

The Statue: A Hucow Tale of Cosmic Proportions - WIP
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Ch. 03

A few seconds after she called for her husband to join her, Sadie realized that while her husband would be thrilled to see her waiting for him fully naked on the bed, he might not understand why she looked like a completely different person. Scrambling off the bed, she felt the statues watching her as she hit the light switch and closed the only open curtain. She managed to hop back into the messy bed and pull a sheet over her body before Tom came into the room.

“Leave the light off,” she purred, hoping she didn’t sound out of breath.

“Sorry, hon,” Tom answered. “I need a shower.” He flicked on the light and looked right at her. “I don’t get a peek at least? Maybe you need a good scrubbing, too.” He took off his shirt and tossed it in the direction of the hamper which caused him to notice the statues. “What the hell are those?”

Keeping the sheet tight against her shoulders, she answered, “Oh, didn’t I tell you earlier? They were in the boxes my uncle sent.”

“Are they going to stay there?” He finished stripping, which stole away Sadie’s thoughts for a few seconds as she longingly gazed at his soft cock nestled in the thatch of dark hair. Tom absent-mindedly moved his hand to his balls and shifted them around, and Sadie almost lost it. Luckily, he couldn’t turn down a chance to tease her, “You don’t have to window shop, you know. On second thought, maybe I don’t smell that bad.”

“Get in the shower buster,” she said with little conviction. “I can wait.”

Tom laughed and walked brazenly across the room. He had a good body, sculpted early in life by constant sports and maintained by trotting around under a hard sun to teach others those same sports. Sadie had never put much stock in visual attractiveness in her sexual partners, but she’d appreciated Tom’s toned physique. But, as she watched his pale butt saunter into the bathroom, she saw him as *less*. The demon or ghost or whatever had just fucked her halfway into a coma had been a sculpted chunk of shadowy muscle. *That can’t have changed my mind about my husband. No, Sadie, you’re just all jazzed up on cumming so many times in one day. I still love Tom. What he looks like doesn’t matter. The statues — Taurik — gave me this body, maybe he can do something similar for Tom.* She imagined her husband transformed into a similar hulking figure and knew that wasn’t nearly as important as making certain Tom’s cock matched what the statues had shown her.

Music blared from the bathroom as Tom turned on the shower. He sang along to an old rock song as Sadie considered what to do. She could feel the anxious emptiness forming inside her again, however it wasn’t nearly as much of an issue as the pressure building in her chest. Having tits full of milk in the throes of passion was one thing. Having the same problem while naked in bed and trying to come up with an explanation for her husband was significantly less fun. Unable to resist, she kneaded at her breasts and caused heavy droplets to ooze out and wet the sheet. *One more thing to explain*, she thought. Tom had looked over her as he hurried to the shower, but if he paused to actually take in her outline beneath the sheet, he’d know something

was up. Even if she could make the room pitch black, the second he pressed against her he would feel a body that didn't belong to his wife.

I should let him though. Once he's got a hand on my pussy and another groping my fat titty, he'll be less eager to question why. Maybe not enough to ignore a story about me technically cheating on him with a shadow minotaur that came out of statues, but it'd definitely ease the blow. In the shower, Tom's bursts of singing grew less frequent, punctuated by the hurried splash of water rinsing off his body. Sadie looked at the statues for an answer. While they said and did nothing, it did jog her memory. She rolled to the side of the bed and awkwardly pulled up the corner of the mattress. Groping blindly, she made a quiet squeal of victory as she pulled out a cuff and the attached strap.

Two years earlier, on Tom's birthday, she attempt to give him the gift of spicy sex by ordering a light bondage kit. It was cheap and likely not very durable, but she didn't plan to make a habit of using it. That part had turned out to be true for two reasons. First, the spiderweb of straps and cuffs worked by being spread out between the mattress and box springs. With the cuffs on the wrists and ankles, the mattress worked as an anchor, effectively chaining the user to the bed. As a bonus, it could be discreetly stored by tucking the straps under the mattress after use. So discreet, in fact, that she'd entirely forgotten it was there. *The princess and the bondage gear*, she mused as she pulled the other three straps from their hiding place.

The second reason they'd never attempted light binding again was due to how poorly Tom's birthday went. In their post game chat, they concluded that, like most things in a sex life, tying someone up and fucking them such that both parties enjoy it takes more practice than most people are willing to admit. Tom was fully on board with the fantasy of having a willing woman tied up to service him in any way he could geometrically work out. Sadie had been less enamored with the idea after getting the timing wrong and spending fifteen minutes freezing her nipples off while waiting for Tom to find her. When he did, the foreplay was awkward and the subsequent sex borderline painful for both of them. The next year, it was simply more efficient to let him fuck her ass.

The shower shut off as Sadie pulled Tom's winter robe over her body. The heavy fleece masked her new curves enough for the dimly lit room. She peeked around the corner of the bathroom to see Tom shaking out his hair like a wet dog while flossing a towel up and down his body. She caught a glance of his semi-hard cock and figured he'd spent his time in the shower imagining hopping into the bed with her. *That's good*, she thought, *the hornier he is, the more likely he'll just do whatever I say.* "Tom? Are you ready for your surprise?" she asked in a drawl.

Grinning, he tossed the towel over the drying rack and turned to swagger his way back to the bed. "Twice in a day? Making me fuck you in your classroom? What the hell's gotten into you?"

"Ah-ah," she said as she stuck her arm out in front of the bathroom door. She wagged a single finger at him, "You made me wait to give you your present. After I was such a good girl

at school, too. So now you have to do what I say.” She spoke with the bratty tone she’d heard a million times from her students. From an eighteen year old, it was an infuriating taunt, but said from a few inches out of sight by his wife as a prelude to another hard fuck, it was a siren’s call.

“And what do you say, Miss Sadie,” Tom asked. He laid on his own accent, straining out the words to *Mizz Sayday*.

“Close your eyes. No peeking. And laid down in the center of the bed.”

“You want me to grab a tie and wrap it around my head as a blindfold, or do you trust me?”

“If you peek, then you’ll get a paddlin”

“Is that not the surprise?” he said. Her hand disappeared from sight, so he dramatically shut his eyes and covered them with his own hand. He guided himself forward with the other. Once he reached the bed and patted around in case Sadie was waiting for him, he paused. “Uh, this isn’t anything...new, right?”

Sadie smirked from her hiding spot directly behind him. “It wouldn’t be a surprise if I told you what it was.”

He turned to face her, but nobly kept his eyes shut. “Yeah, but...if you were going to do anything really kinky, you’d give me a warning beforehand right? I’m not saying I’m on board —”

She pushed her fingers against his lips to silence him. *What the fuck does he think is about to happen? No, dear, I haven’t secretly lubed up a massive strap-on to peg you as a surprise.* The idea was funny until she realized her actual plan wasn’t great either. “Fine, spoilsport. You’re going to lie down. I’m going to cuff you to the bed. Then I’m going to ride your cock until it squirts all that hot cum right into my tight little box. I’ll let you rest a little, maybe, and then I’ll do it again. You’re going to be my personal toy for the evening.”

Tom didn’t answer, but his grin widened. Holding up one hand in surrender, he flopped back onto the bed and threw one leg out wide to give her a full view of his quickly rousing manhood. As it swelled to its full stature, Sadie found herself looking at it in a new light. It pained her to think of her husband as inadequate. Particularly because she’d always been exceedingly pleased with his size. She glanced at the statues expecting to see the devil’s bull head form in a mocking grin, but they remained still. She did feel their presence, though, or at least the presence of the center idol.

Taking care not to push her newly enlarged breasts against him, no matter how much she wanted to feel her nipples dragging across his skin, she went about cuffing him to the bed while making sure his eyes stayed shut. When she pulled the bottom left strap, a mask popped out from under the mattress with it. Irritated for not remembering all the toys the kit came with, she

quickly slipped the mask over her husband's eyes. "You can try opening your eyes now," she whispered. She made certain her hot breath grazed against his ear and watched as his hips vainly twitched. She pulled the final cuff tight and surveyed her work, mainly the twitching cock attempting to somehow find its way into a warm pussy.

She climbed onto the bed with Tom, but kept her body away from him. It was tricky to accomplish while moving into position, but she managed to get her thickened thighs on either side of him with only a few, tantalizing grazes. His breath had turned shallow and anxious, so she finally put the flat of her hand on his chest. Tom's heart thumped furiously, and he pulled at the straps, goaded into irrational action by his lust. "How long are you going to tease me," he growled. He masked his desperation as much as he could, but Sadie heard the tone of a man on the brink.

Bending down over him, she arched her back such that her nipples barely touched him. "As long as I want, remember?" Sadie didn't know if she believed herself capable of waiting longer than sixty seconds, but she wanted him to believe she would keep him there for hours. Her nipples touching him sent a jolt of pleasing warmth and a mild relief through her heavy breasts. As she lurched back up to her knees, she saw that some of her milk had dripped onto his chest. Since he was still hot from the shower, sweat beaded across his shoulders and down the thin patch of chest hair, hiding the treat she'd left behind. She considered licking it up, but guessed that might cause his dick to start violently cumming in the cold air.

Shifting back, she took hold of his cock at the root and squeezed. *Not big enough to be perfect, but still big*, she thought. In a test of her own self control, she rubbed the head of his cock along her pussy lips. Tom groaned and tried to buck upward into her, but she moved away, squeezing his cock harder. "You're misbehaving again," she said. "It's like you don't want your treat." She moved her thumb up to the head of his cock and slid it over the wide glans, smearing a thick glob of precum into a slippery sheen. "Tell me you'll be a good boy or I'll have to stop."

Tom's lust was threatening to give way to frustration. He spoke through clenched teeth, "I'll be a good boy." Despite himself, Sadie felt his cock twitch as he submitted to her demand. As a reward, she went back to rubbing his cock along her dripping slit. She watched as his body tensed and a battle raged inside of her husband. He was used to barking orders and having his way in his job. Sadie hadn't ever realized how much that translated into their private lives, too. It was simply Tom's personality to take command. Up until that moment, Sadie had been happy to go along with it. As she toyed with him, she knew he'd long harbored a desire to be put in his place.

Once again moving with care, she repositioned, letting his cock go in a sudden movement that made him gasp in near outrage. She didn't give him long to consider things. The straps left him far enough down the bed that she could kneel at the headboard and comfortably lower her ass onto his face. Though blindfolded, he had enough sense left to understand what she was up to as the heat of her body moved closer to his mouth. She smiled as his tongue prodded eagerly against her wet folds, a smile that faded into a bleary eyed moan of sheer lust.

She kept one hand on the headboard for balance — as much as men tended to say they were happy to die of suffocation between a woman’s thighs, Sadie wasn’t convinced they truly meant it — and the other slid down and tangled her fingers into Tom’s hair. She didn’t yank on it or shove him into her cunt, though he did plenty of that for himself, but she held on tight enough to let her husband know that she could force his tongue deeper or away altogether at any moment she chose. The idea grew less true with every teasing lap of his tongue. Sadie groaned and finally pressed down on his mouth, giving him free reign to sloppily lick and suck while she quivered on top of him.

If not for her breasts, she might not have ever given up her seat on his face. Every delightful pulse of her orgasm caused an echo of building pressure in her chest. She cautiously moved her hand away from Tom’s hair to relieve some of the pressure, but stopped as a gush of milk splattered the headboard. If it got out of control, Tom would likely want to know why it was raining milk on his forehead. She considered simply funneling the spray downward so that it would stream across her navel and sluice into her pussy lips where Tom would slurp it away either unknowingly or without caring. *No, focus. The entire idea is to get him to drink. The spooky bullman said that would make this work. Well, not in so many words, but he did say to make them drink. ‘Let’ them, not make them. Same difference.*

Sadie raised up on her knees enough to convey the idea of repositioning. Tom planted wet kisses along her inner thighs, making certain to smear as much of her juices away as he could. Nimble, she hopped out off the bed and came back up from the foot, crawling slowly between his legs until she had his cock in her hand again. It was a sticky mess that delighted her with its twitching throbs. “Goodness, Tom,” she said, “you’ve made a fucking puddle.” She didn’t have to feign her surprise on this front. Precum wasn’t anything new, but she’d never seen him produce so much. She wondered if he hadn’t orgasmed while eating her out. While she watched a fresh glob swelled out from the tip of his cock. Gripping the slippery dick, Sadie exhaled across the sensitive glans before pressing the tip of her tongue against his cockslit and swiping away the glob. Tom shivered with appreciation.

“Are you ready now?” she asked as she pushed his cock against her cheek. She’d been careful with her position, leaving only a glimmer of light between her swollen breasts and his thighs. His strained body refused to move an inch in case it spooked away the chance of release. He even took the breath to speak as carefully as he could before groaning out a long “yes”. *Now or never*, Sadie thought. She gave him another squeeze and held on to his cock as she moved to straddle him. Once in position, she let pressed her pussy down so that her clit ran down the underside of his cock. Resting on his thighs, she kept his slick manhood pressed against her as she leaned toward his mouth. Her breasts swung out as two heavy udders, taut with pressure. “Open your mouth,” she ordered.

Tom obeyed. She knew she had pushed him further down the path of lust than he’d ever imagined. His mouth opened, and his tongue stretched out. Taking her right tit into her hand, she took aim and pressed hard around her nipple. The stream of milk came out in four directions at first, but repeating the action solidified the streams into a single gush. The first spray confused Tom, but the second puddled onto his tongue. Sadie saw the moment his taste buds fired and felt

a shift in his demeanor. She took that moment to slide down on his length and to shove her spurting nipple into his mouth.

As his cock bottomed out in her, Tom immediately came. His dick swelled inside of her, finally quenching that particular feeling of emptiness, while his mouth latched on to her nipple and sucked — hard. Milk poured into his mouth. The other nipple only dripped in sympathy at first, but by the time Tom’s fourth explosion of cum splashed into her depths, her other breast was freely pouring milk onto his shoulder. “Oh, yes, Tom. Fuck yes. Drink all of mommy’s milk. It’ll make you grow big and strong.”

Sadie didn’t know why she said it. The words seemed to rattle around in her head and force their way out. As they did, she felt her husband’s body seethe with energy. His grunts of pleasure turned impatient. She slipped from her own orgasmic bliss to see his arms bulging with muscle as he pulled against the restraints. The sound of tearing fibers made her laugh. A second later the strap on his right wrist snapped, and his arm wrapped around her, keeping her still so he could drink. Reasonably sure he wouldn’t object to her new body, Sadie snatched the blindfold and pulled it away. Tom didn’t have his eyes open and didn’t seem to care that he had been given the chance to see her. Slightly hurt, she pushed him down with both hands and took away her offered udder.

He finally opened his eyes and took in her full seductive glory. Sadie’s curvy form sat on his cock with her eyes sparkling and both breasts leaking a steady drip of milk down her body. Tom ran his tongue over his own lips, searching out the errant droplets of ambrosia she had left behind. “You look fucking amazing,” he said. To prove his point, his cock gained back its full rigidity, which crowded out a small flood of cum that soaked the space between them. His eyes drank in her body with disbelief. “How?”

“Magic, I think,” she said. “You’re not looking so bad yourself.”

Tom held his arm out and saw the additional muscle that had formed. Considering this he flexed his right light and easily snapped the cuff holding him down. The other leg followed before he rolled Sadie onto her back. “I want more,” he whispered. With Sadie on her back, he pressed his tongue onto her navel and slowly licked up to her cleavage. He moved quickly to the breast he hadn’t yet drained. On her back, the nipples rose out like red spires on the tops of white hills. Tom prodded around the sensitive bud, grinning as milk oozed out from the minor touches. Once his tongue found the taste again, he could no longer resist. His lips fully closed around her teat, and he drank. On his second slurp of milk, he remembered his cock and started thrusting into her with renewed fervor.

Hunched over her with his mouth pressing hard into her soft flesh, Sadie was struck by the growing similarities between Tom and the phantom who had fucked her not an hour earlier. Somewhere between their orgasms, Tom’s runner’s body had packed on an extra layer of muscle. Trapezius muscles rose out around his neck like thick ropes. His chest had broadened into a broad landscape of wiry curls. On every hard exhale, his abdomen showed the outline of hard abs. None of that impressed Sadie, but as she peeked around his slurping mouth to where

he sawed into her, she knew the true fruit of her gift. His cock had changed, too. She would have to take a tape measure to it to be certain, but from the feel of it pushing into her depths, she guessed at least eight inches from tip to root. The girth was an easier guess. She could see it stretching open her needy slit in real time. Before, Tom had been as wide around as most every other man, about equal to an average peeled banana. The swollen rod about to dump another load into her was headed toward gourd territory or maybe the fat end of a particularly large carrot.

Finally drinking his fill, he let the last suck of milk pour out of his mouth to ooze down her breast to join the rest of the moist. Raising up his new bulk, he hooked his arms around her knees and held them up to his chest as he increased his speed to a jackhammer of thundering sensation. Sadie's breasts wobbled back and forth from the pounding momentum, and she realized she missed the heat of him pressed against her. She quickly thought of a solution, "Cum on my tits," she moaned at him. "Spray your hot spunk all over my milky udders!"

His eyes flickered with something between lust and annoyance, but decided in her favor. He parted her legs again as his cock slurped out of her. Raising up to a full kneeling position, he pushed her legs together again, trapping his cock between them. Sadie watched with fascinated adoration as the bulbous head thrust forward and back until he slammed into the back of her thighs. Ropes of cum fired out of the tip, flinging their way across her whole body to land on her chin and neck. The second splurt hit the target, with a thick rope landing across her nipple like gooey snow. Tom made inhuman noises as he pulled her thighs hard against his body, driving his cock forward in the vain search for her womb. Sadie's pussy missed its recent occupant as well, but that didn't stop her from cumming until her eyes rolled back into her head. Lost entirely in the sensory deluge, she still felt the throb of his dick as each gush of cum moved through it.

Long, long seconds later, Tom relaxed back onto his heels. Sadie's legs rolled off to the side. She laid with her ass exposed to him as the result of their fevered fucking slid off her body and onto the essentially ruined sheets. They sat in recovery for a long time. It seemed like a long time to Sadie, at any rate. Tom's light touch on her hip brought her back to the world. He pulled his hand away immediately and peered down at his own arms. "Sadie," he said, "what the fuck is going on?"

She moved to sit up, pausing as she saw the idol. New lines had appeared, stripes of red that seemed to bleed out from the stone. Worse, the marks that had appeared after her encounter with Taurik had coalesced to form a shape, an eye. The eye was shut, but still Sadie knew it was watching them. Plastering on her most charming smile, that was entirely undermined by the cum drying on her cheek, she answered, "Why, whatever do you mean, dear?"