

The Statue: A Hucow Tale of Cosmic Proportions - WIP  
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Ch. 05

In a day filled with surreal moments, Sadie still ranked her husband walking in on her with her in a milk-drinking sixty-nine as second, falling short only of when a shadow demon had made her cum while slurping out her milk.

Tom stood in the bedroom doorway, mouth agape, holding a laundry basket filled with plastic bags from the hardware store. Sadie could see some of the plastic tubing sticking out of the top. She stopped drinking Marie's milk to look at Tom through Marie's spread legs, but the other woman either wasn't aware of Tom's arrival or didn't allow it to affect her enthusiasm for the delicious treat in front of her.

A variety of emotions passed over Tom's expression as he took in the sight of the two enhanced women locked in carnal embrace. Sadie didn't know what to expect, but the intellectual part of her knew that she should be ashamed of herself. It was the second time that day that she'd technically cheated on her husband. The first, she figured, didn't really count because surely cheating has an exemption for magical sex demons. For the second, who was currently teasing Sadie's nipple to the point of excruciating pleasure, Sadie had less of a rationalization. As she waited for Tom to boom out a demand for an explanation, she considered saying it was purely sexual, which it was, that she and Marie were under some kind of spell, which they were so far as Sadie could discern, and that technically it wasn't cheating to drink milk from another woman's breasts even if it's done while naked and on the verge of drenching the sheets in pussy juices, which probably wasn't true but worth a shot.

These thoughts competed with the small star bursts of pleasure in Sadie's heads until finally Tom broke the awkward moment by saying, "Hon, I can see Marie's fat pussy and pretty little asshole. Can I fuck her?"

*Oh, right, Sadie thought, of course he's not freaking out, but if it had been another man, he'd probably have torn off the other guy's head. But since it's my hot friend with big fat tits, he's just curious if he gets to play, too! Not that I'm couching my own insecurity and feeling of guilt in a projection of contempt for Tom — ah fuck, shut up brain.* Sadie pushed Marie's thighs down so that she could make better eye contact with Tom. This had the unfortunate effect of moving her within licking distance of Marie's wet lips. Valiantly ignoring the near dripping pussy, Sadie answered. "That's more of a question for Marie. Maybe show her what you have to offer."

Deprived of Sadie's engorged nipples and creamy milk, Marie turned her head for the first time since Tom's return. Milk dribbling down her chin, she smiled, "Oh hey, Tom! Your wife's milk tastes fucking amazing. I'm not positive, but I'm pretty sure she made me her fuck toy somehow."

The basket full of supplies fell to the ground with a thump. The two women followed it's descent but stopped halfway down Tom's chiseled body. He stripped off his shirt while the significant bulge in his shorts rapidly swelled. He tried to pull his shorts down with one hand, but the rising staff of cockmeat kept the waistband from passing half of its length until he fished out his cock. When he released it from his hand, the shorts crumpled to his ankles and the full mast of Tom's enhanced body bobbed in front of him.

“Oh fuck,” Marie whispered. “That will split me in half. Can he please fuck me with it?”

Sadie guessed that the negotiation phase was complete once Marie spoke. With a needy grunt, Tom crossed the room. His hands took a rough hold of Marie’s hips before jerking her closer to the edge of the bed. Sadie remained underneath her friend and watched as her husband’s enormous cockhead wedged itself in Marie’s folds. She could see his cock throb with need as he nudged into her. Sadie watched as inch by inch slid into Marie’s heat. Both of them groaned with delight as Tom felt the tight grip of a new pussy for the first time in years and Marie felt the delightful fullness of her first cock in even longer. If Sadie doubted her friend’s ecstatic pleasure, the sudden drips of milk onto Sadie’s tits disproved any notion of that sort. With a final huff of delirious pleasure, Marie’s body sagged down, squashing her enlarged tits into Sadie’s.

Reaching around her friend’s torso, Sadie took hold of Marie’s ass cheeks and gave them a hard jiggle while prying them open. She stuck out her tongue as Tom’s cock pushed the final inch into Marie’s depths. His balls dragged against Sadie’s forehead and along the bridge of her nose before finding her tongue and mouth. She slithered her tongue across his cum laden sac, even managing to lick up enough to find the very root of his cock held tight by Marie’s lips. The taste of Marie’s pussy made Sadie aware that she was receiving very little attention for the first time that day. “Hey, sex toy, if I let my husband fuck your tight little pussy, then you have to eat my hot cunt, right? Put that tongue to work while Tom fucks you and maybe we’ll let him cum inside that fertile womb.” Sadie didn’t know why she added the last part only that it felt like the right thing to say. Apparently, it was, since Marie’s mouth quickly found Sadie’s clit once again and went to work bringing her to orgasm as Tom started slamming into her broad hips.

Sadie had never had much interest in porn, so watching Tom’s cock gliding into Marie’s pussy was a new perspective for her. She knew that feelings of jealousy or contempt or something along those lines should stir inside her, but she only felt intensely aroused, aided by the feeling of Marie’s body sliding against hers and Marie’s tongue working wonders between her legs. *And what did Marie mean when she said I’d turned her into a sex toy. I didn’t do anything. The statue did that weird glowing light thing, but that’s not me. Not that it didn’t do a fucking amazing job. And Marie is being very obedient. Tom, too, for that matter...*

“Tom, stop fucking her,” Sadie said. Her husband stopped dead mid stroke while grunting with frustration. Marie made a similar noise and started to wriggle back onto Tom’s shaft. “Marie, stay where you are.” With a whine, she obeyed. *Huh.*

“Sadie, what is it?” Tom asked, the frustration evident in his voice.

“Testing a theory. Pull out of her.”

His hips rocked back, but slowed and stopped. With great concentration, Tom said, “Why?”

“Because your mistress says so.” Sadie saw the muscles in his forearms tense. She could only imagine the instinctual resistance to pulling out of a willing and eager pussy, but slowly, Tom did as she commanded. *But he still questioned me, she thought. So, I can influence them, but not control them. Though, really how much influence is required to get a horny guy to fuck someone. Getting him to stop fucking is significant, I guess.*

“Mistress,” squeaked Marie from between Sadie’s legs, “please let him fuck me. I’ll be a good girl for you. I want to feel his thick cock pumping cum into my womb. I’ll be your breeding cow. I’ll let him use me as a cum slut if it pleases you mistress. I’ll take his seed and grow fat milk dripping titties to keep him satisfied. Please, mistress!”

The need in Marie’s voice was almost frightening. Sadie didn’t know why her friend thought being a surrogate for them would appease her, but it caused a fresh spurt of precum to ooze out of Tom’s cock. Apparently he found the idea of breeding Marie appealing. Sadie guessed that if the sticky head of his cock kissed against those lips again, her limited control would vanish. A wicked need to keep authority sparked inside Sadie’s thoughts. “No, you haven’t earned his cum yet. But you have been good. So I’ll let him cum on your pussy. Right now.”

As she spoke, her hand took hold of Tom’s balls. She gave a firm, but gentle squeeze and watched his body betray him. With the head of his cock so close to Marie’s pussy, he could no doubt feel the heat radiating off the other woman’s sex. Combined with the squeeze and Sadie’s implied command, it pushed Tom over the edge. His cock jerked up vainly before the first rope of cum sprayed onto the slippery cunt lips less than an inch out of his reach. Tom made a rattling moan as the second gush of cum hosed out. The first put Marie at the edge and the second tipped her over. The feeling of her friend’s husband’s cum on her body caused a rippling explosion of orgasm that resulted in milk pouring out of her breasts while she twitched against Sadie’s body.

Sadie had a front row seat to the orgasmic conclusion as she saw rope after rope shoot out of her husband’s cock and splash against her friend’s body. It happened directly above her staring eyes. Within seconds the jizz was sliding down and Sadie’s mouth watered. Eager to taste the mingled fluids of her new pets, she opened her mouth and let Tom’s cum drop into her salivating mouth. As soon as it hit her tongue, she came. Orgasm pulsed through her body, and she thought she could taste the power of control in her husband’s seed. Thrilled by the madness of it, she let her face rise into the gushing cock and began licking Marie’s snatch clean.

A few minutes passed as they all basked in the post orgasmic bliss. When Sadie did move, it was to curl up on the bed with Marie in her arms. The two kissed one another clean before Sadie beckoned Tom to join them. He crawled into the center of the bed and let his arms wrap around each woman. They shared an awkward, but nonetheless arousing three way kiss before Sadie instructed Marie in a whisper on their next move.

Together, the women positioned their breasts above Tom’s open mouth and milked themselves onto his hungry tongue. He did his best to take both nipples into his lips at the same time, but the size of their tits prevented any real simultaneous contact. It had the desired effect,

though. On his back, Tom's cock looked twice as impressive standing up bizarrely similar to the obelisk watching over their frolicking.

To clear her head one final time, Sadie impaled herself on the massive dick while facing the statues. She found herself folding her arms under her breasts and offering them up, nipples dripping over her forearms. Behind her, Marie moaned as her hips bucked back and forth on Tom's tongue. Beneath her, her husband's body throbbed with sexual need. She didn't know for certain that the entity within the statue could see her, but she hoped it could. And she hoped it was pleased by what she saw. Two in her herd already and less than a day.

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“So, magic is real?” Marie asked from her spot on the bed.

The trio had attempted showering together, but with their enlarged proportions, the facilities were inadequate. So, Sadie ordered Tom to use the guest bathroom in hopes that they could stay clean and clear headed long enough to accomplish something before they collapsed with exhaustion. It was touch and go as the two women washed each other, but Sadie managed to focus on the rapidly building pressure to keep her on task.

Refreshed, Sadie insisted everyone get dressed which she immediately walked back to bottoms only. Tom viewed this as unfair and evaded the issue by putting on a robe that shielded his massive cock from view if he remained still, but otherwise put on a visual feast of manhood. Sadie didn't press the issue, but considered it a further definition of her new control over the others. To truly test whether she had some kind of metaphysical influence over Tom and Marie, she decreed that none of them could have sex until they finished the construction project. Unfortunately, this meant Tom had to build something while trying to ignore his sexual frustration.

“I think so,” Sadie answered. “I guess each of us doesn't have any proof that this isn't a psychotic break of some kind. Maybe I had a stack of books fall on me, and this is all some weird last moments of thought before I bleed out. I don't think it is. And if it was, you'd both just be constructs and not real people.”

“I'm a real person,” Marie insisted.

“Exactly what a construct would say. Sweetie, that bit of tubing isn't secure.”

Tom growled out a series of curse words as he grabbed a half depleted roll of duct tape. The mechanical oddity slowly taking shape before him was simple in principle, but bizarrely challenging for a football coach overdosed on testosterone and breast milk. He started with a small bench and added a padded, curved rest by bolting the metal together. A pair of secondary rests were added to the back of the bench. The customization meant that it could suit a variety of body types. Straddling the bench meant that most of the weight would be distributed along the frame with the knee rests providing stability. The raised portion would allow the occupant to lean forward and rest their torso while their breasts hung forward.

Sadie's main concern, though, was making certain it felt like something fun and sensual rather than a piece of farm equipment. She specified pink and cow-print coverings for everything, which surprisingly the farm supply store carried, as well as getting runner LED lights to line the tubes. The machine itself was a large cylinder with an attached motor that used air differentials to provide suction. It was initially equipped with long, stainless steel tubes meant for cow teats, but she had Tom swap those out for shorter and wider suction cups with better padding. The whole rig came on a little trolley, which Sadie figured would come in handy. For use, she had devised a sound dampening box made of an overturned laundry basket and some foam padding.

Marie continued to watch the construction of the milking machine with mild interest that flared to intense lust any time Tom's robe flapped open. A small pool of drool collected on her lower lip, and Sadie had no doubt Marie's pussy was as wet as her own even if they were temporarily contained in unflattering basketball shorts. Marie cocked her head to the side and stuck out her chest. "How often are we going to have to milk? I feel like I'm about to pop already."

Sadie sympathized. The dull ache of pressure grew worse every second. "I'm thinking it's like an initial thing. Like, tomorrow we won't make as much as fast. Then a little slower the day after that. Same for Tom's cum."

"Oh," Marie said with a frown. "What if we're pregnant?"

Sadie tried to keep from scowling. For some reason she thought that not mentioning the possibility of pregnancy might serve as contraceptive. Sadie was on birth control, but the idea of taking it again appalled her. Suggesting Tom wear condoms was even more insane. For one, what would fit him? Beyond that, Sadie didn't think even her command could convince him to give up the sensation of barebacking into their pussies. "Are you on the pill?" she asked Marie.

"No. Today's the first time I've fucked in...a while. I didn't want the hormones messing with my body. Guess that didn't work out. Not that I'm complaining."

A clicking sound preceded the sudden clank of a wrench being thrown onto a pile of tools. "There," Tom announced. "I split the lines into two sets of two and added all the junk you wanted. Come here Marie."

Sadie gave permission with a nod, and Marie moved to the machine. Tom grabbed her around the waist and hefted her onto the bench before lifting one knee and then the other onto the rests. Marie smiled dumbly while she enjoyed the feeling of his hands forcefully moving her. His hand grabbed the back of her neck and pushed forward as he walked around to the front. He held her in place as he shifted and squeezed her breasts as they hung over the edge of the padded rest. His palm went flat against the line of her jaw, "Atta' girl," he whispered, and Marie shuddered with submissive joy.

Tom pressed a button on the machine that brought it to life with a dull roar. He covered it

with the basket, masking the sound surprisingly effectively. Holding up the suction cup so that Sadie could see, he then pushed it against Marie's engorged nipple. "Two steps to this part. First is getting them attached. There's a little air in this small chamber here. Stick it on like so, and click this button." He did as he said. The cup made a small *pffft* and glued itself to Marie's tit. Through the glass, they both could see her nipple darken in color and distend as droplets of milk rapidly formed. Tom repeated the action with the other nipple. "Then, once you're hooked up, you press this other button. That turns on the suction."

The machine's pitched changed as he pushed the second button. The tubing lit up and went taught as air pressure snaked through them. Marie squeaked before shifting to a low, lusty moan. Her body sagged against the supports and milk gushed out of her. As the suction cup filled, something changed inside the tubing and suddenly it whisked the milk away. The white fluid moved along the tubing until it was deposited in one of the big glass jars with a hissing spray.

Tom smiled with smug satisfaction, "It's actually not pumping the teat like you'd think. It just makes a void so that your milk ducts naturally express themselves. All the rest of this gear is just to move the milk away fast enough to keep that void stable." He lifted the second set of suction cups. "You ready to go? Only the one bench, but both of you can be milked at once."

Without a word, Sadie moved to Marie's side and knelt down. Her friend was lost in the joy of having her milk emptied and making a sound considerably similar to a lusty moo. Sadie stuck her chest out and smiled at her husband, "Go ahead. Milk me."

Her body hummed as his hands gently moved her breasts to a better position as he put the suction cups on her. They pinched very slightly as they cinched into place. With the second click, she groaned as her milk poured out of her. She nearly toppled forward, but managed to brace herself on her knees. Once recovered, she noticed Tom's robe once again failing to contain his excitement. The massive dick was still behind the robe's flap, but fully visible from the slightest angle. Sadie didn't speak as she pulled him closer by the hem of the robe. She unveiled his cock as slowly as she could stand.

"You did such a good job building a milk machine for your cows," she purred. "You deserve a reward." She guided him close and made sure her breath grazed along his cock as she spoke. "I want you to take hold of my hair and fuck my mouth like you want to get my throat pregnant."

A keening sound of need came from Tom's chest as his knees almost buckled. Lovingly his fingers laced into Sadie's hair. The pulled tight and gripped, fixing her head in place as his cock surged into her mouth. Sadie had given up questioning her body's ability to do things, but was still surprised how easily her throat relaxed. She caught the taste of his flowing precum as the head of his cock pushed over her tongue and briefly collided with the back of her mouth before curving down into her throat. She could feel the full girth of his dick as he pushed further into her.

*This isn't human*, she thought. Her throat muscles gripped around the invading dick, apparently delivering an exquisite massage to Tom's cock. It excited her, too, encouraging her milk to gush out even faster. Distantly she heard the hiss of milk hitting empty glass change to the spatter of spray hitting a growing volume of milk. Tom thrust into her until his balls slapped against her chin, withdrew, and pushed in again. He built speed until he was ruthlessly plowing into her face. Somehow Sadie felt no discomfort, only the excitement of being used by her bull as a cum dumpster.

As soon as she thought it, it came true. She felt his dick seize inside her throat. Warm cum sprayed into her belly as she moaned around the saliva covered cock. He held her until the flow finally stopped. Pulling out came with a wet cough of cum and a short struggle to remember how to speak. "Now," she ordered, "do the same thing to Marie until her pussy gushes all over that bench."

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Twenty minutes later, the two women had filled four jars totaling roughly two gallons of milk. Marie remained in the bedroom to recover from having her mouth stretched while Sadie and Tom went about storing their first milking. They tossed most of the stuff in the fridge to make room. "What are we going to do with it?" Tom asked.

"I'm not sure. Drink it?"

"I prefer taking that from the source," Tom said as he cupped her ass.

"Well, we do need rest. I'm exhausted. It's been a very strange day, and I think the magical energy drink effect is wearing off. We have to be up for work tomorrow."

"You can't be serious?" Tom said. "There's no way we go to school looking like this without causing some kind of freak out."

Sadie frowned at him. "That milking machine cost us half our monthly income. None of our clothes will fit. We can't exist solely on our milk...probably. Magic or not, it can't be a closed loop forever. We have to get energy from somewhere. Unless it turns us into some kind of milk or cum vampires."

Tom's brow furrowed, "Is that a possibility?"

"I have no idea! I know it seems like I do, but I am completely in the dark on all of this. I get notions or intuitions, but the statue didn't come with an instruction manual." She thought of the stacks of boxes that had accompanied the strange idol's arrival. *Maybe it did. Maybe there's a book in my dead uncle's collection that explains all of this and tells me how to stop it. And I would definitely want to find that book and totally use it to save us from a life of being big tittied milky cows...*

"Hon? You went quiet for a second," Tom said.



“It’s nothing. Thinking that’s all. We can come up with a plan to make money some other way, but short term we need to not get fired so that we can keep paying our mortgage. That means we have to go to work tomorrow and hide the fact that you have a massive dick and Marie and I have milk dripping out of us constantly. It shouldn’t be that hard. We spend most of the day in our classrooms and no one comes by. Hell, you could come hide out with me while we burn through lesson plans.”

“And we take breaks to fuck?”

“Probably!”