

Udder Contentment

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

Chapter 4

Slowly turning in place, Adam took in all the sights of the surreal space around him.

After his encounter with Tanith, and the extremity of his reformation by her hands, he'd thought nothing would surprise him, but Charlotte's bar managed to do so all the same.

It was a week already, since his conversion from person to bodypart, and his new owner had declared that more than enough time wasted lounging around the apartment and leaking all over the floors – so he had been pressed, with or without his assent, into gainful employment.

Not as a worker at the bar, but as its latest installation.

Suspended in the middle of the room, in a soft silk mesh not unlike a hammock, his teats dangled freely through the holes, his soft form bulging through like overly-padded thighs through hose.

His 'bed' hung in turn from a metal cable pinned to the ceiling, his weight easily held aloft, and in impressive comfort, just around chest-height for the average patron.

Not that he could look at them directly, given the placement of his face atop the udder he now was, but Charlotte had thought of that.

The mirror ceiling gave him a perfect view of everyone – and everything – in the bar.

At a guess, perhaps only a third were normal humans.

Others were furry or scaly, or even smooth and synthetic, latex bodies common, as were rubbery outfits, or even outright bondage gear.

Anything went at the Mommy Milker – and many came to admire not just one another, but the woman herself, that vision of bovine beauty Adam had the pleasure of calling his lover.

Few were ready for this latest display, however.

There had been a gasp, as he was unveiled, and now a commotion of whispers ran around the room, as people asked one another if this could really be a living being – this surreal udder, dangling before them, jiggling with lust as it dripped milk into the bucket below.

"I assure you all, Adam here is still every bit as alive as you or I," Charlotte announced, giving her bared breasts and udder a shake, as if in some performative emphasis, "he's just not a *person* anymore! He was simply better off as a big, soft, squishy udder, dispensing milk for you all – so grab a glass and dig in! Those of you without hands: use your mouths! I can attest myself to how delicious (and excessive) his yield is."

He could only shudder, as uncountable fingers, flippers, claws and hooves – and yes, lips – all expunged milk from his throbbing, taut insides.

It was some time before the commotion dispersed, and some of the calmer clients tried him out in a manner more reasonable.

A centaur took great pleasure in gently draining him into a pint glass over a few minutes, her eyes twinkling at his contorting face, and the sounds of bliss from his lips.

"Lovely new addition you have here," she sang, in her light, elegant voice, as her breasts pressed against Adam's shaking sides. "Does that feel good, cutie?"

"Ah-amazing!" he gasped aloud, "please keep going!"

"Well I would, but I'm full, see?"

She held up the glass, and he groaned.

"But how did a cutie like you end up like this?"

If he'd had a head, it would have been spinning – literally – while Adam's longing for more milking loosened his lips still further as he talked to that radiant tauress.

Before he knew it, he was telling her the whole tale, as she gulped down his refreshing milk, and occasionally refilled her mug from alternating nipples at his corners. The whole bar was soon listening in.

"And then Tanith... well... she told me that this was my ideal form. An udder, I mean."

His whole body was pink – pinker than usual – as he made the admission to all around, but as Charlotte met his eye in the mirror overhead, he found himself grinning, just as she was.

"Wow... that's hardcore," one patron murmured.

"I thought I was extreme going armless," another said, the mousegirl flexing her shoulders.

"What about sex though?" the centaur insisted, "how do you pleasure yourself? Or a partner for that matter?"

Adam's face turned all the redder at the blunt inquiry, but his mouth moved all the same, with delicious admission....

"I... don't.... I can't, ever again! That was... what Tanith decided for me.... What I *needed* from her. To be... totally, irreversibly impotent, unable to ever cum again... forced to pleasure Mommy with only my mouth and my bouncing, useless body!"

His voice cracked as he spoke, the sheer intensity of the thrill too much to stand, as he made so public and perverse an admission.

The tauress whistled.

"Wow.... I didn't think anyone could match my Jack, for sheer perversity," she said, slapping her rear.

The impact made her tail twitch and flick, and Adam noticed the darker brown of those follicles, quite distinct from her blonde head of hair.

"Would you believe that he talked me into making him my pussy? He even paid, just for the chance to get between my legs...."

Her giggle was accompanied by a longing, muffled sound, entirely too human, too horny, to be mistaken for anything else.

"But you really take the cake! You really wanted *this*, huh? Wanted to be permanently, *totally* denied?"

Adam groaned with incoherent agreement.

"Charlotte's not the only one who thinks that's hot," spoke the other.

As her lips closed around his teat, Adam whined and wobbled in his ecstasy, her mouth milking him with a perverse kiss as she drank deep, reveling in his denial.

There was quite a queue forming behind her, too.

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"You did wonderfully today, my darling," Charlotte murmured, as she squeezed him.

Adam's squishing form pressed out, around her legs, as if to hug her back as she rode atop his body, but his only answer was a muffled, happy moan.

His face was buried in udder after all, busily pleasuring her own teats with his tongue.

"Of course it's your fault that I didn't get milked enough," she reminded, smirking, "so you better make sure you drink all my excess for me, my precious pet!"

Her bovine, ululating moo made clear he was doing well in that task – as did the way her butt bounced atop him, using him like a ball, her crotch grinding down into his surface as she squished and deformed him with each landing thud.

The hapless udder was a sexual stressball, his body burning with the longing for milking even as he instead tended to her.

As she ground her sex into his sides, smearing her wetness all over his body, as if to daub him with her pleasure, and mark him as hers.

“I know how much you adore my udder of course,” she panted, as she rode him like a bull, “so perhaps I should turn you into it?”

His longing squeeze was ample answer.

“Ahhh, but of course if I did that then I wouldn’t have my favorite sextoy, would I? And worse still, you might even be able to orgasm when I came! And we couldn’t ever risk that, could we, my love?”

All Adam could do was suck harder on her teat, in his utter adoration.

Charlotte was his mother-goddess.

Being her impotent plaything was pure heaven.