

The Statue: A Hucow Tale of Cosmic Proportions - WIP
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Ch. 04

“Sadie, seriously, what the fuck?”

Tom stood in front of the full length mirror striking various poses as he tried to understand what had happened to his body. He’d repeated the question three or four times already, but Sadie wasn’t paying much attention. Ignoring him was probably in their best interest if they wanted to do anything with the rest of their evening other than fuck. She knew it was a matter of time before Tom’s lust won out over his confusion. She was determined to accomplish something before that happened.

The bed was her primary concern. Magic idol or not, she figured she’d need to sleep at some point. While her milk was a fun addition, no one wanted to sleep on a sopping wet mattress. *I could order some plastic tarp of some kind. Or those horrible squeaky sheets they use in cheap hotels. They’re probably water repellent, which means milk repellent.* Frowning, she moved to the corner of the bed and pulled off the fitted sheet. Leaning over brought her next problem into focus. She and Tom had finished their frenetic fucking not fifteen minutes earlier, but she was already feeling the pressure return to her breasts. In an hour, they would be taut with swollen milk ducts again. In two hours, it would be painful.

Sadie bundled the sheets into a ball and tossed them into a laundry basket. Grabbing Tom’s robe, she pulled it on to hide her body before addressing her husband. “It’s magic,” she said.

He finally turned away from the mirror long enough to look at her. The robe was partially effective, but her figure didn’t get smaller underneath it. Sadie filled out the robe like a bawdy burlesque dancer awaiting her stage cue. She could gauge her effect on Tom easily by the twitch and rise of his nine inches of dick. Seeing that monster begin to stir tested her, too. Especially as his hand moved to stroke it while merely looking at her. *I don’t think he’s ever done that before. Started masturbating from looking at me? In sexual moments, sure, he’s jerked on that thing a little, but never like this.* Sadie could almost see his thoughts through his expression. He was reliving their fucking while gawking at her. She snapped her fingers at him.

“Huh? Magic? The hell are you talking about?” Tom asked, slowly releasing his dick.

Sadie went to the closet and found him a pair of basketball shorts which, while they wouldn’t hide his cock altogether, would at least put something over it. She tossed them to him as she passed by, not lingering in his delightful scent or giving him the chance to do the same to her. “The statues over there, the ones that I inherited from my uncle,” she explained. “I think they have a demon or something in them. When I set them up, it did something to me, made me super horny. That’s why I masturbated with it and that’s why I fucked you at school.”

Tom looked at the statues accusingly. When his attention made it to the main idol, he clearly tried to judge its size relative to his newly enhanced dick. “You put that thing in your pussy — Uh...cunt — what the fuck — tight little cum slit — Sadie what’s happening?”

She giggled, “Do you not want to call it my ‘tight little cum slit’?”

“No,” he growled with frustration. “I was trying to say...” His mouth attempted to form a word before a spasm locked his jaw. When it moved again, he finished the sentence with, “spunk milker”.

Sadie covered her mouth to hide her laugh, “I think we can agree not to call it a ‘spunk milker’. Are you trying to say ‘vagina’?” She watched him nod. “Huh, I guess part of this deal is we talk dirtier?”

“What deal? Did you make a deal with a demon?”

She thought about it before holding up her thumb and index finger slightly a part. “Maybe-a-little-don’t-be-mad.”

He shuffled to the stripped bed and sat down, “I don’t think I can be mad. Which is terrifying. Or it should be if I could feel terrified. All I feel is horny and thirsty. And my balls ache. — Look, this is fun, but it’s not like we can live like this. We’re school teachers. We can’t go to work looking like this! They won’t let us into the building. Can you imagine standing in front of a bunch of teenagers with those udders?”

“That’s a fair point,” she admitted. “Not like you can coach with that thing either. Unless you used it for pointing at stuff. Then again, you probably could only do that once before some parent objected.”

“Maybe smashing the statues would break the curse?” Tom mused.

“Wait — what? No!”

“Sadie, we can’t stay like this.”

“Sure, but let’s not jump to smashing things right away,” she said as she moved to defend the statues. “We have no idea what that would do. It might kill me.” Sadie highly doubted that smashing up the statues would achieve anything. She further doubted that they *could* smash them if they tried. But, she didn’t need Tom on some crusade to save her from having big tits and a hung husband. Her baseless guess had its effect, though. Tom looked abashed and horrified that he’d even suggested hurting the idol. Sadie hoped that was born entirely out of love for her and that it had nothing to do with the sneaking suspicion that the statues were manipulating them both. “We need to figure out where my uncle got them from in the first place. Maybe we can find a way to break the spell.”

Tom nodded, but his enthusiasm had faltered. “You think that would change us back?”

“Probably, otherwise what would be the point?” *And neither of us want that, do we? Not really. We’d rather keep these bodies and spend our days fucking on camera instead of one more minute in that school building.* “We can start by looking through all those books he sent.”

“Ok, yeah, but...I may have trouble concentrating,” Tom said. The reason was evident. His tented shorts had started to show a blotch of precum seeping through. Sadie buzzed at the idea of throwing off the robe and mounting him while shoving her teat into his mouth. Tom knew how to bait her, too. He leaned back onto the bed to show off the significant bulge along with the burly physique her milk had granted him. The movement cut both ways though, since it made Sadie remember the bed.

“Go jerk off then,” she said. “I need to stay focused for a while. Don’t worry, you’ll get to use my ‘spunk milker’ again soon.”

“Focused on what?”

“Cleaning up this mess before it sours and makes our house smell awful. And I need to find a way to milk myself.”

“I can —”

“Yes, I know you’re an eager volunteer, but we need something to milk into. Can’t waste all of it down the drain. And some kind of pump would really speed things along.”

Tom had resumed stroking himself inside the shorts. “We could raid the Health class supply closet,” he suggested. “I think they keep some breast pumps in there.”

“That wouldn’t make a dent,” she said. “I need something more...industrial.” Sadie folded her arms and chewed on her bottom lip as she ran through ideas. The few that bubbled to the top weren’t the best ideas in the world, but they would solve her immediate problems. She gathered the laundry basket and went to dump it all in the washer. Once that was done, she went to her laptop and pulled up a local farm equipment store’s website. She was surprised by how easily she found what she needed. Snapshotting each picture, she sent them to Tom’s phone before returning to him in the bedroom. She’d been gone only a few minutes, but in that time, he’d moved the idol to the bed — *at least he had the sense to put down a towel* — and jerked off onto the bizarre stone. “What’cha doing big guy?”

Tom snapped out of his lust haze, seemingly unaware that he’d moved at all. “Oh, I thought I’d measure myself against it. But...then I started thinking about you fucking yourself and I got so fucking horny. I put down a towel. Cause you said to not ruin the bed.”

She moved closer to him and wrapped her arms around his bare torso. “You did the right thing,” she told him. “Not that it mattered. I think your cum got absorbed by the statue.”

“Can it do that?”

“I don’t know, babe. But if you blew a load on it, then it’s gone somewhere. Now, pay attention, I need you to run an errand for me. Maybe empty balls will make that easier cause I

really don't want you to get arrested for yanking it in public."

"I'm not an animal," he said, his voice a heavy grumble.

"Of course not. Get dressed, go to Delroy's Supply, and buy the stuff I messaged you." She pushed his phone into his hand as she explained. "I'm going to call Marie. Two birds with one stone to get you out of the house and to get that equipment."

"Marie? What for?"

"She's got a ton of those big jars from when she did that sourdough experiment. She keeps them at her house in those big blue tubs. I'm going to get her to let us use them. If she brings over a box tonight, that'll do until tomorrow. We'll need to figure out a storage solution, too. Not sure we can afford a dozen refrigerators on short notice."

"How come you want to save it? The milk, I mean."

Sadie had no idea, but she thought quickly. "It seems important," she answered. "Look what it did to you. If we can't keep our jobs, maybe we could find a way to make money off my milk. Sell it as a muscle booster or something. How much would guys pay for an extra three inches of dick?"

Tom considered the idea and answered, "Maybe get her to bring two boxes to be sure."

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Sadie's text to Marie went as well as could be expected when asking for a strange thing and offering no real explanation. After a short debate, Sadie landed on a sudden and intense interest in preservatives which required an emergency delivery as many jars as could fit in Marie's car. Marie kept asking for a better explanation, but Sadie refused to give one. She didn't want to get Marie wrapped up in the statue's thrall, but after ending the conversation, she wondered if she'd doomed her friend anyway. *It should be fine. Tom's gone to the store. I can get the boxes in and have Marie leave before she notices anything weird. Like my body.*

With her plan underway, Sadie turned her attention to cleaning up the bedroom. She put new sheets on the bed, moved the laundry from the washer to the dryer, and even took a quick shower. This caused more problems than it solved. The warm water sprinkling over her breasts caused a fresh drop of milk, half of which went down the drain. Once she was able to stop lactating, she went to get what she had on hand for a quick milking. At one point, she'd bought herself and Tom each a two gallon water jug designed to encourage drinking throughout the day. They never got in the habit, but kept the jugs. Coupled with a funnel, they made a decent storage unit for her overflowing milk.

She started her milking in the kitchen, but it was awkward and uncomfortable. Moving to the bedroom made things easier. She held the jug between her knees while letting her udder rest in the funnel. A gentle push kept her milk flowing easily. The *thunk thunk thunk* of milk hitting

hard plastic faded the *plunk* of one liquid falling into another. She drained one breast completely and was half way through with the other when the front door bell went off. Irritated at being interrupted, Sadie didn't let her brain catch up with her actions. Jug in hand, she marched to the front door buck ass naked to confront whoever was stupid enough to interrupt her. The door swung open on Marie holding a plastic tub in her arms. The other woman's jaw dropped, and Sadie's brain snapped out of its stupor.

"Oh shit," she stammered, "I thought you were Tom. God, hold on." She tried to close the door, but Marie surged into the house.

"Sadie? Holy shit, is that you?" the other woman asked in an almost reverent whisper. Marie moved aside to let the door close and put her box of jars down beside the other things in the foyer. She never took her eyes off of Sadie. "I knew something weird was going on. You looked thicker earlier today. Not this thick, but more than you should. This isn't secretly going to the gym, though. Your boobs are fucking huge. And is that milk?" Marie pointed accusingly at the jug before slowly moving her gaze to the beading white drops sitting on Sadie's jutted out nipples. "Is that *your* milk?"

A torrent of questions followed. None of them made much sense, and Sadie heard only a few of them. Marie wanted to know when Sadie had gotten breast implants. In the same breath, she accused Sadie of secretly being pregnant for months without showing or, more importantly, telling her best friend. Marie also suggested that it was an allergic reaction, that Tom had ordered it done against Sadie's wishes, and that it was to do with hormones in the water supply. Sadie allowed this all to flow over her while she stood naked in front of her friend. It was easier to let Marie's thoughts spiral out of control than to try to reign in the maddened woman. Eventually, Marie talked herself out and went quiet.

With all the confusion and conspiracy theory out of the way, Marie hugged her arms against her body and backed away. Both women realized that they could ignore the nudity for only so long. Rather than attempt to hide away, Sadie chose to move on. "Marie, calm down and listen. I haven't been keeping some big secret from you. At least not for more than a few hours. This happened to me today, and I would love to explain it to you, but there's really not an explanation other than, well, magic." She related the events of the day to her friend in a concise manner, leaving out Tom's involvement and avoiding mentioning any devil's bargain.

"The statue is in the bedroom?" Marie asked.

"Yes, but now that I'm thinking clearly, I don't think you should see it. In fact, I think you should probably leave right away. Calling you wasn't a good idea."

"Are you not going to share your magic rock?" Marie asked dismissively as she walked further into the house.

"Marie, it's not that. You're not listening. The idol has a mind of its own. And I think it's manipulating us."

Marie paused at the hallway entrance, “To what end?”

“I have no idea. I think it wants more disciples or whatever. It wants you to be like me. Stop and think for a second. That’s not a good thing, right? I know I look fucking amazing, but this isn’t a practical way to exist. I can’t walk down the street with milk spraying out of my tits constantly. You don’t want to get turned into a big dumb bimbo, do you?” Sadie knew Marie well enough to know the other woman’s answer. She’d doomed Marie the second she opened the door.

Marie wound up living alone with no romantic prospects at twenty-nine because she’d left college under the belief that her long term boyfriend Lucas was destined to be her husband. Lucas, on the other hand, had his eyes set on a long career in post-graduate education, but he certainly didn’t mind having Marie around to look after him and suck his dick. He strung her along for six years before Marie finally gave him the ultimatum of marry or split. Without too much thought, Lucas had chose to split. A year later, he was engaged to a flat chested blonde with more ambition than ass. And Marie was pulling herself out of a nasty spiral and getting a teaching certificate. Sadie never pointed out that her friend had traded following around Lucas like a sick puppy to following her around in much the same way. Selfishly, Sadie appreciated the company as she built her own life with Tom.

After her hesitation, Marie rolled her eyes and said, “Yeah, wouldn’t that be terrible. C’mon, we can get you a robe while we check out the magic rock.”

Sadie still held the jug of milk and felt the surge of a fresh batch welling in her chest. She dropped the jug on the floor and followed her friend, curious to see what would happen if another woman approached the idol. To her shock, Marie had picked it up and was running her fingers over it. The other statues remained still, but the room felt heavy and oppressive. “You shouldn’t…” Sadie attempted.

“It’s neat, I’ll give you that. Not really seeing how this made you a porn star, though. I guess there could be some kind of powder or residue that caused an allergic —” Marie’s words cut off. Her shoulders went slack. As though pulled by invisible strings, she awkwardly returned the idol to its position in the center of the arrangement. The tension in the air had changed. Sadie backed to the far wall, clueless as to what was happening, but hoping to be left out of Taurik’s notice this time. She didn’t think Tom would mind another hard fuck from the ghostly minotaur, but since she would already have to explain why Marie was in the house, she didn’t want to complicate things further.

With the idol back in its place, Marie knelt down before the makeshift altar. Her pupils swelled until her eyes were wholly black. A half grin remained on her face as she raised her hands up in supplication. The room thrummed with energy, and the idol’s eye opened. A beam of white light gleamed out of the stone eye, covering Marie in hazy illumination. Marie gasped before beginning to mutter to herself. Sadie thought to creep forward and listen, but stayed back as the sound of ripping clothes reached her.

Marie's blue top split down the back before flying off as her breasts bulged out. She grunted and leaned into their weight, raising her ass up as the same feat of splitting fibers took the remainder of her clothes in quick snaps. Her moon-pale ass wobbled with new growth as she moaned and spread her knees. Sadie watched, paralyzed with curiosity, but not without her own lusts being stoked. As Marie's hand snaked between her thighs, Sadie mirrored the motion, probing her fingers into her own wet folds. Marie squealed with delight as her sopping pussy slurped down her fingers, and a familiar voice echoed around the room.

You must learn to control your herd, the disembodied voice said. This one could have taken your place if she challenged our bargain. Yet she chose to be subservient, so make her of service.

Sadie understood. Moving quickly to the bed, she sat down behind Marie's prostrate form and spent a moment enjoying the view of her friend's changes. Sadie thought she'd been a little interested in women at one point in her life, but seeing the wanton sexuality of Marie on such flagrant display disabused her of that fanciful idea. Back then she'd felt nothing more than curiosity and mischievousness. Now, she knew the true feeling of lust for a woman. Sadie wanted to feel her friend's thighs gripping her head as her tongue made Marie shudder. She wanted to know the pressure of Marie's fat ass on her face as she tongue fucked her asshole. But first, she needed to rein in her herd.

“Marie, come lick my cunt till I cum on your face.”

The command shook the other woman from her ecstasy. With an urgent moan, Marie scrambled around and crawled between Sadie's open thighs. Sadie raised her legs up and rested the back of her knees on Marie's shoulders. Leaning back, she sighed with pleasure as a clever tongue pressed against her wet lower lips. Within only a few seconds, Marie brought her to the edge of orgasm. Above Marie's new bubble ass, the idol's eye closed, shutting off the transformative light that had warped Sadie's friend into a slut. *It's what she would have wanted, Sadie told herself. In fact, I wonder how long she's actually wanted to eat my pussy. Maybe she was deeply in love with me the whole time.* This didn't strike Sadie as very likely, but it nonetheless comforted her as she dug her fingers into Marie's hair and pulled the lapping mouth hard against her throbbing pussy.

Sadie came soon after. Her thighs clenched tight around Marie's head, but the other woman didn't stop. With expert rhythm, she maintained the exact same motion with her tongue that had pushed Sadie over the edge. The exactness of Marie's tongue kept Sadie's body suspended in a buzzing ecstasy for so long that she nearly blacked out. The world faded slightly, and when it came back into focus, Sadie's milk was once again gushing down the sides of her luscious tits. With a heavy sigh, she relaxed her legs and her grip on Marie's hair.

The black eyes dimmed until Marie's bright blues looked back at Sadie. Marie looked down at her body and hefted her engorged breasts up with both hands. “Holy fucking —ohhhh!” Her thumbs pressed against the side of her nipples at the same time, and milk sprayed out like

shaken champagne. It splattered thickly against Sadie's thighs and pussy. The warm splatter caused Sadie to once again buck with orgasm, which left her unprepared for Marie's sudden return to the milk covered slit. Sadie's pussy was nearly numb, and her mouth was exceedingly dry. She got control of her body enough to gently push away Marie's lapping tongue. Pulling her onto the bed, Sadie forced Marie to stay still long enough to get herself in position. Coming from behind Marie's head, Sadie let her breasts drag against her friend's soaked face before raising up enough for her nipple to be slurped into Marie's mouth. At the same time, it left Sadie in place to lower her own hunger lips to the leaking bud of Marie's new udder. In the seconds before her tongue swirled around the needy bud, Sadie was fascinated by the idea of drinking another woman's milk. She wondered how it would taste compared to her own. *And whether it could do to other men what mine did to Tom.*

She closed her mouth around the warm flesh and sucked. Gushes of thick cream filled her mouth as her own splashed onto Marie's tongue. They relaxed into a slurping, moaning tangle of limbs and tits as their bellies filled with milk. Sadie thought she could be content in that position for an eternity and never grow tired of the sensations it provided. Which is why she didn't hear the slam of the front door as Tom arrived home.