

Spill
A Hucow Story
by Violet Kirkwood

The flesh on her chest quivered and grew. It expanded as though an invisible pump pushed in more air. Her small breasts had become a pair of fat tits, and it seemed linked to her cumming. "This could get out of hand," she thought, shortly before pushing two fingers into her juicy pussy.

At the scene of the crash, no one was injured. The truck driver, a man named Richard, was quite shaken, but his frazzled nerves didn't last long. As a rule, truckers know what they're hauling, but some drivers, and companies for that matter, don't like getting bogged down in the details. Richard didn't see how the contents of his tanker mattered to him, so long as he knew a few key details, such as whether or not it would explode. The shipment currently on its side blocking traffic was described as hazardous but not explosive. This fact crawled up through Richard's muddled mind as he watched a pink ooze seep out of a large hole in the tanker.

Other people walked around. Some checked on Richard. Others tried to work out why the tanker suddenly flipped over. Most had their phones stuck to their ears telling someone on the other end about how their lives flashed before their eyes after some hurried braking. Finally, one of them had enough sense to ask Richard what was coming out of the tanker. Richard shrugged, "Dunno, but its disappearing, so that's good right?"

Nearby, the pink sludge bubbled and puffed as it transformed into a cloud of rolling gas. "No," the woman said as tendrils of the stuff licked the back of her head. "I don't think that's good." She bit her lip, wondered why Richard smelled like fresh baked cookies, and felt a quiver jolt her body.

The scene around the accident barrelled toward a new type of chaos while the pink cloud rolled down into the nearby valley.

Penny heard the crash, but didn't think much of it. Strange sounds came from the highway all the time. A crash didn't sound all too different from someone skidding on their brakes. She stood up from her flowerbed and peered in the general direction of the noise for a while, not entirely sure what she expected to see. A plume of smoke, perhaps. Or, she could have heard sirens rushing to the scene of a horrid accident. Instead, the highway actually went a little quiet. The roar of cars rushing by the small town diminished into the sound of a gusty day. Penny shrugged and went back to her work.

The cloud lost its color as it flowed down into the valley, but it did smell slightly of sugar. Penny didn't notice the scent due to her allergies. The flowerbeds looked much better than when she started, but more weeds peeked up through the pine straw. She signed and pulled off her gloves as she sat back on the warm grass. Frustrated by itchy eyes and a clogged nose, she took a few forceful breaths. As she did, a peculiar urge came over her. She was horny.

Her cheeks turned red. She looked around as though someone might have spotted her mild reaction, jump from behind a tree, and yell, "Look! Penny's feeling like taking a hard cock! Everyone laugh!" Of course, that didn't happen. No one lived close to her, for one thing. For another, a mild blush made a poor indicator for a sudden, intense desire to get railed in her flowerbed. She did consider it a sign of being out in the sun too long. Penny gathered her things, put them away in the shed, and went in to shower off. She expected the thoughts of a fat dick sliding in between her pussy lips while she groaned into the cock owner's ear to fade. They didn't.

The grime slid off her easily under the cool streams of water. She liked a cold shower for the same reason she liked confining clothes and heavy blankets — all of them kept her braced and taut. For a change, though, she dialed up the heat. Out of the sun, the morning was still a little cool, and her house could have used a bit of heat to disperse the night's chill. The warm water loosened the tension in her body as she lathered herself in soap. She rubbed her shoulders through the loofah while her other hand moved over her soapy belly, enjoying the feeling of her fingertips gliding across her skin.

The naughty thoughts didn't leave as she thought they would. If anything, the ideas took up a corner of her mind, put on the kettle, and kicked up their feet to wait for her attention. She withheld it resiliently for as long as she could, but the warm streams of water pattered across her nipples as she turned in the shower. The small buds woke eagerly, protruding out and begging for attention, or at least to be returned to the warm water. Penny denied them, enjoying the cascade of water rushing down her back and finding its way between her ass cheeks to gently gurgle across her strangely sensitive asshole.

The sensation of feeling her asshole, that is being entirely aware of each drop of water delicately winding through the crevices of supple skin, forced Penny to confront the idea of something being wrong. At the same time, the slow drip of hot water down her inner thighs tipped the scales against her. "I'll get it out of the way," she said to no one. "Then I'll be able to think clearly."

She yanked back the curtain on the shower. Dripping wet, she went to her bedroom and opened the drawer beside her bed. After a bit of rummaging, she drew out a pink dildo, holding it up and letting it wobble in her palm. Retracing her steps through the small puddles, she returned to the steamy chamber of her shower. The dildo went on the wall with a loud *thwock*. She frowned at it, bent herself at the waist, and then spent a full minute slowly moving the adhered silicone down to a more appropriate level.

Water continued to flow, but the steam in the bathroom seemed thicker than it should. Penny thought she could see strange pink swirls in the mist as her fingers slid into her pussy, testing her wetness. It didn't surprise her to find the slit slick and ready. She positioned herself appropriate and let the head of the fake dick glide across her lips. After a few seconds, she pushed back and sighed as the fake cock entered her. She shoved back eagerly, letting her wet ass smack the shower wall. She held herself still, enjoying the feeling of her walls moving around the invading cock.

The shower head came away and almost went wild due to the pressure. Its sudden buck of independence forced Penny to relinquish a portion of the dildo inside of her, but with the shower head firmly in hand, she shoved her ass back again, shuddering from the feeling of an inanimate object plumbing her depths. Her body sizzled like a live wire. With her pussy impaled, she let the stream of water dance across her breasts. Everywhere it touched yearned for more, but her clit threatened a full rebellion if it didn't get attention.

Penny clicked the shower head's setting over to a slower massage pulse. The water

splashed against her stomach as a test. She smiled and let the water move lower. As it splashed against the upper part of her pussy, she wriggled her hips, sliding along the length of fake cock. Only a few seconds passed. In those seconds, she experienced bursts of pleasure shooting up through her whole body to explode in her brain, like flak shells. On the third explosion, the world devolved into a pink haze. Her pussy clenched around the cock as every inch of her body fizzed with pleasure. The pulsing water kept renewing the sensation, and dimly, she thought her breasts felt heavier.

Maria thought something might be wrong. Moving back in with her mother after college didn't provide much room for a dating life. Her room had not changed much from her teenage years. Posters of boy bands and an odd amount of handmade bracelets adorned the walls. It didn't make much sense to ask a date back to her place from the decor alone, but she also had to contend with her mother, Sofia. This was enough to keep the idea of dating as far from Maria's thoughts as possible.

Which made it strange for her first action upon waking midmorning to be texting a high school crush and asking if he needed his cock sucked. Her exact words read, "my pussy is so wet and horny, I need your big cock in me, even if it has to be my mouth, I bet you're hard right now and want my hot Latina lips on that fat dick, please papi come fuck me raw". The little notification of "sent" below the message should have filled her with horror. And it did until it changed to "read."

The man in question was Jared Nelson, former high school quarterback and renowned cheerleader fucker whose life peaked entirely too soon. But, unlike the washed up nobodies of yesteryear, Jared's generation found a whole new way to preserve their false identity well into their thirties through social media. While off screen he was a dull witted construction worker with a drinking problem, on screen he was a buff gym rat who spent his free time taking selfies in all of the most scenic of places and with all of the remaining attractive girls in town.

Maria didn't care. She needed someone to fuck her, and Jared seemed like the best option. Every other guy she knew was miles away. She considered wandering out of the house in hopes of seeing a man. Perhaps a garbage truck would roll by or the mail delivery would come, but that seemed like less of a sure thing. Her phone chirped with a reply, "Seriously?"

"Yes." She sent, but figured that wouldn't be enough. She pulled back the blanket, spread her legs, and pulled her panties to the side. She angled the phone, considered the lighting, and decided she shouldn't have on a shirt either. A few seconds later, she texted Jared a picture of her brown body, tits and pussy on full display. She followed it with "convinced? I would send my asshole too, but I need help taking the picture."

The reply was succinct, "omw".

She smiled, but it faltered as her brain rattled through different thoughts. "No wait," she texted back. "Show me your hard cock first. I need to know you can fuck me right." For her

purposes, this was a practical measure stated plainly. The last thing she needed at the moment was to waste time on a guy who couldn't fill her cunt properly.

She had no idea that it would normally send the guy into a mistrustful spiral of conspiracy theories. Luckily, the odd scent in the air had long since reached Jared, too. In only a few short moments, most of which were spent trying to understand how to work the camera, Jared replied with a photo of a cock that looked too good to be true. It was even oozing a bit of cum from the tip. "I jacked off to your pic already," he added. "Still want my cock?"

"Yes, hurry."

She went back to the image of his oozing cock immediately. She wondered what his cum would taste like or what it would feel like sloshing around inside her. Mouth watering, she dug in her bedside table and pulled out a small bullet vibrator. The door to her room was not locked, and her mother was somewhere in the house. Maria didn't care. The need grew stronger every second. As soon as the buzzing rod touched her clit, she trembled with orgasm.

The hollow feeling inside of her grew, but something stole her attention from it for a moment. Maria's breasts matched her body nearly perfectly. They sat up proudly on her small frame, not stealing any attention from her other assets while having some strong allure for a breast man or woman. She never thought much about them, really. They weren't too big, so she never needed to struggle to hide them or deal with them while running. And they weren't too small, which let her avoid the feeling of self-consciousnesses rooted in a false sense of inadequacy.

Tingling sensations spread through the brown mounds, concentrating behind the dark nipples. With the vibrator still buzzing against her clit, she propped the phone up against her knee so she could keep an eye on that magnificent dick. Her hand, now free, moved to her left nipple. The slightest brush of her fingertips across the erect nub sent her into another wave of pleasure. She shut her eyes and pressed her hand fully against her breast to ride to the peak of ecstasy. As she did, she felt a ripple of heat move across her breast right before it swelled in her hand.

She gasped and opened her eyes. The mounds on her chest wobbled with the smallest movement. They were bigger, she realized. The nipples, too, had become thicker around and surrounded by a large expanse of areola. She rubbed the area again. The ease with which another burst of pleasure shot through her annoyed her more than anything else, but it proved her theory quickly. The flesh on her chest quivered and *grew*. It expanded as though an invisible pump pushed in more air. Her small breasts had become a pair of fat tits, and it seemed linked to her cumming. "This could get out of hand," she thought, shortly before pushing two fingers into her juicy pussy.

Her world dissolved into a bliss of masturbation. She left slick marks on the phone from having to keep it awake so she could look at the great cock on the screen. She wanted more porn, but getting to it seemed like too much trouble. After a while, she remembered the cock

belonged to Jared. And, he was meant to be on his way over. She turned off the vibrator long enough to listen. She heard movement downstairs.

Getting to her feet proved a little more problematic than she expected. All her balance was off. The massive boobs on her chest seemed full and sort of sloshy. She bounced on her heels to enjoy the feeling of them jiggling. This helped her discover her newly fattened ass. The brown cheeks shared the nearly magical pliability of her tits, shaking like gelatin with even the smallest movement. Unfortunately, her swollen rump had devoured the underwear, the backside of it disappeared entirely between her cheeks while the waistband cut into her hips. She removed them with a pair of scissors before proceeding downstairs naked and jiggling.

The noises came from the front door. Maria bounced down the stairs, thighs sliding together from the slickness oozing from her pussy. As she rounded the bottom of the staircase, she saw the origin of the slurping sound. Jared's head lolled back as he stood in the open doorway. His shorts made it halfway down his calves. Kneeling before him was a beautiful Latina woman with breasts big enough to be seen from behind her and an ass even juicier than Maria's new rear. Despite the massive changes to the woman's body, Maria recognized her. "Ugh, Mom!"

Sofia's responded to her daughter's protest right as Jared came. The head of his cock, now almost twice as big as it had been in the picture, came free of the plush lips and sent a fresh spray of cum across Sophia's face and chest. Clearly, it hadn't been the first. The woman's tits swung around a full second after the rest of her body. The dumb look on her face was accented by the streaks of drying cum. "Sorry, Maria," she said. "I didn't think you'd mind. Look, he stays hard! And it just keeps getting bigger!. Come here, you can have a turn. I need something else. Have you started leaking yet?"

"What?" Maria asked as she took her mother's place kneeling in front of Jared. The cock rose to her lips as though it had a mind of its own. Her hand wrapped around the slick meat, stroking it as she stretched her jaw. A drip of cum oozed from the tip. Maria lapped it up immediately, shivering as the hot dollop rolled over her tongue and down her throat.

"Your milk, dear," Sophia said as she stood next to Jared, stroking his chest. He seemed to seethe with muscle, stretching his shirt to the point of ripping in a few places. "She was always a late bloomer. Maybe a few mouthfuls of cum will speed her along. Mine didn't come in until I got a good mouthful of hot jizz. Here, Jared, have some."

As Sophia pulled over a nearby ottoman to stand on, Jared apologized. "Gosh, Maria, it's nice to see you. Sorry about facefucking your mom. All I could think about was that pic, and she looks almost exactly like you. That feels good. I'll come again soon. You don't have to swallow. Its fun to see it on your tits."

"Hush," Sophia chided as she stood beside him, breasts level with his mouth. "Here, you'll need the stamina." She paused to tweak her nipple. A spray of milk jetting out of the thick nub. Sophia smiled and let Jared slurp her tit into his mouth. They both groaned with pleasure.

A small part of Maria was embarrassed, but it was heavily overridden by the wonderful scent of cock filling her head. As soon as the first gulp of milk filled Jared's belly, he shot a fresh load into Maria's throat. She swallowed it eagerly as milk leaked from her tits.

Douglas went out to buy a new pair of sneakers. He was almost certain that was his original goal. As he found himself sitting in a shoe store, this seemed to give credit to his idea. Nothing else made sense.

The shoe store was a small shop on the main street of town. It had become a revitalized shopping district in the recent years, and plenty of people meandered from shop to shop during the midday lunch break. Douglas didn't think so many of them were usually topless, though. Huge breasted women seemed to be the only people on the street, and they all hurried from wherever they came from to wherever they thought they should be. "I think something's in the air," Douglas announced.

The woman between his legs, Lila if her name tag was to be believed, hummed her agreement around the cock in her mouth. Douglas grunted and shot his second load into her waiting lips. She pulled away with a wet pop and deep gasp of air. "Ugh, there. Mmphm, that made me feel better. Couldn't get the idea out of my head, you know? Like a song stuck in there, 'suck his dick!' on repeat. You taste good."

"Thanks," Douglas mumbled. "This shoe doesn't fit." He stuck out his leg showing a size 7 on his size 12 feet. Lila giggled and took the shoe away.

"I'll get a better fit," she said, hopping to her feet. She stretched and picked at her clothes. "Do you mind if I get naked? I think I can think better if I'm naked."

"No, go ahead," he said. It didn't seem right, though. Women weren't supposed to suck his cock while trying on shoes. Nor were they supposed to randomly strip during the middle of the workday. His thoughts blurred again as a pair of lily white tits sprang into view. Pert, rosy nipples sat on top of the luscious mounds, making his mouth water. For a while, he thought he smelled something in the air and figured a bakery must have opened somewhere on main street. He finally recognized the scent of cookies, particular ones with fat chocolate chips and a gooey texture. The perfect kind to eat with a nice glass of milk.

Lila went to the back of the store. The bell rang above the front door, and a woman came in. She wasn't fully undressed, but one mammoth boob hung out of her torn top. Her hand was shoved in her pants, and a dark, wet spot spread out from where her other breast remained confined. She spied Douglas and walked over, pulling off her pants and panties as she did. "Can I fuck you please?"

Nothing in his life prepared him for this. "I'm buying shoes," he answered.

The woman looked around, noticed all the shoes, and nodded. “Right, I don’t think me on your nice cock will interrupt that.”

The logic seemed sound, so Douglas nodded. He barely moved as the woman straddled him and sunk her hot, juicy pussy on his dick. Her walls stretched around him as she shoved him inside her. He felt a drip on his shirt. Thick beads of white oozed from her exposed nipple. Curious, he leaned his head forward and licked the small bud. Instantly, the woman came. He felt her pussy clench around him as a rush of lubricating fluid oozed out of her and onto his swollen balls. The sweet taste on his tongue excited him and caused his cock to throb. He closed his lips around her nipple and sucked.

Once, a few years earlier, Douglas took mushrooms while camping. During the experience, he spent an hour watching the moon slowly move back and forth across the sky set against Bach’s *Ave Maria*. If he had retained any capacity to express himself, he might have described the sensation of drinking milk from the stranger’s breast to be a more joyously transcendental experience than his euphoric camping trip. His arms wrapped around the woman, pulling her against him as he slurped the delicious nectar from her breast. She kept her hips moving, sliding her pussy along the length of his cock, forcing out his next orgasm, though he barely noticed. He shot his cum deep in the woman, pushing her over the edge into a full, spasmodic orgasm. Her free breast gushed milk hard enough to spray through the shirt.

“Um, excuse me,” Lila said, standing beside them. She held several boxes of shoes. “I couldn’t remember what size you were.”

“Oh, he’s bigger now,” the woman cooed as she pulled away. With a wet slurp, his cock slid free, springing up to full attention, almost twice as big as it was before. “But you shouldn’t cum. Every time you cum it gets worse.” She lapsed into a long set of giggles as her hands played with her tits, finally freeing the other confined breast. She licked her lips, seemed to remember something, and wandered out as dimly as she wandered in.

“What’s happening?” Douglas asked. He looked at Lila. “My dick is cold.”

She understood what he meant. With a little effort, she positioned herself astride him. The size of his cock alarmed her. It butted against her slippery pussy with little effect for a few attempts. Finally, they lined up correctly, and she wedged the head of his cock inside her. When it popped through, the shaft followed easily, spreading her wide open as she jibbered and quaked from pleasure. A steady pulse of cum helped lubricate her insides. Douglas rode the waves of unending bliss as he watched the tits in front of him shimmer and grow. They swelled again and again until her nipple pressed against his lips. He licked around the nub, pressing it with his tongue as his hands groped her ass. A few seconds later, he tasted the first drop of her milk. He sucked the leaking tit into his mouth and sucked hard. Warm milk flowed into his belly, and Lila came hard.

Yet another car rolled to a slow, cautious stop. A dozen other vehicle sat idle in big

clumps with an overturned tanker sixty yards ahead. Jacob got out of his car, looked behind him, and then back at the bizarre scene. He wondered why no police had come or ambulance or fire trucks. He pulled out his phone to call in the emergency. Just then, he smelled cookies in the air, and the odd shapes resolved into distinct figures. Dotted the pavement and carhoods were men, or the remnant of men. Almost all of them had lost the ability to walk without extreme difficulty. Their horse sized cocks jutted up in a state of perpetual erection while two basketball sized testicles mass produced cum at a rate only possible with constant hydration.

Luckily, the women came equipped with unending milk taps. The women took turns coating their wombs with the cum faucets while those waiting shoved spurting nipples into the waiting mouths of the men. The whole area was a massive orgy of jiggling milky flesh and rock hard cocks.

“Oh, you’re new,” a woman said in a half slur as she sashayed toward Jacob. “Fresh cock is the best kind. I want to feel you get bigger inside me. Then we might share you with the others.”

Jacob entertained a brief thought of running, but he couldn’t shake the fuzz in his head before a thick nipple pushed between his lips. As soon as he tasted the wonderful milk, he knew he was doomed. The woman unbuckled his pants and simply gripped his cock, sending his first load into his boxers. She smirked and guided him back into his car. They’d be able to fit on the cushion for a while, at least.

In the distance, another set of headlights gleamed. Both the woman and Jacob looked forward to more new additions.

