

The Statue: A HuCow Tale of Cosmic Proportions - WIP
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Ch. 09

Flushed and breathing heavy, Sadie left Donna in a state of orgasmic paralysis. The transformed woman lay on her side in the puddle of her own milk, mooing and rubbing her distended breasts as they continued to leak. Sadie thought it was a glorious sight. She glanced at the idol. The light had stopped, but its eye remained open. Sadie paused at the door as she heard voices from the living room. "Get on the bed," she told Donna. "Put your face in the mattress and keep your pussy raised. Your new stud will be in shortly."

Moving through the hall, Sadie heard the soft moans of pleasure that had become familiar over the past two days. While she'd been playing with Donna, Tom and Juliet had arrived home. They'd not made it far into the house before finding Marie. Sadie lingered in the hall to observe. Juliet had Marie bent over the arm of the couch. Marie's heavy breasts squashed out on the cushion while her round rump jiggled from the force of Juliet's thrusts. The throbbing cock Juliet wielded spread open Marie's depths with each glistening shove. The momentum gave Juliet's body its own wobbling delights. Heavy breasts swayed, and her muscled ass clenched while her thighs slapped against Marie's. Juliet's head lolled back in pleasure. One hand groped at Marie's ass while her other tugged at her own nipples.

Tom stood closer to the doorway. He'd stripped off his shirt and let his shorts drop down to his ankles along with the failed efforts to restrain his massive cock. He stroked the full erection lazily, issuing out gobs of sticky, clear pre-cum. His eyes glazed over as he watched the pornographic scene in front of him. His mouth hung open in a vacant gawk. Whenever Marie moaned, his statuesque form twitched slightly, as if deep rooted nerve responses urged him to go closer and find the wet mouth making the sounds to sleeve his cock inside.

Sadie approached her husband, attempting to keep her own libido in check as she drank in the sight of his muscled forearms and shoulders. Her touch startled him out of his enthralled voyeurism. He turned to register her face for only a second before his eyes shifted to her heavy breasts. His expression flickered to animal hunger before Tom regained composure. Sadie brushed her fingers down his chest until her fingers closed around the thick slab of cock. It pulsed in her hand as she used it to lead him into the hallway. Tom restrained himself until they were halfway to the bedroom.

He rounded on her, pushing her against the wall and letting his cock slide up against her tummy. The monstrous dick was long enough for the head to push against the underside of her breast before he pulled back. A growl signaled his struggle to regain control. Sadie's body compelled him to lose. Her body warmed against his invading heat. Her nipples ached to be touched and sucked, enough that they beaded with milk. Her pussy, though constantly wet, grew slicker in anticipation of feeling Tom's girth shoving its way inside. Tom loomed over her, both palms flat against the wall as Sadie kissed his chest and ran her tongue around his nipple. He whimpered as her teeth nipped gently against the male equivalent of her glorious milk faucets.

"Sadie," he whispered, the rumble in his chest causing her to teeter on the edge of cumming. "This is getting out of control."

“That’s not what you were saying earlier,” she taunted. Shifting her legs, she straddled his cock, letting the head slide along her oozing lips.

Tom winced, but managed to stay focused. “It’s like there’s another me in my head,” he said. “And it keeps screaming for me to fuck everything I can find.”

“Why not listen to it, babe?” she said. “You deserve it. You’ve been such a good hubby to me, Tom. You should get to feel all the tight pussy that you want.”

His face screwed up in conflicting confusion and desire. “That’s not us, Sadie. This thing isn’t just changing our bodies. It’s warping our minds. We were going to find a way to stop it, right? That’s what...I can’t remember.”

“You remember this...” she let the head of his cock wedge in her lips. The slightest thrust would slide him into her. “And this taste,” she added. Her fingers pressed against her teat, causing milk to dribble down her fingers. She brought them up and rubbed them across Tom’s lips before he sucked them into his mouth. His tongue worked quickly to strip away every drop of milk. “Stop thinking, babe,” Sadie said. “You’re my prize stud. You’re going to be a god. This cock is going to breed every cunt we can find. It’s going to turn them all into fat titted cows that live to suck and fuck for you.” She stood up on her tip-toes to whisper in his ear, “And we’re going to start with a special prize.”

She pulled away from him and hurried down the hall, making sure he got a full view of her ass before entering their bedroom. Tom came after her, “No, Sadie, this is insanity. I feel like I’m losing my —” Tom stopped when he saw the transformed woman on the bed. Sadie sat down beside Donna’s upturned ass and leaned her head against her formal rival’s gratuitous ass cheek. Tom’s brain struggled to keep up with what he was seeing. “Who...”

Sadie gave a mock frown. “Don’t you recognize her?” She rolled her eyes dramatically. “Cow, I give you permission to turn around and sit up so that your stud can see you.”

Tom’s facial reaction was lost behind his body’s more primal response to seeing his former wife’s new body. His balls visibly swelled as they filled with cum while his dick darkened in color and grew steel-hard. He took a step forward before resisting the urge to pounce. “Donna?” he grunted as he watched the changed creature snake a hand down to rub her thickened clit. Tom’s mouth watered as he watched her teats swell with fresh milk. Sadie snapped her fingers, and he was deprived of the view of the bizarre yet seductive breasts. Seconds later, Donna was once again face down and wagging her ass in the air. Only then did Tom notice the cord of flesh waving around counter to Donna’s swaying hips.

“A little birdie told me that you never got to feel the inside of her ass,” Sadie said. “Now she craves it. Her asshole is winking at you to invite you in, Tom. Pull her cow-tail to the side and shove that monster cock in her ass.”

Tom lurched to the bed and grabbed both cheeks in his hands. Donna moaned as his

thumb ran along the underside of her tail and down into her asscrack before pushing against the magically lubricating rear entrance. “Sadie, if I do this...I may not come back.”

Sadie moved closer and took hold of his cock again. She pushed the leaking head against Donna’s puckered hole, swabbing it up and down to smear precum all between her asscheeks. Sadie nipped at her husband’s ear. She ran her tongue along the lobe before whispering, “Good, because I don’t want this bitch version of you back. I want my stud. I need my stud to fuck and breed my cows. What do you want to be Tom? Fuck the cow, make her moo, and once she’s drooling from cumming her brains out, fuck her again and make sure her pussy is overflowing with hot seed.”

Tom seethed out a reluctant breath and pushed his hips forward. Donna’s ass opened eagerly for him, dilating to swallow the whole girth of his cock as though she’d done it a thousand times before. Donna moaned as the tip of her tail flicked erratically and a quiet hiss signaled the overpressure spray from her udders. Sadie cackled as Tom’s hands moved up to the flare of Donna’s hips. His grip tightened as he moved her wholesale at the same time as his hips to piston deep into her wanton hole. His balls slapped against her dripping slit as his noises grew more animalistic. Sadie rubbed his back and gave him an encouraging smack on the ass. “Good boy. You two have fun while I go check on the others.”

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Sadie headed back toward the living room anticipating drawing Marie and Juliet into sharing Donna’s orgasmic humiliation. A knock at the front door stopped her, though. She frowned. The expected visitors weren’t due to arrive for a while. Sadie didn’t want to have to pull Tom off of Donna too early, even if it was to bend over Donna’s daughter and pump her full of cream until she spewed milk of her own. Another thud against the door urged Sadie to address it. Keeping to her oath from earlier, she didn’t search out a towel or robe, but went in her full glory to greet the new arrival.

Opening the door, her irritation faded. She recognize the young man as Blake even without seeing his face. He leaned against the doorframe with his forearm and had his head resting against it, looking like someone too hungover to deal with any type of light. His shirt had already ripped at several of the seams, but not enough to fall off him yet. The basketball shorts were in a similar state, stretched to their limit by the fully visible outline of a cock second only to Tom’s. Goopy precum oozed through the cotton as Blake’s free hand subconsciously rubbed along its length, presumably to assuage the sheer lust besieging his mind. Blake hadn’t come alone, *though he will shortly if he keeps rubbing like that*. Sadie spotted two other figures in the back seat of the SUV that was now parked haphazardly in the center of her driveway.

“Can I help you with something, hon?” she purred.

Blake raised his head from the crook of his arm long enough to see the stunning beauty in front of him. His gaze raked across her enormous breasts, lingering for a half second on the protruding nipples, and then roved down to her wide hips and the small glimpse of glistening lips between her thighs. Sadie knew then that Blake, despite likely having the life of a popular

jock, had never seen a naked woman before in his life. At least not a proper one. His knees buckled, collapsing him down to the ground. He slowed himself enough with his arm to avoid any injury, but still painfully thudded into the concrete with his knees as his hands slapped the scored concrete just inside the threshold. This was of little concern to him as his pent up cock had been pushed over into the abyss by the sight of Sadie.

She watched the trapped thing spasm inside of Blake's shorts. It whipped up and down like a loose firehose as it wasted his orgasm on the inside of the shorts. Thick goops of cum strained through the fabric, but most of it splattered against the ropes that went before and puddled down the inside to drip out just above Blake's knee. The rest of his body remained tensed, bucking slightly as he thrust in vain against nothing more than his own clothes. He made noises more akin to strangling than pleasure as orgasm racked through his body. Sadie finally took pity on him. Taking his cheeks in her hands, she raised his face up as the last twitch of his cock made him sag.

"Poor fella," she said. "We spiked your post workout shake and left you in the wind. Have you not been cumming regularly since then?"

"No...no ma'am..." he whispered, his throat dry and hoarse.

"That's where you went wrong," she said with feigned disappointment. "Your friends, too?"

Blake shook his head very slightly against her palms. "They...they're in the car. They got in the backseat...together."

Sadie smirked, "Oh, did they? Remind me of their names again, and you can have a taste." She shifted her legs enough for her lush pussy lips to visibly gleam mere inches from the prostrate young man's mouth.

"Cole and Trent," he rasped.

"Good boy. They'll get their turn. Don't worry. For now, you can have as many licks as you want."

With a deep moan, Blake crawled forward, pressing his mouth against her folds. His tongue flattened out against her slit before sliding along her lips as he tilted his head. The taste of her made him shiver. His arms scooped under her thighs one at a time, lifting her up onto his muscled shoulders. Unwilling to leave the price of her delicious pussy, he carried her as he crawled until they collided with the foyer wall. The door remained open behind them. Sadie gasped from the feeling of Blake's tongue quickly learning how to pleasure her while she hoped one of the neighbors would walk by to see a man a decade younger than her tongue fucking her in the doorway.

Sadie rested easily on Blake's shoulders and the wall. His hands didn't pass up the

opportunity to explore her body. His fingertips grazed along the underside of her ass. His palms raked across the sensitive skin on her ribs. He remained wary of going for her breasts, treating them with religious reverence until she caught his wrist and forced his hand to cup one of the heavy jugs. With that barrier torn down, Blake's groping turned from excited and delicate carresses, to desperate, wanton lust. His hands mashed against her breasts, squeezing them and causing small explosions of pleasure to radiate through Sadie's body. As the pressure closed around her nipples, milk splattered out against his rough palms. Shifting his attention, his hands cupped her ass and his fingers crawled cautiously toward the cleft between her cheeks. Sadie found his innocence alluring and closed her knees tightly around his head. She dug her heels into his back, pushing him to take as much of her as he wanted.

"*Such* a good boy," she rumbled. Her hands stroked the mop of dirty blond hair as his tongue continued exploring her folds. While his ministrations weren't sophisticated or well-taught, they were consistent. Every flick of his tongue, every muffled moan of enjoyment for the task, pushed Sadie further. After so many in such a short span of time, orgasms had become trials of resistance more than the sole relishment of pleasure. She felt as if a gaping abyss yawned open beneath her as she walked out on a narrow bridge. Every step made her less sure of her footing. The inevitable fall would bring her mind melting bliss, but the longer she stayed balanced, the greater the fall would be.

Naturally, the young man eating her out knew nothing of her burgeoning perspective of sexual pleasure. He was still the dog on the hunt, chasing his orgasm with no sense of self preservation. She couldn't see, but judging by the times his body spasmed and his tongue slowed, the newest member of her herd had sprayed at least another two loads of thick cum in his shorts. A waste, Sadie figured, but such was the price for teaching him to worship her cunt.

She stroked his hair as the feeling of teetering over the abyss washed over her. Blake's searching fingers finally found their goal. The heat pulsating off her asshole excited him further as his index finger rubbed the sensitive ring. In a sudden rush, Sadie experienced the fullness of the moment. A complete stranger, handsome and desperate to fuck, had come to her door. She'd greeted him in all her nude glory and immediately shoved his face in her crotch which he'd loved so much that he was prodding her asshole while devouring her against the wall in full view of the neighborhood. Her thighs trembled. She took sharp gulps of air as the sensation overpowered her. One hand grabbed a fistful of Blake's hair while the other cupped and milked her breast, spraying out along Blake's back as her orgasm thundered through her body. Her pussy gushed with the same pulsing deluge as her gravid tits while her asshole squeezed tight around the very tip of Blake's thick finger. She screamed as the world went white.

Blake didn't stop. Sadie slid back from the nothingness of ecstasy with slow breaths and felt the long strokes of his tongue rubbing along her throbbing pussy lips. He knew, perhaps because of her frantic spasms of pleasure, to avoid her over-sensitive clit. The thought came to her again, *He's such a good boy*, as she peered out at the afternoon sun beyond their driveway. No one was out there other than the two shadowed figures inside the SUV. No nosy Ethel from the HOA had come to sneer at the obscene display. But while it had felt exciting and daring during the rise of her pleasure, Sadie now felt exposed. Anyone who tasted her or maybe even

stood too close to her would be unable to resist. But a glimpse, or rumors, could turn people against her. Some Bible thumper might come around and damn them as sinners or devil worshipers.

Which would be fair, Sadie thought. There is a devil or something. Can't say I'm worshiping it, but I'm not-not worshiping it either. Her body relaxed further, and she returned to gently stroking Blake's hair. *But a herd needs protection. Those ranchers out West have livestock dogs. Big, hundred pound Great Pyreness that fight off coyotes or even wolves.* A strange buzz spread through her as she thought. Her hand kept raking through Blake's hair until she realized she was following the curve of something that shouldn't have been on a man's skull.

Looking down between her legs, she saw two pointed ears rising from the top of the young man's scalp. At the same time, she realized Blake's tongue was much thicker and deeper inside of her than should be possible. "Down boy," she said, softly. With a whimper of regret, Blake relaxed his grip on her thighs and lowered her the few inches to the ground. His mouth pulled away from her dripping sex, and she saw what her errant thoughts had begun.

The shaggy mane of hair had spread across most of Blake's face. Short, brown fur covered his forehead and down his cheeks. Stranger still, his face had warped, elongating slightly into a muzzle tipped with a vibrant pink nose. His jaw hung open and a long, canine tongue lolled out. Sadie cupped his face and turned his head, curious about the changes. She lifted the transforming man's lips to reveal a violent set of teeth, the pinnacle of which were the half inch long daggers on either side. Fascinated, Sadie stepped back to see his full form. As she did, some invisible thread between them snapped, and the controlled changes lurched into radical speed.

Blake made a pained bark as his body stretched in spasm. His already muscular physique bulged. His back arched as his shirt finally gave up and split entirely at the seams. Thick, dark hair poured out as the knobs of his spinal column arched upward. His whole form stretched, increasing his height by another six inches. At the same time, his legs buckled in a twisting jerk. Sadie watched as muscle slithered around bone like a snake climbing a tree. It would have sickened her, but her attention was diverted to the young man's ass.

His shorts followed the same fate as the rest of his clothes, sliding off his changing body rest in a soggy heap beneath him. Muscular haunches stretched out the swollen glutes as dark fur continued spreading across Blake's skin. Sadie recognized the odd protrusion of flesh and bone as it sprang into existence from the base of his spine. Unlike Donna, this tail didn't remain a slender limb. It disappeared behind a growing thatch of hair that caused the tail to droop against the curve of Blake's ass. His hands spread out in painful rigor as his fingers changed shape. His fingernails darkened to thick claws that were strong enough to put small gouges in the concrete beneath them. The alluring definition on his forearms faded behind the growing fur. His chest heaved with labored breaths as the same thing happened to his chest and abs.

Standing out from all of the bizarre transformation was his cock. The exertion of the change had taken a toll on him in various ways, but his erection remained unflagging. Still not

as big as Tom, it was close enough to warrant a side by side comparison. Sadie had not seen it before, but doubted it's dark red color was something Blake had woken up with that morning. The head of it narrowed slightly more than a human's, but it retained the flared crown. If he'd been circumcised, that was no longer the case. A furred sheath rested near the bottom, ready to cover his cock should it ever actually go limp again. It strained in the air, yearning for something to fuck while his balls crowded against his huge thighs, likely painfully swollen with freshly brewed cum.

"Oh, Blake, you're perfect," Sadie said as she caressed behind his twitching ears. "You've done so well. You need your reward, don't you. Here, I bet you're really going to like doggy style."

Turning around, she dropped on all fours and spread her legs. The intensity of his transformation faded behind the renewed font of lust. Blake's hulking form moved with alarming agility. He reared back onto wide, padded feet as his clawed hands removed the last traces of his clothes. He paused for only a moment as he seemed to register what had become of his body. His tongue jutted out and licked along the upper half of his muzzle, wetting his nose slightly as it twitched with the scent of a Sadie's heat.

He moved closer, and Sadie once again began the trek out over the abyss. She could feel the heat of his haunches as the crowded against her thighs. His hands with their amazing strength, caressed along her flanks with loving pleasure. The tips of his claws dragged against the sensitive skin of her bubbled ass as he moved into position. His chest curved against her back. The rough fur grazed along her skin, leaving goosebumps wherever it touched. She wanted to crane back into him, but resisted, letting him take his time.

One arm went around her stomach, guiding her hips a little higher. A second later, she sensed the radiant heat of his cock as it hovered just below her needy pussy lips. Blake growled, frustrated by his own restraint. He shifted against her, the muscles of his abs grinding against her ass as he changed the angle. The head of his cock slid along the drenched slit twice before it slid into her. They groaned together as his other hand moved to her milky breasts and squeezed. Sadie's walls cinched tight around the invading cock, squeezing it as he thrust deeper and deeper.

His muzzle moved close, pressing against the side of her face in an awkward, slobbering kiss. As it broke, she lifted one hand up and cradled the canine head against her own. She could sense that the young man was still in that magically altered body, almost as if their thoughts were shared. He was frantic with joy and excitement, losing his virginity to a creature beyond his fantasy while having become a monstrous thing himself. Sadie didn't want her protector to doubt how much she wanted him to fuck her. She turned her head to kiss and nuzzle against him, even snaking her tongue into his mouth to curl around the newly grown fangs. "Good boy," she hissed. "You fuck mommy just right. You're going to cum so hard and pump me full of your thick cream, aren't you? Cause that's what good boys do. And good boys get so much milk from mommy." She sensed a flare of new desire in him. His thrusts slammed harder, spearing deep into her and forcing out deep, animalistic moans. His mouth opened, and his fangs dragged

gently against her shoulder. “Do it,” she said. “Bite me and cum!”

Blake obeyed instinct as much as the command of his mistress. His jaws clamped tight on her shoulder. A spike of pain shot cut through the fog of lust, but as soon as it passed, the rush of sensual ecstasy filled the void it left behind. Clamped down on her shoulder, Blake’s back arched so that his hips could plunge fully against her. Buried as deep as possible, his pelvis grinded against her dripping slit as his balls churned. Finally, her pussy walls tightened, and Sadie screamed out her orgasm. Blake joined her with a guttural howl as he erupted inside of her. They remained locked together as his balls drained into her womb in heavy deluges. Sadie felt each spurting gush hit her insides and vault her to another peak of pleasure.

Long minutes passed before she recovered. Blake slid off her, a panting man-beast silhouetted in the afternoon sun. Sadie checked her shoulder, but found no mark of the passionate bite, either because he was amazingly gentle or because her body already healed. Smirking, she got to her feet. Cum dribbled out from her well fucked pussy as she snapped her fingers at the new convert. Blake’s attention fixed on her instantly. Like a loyal dog, he crawled to her side and together they walked to the living room. “Girls,” Sadie said. “I have a new puppy you can play with.”