

Questionable Gifts

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Chapter 2

The day of Adam's birthday came all too slowly, yet when it did he felt quite unprepared all the same.

There he was, in the hospital, clad only in a surgical gown and pouring over forms, as his gorgeous, absurdist future centaur-in-law watched, playfully flicking his anus-lover with her tail.

All that remained between him and a new life was one signature.

"There's really no other way?" he asked again.

Eve smiled at him, and planted a squishy kiss on his cheek. Naturally it spread out, to cover his whole face, and Adam shivered, taking a sniff of her scent.

It calmed his nerves.

"I know you're anxious, honey, but once you're done you'll be a perfect playmate for us, big enough to handle even a giant, jiggly buttohole like me!"

He could picture it clearly in his mind... the form of a centaur, male, powerful, wielding a phallus that could make even Mara whinny.

He signed.

Minutes later, the splicing team was putting him under.

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"How do you feel, sweetie?"

Eve's voice roused him from the depths of something beyond mere sleep.

Adam's eyes hurt, as the bright sunlight attacked his retinas, but when he tried to lift a hand to shield them, his arm seemed to wobble more than tense or rise.

"The splice went perfectly, darling! How do you feel?"

"Gurghy!"

He'd meant to say 'groggy', but his mouth wasn't moving right either. His lips felt weirdly puffy, pushed out and forwards somehow, as if he was posing for an instagram shot, and he couldn't feel his tongue at all, despite how sensitive his mouth seemed to be.

As his consciousness reasserted itself, it brought with it the nervous tension of wonder and uncertainty.

What had they turned him into?

Adam tried to reach up, and feel his face. Instead his arm flopped over, then drooped absurdly, as he strained to try to lift it.

Rising into view was a formless tube, like a tentacle.

Staring, suddenly wide awake, Adam perceived a gigantic, mottled phallus, pink and brown. Barely at half-mast, it wobbled as he brought it nearer his head, its own flared, flat end lolling towards him and drooling lewdly with what looked like rivulets of cum.

He would have gaped, *gaped*, but his mouth would do neither. It simply hung stiffly open, in a throbbing O-ring shape.

Turning his head, Adam found the mirror, stood next to Mara, and searched for himself in it.

He wasn't there.

There was nothing present in the reflection, but a jumbled, incoherent blob of pinks and browns, a collage of confused, fleshy phalli.

No... he *was* there.

Adam's throat permitted a shocked, horrified whimper, as he found his eyes.

Staring out, from the glans of the largest penis.

His head was a horsecock, his mouth the drooling urethra, his face reduced simply to eyes and the slits of a nose, embedded in the flat top.

Limbs too were equine shafts, his hands and feet vanished, all five of his extremities ending the same way – in another throbbing glans, leaking profusely in lust.

All five emerged from the same shape, but it could hardly be called his body now.

He was a giant ball, all traces of his torso vanished, one cock pushing out of each of four sheaths, spaced evenly around the edges, while the fifth, the largest – his head – rose up from what felt as if it had once been his back, emerging from the center of his warped and useless new form.

A form familiar, from all those pictures Eve had so loved to look at.

His cocklimbs waved, as he tried to move them, but they were too soft to control, too crude and round and blunt to really *touch* himself. Instead he could only rub their sides against his squishing, sagging core as he lay there, helpless on his former tummy, a huge, absurd blob, all the mass of a person without a single trace of his former body.

Throbbing, aching for more, better exploration, he squirmed. His flesh was rubbery against his shafts, thick and smooth, with a supple and stretchy quality that let him bulge and jiggle as he tried to move. Those hopelessly clumsy cocklimbs set his form shaking.... *Sloshing* as he groped at himself.

"I'm ahhn uddeh," the udder moaned out.

Rushing, degrading, *agonizing* arousal gripped him, as he stared at himself in sheer, masochistic thrill.

A disembodied, overfilled blob, tantalizingly taut with the sheer volume of 'milk' that he could feel churning inside him. His organs, his hands, his limbs, his crotch, all were gone – Adam was nothing but an udder now, his cock-teats leaking seminal milk as he felt himself throbbing.

He was so very full, so impossibly horny.

"That's right! And such an adorable udder too!"

Mara patted his 'head', as Eve spoke those happy, easy words, as lightly as if she was complimenting a new haircut.

"Congrats, you can finally get us off properly!" Mara added.

Adam swallowed a mouthful of something between milk and cum. It was creamy and sweet, yet musky too... the seed of a being made of horsecock and udder.

"But... mah-my... my body...."

He looked up at the merged pair, head pounding with shock and lust.

"I can't... live like this! I can't go to work, or go out! I-I don't think I can even *move*!"

"Nope!" Mara said, happily confirming his helplessness. "Your working *and* your walking days are over."

"What about my friends? My family? I-I can't let them see me like this! They'll think I'm a... a twisted... perverse... disgusting freak!"

He was twitching all the more as he imagined it, drooling with every word, tantalizing himself with that terrible, delicious shame.

“Well naturally, honey,” Eve said, “think I didn’t think of that?”

Her big, slick and sweaty horsehole tooted a giggle at him.

“That’s kinda the idea when you turn your boyfriend into an udder!”

“But I’m a....”

A what, he wondered.

Certainly not anything even remotely close to a human, not now.

“E-even if I’m an udder, I’m still a person too,” he said, less certainly than he would have liked.

“Afraid not, hon.”

Mara held out some papers. The ones he’d signed earlier. Bewildered, confused and degraded as he felt, Adam’s eyes picked out the lines her finger highlighted easily enough.

‘Post-splicing status: Sextoy.’

‘Type: Dildo’

“You signed your personhood away along with your body!” she declared, sounding delighted. “One kiss was all it took to persuade you... it’s super romantic actually.”

He looked down at Eve, to see the same delight in her eyes, and on her sphincter.

“Legally you’re not a person at all now, sweetheart,” she explained, voice husky with pleasure, “you’re just my toy udder now, a custom-made dildo that exists to pleasure me. Isn’t it wonderful?!”

“We also removed your legal name, since it’s not like you’re much of an ‘Adam’ now,” Mara added.

“Happy birthday!” both spoke in unison, as they loomed in for Adam’s... for *the udder’s* first post-person kiss.

Immensely humiliated, horrified and unspeakably horny, the udder shuddered against its owners, quivering as that giant, plush ponut engulfed its face in a deep, desirous makeout that slurped it into the depths of the anus it loved.

Snorting in her own passion, Mara pulled back, leaving her rear passage panting with want as their sextoy shuddered and jiggled atop the bed. Backing up another step, she granted the contact it yearned for, as this time its entire head and neck were gripped, sandwiched between her muscular cheeks.

They tensed, squeezing and kneading at the udder's shaft as she bucked, grinding herself up and down the titanic toy, her udder gratefully hotdogging her ass and pressing itself against Eve's kisses as the reformed lovers were used for the taur's masturbation.

Sloshing and wobbling, the udder squished with each thud of that giant horsebutt against the bed, every part of it aching for release, from teats to tip, as its body bulged with creamy, gooey filling.

Yet even as an udder, it couldn't orgasm.

"P-please," it gurgled, through a throat-full of 'milk', "it's too much, I need to cum! It's so much, I'm gonna explode! S-so why can't I cum?!"

Eve's laugh vibrated through the seed-stretched udder as it made its pathetic plea, her lips kissing that flopping phallus affectionately at the desperation of her dildo.

"Because, silly, when we turned you into our toy we gave you the 'permanent impotence' option! I don't want my dildo getting off before I do!"

"Yeahhhh," Mara murmured, as she was grinding into it, "After all, orgasms are for people, and you aren't one!"

The udder's mind reeled.

Immense, and urgent as its need was, the desperate desire for climax was nothing next to the intoxicating thrill of those degrading, deliciously dehumanizing words.

Rubbing those impotent, aching cockteats together, it quaked with each pulse of dire, dreadful pressure, unable even to touch itself properly as it made out with the anus it so adored.

"P-please, I have to, I-I'll lose my mind," it whimpered into those exquisite asslips.

"Go ahead, udder," Eve teased, caressing its mouth with hers, "only people need minds, and you're just our sextoy. Of course, if you're very very good, we might let you orgasm for your *next* birthday."

The words shook it, to the very core of that immense, undulating tank of cum it had become, as the udder that used to be Adam realized just how its lover saw it now.

How and what she wanted it to be.

The revelation was almost as degrading as it was delightful.

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The trip back from the hospital was later that same day – extreme, irreversible and ill-advised as splicing assuredly was, it was a wholly safe procedure. Adam had become an impotent, immobile udder as an outpatient.

One which was, at that moment, being carried home atop Mara's ample rump, bouncing and shaking as they paraded it publically down the streets.

The eyes of all those people seemed to burrow into the udder, needling its taut, delicate body and bringing fresh blooms of brighter pink blush to the puce bag of 'milk'. Especially when it met their gaze, and saw in those human faces the recognition... the realization, that this was a former person.

Mara and Eve seemed thrilled by the attention. They even made sure to slow outside the apartment, to wave to the neighbors.

Kindly old Mrs Lamm waved back from her window, looking confused but still smiling, as she met the udder's humiliated eye.

Feebly it wagged a cockteat in return, in lieu of the hands it no longer possessed, and she nodded, as if understanding.

It was a relief to finally get indoors, however the horny, helpless blob Adam had become was granted no respite.

Set on the floor, in front of her work desk, Mara lowered her rear onto the sextoy as if it was the most natural thing in the world, perfectly interrupting an attempt at protest. In an instant, the udder's face was buried in ass, puckering lips pressed to those of Eve, and the two lost themselves in kissing as it squirmed in lust under its owners.

Nothing could have so perfectly emphasized the loss of all humanity, the *reduction*, from person to plaything, as being used so casually to amuse Mara's rectum while she made calls and typed emails.

But law and looks be damned, the udder told itself, when the centaur finally shifted enough to release its face from her butt.

"Finally! I couldn't breathe under there!" it said, aiming for indignant, but sounding closer to pouty.

Eve flashed it an indulgent smile, from behind her veil of tail.

"You can't breathe anyway," the anus pointed out, "you don't have any organs. Not even a brain. Just a sort of... distributed nervous system, kinda like a starfish."

Mara chuckled at that.

“Or in your case, like a cho-”

“Anyway,” Eve went on, cutting off the best of her body, “we picked the perfect body for you, darling, one that’s totally helpless and adorable, that will never age or tire, or orgasm unless we want it.”

The udder groaned to hear her cheery tone.

“This is... a lot more than I was expecting you to do to me, you know! I mean you could have at least left me *hands*, couldn’t you? I’m really... gonna be stuck like this?”

“Of course! This is you, always,” Eve promised, “it’s what you needed, sweetheart. No limbs, no hands, no face. I took them all away for you, so you can be nothing but a big, cute blob to fuck and snuggle. Forever and ever.”

“But what about my life,” it asked, repeating its earlier refrain.

“What about it? We all know how much you love this. How much you *need* it. You were always devoted to me, almost as much as you are to those perverse little fantasies you love to write about. Actually becoming my sextoy was really just a formality. I already see just how much you love your gift, udder.”

It wanted to argue, to defend its humanity against such absurd slander... but as that gleaming ring of mouthwatering folds leaned in to press against it, it was a challenge for their plaything just to keep itself from plunging its whole head inside. It really would have done anything, to pleasure that musky, puckering anus that it loved so utterly.

Torn, twisted and tormented by the schemes of this pair of perfect women, their toy could only groan as it ground itself against them in a long, deep kiss, cockteats clutching at their haunches.

It could never win against them, even now.

Shameful, life-wrecking and irreversible as this operation was, the oversized udder wasn’t sure it would have wanted to.

The makeout session left their dildo breathless despite a lack of lungs, pure perverse pleasure triggering leftover autonomic action as the toy tried to recover.

“Feeling better?” Eve asked, as she admired its jiggling shudders.

The udder resisted the urge to nod.

“Don’t worry, there’s lots more where that came from. It’s not like either of us are going anywhere. Ever.”

The udder’s little whimper made the anus beam.

“Well... you know... if I’m just going to be sitting here anyway, I could at least make myself useful....”

Changing tack was the only strategy it had left.

“I mean, m-maybe I could work from home too? I have a laptop, and some of the guys at work got authorized recently....”

Eve and Mara weren’t actually capable of looking one another in the eye without great contortions, but the udder could sense the moment which passed between the two all the same.

“Oh, nah, you’re totally getting fired – company won’t employ dildos,” Mara said, “although you’re welcome to try. If nothing else you do still need to do your exit interview.... Here, you can use Eve’s computer.”

A slick, expensive gaming laptop was set down before it. The udder could distinctly remember shopping for the device, and spending many hours of work and play time alike on it, but there was no sense arguing with Mara – legally speaking, the computer was, like everything else, property of Eve now.

Even if it had wanted to assert ownership, the udder would have convinced no-one, given how it was struggling just to log in.

Leaking, aching teats, throbbing with pulses of sticky milk, were singularly unsuited to typing. The huge round heads were much too blunt to press keys, and the flared edges so clumsy they could barely aim, yet so sensitive it made udder gasp to try to type with them.

No wonder then, that it took most of the afternoon to gain access.

The device was sticky, knocked askew by the repeated buffets of those flopping cocks that were once limbs, but udder felt a startling sense of accomplishment, as it reached the desktop.

Every action brought another rush of erogenous stimulation, but through the protracted struggle it was also growing slowly more adroit at managing the absurd flailing and wobbles of semi-erect horsecocks, spilling less cum and making fewer mistakes.

Loathe as it was to admit it, the sextoy was having fun learning to use its new body... and facing the extreme challenge.

Such a small triumph, yet it felt so sweet.

That thought made it shiver, as it realized how excited it was. How turned on and eager, at the prospect of this new existence, near totally helpless, forced to wrestle for hours just to send an email.

Abruptly, everything felt so much more real.

This was what the udder was now.

What it always would be.

Gulping back a throat-full of cum, it made itself focus on the task at teat. One thing at a time. It could dwell on how... enjoyable this new form of struggle felt later.

From there, things sped up, voice controls helping take over for useless non-hands, and surprisingly quickly it had zoom open, calling in to work.

"Adam? I thought you were off sick or something. Hospital, Eve said."

The voice was its boss, curt as always, but with a curious note.

"When can we expect you back in the office?"

The udder hesitated, and for a few seconds there was silence on the line, only the quiet nickering of Mara breaking the still in the room.

"That's the thing, uh... I don't think I can come back to the office...."

"What? Why the hell not? We're busy you know, and if you want that promotion we're going to need to see some appropriate efforts on your part, Adam."

It had no idea how to even start explaining that, but somehow the irritable, pushy tone of the man seemed to wash off the toy in a way it never had before. Adam wasn't Adam anymore, it was an *udder*, and *udders* didn't need to impress an employer, or try to court advancement. No-one was ever going to make a dildo into the CEO, after all.

Not a real dildo anyway.

Steeling itself as best a blob of rubbery udder could, the toy let its teat thunk into the keyboard, to turn on the webcam.

"Because I... got spliced today."

The human at the other end of the call stared, dumbfounded, at the mottled phallus, peering through the call.

A dozen thoughts seemed to flicker through his mind, each evinced in turn by his wavering brow and curling lips, before he homed in on disgust. Disbelief too.

And just a hint of fascination.

“What... *are* you?”

It gulped, feeling its face throb, pulsing at the embarrassingly direct question.

“I got spliced with... an udder.... You know, like, the part of a dairy cow. I, uh, I’m an udder now, and... Eve’s registered me as her... toy.... So I won’t be coming back at all, I guess. I mean you probably wouldn’t want a dildo handling business for you anyway. So. Uh... well.... Good luck!”

Shuddering in humiliation, yet with an odd sense of liberation, the udder ended the call.

It decided to put off any attempts to zoom with relatives until it could manage to speak without drooling seed.

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Over the following days Mara sold off most of udder’s former possessions – they were Eve’s now anyway, and the anus had little use for clothing or game consoles.

The udder was functionally helpless, unable even to move itself an inch, no matter how it sloshed and wobbled its outrageous blob of a body, so it got around through horse-rides when Mara saw fit, or was wheeled about on a small cart when she didn’t feel like soaking her back in cum.

Such as when they took a trip to its old apartment, to see the landlord and vacate the lease.

Sheer embarrassment of presenting itself in that erotic form to a near stranger aside, the udder had worried about its inability to sign the papers, but it seemed that a signature from a dildo meant nothing legally anyway – Mara was the one who handled all that now.

The sense of powerlessness, as someone else signed away another part of its former self was daunting... yet it felt oddly comforting too, for the pent-up toy.

Whatever else might have gone very awry with its life and form, udder didn’t have to worry about making rent ever again, or about being fired or struggling for that promotion.

Its daily responsibilities now were to cushion the anus that it so adored, embracing and kissing Eve’s opening as it tried, futilely, to climax, throughout its waking hours. That, and to cleanse the wonderful orifice after each expulsion of waste, using leaking teats and head to clumsily scrub the lingering filth away.

It was a task which pushed the udder to its limits, but it had no choice but to persevere, for the sake of Eve, and for their shared, intoxicating intimacy.

People came and went from the apartment regularly, friends and acquaintances included, but none acknowledged the squishy pink blob under their hostess' ass as anything more than the bean-bag it was.

Come night, it would in turn become Eve's pillow, and the two could talk and kiss and press together late into the night, while Mara snored at the far end of the bed.

They had never been so intimate.

So connected.

That wonderful union only deepened when its owners made full use of their new dildo, but always they were careful not to overstimulate their plaything.

It was going to be a long year, yet as the days stretched into weeks, the udder could no longer deny that it loved every minute of it.

Even the frustration.

*Especially* the frustration.

Its pleasure was Eve's now, its sexuality redefined, to the stimulation and worship of the sweaty buttohole it was dating.

Every night she made it *churn* with adoration for her plush, perfect ponut, until it was trembling in gratitude for its own denial with every plunge into her folds.

Weeks turned to months, as the strange trio settled into their new lives.

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"Ohhhh yes, my perfect squishy sextoy!" Eve gasped between kisses.

It was a year on, from that fateful day when Adam became udder, and she was grinding against it with exceptional relish.

"Fuck me, sweetheart! Tonight I want my dildo to pound me senseless for its rebirthday!"

It had already been a long day of teasing, groping and kissing, but now, finally, the udder was getting more than just gooey smooches.

Faces pressing together, it felt Eve stretch, parting around it, those divine undulations of rippling anal muscle caressing it all over as Mara plunged down atop its body, thrusting its whole head and neck deep inside.

Submerged in her anus, Eve, the embrace was orgasmic, every part of udder sucked and groped and stroked all at once by the pulsing walls, her lips making out with its sheath as she sucked it and it fucked her in return.

Lost, floating in that exquisite warmth, tasting the woman it had given up everything to please, the udder convulsed in pure passion. Outside, Mara was pumping, slamming her plush rear down on its overfull tank of a body, pressure making it jerk wildly inside her, setting off neighs of lust as she fucked herself silly with the elastic toy. Enduring as much as enjoying the weight of an entire centaur bouncing atop it, udder felt like an abused stressball, on the very verge of exploding.

All three lovers were being driven wild by the sensory assault of the combined anal-oral-erectile penetration, infinitely better than anything they could have imagined without splicing.

Creaking and straining, taut and overfilled reservoir on the brink of surging forth, the udder was lost in intoxicating euphoria beyond anything it could ever have experienced as a person. It slammed itself into the body of its beloved, bouncing her body atop it, gasping out sweet whispers of gratitude and love to the wonderful horse hole that clutched so very tight in return.

“This is your purpose now, my love.”

Eve’s voice was muffled, slurred, but the udder only adored it more as she kept sucking it, rings of muscle kneading every inch of its horsecock head.

“To fuck Mara’s asshole senseless, and finally get to feel what it’s like to be milked!”

The udder had never needed anything more.

“Cum for me!”

Finally, after a *year* of need, it erupted.

Creamy milk burst from all five cocks, teats flailing as they came, pumping out and endless load of gushing seed, drenching the toy and taur alike, and inflating Mara’s belly with the flood.

Pure, unadulterated ecstasy was all that the udder could perceive, as the climax deepened with every moment, unending, *intensifying*, washing away those last clinging vestiges of humanity which had endured a year of denial and desire.

Even if the udder could have, in that moment it understood that it couldn’t possibly give this up.

Being Eve’s udder was ecstasy.