were as inescapable as his body. His flesh was pleading for relief, just as his mind exulted in its denial.

Torment and rapture were two sides of a coin, and it spun through his thoughts as the udder desperately tried to move himself somehow, if only to grind his impotent body against the tabletop.

Hours had surely passed that way, yet his fever of want only deepened.

Until a blaring siren slashed through his reverie like a knife.

Eyes flicked about anxiously as the horrible noise filled the air, yet he could see no source or origin.

The sound seemed to piece through him, to resonate with his own innards and grow all the louder.

Belatedly, he realized the sound.

Fire.

But was it a drill? Or the real thing?

Adam was suddenly, fiercely aware of a whole new aspect to his predicament. He couldn't even walk to the door and check if people were evacuating.

He reminded himself of Tanith's magic – no mere building fire could hurt him now – but it was one thing not to be burned by flames, and quite another to have to lay in the middle of a building as it was incinerated around him. Charlotte might never even find him. Some stranger might steal him from the rubble.

He heard a thud outside.

For a wild moment he feared it was someone come to take him.

He tried anew to move somehow, to rock himself, to slosh his body over, off the table, that he might somehow hide and escape notice.

Then there was a key in the door.

"Hey? You in?!"

The gruff voice sounded too casual for a thief.

Adam chanced a reply.

"Hi! I'm in the kitchen!"

"Well get out! It's a fire drill!"

The udder practically sagged with relief.

That left another issue, however.

"I... uh.... I can't move...."

A man in a grimy jumpsuit entered the kitchen, looking alarmed.

His expression transmuted into something more akin to relief and mild disdain, as he saw the udder atop the table, and realized the source of the sounds.

He gave a click of his tongue.

"You should have said you were a... an udder... it's only *people* who have to evacuate."

With that the man turned and went.

A few minutes later the alarm ended.

From his position on the table, Adam could just see Charlotte's calendar, and he noticed now the 'FA' marked on it for that day.

For 10am.

After all those dramatics, his worry and all his lustful daydreaming, only an hour had passed.

There was no sign of the janitor returning, nor of anyone else.

Adam was left alone with his twisted, ridiculous body.

Left to feel how his sensuality intensified with his focus, as his mind returned to that which was at the center of his new existence.

His udder.

Himself.

All that time, all that boredom, it was all channeling directly into desire.

As Tanith had surely known it would.

A transmutation of sensation without any need for magic – his reduction was simply the means to allow his own twisted nature to shine through.

Tedium *became* lust, as Adam's masochistic pleasure at his own debilitation spiraled out of control. His joy, at being a limbless blob, slowly inflating with milk, and burning with the overwhelming need for release. The anguish of total immobility, of the loss of all entertainment and distraction, made being an udder so much better.

The object atop Charlotte's table was trembling with desperation, as he longed to touch himself... to feel his dick once more, and partake in so sorely needed release.

And as he felt the overwhelming gratitude of knowing he never would.

It was a very long day indeed.

The evening, however... *more* than made up for it.

"Did you miss me, sweetie?"

"It was agony waiting," he groaned into her mouth, as the two kissed and she ravaged his sides with her caresses and gropes.

"I can tell... the table is *soaking!* The floor too.... You're such a messy little pet, once you get as big and round as this. So *heavy* too! I might not even be *able* to get you down to milk you...."

"I can't help it," he moaned, as she gave him another appreciative squish.

Milk spurted from his corners, the udder juddering with pleasure at his own uncontrolled leakage.

"I think you're even more pent up than you were when I came to get you," she observed, with a note of elation to her melodic voice. "Not that I mind a little mopping in the evenings.... In fact it will be well worth it to see you so full and needy."

He trembled, as she kneaded his bulging sides, feeling himself leaking all the more, yet nowhere near enough to relieve his fullness. Indeed he was growing tighter with each passing moment, as he continued to fill.

"I know you love this too, so much more than you would enjoy spending your time doing *people* things! It was a mistake today, but I don't think my toy needs a phone at all, do you, darling? Wouldn't you rather spend all day every day laying here thinking about Mommy? And about your lovely useless body?"

"Oh gods...." Adam groaned the words at that terrifying thought.

Even after just one day he felt like his whole body was burning up with the need for orgasm.

"That's right, sweetie, no more phone. From now on, when you're not pleasuring Mommy you're busy feeling how helplessly impotent you are, without any silly distractions."

"Thank you Mommy!"

His gratitude was genuine, as overwhelming as his adoration, and his desire, as he kissed his exquisite owner anew.

His reward was to watch her cum.

Adam shivered at the gorgeous sight of her juices, trickling down her quaking thighs, as she masturbate herself and kissed him.

Yet that was only the *start* of their pleasure that night.

She was far from sated, just masturbating once, so the beautiful bovine woman hauled him down off the table for something more intimate.

He yelped, as she lost her grip, and he fell.

Fortunately, Adam wasn't a person anymore.

The udder *bounced* as he hit the floor, splashing milk everywhere.

After that, he was too horny to think.

Each moment spent in Charlotte's arms, feeling her hands, caressing her with his lips, bringing her to screaming orgasm over and over as she gyrated atop his body... was an intense joy unlike anything he'd known as a human.

He was a springy seat, atop which she bounded, deforming and releasing him over and over with her weight as she enjoyed the eager service of his tongue.

When she slipped the rubber tubes of her personal milking machine over his own teats, Adam cried out with an ecstasy beyond orgasm.

The eroticism, the intimacy, the sensual rush, it was beyond all words.

Charlotte *rode* him as she milked his body, *bouncing* atop him just as he had bounced against the floor. Her legs hugged the huge ball he had become over the day, squeezing the milk out as she ground herself into his face, in a kiss between two very different yet equally desirous sets of lips.

Then, later, when he was small enough to move into the bedroom, she kept the milker attached, but added a strapon, held in place on what used to be his forehead.

"This is so much better than sex," she gasped, as she ground herself down against that rod, exulting in his moans, and in denying him the pleasure of filling her himself.

"Not that you're capable of sex anymore," she added, with a delighted gasp.

Feeling himself emptied, even as he struggled towards a climax he knew he could never reach, the udder was overwhelmed with the rapture of his new self – and the love of the woman who had claimed him.

The goddess he couldn't even hold in his hands.

Adam's new existence was bliss.