Dad’s udderly delightful milk

*By Thatfriendlyguy*

It felt like Christmas was around the corner. With it having been the beginning of December, everyone seemed to have been running everywhere. Trying to prep for what was a festive holiday. Whether it be already buying gifts in advance, or perhaps even just trying to set up their house for the season. There was plenty of stuff to do, and not that much time to do it! Especially with how bitter the season was this year. Already having multiple snow storms, with plenty more to be seen in the near future! With everyone trying to run around and do things, the same could have been said for John. A bull that had a rather interesting life at home…

.

John had what he would consider a normal life. Standing at around seven feet tall, he was an anthropomorphic-bull. Containing a darker-blue coloring, and a bit of a beer-belly from not working out too much. One of the more unique things about his body, was the birth defect that came from his birth. Having a rare defect, he ended up growing a pair of udders underneath his crotch. Supposedly being from when he was originally meant to be a girl, only to have the genes change last second. Converting him back to male, but he had already been growing with the udder genes inside of his body. While they were decently-sized in appearance, he wasn’t too pleased about them. Seeing them as being far more feminine than he was, it was always a sensitive topic for him. With him opting to keep them hidden from sight as much as possible, too ashamed to show it to others. But it wasn’t all doom and gloom for the bull. Even with the unlucky defect, he was able to find one absolutely gorgeous wife, named Natalie. One that didn’t care about his birth defect, and loved him for who he was. A feeling he had grown to cherish, with him sharing the same affection on back to her. Along with that, was a step-son named Owen. A twenty-four-year-old human, that was a slacker. One that didn’t do much around the house, besides laze around, and play videogames. Not helping to contribute much to the house, other than occasionally getting food for the three of them. Besides that, they were as useless as a son could be to John. However, that didn’t stop him from possibly loving either one of them. With most of that affection being given to his loving wife.

.

Just like everyone else, John had been busy decorating to the best of his ability! Having to be decorating his house to the best of his ability, he would have only been able to work in the interior of his house. Today having been a bad stormy day, he wasn’t able to do much outside. Not that it would have prevented the bull from managing to decorate the house! Having been working well with his wife, the two would have been able to get most of the Christmas decorations up. With only the tree having to come out of the shed, along with decorating it. The tree could have possibly been done today, if Owen had even bothered to help. Not to mention it probably would have made decorating the entire house, ten times easier than it was. With them barely coming to help, but only because it had been a problem for what he needed. Besides that, the human would end up staying inside of his room all day. Talking with friends, and looking to have been gaming extremely loudly from where they were. While John was going to get on their case about it, he was stopped short thanks to his loving wife. Pulling them away to sit by the electronic fire they had in the living room. Where the two were able to snuggle peacefully for the rest of the day. It may not have been a real fireplace, but he certainly loved spending every single moment snuggling into his lover…

.

But alas, it was the end of the night at this point. Him and his wife had finally gone to their room for more cuddles in the bed. The two having gone to watching a few Christmas specials that were on stream, with the two spending the night together. Ultimately though, Natalie would eventually pass out in the bed. Sleeping close by John’s side, with the human being completely worn out from today’s activities. Not that he could blame them in the slightest, as he was feeling exhausted himself! Yet, it felt like his body didn’t want to fall asleep for some reason. Almost as if there was something that he has left to do. Which was obviously on the to-do list still, but he wasn’t going to do that for another day or two. When it wasn’t storming like crazy outside. However, with it already being around eleven pm, it was about time he went to sleep. Going to turn the tv off, he’d let out a tiring yawn. “Augh… still so much for us to do Natalie… I only wish that Owen would help out, instead of doing the bare minimum…” He grumbled to himself, before going to place a small kiss on top of his wife’s head. The both of them were well-naked during this time. Mainly to be seen as an intimate moment between one another, not to mention having the house being warm enough to ensure they could walk around naked if he wanted to. It also made the intimacy between him and Natalie, much stronger thanks to her not caring about his udders. Making it easier for him to be himself, without having to worry about too much. Of course there was always Owen that didn’t care too much about him, but that wasn’t much of a problem for John. Just lying in bed naked with his wife, is all he could have asked for~

.

With the lights being out, and the door closed, John would try his best to fall to sleep with his wife. Having snuggled up close to her while he slept, the bull tried his best to drift off into his peaceful slumbers. However, with minutes starting to turn into hours, he was quickly coming to find that he wasn’t drifting off to sleep like he had once hoped for. Staying awake for who knows how long, he was unable to feel his body wanting to give out. His mind being worn out, yet his body still being wide-awake, it had him wanting to do something. Anything at this point, just to get rid of this overwhelming energy in his body. “A-Augh…” Was all he was able to mutter out, before starting to sit up from where he was. Lightly rubbing around at his eyes, trying to possibly see within the darkened room. The two didn’t have a nightlight to possibly see inside of the bedroom, though that didn’t stop John’s eyes from being able to see the nearby surroundings. Specifically, his nearby nightstand where his phone was resting on its charger. Grasping a hold of it, he’d lightly wake up the phone. Thankfully, he had his brightness down, so he wouldn’t be blinded upon first seeing it. Showing of a picture of him and Natalie wearing Santa hats, and drinking hot coco together. It was an adorable picture, one they recently took yesterday, due to the cold winter night. Right above the head, were the big numbers ‘1:08 AM’ on the screen. Foretelling of how long he had been tossing around in bed, unable to drift into a peaceful slumber. “Seriously…? It’s already one…? Well I might as well grab something to eat. Might possibly help to drink some warm milk or something…”

.

Seeing as how sleeping wasn’t going to work, he’d slowly work his way out of bed. Leaning over to kiss his lover on the cheek, before heading off into the hallway. Phone in hand, as he ventured over into the kitchen. Flicking on the nearby light, and flinching once the bright light washed over from up ahead. Taking a few seconds of blinking to get used to the light, before he went to opening the fridge. To no surprise, there wasn’t anything that looked too fascinating. There was some leftover salad from the leftover dinner, but he wasn’t feeling up to that at the moment. There were the chocolate chip cookies that they had made, but that much sugar would probably end up having him stay up for much longer than he already was. Through it all, they really needed to go to the store. With it being the beginning of the month again, they could afford to go out. The only issue was, the bad weather that has been terrorizing them for the past few days. “Sigh… Well I guess I’ll just try to go lay back down again. Nothing good to snack on…” He grumbled underneath his breath, with him going to close the fridge door. Turning the light off shortly afterwards, with him grasping a hold of his phone. He didn’t know what he was going to do. Perhaps just watch some videos on the tv, and just have to volume down low. Or perhaps he’ll try to just play around with his phone for an hour, to see if it’ll tire him. He was already worn out mentally as it is, perhaps he can just over exhaust himself, to pass out. With that being his main goal, John proceeded to start walking out of the kitchen. Only to hear the loud sound of some kind of loud music from down the hall. Coming directly from Owen’s room…

.

Cringing from the loud noise, John instinctively put his hands over his ears. Cringing in disgust, as he was hearing some kind of crappy music. Something that Owen listened to, that he genuinely thought was horrific music! It was dreadful to hear, not to mention overwhelmingly loud. He wouldn’t be surprised if it was still heard from his bedroom, and possibly waking Natalie up from the loud disturbance. He certainly hoped not, nor was he going to be letting it become a possibility. “Fucking Owen… What the hell is he even doing up right now? It’s one in the morning!” Grumbling underneath his breath, he’d set the phone off to the side. He was going to try and be kind with his step-son, but he was already feeling annoyed as it is. Mentally tired, and not being able to get any sleep, he could have only hoped that they would at least be considerate enough to turn the volume down. Walking down the hallway, he’d come to find his son’s door, was wide open! Some kind of bright-light was shining from within, with it most likely having been from the tv that was inside of their room. There was still the loud annoying music that came from within. Much louder than before, with it being all he could possibly hear at the moment. There had to be an end to this, he wasn’t going to be dealing with this, on top of not being able to sleep. Loudly grumbling to himself, he’d slam his first against the door. Causing a loud *BANG* to be heard from the sudden impact, before John could be heard shouting out. “WILL YOU TURN THAT CRAP OFF ALREADY!?! IT’S ONE IN THE MORNING. NOBODY WANTS TO HEAR YOUR TRASH TASTE IN MUSIC!”

.

Almost instantly, the music would have been finally cut off. Put on a temporary pause, while there still being the sound of music coming from the tv screen. Most likely from the son’s game, with it thankfully not being as loud as the music. However, that didn’t take much of John’s attention, as was the loud groaning that came from Owen. The step-son, having been far from pleased from his yelling, was looking over at him. Cigarette in his mouth, while he looked annoyed to see him. “Ugh, you’re still awake? I thought you were already asleep with mom already. Why don’t you just go back to lying down, old man.” Their tone was clearly annoyed, and frustrated with the bull. Clearly not thinking of anyone else, with their hands on their controller. As if waiting for John to leave them alone at this point, that was no respect from the slacker of a son. Uncaring, and egotistical, as is to be expected from any male in their teens. Yet John wasn’t going to be dealing with it. He was already tired as it is. If it meant he had to be mean to his son, just to get some peace and quiet for the night, then so be it. Standing at the front of the door, he shouted back out towards them. “Listen here, you have been a pain in the ass between me and your mom, for months! I get you don’t like your mom remarrying, but you don’t have to be such a dick about it! You’re an adult, why don’t you act like a responsible adult!” While he was trying to be calm in an attempt to avoid waking his lover, it didn’t stop his voice from coming out in the form of shouting. To have the months of frustrations of dealing with this little shit of a step-son. He knew they were heavily biased for their original dad, but this was just ridiculous. He tried so hard to make himself likeable to them, but it just didn’t seem to be enough.

.

Nor was the yelling doing anything else to help John out in the slightest. If anything, it possibly made it worse between the two of them. With Own letting out a much louder groan, they’d set the cigarette out of their mouth. “I’m going to tell you, what I told mom…” His voice at least lowering down into a more serious tone. Turning to face the bull, they were making eye contact with him. Wanting to make sure they were looking directly at one another, while they muttered out. “You were a mistake, the moment she laid eyes on you. I don’t care if dad may have cheater on her, but he was still a way better father, than what your pathetic ass could ever be! You’re not even able to act like a real man of the house, when you just want to be with mom constantly! So much for being the one to do manly things, like yard work, or just cooking on the grill. You don’t even cook in the slightest!” Owen was going for a low point, with it attacking John’s masculinity! The one thing he was sensitive about, and was easy to upset him over. Something the step-son knew all too well, and was using it to his advantage. “You want to call yourself a man, I just see some pathetic cow standing at my door. You’re fucking lucky mom decided she liked you, more than she did dad. If only I could make her see how blind she is…” Tone cold and bitter. Showing no remorse for the bull that was supposed to be their father. Never seeing them living up to that status of being a father-figure, compared to the one they used to grow up with. Blinded by the good memories they’ve had when they were a child, completely blind to see just how cruel their father really was…

.

And it’s the main reason why John had always struggled to try and win Owen over. To be constantly going through this back and forth. Believing in the past memories, when ignorance was pure bliss. Unaware of the horrors of what really happened, hidden behind innocent child-like ignorance. He wanted to yell at that lazy son of his, for being so ignorant of the truth. They were an adult now, they shouldn’t be so blindly in love, with someone that didn’t give a shit about them! Trying to stand his ground, the bull was repositioning himself at the front of the door. Making sure he stood in front of it, to ensure they wouldn’t be able to easily slip past him. “You need to stop clinging to the past, Owen. Me and your mother still love you to death, even if you can be a pain in the ass! We have given you everything you wanted, and then some! What memories you may have of your dad, should not blind your judgement over me. I may not be your biological father, but I know I won’t cheat on your mother, like your father has multiple times in the past. I am far better than your down, why can’t just accept it!?!” Getting far louder near the end of his yelling, John was taking in a few deep breaths. Having been trying to steer the conversation away from his masculinity, he was huffing mad. Sick and tired of this constant hatred from his step-son. He understood they may not have liked him, especially since he wasn’t a human like they were. But that still didn’t stop him from trying to love the both of them! However, even with the heavy outburst that came out of him, he was shrugged off by Owen. Going to turn away from the door, and be looking back to the game. Unpausing it, and continuing on with the mission they were on. “Whatever, it’s not like I’m going to give you the slightest bit of respect. You’re just a weak and pathetic excuse for a dad, let alone being a bull! No normal bull has udders on their crotch, and you can’t even follow your own biology correctly!”

.

That would have been an incredibly low blow, even to Owen’s standards. Attacking John where it hurt the most, the one thing that the bull was most insecure about. Evoking a loud gasp from the bull, before taking a few steps back. Looking down upon himself, he’d come to find that he was naked at the moment. Having been prepped for bed, he kind of forgot that he wasn’t wearing anything at the moment. Bringing his hands upon the udders, they would have been cold to the touch. His greatest shame, and the one thing that made him feel insecure about his body. “Y-You know I can’t control that…!” His voice having gotten much softer than before, with him feeling he lost a bit of his self-confidence. This was beyond mean, it was cruel. To hurt him like this, and then completely be disregarded. With Owen not even bothering to say anything back in return, they were too busy continuing to play whatever shooter game they were currently-playing. He wasn’t worth their time, and it clearly showed they didn’t care about him in the slightest. A part of him just wanted to give up, and throw in the towel. To just close Owen’s door, and walk away from this. It was clear reasoning wasn’t going to work, nor was rational thinking. The step-son, was stubborn, and stuck in their own ways. Nothing was going to change them. While he may have had those thoughts of just fleeing from the scene, a major part of him wanted to stand up for himself. He didn’t need this kind of abuse, and neither did Natalie. He was their father, legally. If they don’t stand up for himself, he’ll always be looked at as some weak and submissive male. One that would be further taunted and humiliated by his very own step-son! However, today was going to be the end of that. He wasn’t going to be dealing with their nonsense anymore. It was time to establish he was the man of the house, and he didn’t give a damn about whatever the hell Owen might think!

.

Standing proud and tall, he walked his way into the bedroom. Walking past the bed, before standing right in front of the tv screen. Staring down at Owen, who was quickly pausing their game. Angrily shouting out to their step-dad. “What the fuck do you think you’re doing! Get your fucking udders out of my view! I’m trying to play a game here!” Clearly showing no interest towards actually talking it out, they were pushing up against the bull’s stomach. Hoping that their force could do something to move the seven-foot bull, John was far too heavy for them to push out of the way. Remaining firmly still in place, and letting out a loud huff at the human. “I’ve already been severely annoyed with you, as it is! You’ve been such a pain in the ass, and I’m sick of it! Now you better apologize, before I force you too!” It wasn’t like him to normally threaten others like this. However, the bull has had enough. Things were going to change, whether his step-son liked it, or not. Sadly though, it didn’t seem like Owen would be taking this willingly. At least getting them to push the controller out of the way, they were using both hands to push against his stomach! Attempting to push him out of the way, and horribly failing in the process. “Move out of the way you big fucking excuse for a bull! You should have stayed as a female, when you had the chance!” Going for yet another low blow, it did send a spike of mental pain throughout John’s mind. Almost as if taunting him for something he couldn’t control, he was almost about to give in to the human. Only for the overwhelming hatred, to start taking up his mind. The pure rage he’s had for this worthless excuse of a son, was filling his mind. He was a bull! A masculine, yet caring father! He didn’t need to change, but his son certainly did. “Fine! You really want to talk about my udders so much, why don’t you get a closer view of them!”
.

Out of nowhere, John would be aggressive grasping a hold of Owen’s head. Holding onto them as tightly as he could, before ramming them against his udders! Smearing their facial features against the cold flesh, and having the teats being rubbed against their facial features. Reeking more of musk and bodily odor, than they did of any kind of milk. “Like what you see down there? With how much you’ve talked about them, I figured you’d want to see them for yourself! Maybe even touch them!” John wasn’t exactly the best at being commanding. In fact, he wasn’t even the biggest of fan to do it! Mainly for the fact, he just couldn’t. With his insults being awkward at most, it was enough to get a panicked response out of Owen. Having been horrified upon being grabbed, and trying to possibly squirm themselves out of the bull’s grasp. “W-What the fuck do you think you’re doing! I don’t want to touch your d-disgusting udders! G-Get them the fuck away from me!” It was clear they weren’t enjoying the experience that was happening right in front of them, but John didn’t care. This felt great, in its odd little way. To have their head against his udders, it brought a strange tingling sensation, he had never felt before. He could only assume that it was because he was finally getting his revenge, but he was uncertain about that. One thing he did know, was that it felt pleasurable, and he wanted more of it! Squishing them harder against the udder, savoring this wonderful feeling of his teats being stroked along against something. “Just shut up and enjoy yourself down there! You know you like these udders, you lazy and pathetic son! Your mom deserved better!” Attempting to shout out his frustrations, he was beginning to lose the main reason he was doing it. Finding it to be far too pleasurable for him to possibly care about anything else…

.

When all of a sudden, a noisy ***SLURREELCH*** could have been heard, followed by an overwhelming amount of pleasure suddenly surging through John’s body! It was ecstatic, almost like he was in a love-making session with his wife! Yet, it wasn’t anything sexual or anything, as it just made him feel better about himself. “G-God! W-Whatever you’re doing down there! K-Keep it up!” Panting out from the blissful feeling, he’d be able to feel his grasp on their head abruptly vanish! Replacing his missing grasp, with another overwhelming sensation of ecstasy through his body. He didn’t know what’s happening, but he was loving every bit of it! Managing to even evoke a loud moo out of the bovine, basking in the wonderful moment… “W-What the fuck are you doing! Let me o-out of here! How did you e-even get me inside of your u-udders!” Owen’s voice could have been heard. Heavily muffled out at this point, but that was because they were currently lodged inside of the bull’s udders. Head and neck, already worked past one of the teats. Having them abruptly open out of nowhere, and engulf their head hole! Driving them into this heavy-panicked state, horrified to what was happening! It was just a shame that their cries weren’t to be answered by John. While they may have been panicking, he was certainly enjoying this wonderful feeling. Completely unaware of what was happening, with him eagerly grasping a hold of his son’s chest. Gripping onto it as best as he could, before jamming them against his udders. Managing to stretch the teat out in size, as it went to engulfing at their shoulders. “G-God, I should have been doing this to you, a long time ago! A-All that pain, and m-misery you brought upon me and your m-mother. I s-should have rubbed you against my u-udders, just to get you to listen!” John’s dominating voice, starting to rise as he was filled with this prideful pleasure! Taking a hold of the situation, while completely oblivious to what was truly happening to his step-son~

.

More and more of Owen’s body, would be tucked away within the fleshy interior of the udder. To be squished and kneaded around within the interior flesh, as they were being crammed down into the udder. To much of a surprise, there wasn’t any milk lingering inside of the udder. Almost like it was just there as some kind of useless body part, it was at least a small relief to the human. Not that it was helping them in the slightest with their current situation. It was still a hot, and rather humid experience. With it feeling like it was hard to breathe from hot it was inside of the udder. He may have only had his upper-half inside of the weird organ, but it was enough to already start draining away at his energy. Sapping it out of his body with each passing squeeze of the teat, as it tried dragging him deeper into the slimy insides. With it not being helped in the slightest, with his desperate attempts to break free! Constantly squirming, and pushing his arms against the spread teat. Only to have them being slipped into the udders with him. Further dooming him to be trapped inside of their step-dad’s weird organ. Forced to curl into a ball to the best of their ability, with his body still being eagerly pulled into the udder. “L-Let me go! Y-You feminine bull! This is disgusting! H-How the fuck are you even managing to do this!” Shouting as loud as they could, it didn’t look like it was doing much at this point. Only getting a much louder moan from their step-dad, as he assisted in pushing them much further inside of the udders. Getting around up to their waist, Owen’s legs would have been dangling around in the air. Kicking aimlessly, in a desperate attempt to possibly escape from this strange fate! Yet, in the end, none of it mattered in the end. They were about to experience what it felt like, to be inside of their father’s udders~

.

As for John, he would have been clinging onto Owen’s feet at this point. He didn’t really say much at this point, with this pleasuring sensation being all too wonderful for him! At best, he was making cow-like noises into the open air. Yelling out a noisy ‘moo!’, accompanied by a few more groans as his step-son was slipping the rest of the way inside of the udders. Slipping inside with ease, and causing the udders to be bulging out much larger with the inclusion of the rest of the human’s body. Adding at least over one hundred pounds directly upon his udders alone, it had him instantly coming to crash down into Owen’s gaming chair. Using it as support, while both of his hands were rubbing around upon his udders. Massaging around at the flesh, feeling it having become lukewarm at this point. He was unaware of what was happening, other than being in this blissful ecstasy from being stuffed! “S-So wonderful…~ N-Need to do this m-more…~” Panting heavily at this point, John went to closing his eyes at this point. Trying his best to take in a few deep breaths, and possibly calm himself down. While the exact opposite could have been said with Owen. Having been fully engulfed by the udders, it had them in a state of panic during this time! Struggling to even move around, with their hands going to push along against the interior walls. Causing a heavy indent to appear for both hands, showing of the terrified human that was trapped inside. “G-Get me out of here! This is c-cruelty! You’re the w-worst father I’ve e-ever had!” Attempting to possibly insult and guilt trip the bull, it didn’t look like it was going to work this time around. With John too far lost in their sweet delight, it was going to be at least a few minutes, before the bull would finally come out of their blissful state~

.

Spending what felt like minutes on end to finally be recovering from what was such a wonderful moment, John would eventually be breaking out of it. Breathing heavily, attempting to calm himself after what was such a wonderful moment. “Ha… T-That was one of the weirder, but more p-pleasurable punishments I’ve ever done… I certainly hope you learned your lesson, Owen…” With a hand going to stroke down upon his udders, he would be abruptly caught off guard upon feeling it be heavily bulging at this point! Easily tripling in size, with there being rough bulges upon the flesh. Far from the typical smoothness that he was used to. “O-Owen!?!” The bull shouted at the top of his lungs! Staring in shock at the sight, he ate his own step-son. With his udders of all things! Something he didn’t think that should have been possible, especially for someone like himself! With the shocking discovery, being confirmed by the panicked squirming of the human inside. Desperately trying to push out against the interior walls, hoping to try and escape from the same passageway they had once slipped inside of. “Get me t-the fuck out of here! W-What the hell is wrong with you!” Owen was pissed off, and rightfully so! Being trapped within the tight interior of the udder, it had them barely able to move around! Trapped inside of their father’s udders, with there being no way to escape! Or at least that’s what it looked like. With their hands constantly pushing against the exterior flesh, they were causing the udders to at least stretch around their constant pushing! Creating noticeable imprints from outside. Helping to show to John of their current situation. “I f-fucking hate this! Why the hell would you e-even do such a disgusting thing! You’re a f-freak!” It probably wasn’t best to insult the very creature they were trapped inside of, but Owen was horrified for their life! From what was supposed to be a peaceful night of gaming, just became an udder disaster!

.

While the insults did certainly hurt, John was in the same situation as his step-son. Having been horrified of the sights in front of him, he was grasping a hold of his udders! Working his fingers around upon them, as he tried to search for his teats. “D-Don’t worry! I’ll g-get you out of there! Just give me a moment, and t-try to get you out of there!” From pure-rage to utter-horror, the bull was flipping emotions incredibly quickly. With his hands grasping upon his teats, he’d try to squeeze down upon them! Hoping that somehow, someway, this would lead to his son being pushed out. Besides that, what else could he possibly do to get them out? It shouldn’t even possible for them to have been trapped inside of his udders! Squeezing and pulling as hard as he could, it was sad to say that it wasn’t doing anything. Other than causing more of a panic from within. With Owen not taking lightly to being trapped inside, it did have their hands trying to push down against the teats. Almost as if trying to escape themselves, only for the hole to be far too small for them to slip out of. “G-Get me out of here already! It f-feels weird to be trapped inside of your fucking udders!” Their attempts to escape, having only grown far stronger with each passing shove. Throwing everything against the wall, in hopes that he’ll finally get to escape! Yet, that wasn’t the case. With the hole refusing to stretch itself out, like it had originally taken them inside. Firmly locking its prey in place, refusing to let them go that easily. “I-I’m trying! I don’t know w-why that my body doesn’t want to let you go!” John shouted back, with his arms growing tired with each passing squeeze of the teats. Panting to himself, while his udders were pushed to their limits in hope of being able to release its prey! Still trying his best to get his son out of his body, but already starting to lose a heavy amount of energy. It wasn’t looking too optimistic for the human…

.

Spending what felt like a few minutes of constantly tugging upon his teats, John would eventually give up! Taking a breather at the moment, with his hands firmly grasping at the udder. His breath coming out as low pants, clearly worn out from trying to push his son out of his body. “I-I can’t do it at the moment. I just need a minute to r-rest, then i-I’ll try again…” He grumbled underneath his breath. Most likely going to be needing to do more than just a single minute to relax, John was worn out from trying. He didn’t understand how they even slipped inside of his udders; let alone could he even get them out! It was all just a random rush of emotions and feelings. All joyous and wonderful to his senses, and making the last few moments almost feel like an eternity! Completely making him unaware of having eaten his own son, which was certainly a small issue. Though he couldn’t deny how wonderful it felt to have them inside. “W-What! What do you mean take a break! I’m still f-fucking inside of your udders! GET ME OUT OF HERE!” Owen wasn’t too pleased to hear of him giving up at the moment. Still struggling within the confines of their fleshy prison, they weren’t squirming as much as they were earlier. A bit worn out too, but too much of being in a panic, to crave wanting to take a break. Sadly for them, they would be forced to endure staying inside of John’s body a bit longer, with him having gotten up from his chair. Sack hanging low to the ground, thanks to the additional weight of his step-son tucked away inside. “W-Well too bad! You get to spend ‘time out’ inside of my udders, until I’m ready to push you out. N-Not that I’m pleased by having you in there, but I think I need to sit by the fireplace for a minute. Just to rest up for a small bit~”

.

Owen did not take kindly to the response. Letting out a few more muffled shouts, but John had gone to mostly ignoring them at this point. Mainly due to the fact their constant movement, was stimulating his udders. Each move they made from within, helped to stimulate his body. Filling him with some euphoria, and making the night feel far better than it was before. “Hmm, I could get used to this wonderful feeling…~” He muttered underneath his breath. Speaking just soft enough that his son wouldn’t be able to hear him. Both hands stroking around at the bloated udder, while he was walking out towards the living room. It did feel a bit strange to be carrying the extra weight around, with him lightly stumbling thanks to the center of gravity being off. However, he’d be able to carefully make his way over towards the living room. Not running into anything too major, besides the door, with him being able to finally crash on his recliner close by. Back pushed into the seat, with his feet being kicked into the air! Just in time for the foot-rest to spring to life. Bringing his feet to rest, and having one of his hands grasp at the remote right beside the chair. Hitting the power button, the electronic fireplace would kick on. Slowly whirling to life, with the ‘wood’ inside having a red light coming out of it. Of course, the wood was fake, but the fire was at least mostly real. With the flames starting to grow just behind the logs. It was going to take a bit till he would get the heat he desired, but that was alright. Returning his hands back to his udders, he gently massaged around at the fleshy organ. Helping to stimulate the body part, and start triggering something else from within the udders. Something he wouldn’t have been able to notice, other than knowing the sensation was quite lovely~

.

“Heh… have to admit, this seems like a perfect punishment for you. Being a pain in the butt, it’s about time I start feeling happy from something you do. Even if it means being somewhere, I would have never normally had you!” John declared, with a devious grin upon his face! Looking to have been clearly enjoying themselves, and savoring the sweet delight of his body being stimulated. Hands stroking around at the udders, with him being able to experience them abruptly starting to enter a frenzy panic! Surprising the bull, and having them trying to possibly calm the panicked human from within. “W-What are you doing in there!?! I can’t rest and push you out, if you’re moving around in there! Trying to speak in a mostly quiet tone, he didn’t want to wake his lover up from their peaceful slumber. It would be surprising if they were able to sleep through everything that has happened so far. Knowing she was a heavy sleeper, there was a bit of him that did believe she was still sleeping soundly in their bed. Sparing him the trouble of upsetting the wife, while his udders were receiving mountains of sheer pleasure coursing through his body. He thought just having the human in there, was already pleasurable enough on its own! Though there was something about these rash movements, that were feeling incredibly pleasurable to him. Almost like there was some kind of switch that was flicked on, that made this feeling be almost heavenly! It had him desiring to keep his son tucked away for much longer. Maybe even keep them inside for a day or two, just to keep up with this wonderful sensation~ Mooing out happily from the wonderful feeling, as his hands stroked at the bulging udder. Listening to the panicked screams coming from Owen, who was still trying to desperately escape from the udders. “Y-You got to get me out of here! S-Something is happening to me! I feel like I’m being f-fucking broken down in here!”

.

Broken down? What were they even talking about? To the best of John’s knowledge, his udders were mainly there for decoration. They couldn’t produce milk, nor were they some kind of stomach! It was making no sense on what they were even talking about, but he could feel the wonderful sensation starting to intensify within the udders. Almost as if they were set ablaze, but it was a burning pleasure. One that had him desiring more of this wonderful feeling, even if it may have been seen as slightly feminine. Attempting to keep his voice down, he was softly murmuring at his own son. Squishing down upon the bloated flesh, trying to squish Owen into a tighter ball. “Heh… What are you talking about? You can handle a few minutes inside of my udder for your ‘time out’. It’s not like you’re sitting inside of my stomach or something~” He spoke in a chill, and rather laid-back kind of tone. With the pleasuring having mostly gone to his head at this point, he lost most of the anger he had for his step-son. Being replaced by the blissful feeling of his udders being filled, he did take notice in another strange sensation that was starting to grow stronger with each second. The sensation, to lactate. It was a foreign feeling to him, but it had him desiring to possibly try to squeeze down upon his udders. Curious to see what it would feel like to be ‘milked’. He was stopped just short from doing it, by another muffled scream coming from Owen. “I-I don’t know! I feel myself b-becoming more light-headed, and out of it! S-Something isn’t right! I d-don’t feel like I’m staying whole! And it’s s-starting to smell a lot like milk in here!” The human’s screams were muffled, and clearly full of panic. With there being clear fear being visible within their tone, they were in danger. Bound to be suffering a milky demise inside of their father’s udders, with them not even understanding what was happening!

.

On the mentioning of milk, did it fill John with curiosity. He could deny the fact he had been interested in possibly lactating. It had always interested him in his early childhood, before eventually fading away during early adulthood. When he’s grown to be more embarrassed about the udders, than actually embracing them. Having the comfort of his own home to possibly experiment with his body, he had the added bonus of it being at the dead of night. With mostly everyone having been asleep during this time, there wasn’t going to be any peeking eyes during this time. Grabbing a hold of two of his teats, he’d mutter out. “T-That’s nonsense… There’s no way that I’m able to make milk at the moment. I’m a male bull! Not some kind of female cow…!” He was a bit doubtful at even his own words at this point. With his udders having already engulfed his son, who is he to say they can’t lactate? Using the light of the nearby flames to help show him what he’s doing, he’d squeeze down upon the teats! Trying to possibly milk himself, and his son out of his udders! To much of his surprise, milk would have been squirted out! Flying a bit in the air, before splattering against the carpet below. Causing it to smell of freshly-made milk. John just lactated. Made his own milk, from what he could only assume was thanks to his son! From years of thinking it was just a useless organ, to it actually doing something he never could have expected! It actually had him interested in something, and thankfully he knew just what he wanted to do. “I see… Well you can sit in there for a bit longer, and I’ll let you out in a minute. I need something to help empty this milk into…~”

.

Bringing the foot rest back down, it wasn’t long till John was able to pick himself up from his spot! Able to feel just a bit lighter than before, almost as if there were a few pounds that were already slipping off of his body. Bringing his curious hands back over towards the udder, he’d come to find that it was a bit softer than it was before. There was still plenty of hard bulges within the strange body part, but they felt much smoother in comparison. Maybe Owen was right, and they were digesting into his milk. It would be one of the most interesting ways he could possible ‘permanently handle’ his son, but a part of him was already liking that idea. Already trying to walking towards the garage door, it wasn’t long till he’d hear the panicked cries from his terrified step-son. “Y-You’re going to w-what? I’M DIGESTING AWAY IN HERE!?! I don’t know how much longer I can stay in here! I can feel my b-body starting to grow numb! You need to get me out of he-!” The human’s desperate pleas to escape, were interrupted by a loud grumbling from within the udders. Followed by the noisy sloshing of the bull’s milk, as it continued to try breaking down at its latest meal. It was quite a surprise, to watching this all unfold, but it didn’t stop John from slipping into the garage. Opening the door, and flicking the light on, to reveal at the multiple tools he had layers around off to the side. With what he was mainly looking for, being a large bucket for him to empty out the udder of his milk. Being a quick and easy grasp, it would only take a few seconds for him to grasp a hold of the large bucket. Holding it in one hand, while another would have been stroking around upon his quickly softening body part. “Oh shush, I have seen you deal with far worse things than being turned into my milk! You can hang in there for a bit more, I’m about to push you out in just a minute…”

.

Retreating back to the comfort of the chair, John would have turned on the nearby lamp. Granting a bit of dim lighting within the darkened living room. Just enough for him to set the bucket down just below his udders. A relaxed sigh coming out of the bull’s lips, as he grasped a hold of the udders once again. Feeling them becoming softer with each passing second, it felt like they had greatly reduced down in size. Being perhaps only twice the height it was normally; it was still bulging out by quite a lot. Though by now, any rough edges, were mostly smoothened out by now. Whether or not the human inside was still surviving within the slimy interior, was a question all together. Giving a poke at the udders himself, John jokingly mentioned. “What, are you already broken down in there? I thought I had a strong step son that was too stubborn to have things not go his way. Did they finally bite the dust, and enjoy being turned into milk~?” Speaking in a somewhat teasing tone, it did feel incredibly weird to say it out loud. Especially since it had to involve his udders, somehow transforming his son into milk. However, after a few seconds of waiting, he’d get a response! In the form of weakened punches from within. Owen’s hands, looking to have been pushing against the pink flesh. Causing what looked to be a decently-sized indent within the flesh. Exposing what he could only assume, was a stub of what used to be their hand. “J-Just get me out of here…! I can’t feel my arms or legs anymore… I-I think they have been d-digested already!” To much of John’s surprise, Owen’s voice sounded far weaker, and frail since the last time they talked. With the time inside of the sack looking to have been taking its toll upon their body, the bull did lightly shrug it off. Grasping both hands upon his teats, he’d come to find they were already becoming plumper than before. Perhaps even growing a bit in size thanks to his son being churned away inside. Or perhaps it was just from them needing to be milked. Either way, there was going to be milking coming out of his body. “Well either way, it’s time to see just how much milk my body has made of you~”

.

Giving the teats a firm squeeze, it wasn’t long till the milk was starting to rush its way out of the udders. Splattering itself against the bottom of the bucket, covering it in the white-delight! “Aaah~ Well that felt wonderful already! I wonder just how much of this milk you’re able to make for me, heh…” Going for another tight squeeze, it would have been another shot of delicious milk into the bucket. Followed by another, with another coming to start filling the mostly-empty scuttle. Managing to get into a bit of a pattern, with the udder starting to slowly shrink itself down in size. Still decently-bulged out, thanks to the human inside. However, even that was starting to shrink. With Owen inside not putting up much of a fight, it was mainly weak struggles at this point. Only the occasional push against the interior walls, with the indents only coming out a few inches. Accompanied by a loud moan from the udders, foretelling of the fate that was in store for Owen. Whether or not they were going to be lasting much longer in there, would remain to be seen. Though it did spike a bit of curiosity in John. Curious to see just how far they’ve already been reduced at this point; he’d take a moment to give his teats some rest. Poking a finger into the warm flesh, he’d be greeted to his hand easily sinking into the udder. Revealing there wasn’t much lingering just beyond the pink flesh, besides the sloshing of milk that still needed to come out. “Mostly reduced to milk, are we? Well I suppose that seems like a fitting fate for you. I’m sure that mom might even like you in your new form. It’s not like you’ll be much of a pain anymore, now that we’re no longer feeding a lazy son’s mouth anymore~”

.

Waiting to hear some kind of response to come from his son, he was surprised when he would hear nothing in return! Having gone incredibly silent, the loud moans of the sloshing milk, had replaced any noises that came from the udders. Not a single complaint, or an insult from within. Almost as if the human had taken their very last breath, and having succumbed to their milky fate. “Hmm? Did you seriously already pass out in there already? God, I expected you to put up more of a fight! Or do you just have nothing else to say to your step-dad?” Deciding to use both hands this time around, he’d push down against his udders! Squishing them together to feel what felt like a decently-sized bulge still lingering around inside. However, it was limp at this point, with him unable to feel anything else besides the main blob lingering inside. By the looks of it, Owen most likely passed out. Taking in their last breath, and succumbing to their fate of being their father’s delightful milk. Certainly one of the stranger ways to go out, and not the way John could have imagined things turning out. Either way, he’d shrug it off. Not looking to have been too bothered by it, with him going to pat down upon the mostly rounded-out udders. “Heh, so much for being stubborn. Gave up inside of me, without even putting up too much of a fight! Though at least now you’ll be my next bucket of milk, so you got that going for you at least~” Hands transitioning back over towards the teats, he’d firmly grasp a hold of himself. Feeling at how nice and plump they still were, there was plenty of milk that lingered inside. Waiting to finally come out, and be poured into the bucket below. “Well at least by the time I’m done with you, I can have a nice bucket of milk to drink, before going to bed. I may even have some cookies to go along with. Just to add to the festive theme, since you didn’t want to contribute much to the house~”

.

Returning back to milking himself, John closed his eyes as he was tugging upon his teats. Squeezing them with each tug of his hand, sending milk all over the interior of the container. Slowly but surely, it was being filled up with his delicious milk. To be emptying out the remains of his step-son, into a nice bucket of fresh milk! Even if this might have been slightly feminine, it just felt too good for him to pass out. “H-Hehe, this probably the only time you’ve actually been helpful for me. Not to mention making me happy too! You may have annoyed me earlier with your loud music, but it was certainly worth it~” Laughing to himself, as he’d come to watch his udders slowly shrinking down in size. Returning to a somewhat-normal size, with it staying plump for the most part. Any irregular bulges that might have been lingering inside, would have been softened out at this point. Having the pink flesh return back to its normal state, almost as if there wasn’t a human in there to begin with! Though there was certainly plenty of milk to still push out. Both hands still firmly grasping a hold of the teats, squeezing them as tightly as he could with each tug of the flesh. Shooting out another quick squirt of milk, and helping to slowly ooze the milk out of the udders. “Hehe, so much of you left to come out of my udders! I wonder how much of this bucket you’re going to fill up. It’s already halfway filled, and yet you’re still coming out! At least when I’m done milking you out of my body, your mom can use your milk for some cooking. Or maybe some milk and cookies, depending on what we feel like~ But till then, I’ve got some milking to do. Along with a small taste test, before I go to bed~”

.

The milking process, would have lasted what felt like a few more minutes, before John could feel the last bit of milk starting to slip out of his teats. Draining away a vast majority of the human-turned-mil into the bucket, with it reaching just below the max limit. Showing off what looked to be a bucket full of dad’s delightful milk. “Heh, well there we go! I believe that should be all of you~ Though it does have me rather interested on what you taste like. I wonder if you’re incredibly sweet. Especially since you came from my udders~” Being all too curious, it wasn’t long till he’d stick a finger into the bucket. Coming to find that the milk was hot to the touch! Not too hot that it would be burning him, but hot enough that it would be a nice drink for him to try out. “Hmm, interesting. I suppose I should have known better that it would be warm. It did come from my body after all~” Bringing the finger up to his lips, he slowly pushed it into his maw. Spreading the white fluids across his taste buds, and getting a taste of his ex-step-son. To much of his surprise, the milk was incredibly sweet! Perhaps the sweetest he had ever tasted, with it container the delightful warmth to go along with it. Easily beating out any store-bought milk that came out there. “Mmm, well this is quite tasty! I wonder how well you would go with, if I decided to have some cookies! Speaking of such, I know that we have some in the fridge close by. Perhaps I can have my late-night snack, before going to bed~” Natalie might be mad at him for eating some of the cookies, but he couldn’t resist wanting to try some out with his first batch of milk! With the fluids already having been tasty on its own, he was curious to see what cookies might add to it~

.

Rushing his way towards the kitchen, he’d open the fridge door. Eagerly grasping at the container full of chocolate chip cookies, before retreating back over towards his chair. Setting the container off on the table close by, while he brought the milk into his lap. Still hot to the touch, but it was just the way he liked it. “Let’s see how tasty you are with these cookies. Something tells me, you’re going to be a great pair together~” Cracking open the container, it wasn’t long till his greedy hands went to grasping at two cookies. Plopping them down into the awaiting milk, before sitting around for the time being. Watching as they would lightly sink into the milk, but mostly stay afloat. Watching them float around, and lightly crumble from the liquid getting inside of them, it was time to finally take them out. Carefully taking them both out of the water, he was already licking his lips in anticipation. “Hmm, I bet your remains will make these cookies taste quite delicious~ Heh, well time to find out for myself~” Opening his mouth in anticipation, he was placing both of them upon his tongue. Almost instantly, his taste buds were assaulting by the sweet nature of the milk. Helping to further intensify the flavoring of the cookie, he was already letting out a muffled ‘moo’ while he was lightly chewing away at the cookie. Having it already crumbling underneath his teeth, it tasted wonderful. Perhaps the best cookies he had ever tasted in his life! “G-God, this is just so wonderful! I’ve got to have more of these!” Talking with his mouthful, he was already digging his hands into the cookies. Grabbing handful after handful, as he was tossing them all into the bucket of milk. Wanting to soak them all in the wonderful warm fluids, he had a plan in his mind. One that involved drinking a lot of cookies and milk, at once~ “You were too good to pass up just a few cookies. I’m going to savor this wonderful moment~”

.

Giving the cookies at least a few seconds of sitting inside of the hot milk, John was quickly grasping a hold of the bucket. Bringing it up to his lips, and breathing in the sweet aroma that came from the milk. “Mmm~ So sweet! Far sweeter than you’ve been to me and your mom. Heh, it’s going to feel great drinking all of you to myself~” Opening his mouth to the best of his ability, he was eagerly chugging down the hot milk! Feeling the cookies being scattered across his taste buds. Giving him a taste of the wonderfully soggy cookies, before they were rushed to the back of his throat. Being given a moment, before they were swallowed down his throat. Yet, he didn’t mind this in the slightest! Having already been enjoying the wonderful milk as it is, he went to closing his eyes. Embracing the moment for what it’s worth, and swallowing as much as he could! Mouthful after mouthful of that delightful milk, helping to fill that tummy of his. And to think, it was all thanks to pushing his step-son against his udders. If he knew that this would have been the outcome, he would have done it a long time ago!

.

Drinking as much as he could, it wouldn’t have taken long for the bucket to be emptied out. With the last of the milk being poured down his throat, it wasn’t long till a noisy ***BURRRAEELCH*** would have been heard from the bull’s lips! Gut stuffed with his ex-son, and the delicious cookies that came along with it. Now being sloshed around within the gut, slowly being digested away into his body. It also had the added bonus, and having him feel tired again! Worn out from his little ‘adventure’ through the night, he was feeling satisfied with himself. A delighted grin upon his face, with a bit of a milk mustache on his upper-lip. However, he was far too tired to even care much about that. Satisfied by how the night went, he’d toss the bucket off to the side. Bringing the foot rest up, and having his body go to relaxing once again. “Aaaah~ You’ve been a far greater meal, than you’ve been, a step son. At least now I can say you’re helping your dad out. Now we can finally agree on something, or at least, me and mom can agree you’re better off like this~” Closing his eyes for the night, he could already feel sleep prepping to overtake him. Just moments away from drifting him off into that peaceful slumber, he felt satisfied with himself. With the fireplace helping to keep him warm through the cold night, and his body feeling good after being milked, he couldn’t have asked for anything else. He got rid of one problem, and found something interesting about his body. What a lovely way to spend the night~ “Heh, well do have a good night, my milky step-son~ I’ll see you in the morning, when I explain to Natalie how nicely you’ve been added onto my body~”

.

Before long, John would pass out in his chair. Having the hot milk really help him drift off into his peaceful slumber, he was able to plunge into his slumbers. Sleeping away his ex-step-son, and being able to enjoy a taste of his own milk. Though at least he could tell his wife, Owen had helped him make ‘Dad’s udderly delightful milk’. And see what her reaction is. Probably of amusement, or maybe horror. It remains to be seen, but that’ll be for tomorrow. Till then, it was to sleep off this wonderful milk his step son had been churned into~