

The Hucow Phenotype and Other Roommate Issues

By DarkeyeV2

The deadbolt always stuck when the temperature dropped below freezing.

You had to dig your shoulder into the cheap veneer, jiggling the key until the lock finally gave with a sharp, protesting snap. The moment the door swung open, a wall of stifling heat practically pushed you back out into the hallway.

You dragged your worn-out combat boots off your feet, leaving them crooked on the welcome mat. Your thumb was still stained with a smudge of cyan toner from the campus print shop. You picked at a jagged cuticle with your teeth, tugging your thrifted beanie off your fading green hair as you stepped further inside.

The hallway thermostat glared a bright, unapologetic seventy-eight degrees in the dark. You immediately regretted wearing the oversized flannel, a thin prickle of sweat already forming at the back of your neck. You'd read on some obscure forum weeks ago that producing all that milk - not to mention carrying around all the sudden extra weight - basically turned her into a walking radiator. It made sense in theory. In reality, it just meant you were sweating in your own apartment in December, and you certainly weren't about to complain and make her feel worse about it.

Padding across the living room in your socks, you carefully sidestepped the debris of her afternoon. A crumpled, family-sized bag of cheddar chips had spilled orange crumbs into the rug you had vacuumed just three days ago. A half-empty box of

powdered donuts sat precariously on top of her closed laptop on the coffee table. Tucked into the deep, sunken groove on her side of the couch was a tangled pile of your unwashed gym shirts. You swallowed a sigh. She hadn't even bothered to push your laundry out of the way before plopping down for the day.

The apartment was quiet, save for the overworked, vibrating hum of the kitchen refrigerator. The door was cracked open just a few inches. Beneath the stale, dusty scent of the heating vents, a thick, cloying smell hung heavy in the air: vanilla body lotion, sugar, and rich, warmed cream.

You paused just outside the archway, your hand finding the wall. From behind the cracked door, you heard the sound of heavy, wet gulping. You were just about to ignore it and head straight for your bedroom, but then the frantic swallowing was followed by the smallest, most pathetic little whimper.

You pushed the wood open the rest of the way, the hinges giving a soft, betraying whine.

Millie was standing right in front of the open fridge, leaning heavily into the shelves. Her softened, sprawling frame took up almost the entirety of the walkway. She was wearing your old gray pullover, though the unzipped fabric was stretched wide, failing completely to cover the swell of her belly. It pushed out over the faded elastic of her pajama pants. She had one hand braced against the crisper drawer, anchoring her weight, while the other held a plastic gallon jug directly to her lips.

Thick, rhythmic swallows echoed over the scuffed laminate flooring. Milk gathered at the corners of her mouth, escaping in a thin white line down her chin. It dripped steadily onto her chest, joining two massive, soaking wet patches that darkened the fabric over her swollen breasts. She seemed entirely oblivious to the cold air pouring out of the freezer or the mess she was making, her dark eyes half-lidded in a thick, hazy fog of pure contentment.

A muscle twitched beneath the seat of her pants. No. Tail. It was a tail.

A long, shuddering sigh puffed past her milk-stained lips as she lowered the jug. Then, she blinked. Her gaze lazily tracked to the side, landing on you.

The glazed look shattered in an instant. The gulping stopped with a sharp, choking sputter.

"Cassie!" Millie gasped.

She jerked upright, her bare heel slipping on a stray crumb. She hastily slammed the half-empty plastic gallon onto the top glass shelf, scrambling to cross her arms over her chest. The violent motion made her... well. They swayed, the damp skin slapping audibly against her stomach. She coughed, wiping her chin with the back of her wrist, though a thin streak of white still clung to her jawline.

"D-Don't look!" she stammered, her face flaming a furious scarlet as she frantically tried to tug the hem of your pullover down over her exposed middle. "You're - you're back early!"

You stayed hovering in the doorway, shoving your hands deep into your pockets to keep from fidgeting. Such a bad habit.

"Printer jammed. Boss sent everyone packing," you offered, your voice coming out a little flatter than intended. You watched her catch her breath, her bare heel sliding awkwardly against a sticky spot on the floorboards. "Sounded like you were dying in here."

"I'm fine," she rasped, her face still burning a furious, guilty red. She refused to meet your eyes, hugging her arms tighter across her ruined chest. "Just... went down the wrong pipe."

It definitely hadn't gone down the wrong pipe. She was downright chugging the damn thing. And she had to have heard you come in. The deadbolt sounded like a gunshot when it finally gave - there was no way she hadn't heard you wrestling with the door for a solid minute before walking over.

But as usual, you didn't press it. You just watched her standing in the unflattering glare of the open fridge, taking up almost the entire width of the narrow galley kitchen.

She had permanently claimed your old gray pullover weeks ago, a fact that still baffled you. You were five-foot-four. She was pushing five-ten. Even before the weight gain, it wouldn't have fit her right. Now, the zipper was fully separated, the fabric stretched taut across her broad shoulders, and the hem rode up to leave the pale slope of her belly entirely exposed.

Walking in on her grazing in the dark wasn't a new occurrence, by the way. The initial shock of seeing the university's most explosive front-net blocker reduced to this state had worn off sometime last month. What still managed to catch you off guard, every single time without fail, was just the sheer volume of her. It genuinely felt like she took up more space every time you blinked.

Millie ducked her head, avoiding your gaze. A smooth nub of a horn peeked through the frayed edges of her messy hair. Down below, her thick tail slipped free from her waistband, giving an agitated thwap against the bottom cabinets.

The tail had been there from the start.

Freshman year, you distinctly remembered watching her meticulously wrap the tufted end around her waist, pinning it flat under her spandex shorts before every single volleyball tournament. It was just a matter of courtesy back then. But seeing it now, thick and unrestrained... she just didn't care to tuck it away anymore? The horns, though. Those had to have been new.

*You hadn't asked her about it, mostly because you'd already spent an embarrassing amount of time on specialized biotech forums reading about how the onset of the hurow phenotype hijacks the metabolism, and brings about a number of aesthetic expressions. As fascinating as it had been to read through, bringing up her bone-growth over breakfast seemed... inappropriate. She didn't need to know you were a massive nerd, on top of a nosy roommate, on top of not really knowing how to relate with others of the opposite sex, much less **her**.*

You swallowed dryly and took a step forward into the kitchen.

Millie pressed herself backward, holding her breath to suck her stomach in and let you pass. It was a reflex, and it didn't do much good. The soft, heavy mass of her gut simply yielded against the edge of the glass shelves behind her, the plastic milk gallon groaning where she had it pinned to her side. You had to turn sideways to squeeze by, your shoulder brushing directly against the plush heat of her upper arm.

"T-thanks, um, I was just... just getting a glass of water," you muttered, reaching past her for the sink.

Right on cue, a deep, hollow gurgle erupted from Millie's midsection, rolling through the quiet space and vibrating right down to the floorboards. She winced. Her shoulders hiked up to her ears, the defensive posture melting into an annoyed, flustered pink.

"Sorry," *she mumbled into her collar, the word barely audible over the running tap.*
"I... skipped lunch."

You turned off the tap, taking a slow sip from a glass you didn't actually want, leaning your hip back against the edge of the sink.

"Very convincing."

Millie held her sucked-in posture for exactly two seconds before a long, defeated puff of air rattled past her lips. Her shoulders slumped, the sudden exhalation shifting her entire center of gravity. The front of your stolen pullover swayed with the motion, the damp fabric stopping just a inch away from brushing against your elbow.

"Shut up," *she grumbled, letting the back of her head thump against the open refrigerator door. A sheepish, lopsided smile broke through her embarrassed flush.*
"Okay, fine. I didn't skip jack. I ordered two deep-dish pizzas around noon. And... I might have killed the rest of your powdered donuts while playing Stardew. I can Venmo you for them," *she added quickly, the thick fleece of her pants swishing audibly as she shifted her weight.* "I know you literally just bought them yesterday."

"Don't worry about it," *you said, also entirely too quickly. You stared hard at a faded takeout menu stuck to the freezer door, deliberately trying not to look at her.* "They were getting stale anyway."

"They were in a sealed box, Cass."

"A cheap sealed box."

She let out a short, breathy laugh that caught in her throat, turning into a soft, wet hiccup. She clamped her free hand over her mouth, eyes widening slightly as another thick, resonant rumble echoed from deep beneath her waistband. You could actually see the cotton jump with the sound.

The brief spike of panic from getting caught was visibly draining out of her, replaced by a profound, lethargic slump. Her eyelids fluttered, struggling to stay fully open as she leaned her entire weight back against the fridge door, letting the appliance hold her up. It took an immense amount of blood flow to digest that much dense dough and cheese, and her body was clearly prioritizing her gut over her posture.

"Ugh," *she groaned, her half-lidded gaze drifting up to the fluorescent ceiling light.*
"I think the cheese is finally hitting me."

"Spending the whole day eating will do that," *you offered, leaning a fraction of an inch further back against the sink counter.* "That gallon can't be helping things out."

She hugged the plastic jug a little tighter to her side. The crinkle of the thin plastic was incredibly loud in the cramped space. "Oh, shut it... it's only half of one," she corrected. Her voice took on that quiet, petulant pout it always got whenever her newly insatiable appetite was pointed out. "And I needed it to wash down the powdered sugar. My throat was dry."

"Right."

"It was!" she huffed, her tail giving another slow, lazy flick. "The dough was super thick. And... and my stomach was just feeling completely empty, okay? I couldn't focus on my game." She let out another soft groan, pushing off the edge of the open fridge with visible, trembling effort. "I should probably set this down before I drop it," she muttered.

Instead of returning the gallon to the cold shelf, she pivoted. She reached directly across the narrow gap between the appliances, aiming for the sliver of counter space right next to your hip. As she leaned in, the heavy, soaked front of your stolen pullover pressed firmly against your bicep.

Though it was annoying that there were no clean glasses about, you couldn't just stare at the mug in your hands anymore. Not with that much warm weight resting right against your arm.

Her chest had really filled out late, trailing a few months behind the initial, rapid softening of her waistline and thighs. You knew exactly why, of course. Now you were getting reminded of a 3 AM rabbit hole on Reddit that had led you to a frankly mortifying amount of medical literature on bovine-human gene expression. The massive fat accumulation always came first, providing the sheer caloric fuel required for the mammary glands to swell and trigger heavy lactation. That's the exact term they used. It did leave you a little flustered when reading through it, but it just was part of the literature.

So yeah. The sudden fullness, the fact that she had long since abandoned wearing any kind of bra beneath her baggy clothes - it was just par for the course. A given.

But knowing the biology and terminology wasn't making standing next to her any easier.

It was maddening. The wet patches on the grey fabric were right at your eye level. As she stretched her arm out, the material pulled taut, highlighting the teardrop slope of her breasts and the rigid peaks pushing through the soaked cotton. She let go of the plastic jug with a dull thud, lingering there for a second too long as she caught her breath, completely oblivious to where her chest was resting.

You squeezed your eyes shut, your back rigid against the edge of the sink. A hot, prickling wave of frustration started to bubble up tight in the center of your chest, making you bite down hard on the inside of your cheek.

The wet, sweet heat of her chest finally seeped straight through the cotton of your flannel, dampening your own skin.

That did it.

Your jaw clenched. Before you even really processed the movement, your hands shot out, grabbing the separated bottom hems of the ruined gray pullover.

"Take it off, Mills," you blurted out. Your voice cracked, pitching a little too loud in the quiet kitchen. You gave the fabric a firm, upward tug. "Come on. Arms up."

Millie flinched, her elbows clamping down reflexively. She trapped your wrists against the warm mass of her waist, her face flushing a panicked, furious red. "Cass, wait - what? It's fine! I was going to wash it - "

"You're dripping onto your own socks," you snapped. The frustration bled into your words before you could stop it. You immediately bit down on your lower lip, regretting the sharp tone, but you didn't let go. "You're soaking wet. Come on, just... let me get it off you. Let me help."

She stared at you, her chest heaving. Then, a long, shaky breath puffed past her lips. Had that been a smirk? It didn't last enough to be sure. Her broad shoulders slumped, the resistance evaporating into that familiar surrender. She raised her arms, offering herself up to be undressed with a lethargic, doughy compliance.

It was exactly this kind of giving up that always made your mind betray you.

It brought up the more fringe theories from those late-night dives. Threads debating bovine-human lactational imprinting. There were papers - more than one - that cited clinical terms like 'oxytocin-mediated hyper-attachment', describing how tactile-dependency loops triggered by abdominal distension and mammary engorgement essentially rewired the brain. The theory suggested that when a hucow became too physically overwhelmed by their own biology to comfortably manage themselves, their instincts short-circuited, driving them to biologically anchor to someone more physically fit/active than them.

Shoddy, pseudoscientific fetish fuel. For fuck's sake, they frequently dubbed the caretaker agent as "farmer." You couldn't take them seriously. And you didn't, as you read through them over, and over, and over before going to bed. For like a week straight.

You forced the thought away again, and pulled the milk-slicked fabric up.

It cleared her stomach, dragged over her wet chest, and then... got stuck. Standing five and a half inches taller than you, she had entirely too much leverage. You ended up on your tip-toes, awkwardly bunching the collar around her neck, embarrassingly unable to pop it over her messy bun. A hot, embarrassed flush crept up both of your cheeks. She let out a soft huff, bending her knees to duck her head down to your level. One of her tacky hands came up, grabbing the bunched fabric near her ear, and she helped you blindly yank over her horns and hair.

The soaked pull over peeled away with a soft, sticky sound. You tossed it into the metal sink behind you with a wet slap.

Without the straining fabric to cage her in, her bare chest spilled forward, dropping unsupported to rest directly against the plush shelf of her stomach. The forums hadn't really prepared you for the sheer gravity of it. Fresh tracks of white wept steadily, pooling in the deep crease where her breasts met her middle. The apartment was stiflingly hot; a bead of sweat rolled down her collarbone, mixing with the spilled milk.

You swallowed, your throat clicking. You quickly shifted your weight backward, pressing your hips hard against the edge of the counter. Your hands dropped, hastily tugging the bottom of your oversized flannel forward to tent the loose fabric over your jeans, trying to hide the agonizing pressure straining against your zipper.

Millie let out a long, vibrating groan that started deep in her throat and rumbled all the way down into her gut. She rolled her neck, her eyes fluttering shut for a fraction of a second.

"God," she breathed out, the tension bleeding out of her spine. "That zipper was digging right into my ribs."

But the relief was fleeting. The moment the cold draft from the open freezer washed over her bare, wet skin, her entire body gave a violent shiver. You had read about this

- thermal shock triggering the letdown reflex. The sudden temperature drop forced an immediate biological response. Now... it couldn't have been that much of a drop. Surely not. The heating was cranked very high. But whatever the reason, the steady weep accelerated into a fast, heavy drip, thick white droplets splattering directly onto her pale stomach.

Her eyes snapped open. The embarrassed flush on her cheeks darkened into a deep, feverish crimson. Her breathing hitched.

"A-ah. Great. Fantastic," she snapped, her voice trembling slightly. She hastily crossed her forearms under her heavy chest, trying to cup the weight and catch the mess at the same time. The clumsy squeezing motion only forced a fresh, thicker surge of milk to spill right over her wrists. She gasped, her tail whipping out to smack the fridge door. "This is exactly why I kept it on, Cass!"

Yeah, so much for imprinting on you. "No, hey... come on now! You were sitting in a puddle of it!" you argued back, your voice tight. You kept your fists shoved deep into your pockets, physically pinning the flannel down. "You want a rash? Because sleeping in... um... wet fleece is how you get a rash."

"It's not fleece, it's cotton. Fleece is the furthest thing from cotton there is. I want a towel," she hissed, refusing to look at you. She shifted her weight, squeezing her thighs together. "Which I now have to go find. Naked. While actively making a trail."

"I'll just go to the bathroom and grab - "

"I'll get it," she interrupted, already pivoting away from the open fridge.

Her bare heel squeaked against the faux-wood laminate. She tried to storm out, but 'storming' wasn't really something her frame was built for anymore. Her wide hips caught the edge of the doorframe, forcing her to twist awkwardly just to clear the archway. A fat drop of white splashed directly onto the wooden baseboards.

"Mills, wait, just stay on the tile," you blurted, pushing off the sink.

"I know where the hall closet is, Cass!" she shot back over her shoulder. Her voice was sharp, but the way she kept her forearms clamped tightly beneath her heavy chest - desperately trying to dam the sudden, humiliating flow - betrayed how overwhelmed she was. Were you feeling guilty about your outburst?

"Yeah, and you're going to leave a trail all over the rug!"

You scrambled after her, your socks slipping slightly on the slick floor. To beat her to the hallway, you had to duck past her shoulder right as she entered the living room.

The cramped layout of the apartment meant you had to squeeze directly past her, your elbow sinking briefly into the soft, doughy curve of her waist.

She gasped, pulling back as if she'd been burned. The sudden flinch made her breasts sway. "Hey! Watch it..."

"Sorry! Sorry. But I'll get it," you insisted, practically speed-walking down the narrow corridor. You kept your back turned to her, letting the oversized flannel drape like a curtain over your front to hide the agonizing tent in your jeans. "Just... don't move. Stay there. Don't step on the carpet. I'm grabbing the big blue one."

"Cassie, seriously, I can dry myself off," she grumbled, though her footsteps dutifully stopped at the border of the kitchen tile. A frustrated, whining groan rumbled in the back of her throat, followed by the wet, sticky sound of her shifting her grip. "God, it's getting everywhere..."

You yanked a large blue bath towel from the middle shelf, the wire rack rattling loudly in the dark hallway. You took a desperately deep breath, squeezing the rough terrycloth in your fists. Just look at the drywall, hand it over, and retreat to your bedroom.

Millie had not stayed on the kitchen tile.

She was standing right behind you in the narrow corridor. Her arms hung loosely at her sides, having entirely abandoned any attempt to cover herself. In the dim spill of light from the kitchen, her pale skin gleamed with sweat. The weeping from her unsupported chest had slowed to thick, lazy drops that traced down the distended curve of her stomach, seeping quietly into the waistband of her pants.

"Here," you choked out, holding the folded fabric up like a shield between you. "Dry off."

She did not lift her hands to take it.

Instead, Millie took a slow, clumsy half-step forward. The apartment hallway was exactly thirty-six inches wide, and right now, she easily took up thirty-two of them. Her midsection connected with the towel, pushing your hands back into your own chest, and... she just kept walking. Her sheer weight drove you backward until your shoulder blades hit the louvered closet door with a dull thud. Tall as she was, the soft, radiating heat of her belly molded directly against your groin, pinning your

agonizingly obvious arousal flush against your zipper. No way she wasn't feeling it, right?

All the air left your lungs in a sharp wheeze. You flattened your palms against the wall, trapped.

A low, vibrating hum resonated deep in her throat. She let her chin drop, resting the side of her jaw securely on the top of your head, and exhaled a long sigh. Then, her knees buckled just a fraction, forcing you to quickly widen your stance to keep both of you from sliding down the drywall.

"Hey. No, no. Mills? Millie. Come on now, stay with me," you murmured, your voice dropping its exasperated edge, replaced by a sudden spike of concern. "Don't fall on me."

"M'tired," she whined into your hair, the words slurring together into a thick, pathetic mumble. "Cass... I'm so full."

"No, yeah, I..." You stared blindly at the dark ceiling. "I got that." Her heartbeat was slowing down into a sluggish thud against your collarbone. You recognized the signs immediately. The sudden spike of adrenaline from... what, exactly? Walking eight feet to the bathroom? Getting that sweater off? Getting caught?

Whatever the cause, she had completely burned out. Her body was shutting down to focus entirely on digestion.

And there must've been a lot to digest. A deep, hollow gurgle erupted from the space between you, the sound muffled, but undeniable. She had confessed to the pizzas, but knowing Millie, that was just the bedrock. She practically lived on buttered noodles at three in the afternoon, and there was always a missing sleeve of Oreos by the time you woke up for morning classes. All of those dense, empty calories were actively churning right against you.

"Back up. I can't breathe," you rasped, your voice tight in your throat. You tried to shift your hips, desperately needing a fraction of an inch, but the movement only dragged the hard, aching ridge of your jeans deeper into her bare flesh.

"No," she whimpered, her sticky fingers curling weakly into the sides of your flannel, anchoring herself to your ribs. "Don't... don't wanna move..."

She simply shifted her weight, melting even further into your space. Down by your ankles, something thick and tufted brushed against your calf. Her tail curled inward, hooking lazily around the back of your knee.

Your breath hitched. You squeezed your eyes shut.

"You... you're soaking my shirt," *you whispered numbly.*

"Then wipe it," *she breathed out, her voice taking on a needy, lethargic drag.*

The bath towel was effectively useless now. It was crushed into a thick wad between her leaking underbust and your chest, doing nothing to stop the mess.

"No way... no way you pumped today. You didn't," *you said. You didn't need a confirmation, drenched in milk as you were. "Why?"*

"That thing is too loud," *she complained, a pained sound pulling you back to the cramped hallway. She slumped further against you, her chin digging into your shoulder. "And the plastic flanges are freezing, Cass. I hate setting it up. It takes too much work."*

"So... w-what then? You just trap me in the closet instead?"

"Mhm."

"Millie, dear..."

She bent her knees just a fraction more, her blunt nails digging into your flannel.

"Stop it. My stomach is stretched so fucking tight," *she gasped, her hips rocking forward in a slow, involuntary motion that nearly made your vision white out. "And my chest hurts so bad. Drop the towel. It's too rough. Just... just use your hands already."*

Your fingers uncurled. The blue cotton dropped, wetly hitting the floorboards.

For a second, the overworked hum of the kitchen compressor felt miles away, drowned out entirely by the shallow, hitching rhythm of her breathing. You swallowed dryly and lifted your bare hands.

"It's going to get all over the walls," *you murmured. The last lingering pretense of being annoyed was gone from your voice. Your thumbs naturally found the dark, swollen edges of her areolas, bracing against the rigid peaks.*

"Don't care," *she whimpered, her hot breath puffing against your collarbone in a frankly pathetic plea. "Cass. Please."*

You squeezed.

A ragged sigh of relief puffed against your neck. Thick streams of warm milk immediately shot forward, painting you white and splattering directly onto the soft, protruding shelf of her belly. Whatever meager effort she had been using to keep

herself upright evaporated entirely. You had to brace yourself hard against the baseboards to keep the both of you from collapsing.

She did not move.

Her tail tightened its grip around your leg, and she just let you hold her, exactly where she needed to be.