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Twitter: @limeysaint || Discord: Saint#3556 || Email: saintlimey@gmail.com || DA: <https://www.deviantart.com/saint-limey>

Hucow Corruption: Ruby

Written by Saint Limey

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Part 1

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After listening to bursts of laughter, raucous applause, and a folk rendition of the Bridal Chorus performed by a local string ensemble at a distance of several hundred acres, Officer Ruby Granger was relieved of her parameter securing duties, debriefed by Senior Officer Singer, and assigned new duties:

Accompany the wedding party and report any “suspicious behavior”.

So Ruby tailed the group as they left the outdoor ceremony, cataloging each detail of the group members and the Whitney Estate as she went.

Based on Sage’s debriefing, the noise she’d overheard at a distance earlier in the afternoon, and plain old deduction skills, Ruby assumed the ceremony had been beautiful. A white, canopy tent spanned a wide swath of old plantation land. The grass was neatly trimmed, left lengthy enough to tickle the exposed toes of the bridesmaids. Translucent, gossamer trains trailed silver gowns, caressing the calves of women who walked with brimful excitement like moving skyscrapers slicing through a bushel of stratus clouds.

Fueled and warmed by the buzz of free champagne, the wedding party hiked up their dresses and trotted back toward the Whitney house for dancing, celebration, and more alcohol. Most of the guests had left after “I do”s were exchanged leaving only an inner circle of friends, neighbors, and family to enjoy the late-night festivities.

The bride led her party up the gentle slope to the family home. Samantha Whitney-Barnelby. She was exhausted in the way that only women recently married could be. And yet, despite months of planning, coordination, and last-minute flexibility, her recently unveiled face betrayed nothing but satisfaction as she marched triumphantly into a new life.

Her partner, Zo Whitney, was less composed. Dark baby hair clinged to her cheek from the buckets she had been sweating. One could only wonder what it looked like under her tuxedo—probably like she’d gone for a swim in the lake at the edge of the property before then donning her jacket, cummerbund, and boutonniere. However, now that the ceremony itself was over, she glowed with delight and chased the group of women ahead.

Every few steps, Samantha would glance back toward the lagging Zo. At that exact moment, Zo would look up from the back of the group. Their eyes would meet, held in permanent reverence and love for one another, and everyone between them would swoon all over again.

They were *perfect* for one another.

Everything looked to have gone smoothly—so smoothly in fact that after discovering no apparent threat, Ruby found the clip-on module on her chest and squeezed the button on the side. Static hissed twice before she spoke.

“Anything else happen?” she asked. “Besides what you told me about earlier?”

“Focus, Granger,” Officer Singer replied, sniffing out Ruby’s boredom. “No chitchat on the comms.”

“Sorry, boss.”

“Though, someone *did* accidentally step on one of the bridesmaid’s dresses. Dress came down, tits came flopping out. Hilarious. I’d thought about saving that story for later, but you deserve it after staring at the open wilderness for the past four hours.”

Ruby groaned, rolling her eyes as she stepped off the grassy field and onto a cement porch. The porch wrapped around a three-story, country-style ranch. Most of the party had entered the house through white french doors.

“No chit chat in the comms, Singer,” Ruby replied, deflated.

“Hey! That’s important intel. She had nice breasts—if you want a straight girl’s opinion.”

“How nice we talking?”

“You at the reception yet?”

“Just stepped inside.”

“Tall brunette, dimpled chin, goldenrod-colored hijab.”

“Goldenrod?”

“I think it’s yellow, but it’s written as ‘goldenrod’ in the wedding guide the Whitney’s gave us. See her?”

Ruby scanned the crowd—fifty or so total. What would have been an enormous sun room had been transformed into a dance floor. Lights flashed colors from the ceiling as music thumped from behind the DJ’s turntables. Ruby picked an east-facing corner to loom in, taking in all the guests. Sure enough, she found a tall woman with a dimpled chin wearing a hijab near the drink table. She was talking to some shorter woman.

Ruby waited and waited and. . . There!

“Granger to Singer, I’ve got a confirmed visual on the subjects of interest. Tits are indeed ‘nice’.”

“Ten-four, Granger. No bra, symmetrical areola, small nipples. If I was unmarried and ten years younger, I’d—”

“Could do without your bragging, Singer.”

“Copy.”

“She’s pretty, though. Five-eleven is a little tall for me, but damn is she killing those heels. Damn,” Ruby said, dry and stoic as she continued clowning on comms. “Requesting confirmation of her status, over?”

“Single and *straight*.”

Ruby’s brow furrowed. “How do you know that?”

“It’s in the intel the Commissioner Whitney gave us. He was very thorough about every guest—wanted no funny business at his daughter’s wedding.”

“How did Commissioner Whitney figure out that his gay daughter’s bridesmaid was straight and single?”

“A voluntary survey, Ruby, done on behalf of any lonesome lesbian officers who may be looking for love while on duty, ” Sage’s voice was low and deadpan, ending in a lengthy silence. She finally answered with, “He’s the *Commissioner*. He knows things.”

And Ruby could only shrug at such an answer. “Even if you’re joking, a survey like that would win the praise of every gay woman in the force. Dating’s rough. One could use such a guidebook—’Ruby Singer, she/her, single, gay, top, into brazilian jiu jitsu and unironically reciting poetry’. ”

“Aren’t you the only gay woman in the force?”

“Openly, yes. But Mariah’s been rather chatty lately—like she wants my permission or something. Anyway, I’m sure a list narrowing us down to our sexual preference would be both utterly dehumanizing and pragmatic.”

“Speaking of chatty gay police officers,” Sage began, letting the implication trickle in the pause she took between statements. “I’m off of comms for now, Ruby. Stay sharp and let me know if you need a break—to pee, flirt, dance, whatever. No alcohol, though. And keep things reasonable.”

Ruby smiled. Even if she’d never take up the offer, the fact that Sage would extend it to her showed that she cared way more than her unflappable demeanor might suggest. Ruby had

taken to Sage as a sort of mentor, someone that led and directed as the “Senior Agent” but also who welcomed prattle about Ruby’s personal life.

“I know the rules, Sage,” Ruby said. “I promise to behave.”

“You’re a good officer,” Sage replied, as if to contrast Ruby with others on the force. “Buzz me if you need me. I’ll be watching raccoons fight over dead squirrel carcasses.”

“Tell Ramona I said ‘hello,’” Ruby answered. “She’s the one with the mask, the bushy tail, and the bad attitude.”

“You need a girlfriend who’ll put up with these crappy-ass jokes,” Sage retorted before disappearing with a *click*.

Ruby was alone, then.

She watched woman after beautiful woman as they reliably cycled between their tables, their booze, and the dance floor. Although clearly drunk, no one was belligerent—just giggly, clumsy, and touchy. They made fools of themselves the way women could when they knew the world wasn’t there to scrutinize them.

It looked so *fun*.

After half an hour of it, Ruby forced herself to scout out the few men at the party to add a healthy dose of reality to the fantasy that was forty inebriated women grinding against one another for the hell of it. It marginally helped. She didn’t feel abject, existential loneliness. Instead, she simply “didn’t feel like dancing”, which was a better feeling by far.

Until she looked at the newlyweds spinning one another like a galaxy, as if the universe revolved around shared love. Then, Ruby felt like an icy rock tumbling through empty nothing.

Better pack that sappy shit right back into its proper compartment. You’re on duty.

All of it—the obvious need for affection, attention, support, the stress of maintaining her excellent record on the police force, and a hankering for physical release that just about tore her in two—went back into its box where it leaked like grease stains at the bottom of a brown fast food bag.

Having not had fast food in six months, Ruby fought that craving into the box as well and scanned the crowd for the five-hundredth time for any suspicious individuals to distract herself from the fact that she'd never been more single and was surrounded by a celebration of the eternal union of two wholly-deserving individuals—

Who were gay, like she was—which shouldn't have mattered, even though it absolutely did.

She recognized exactly zero threats beyond excessive drinking and questionable behavior resulting from said excessive drinking. And in a few hours, even those inconveniences would be neutralized when each of the guests had either gone home or retired to one of the six bedrooms to sleep off the booze.

The night would carry on predictably just as the rest of the day had: happy wedding, happy guests, sexually-frustrated Ruby.

Then, a woman appeared that challenged Ruby's predictions—a woman besides the one with the goldenrod hijab.

On the opposite side of the dance floor was a gorgeous pair of sparkling eyes holding Ruby's gaze. The woman had been part of the wedding party, but Ruby hadn't placed her as anyone important—just another hottie that belonged to the flock of hotties Ruby was already being paid overtime to babysit.

But as a loud, bombastic club song blared through the speakers and lights bathed the dance floor in amethyst light, the woman kicked her toeless heels in a seductive strut angled directly at Ruby. Her sashaying hips and general peacocking was so abruptly striking that drunken, straight women paused like the Jordan river to watch the buxom little bombshell pass.

Ruby's heart slammed against her chest, tingles rising up to challenge her focus. Had she been an ounce less disciplined, her tongue would have lured to her chin at the sight of this pocket-sized beauty crossing the universe to find her.

And those *tits*. Ruby wasn't stoic enough not to notice the head-sized melons on such a small build.

She did notice that she hadn't detected them earlier, however. How had she missed boobs as big as a woman's head on such a petite frame? How did she manage to contain herself around them?

And how had it taken so long to discover that the woman was *more* than some anonymous shortstack with glittery eyes and lulling décolletage?

More than a stranger. . .

She moved off the dance floor, entered the dark corner and brought her curvaceous body within a foot of Ruby's before speaking in a sober, familiar lilt. "What are you doing here?"

Fey. It's Fey.

Fey was short, the crown of her head clearly visible to someone Ruby's height. Her hair had gotten longer, Ruby noticed. Wavier, fuller, and—*fuck*, she couldn't help the impulse to inhale long and deep at Fey's presence—somehow more fragrant. Seeing such beauty squeezed at Ruby's heart with enough pressure to pop it, but she continued to stare, torturing herself with the addition of every detail.

Fey had gained weight—funny, because Ruby remembered telling her that she could only stand to gain by finding some extra pounds. Back then, Fey had balked, stating she'd always been a picky eater with a high metabolism. Putting on pounds would be more effort than it was worth.

But Fey's efforts at filling out her frame were Ruby's primary curiosity now. The cut of Fey's silver dress ran straight up to the bow of her hip, making cute, short legs look all the longer. The cinch of the fitted section around her belly looked strained, not to the point of not fitting but certainly to the point of fullness. And, of course, fullness couldn't be mentioned without mentioning the woman's absurdly disproportionate breasts—*again*. The pair of boobs looked like they weighed as much as Fey's whole body would have weighed almost half a year ago—when they were intimate enough to notice and comment on little changes in one another's bodies.

When they were still *together*.

Silence nested between them even as bassy electronica caused the walls to throb. Ruby was transfixed by her old lover, thrown off by her sudden appearance and indulging herself—too much—on Fey’s changed form. Fey, either respectful of or flattered by the bald appreciation of her body, indulged Ruby’s roaming gaze. The two held a wordless conversation for the length of a song.

Then, pleasantries exchanged, Ruby answered the general inquisitiveness on Fey’s round face.

“I’m on security detail”.

“Security detail. So, police force, right? You *did* want to do the whole academy thing. Guess you went through with it,” said Fey, and it was like every word from her mouth made her tits do *something*. Her sighs made them dip, her gasps made them stand pert. They were the liveliest pair of watermelons Ruby had ever seen.

—*where the hell did they come from? Damn!*

“I did, yea.”

“It’s, uh, treating you well?”

“It’s almost boring how well things have gone.”

Fey tilted her head, fanning her lashes at Ruby. “You don’t *look* bored.”

“S-Sorry. I was being creepy.”

“You definitely were. But so was I. Guess it’s been a while. But, uh, hey,” Fey took a step closer. One more would have pinned Ruby to the wall. “Tonight’s a celebration. Based on how awkward this has been already—”

“Awkward? Pfft! No, erm,” Ruby hedged while Fey kept talking.

“Can we agree to just go back to being best buds for now? Pretend the fight didn’t happen? I wasn’t prepared for all of this—seeing you again, so soon. I don’t want to spoil it. I’ll go back to dancing, you go back to ‘security detail’, and we both put off our reunion till the next coincidental time.”

Ruby wanted to nod and go along with Fey's plan—*badly*. But she couldn't. She hated hiding behind her job. It felt cowardly. She'd spent this time apart from Fey trying *not* to be a coward that used her job to avoid difficult, necessary things.

Since that's what tore them apart in the first place.

"I wish things could go back, Fey. God, I do. But I can't." Ruby looked over Fey to the dance floor, unable to hold eye contact with the former love of her life. "We need to talk this out. Soon. I've got to keep a look out right now—Commissioner Whitney would have my head if I let anything weird happen on his daughter's wedding night. But there's so much I need to say to you—"

Fey rolled her eyes, cutting Ruby off with an exasperated sigh.

Exasperated? What did I say?

"So who is it you're looking for, exactly?" Fey asked, annoyed. "There was another stuck-up-looking woman with a brandless t-shirt and khaki pants here earlier. I take it that's your partner? What 'weirdness' is all this security meant to be keeping out?"

It was technically classified, but ancient romantic instinct made Ruby want to get back on Fey's good side after upsetting her.

Frankly, Fey didn't have a bad side.

"It's a boring investigation," Ruby began. "A few groups of women involved in some troublemaking around town. I'm too low in the chain of command to know too many specifics, let alone talk about it, but the people up top are calling them 'Hucows'." Ruby's speech slowed. "You knew we were trying to keep certain people out?"

"Isn't that what security does? Keeps undesirable people out of important events?"

"Among other things," Ruby stated. "But you knew we were looking for someone specific."

Ruby prayed that Fey would call her out on being unreasonable, thus extinguishing the suspicion swirling in her head.

Instead, Fey replied with, "Slip of the tongue, Ruby. I've been drinking."

Ruby frowned. "You haven't. Why are you lying to me, Fey?"

"You're being paranoid."

Scenes flashed through Ruby's mind:

Fey's tits. The way the crowd had parted for her. Her smell. Her insistence on distancing herself so quickly after starting this conversation. Lying about drinking. *Huge, veined breasts.*

It very well could have been paranoia. After all, Fey didn't look to be lying about being unready to see Ruby again.

But Ruby couldn't leave this alone.

"Fey. . ." Ruby said.

Fey, who hadn't so much as flinched under Ruby's scrutiny, now took that last step toward Officer Granger. The warmth of her spreading, golden chest curled seductively at Fey's waist. Time seemed to slow around Fey's tits, flesh that bulged more and more as she pressed them harder and harder against Ruby.

Fey was so close that she barely had to raise her voice above a whisper to be heard, even with the deafening music in the room. Ruby's ears all but glowed with heat, red with her blushing and itching to listen to what her ex would say next.

"Looking for suspicious people, huh? Well then," Fey said as she hooked both her index fingers and pulled her thick, wavy bangs away like curtains to reveal a pair of prominent, pinkish humps at the edge of her hairline. "Guess you've found your Hucow. And I guess since you don't have to look for me anymore, maybe you can spare a few minutes for that 'chat'?"

Ruby made a strained exhale as Fey's firm nipples began to harden against her. "Sure. Let's chat."

The two used the shadows to leave the dance floor, Ruby scarcely able to believe that Fey had been at the wedding the whole time—that she was a *hucow*.

“I have to admit,” Ruby grumbled, following Fey’s exaggerated form down quieter hallways. “If you asked me to picture the two of us at a wedding six months ago, I wouldn’t have guessed anything like this.”

Fey was silent.

Part 2

Word Count: 6600

Fey is a hucow. A hucow. Fey. . .

Fey led Ruby through the halls of the Whitney Estate with a disturbing sense of familiarity. Where was she being led? How did Fey know so much about the house?

In retrospect, there were a number of rational speculations:

Fey was a friend of the family. She came to the wedding early and was given a tour. She had some important role to play in the pre-wedding activities like planner or photographer or coordinator or stylist. Maybe Fey was dating one of the bridesmaids and came to see her new girlfriend in a stylish dress and the two were so swept up in the wedding and clothes that they ran off to some vacant room and made out for an hour, never giving Ruby, the ex, a second thought.

So maybe that last one was a little *less* rational.

But “less rational” adequately described at least fifty-percent of the thoughts in Ruby’s mind.

The other fifty-percent were much more troubling:

How did Fey get wrapped up in everything—the criminal activity, the civil unrest, the undermining of city government? Had Officer Singer heard Fey’s confession over the radio and was back-up being called? Was Ruby being led into a trap now? Should she play along so she could learn more about the hucow’s operations or cut things off?

Was she in danger?

She could be, but the hucow phenomenon wasn’t yet so pronounced—or immediately threatening.

In fact, local law enforcement hadn’t yet been cleared to take any direct action against the hucows. Officers were limited to creative, subtle sorts of investigation—patrolling five or so minutes later than usual, asking seemingly-innocuous questions to pedestrians, taking unusual

routes through town, and taking low-risk “security detail” assignments. Since being a Hucow wasn’t a crime, the most that could be done was to keep an eye on things at a distance. Cops had to determine in the moment whether a chesty woman was conspiring to commit a crime or an upstanding citizen who was merely guilty of winning the genetic lottery.

It was unsatisfying work. Least satisfied of all, however, was the general public. The whole town buzzed with Hucow news. It was all anyone talked about in coffee shops—“Did you hear? Beth quit her job. I bet she did it so she can wait hand and foot over some big-titted bimbo cow”. Social media concerning the town had comments with hundreds of replies. Opinions flew back and forth on both sides of the political spectrum.

It’s about time someone came through and promoted female sexuality. Fuck the prudes!

If we don’t get someone to fill in for all the women that retire to live as servants for these hucows, then we’re going to see a collapse of our local economy!

Testimonials with sad, sympathetic titles appeared: “*Two months sober from that Hucow poison. It’s more than just bigger boobs. Don’t believe their lies!*”

Others with triumphant cries: “Women are free! Hucows offer a remedy for unlucky genetics and unfair beauty standards.”

Ruby had been assigned an area frequented by populations impacted by homelessness just as Hucows were beginning to appear in her area. At first, the Director of the Women’s Shelter assured her that people were transient and often disappeared for up to a week when they had a lucky break. But after a few months, a dwindling shelter population, and occasionally seeing frequenters of the shelter out and about, the conversation between Ruby and the Director changed tone.

“A few of them have been in to tell me they won’t be back,” the Director said, dark rings under her eyes, lips in a thin line. “I can’t help but be happy about it. Hucows are feeding people, giving them homes, and—you’ve probably heard already, so I won’t sugar coat it—working through physical trauma with *effective* sexual therapy. Women *glow* when they come back to see me, Ruby. It’s more than good genital wrestling. Their whole lives have changed.”

“So you’re in favor of the whole Hucow movement?” Ruby’s brow rose, though her voice lacked any accusation—she was thrown off by the use of the term “genital wrestling”.

“Logistically, yes. I like not having to turn people away at the end of the night. But I also know our women. Some will genuinely be saved by Hucows. But you can’t just fix addiction, dysfunction, and self-destructive behavior with sex and titties. I can’t help but worry that there’s something screwy going on—less than kosher, in other words.”

The opinion was moderate in a town that was more polarized than ever. Nobody knew where the women had come from, but citizens with impressive charm and charisma had appeared and were luring in women with promises of improved bodies, minds, and futures.

If Fey could learn the truth, she could be a valuable resource. If Ruby still had Fey’s trust—which was dubious given that it had taken less than three minutes for lies and avoidance to crop up—the two could work something out together. Ruby certainly wanted to trust Fey. She felt the desire to trust her all the more as she watched Fey’s mesmerizing hips and full ass stretching her silver evening dress across the back.

Who was more trustworthy than a woman whose tits are so massive that they’re visible from *behind*?

As it turned out, the line between trusting someone and wanting to fuck them was thin.

After winding through the maze of the Whitney Estate, Ruby and Fey reached their destination: a room on the second floor.

Fey held the door for Ruby. Ruby passed her ex-lover, catching that same sweet whiff and not missing the chance to glance at her diving neckline. Inside was one of several master bedrooms. The space was pristine, an old cottage theme that ran through the hand-crafted wooden furniture, walls, and bedding. Ruby imagined that the inspiration had been taken straight from the verdant field outside and the stretching pond beyond it, like someone had just taken a slice of natural beauty and plopped it in the commissioner’s house.

“The newlyweds are going to consummate here, I think,” Fey said, out of the blue.

Ruby was a few steps inside the room and spun. “What?! Then what are we doing here?”

“They won’t be up for several hours. Trust me.”

“Can I?”

“Ugh. *Sit.*”

Ruby’s thumbs hooked into her belt loops.

Fey sighed. “I’m not going to try anything—as if I even *could*. Please, sit.”

Finding reassurance with the addition of a “please”, Ruby took an old, gray chair in front of a coffee table. The table was beside a curtained window that spanned the height of the room. The view would have been beautiful in the morning with a cup of coffee and a blog post about Ruby’s recent obsession: BJJ—brazillian jiu jitsu.

Fey took the matching seat across from Ruby and the mental image sharpened in focus. Now, the coffee table was for two. The view was shared. The blog post was only read halfway because two women who were enamored with one another were talking flirtatiously, using words to walk a paved, familiar path toward something slow and passionate and physical. Jiu Jitsu of another sort—naked, sweaty jiu jitsu that didn’t stop until long after there was a submission—. . .

So, like, *literally “genital wrestling”*.

A compliment fled Officer Granger’s lips. “You look great tonight. Really. I like your dress. It, erm, suits you.” Flustered, Ruby fiddled with the dial on her radio until it clicked off. She wasn’t sure what was more troubling: having Sage Singer listening in to her under-cover conversations with a literal HuCow, or having Sage Singer listening as she flirted like a teenager with her ex-girlfriend.

Surprisingly, Fey’s body language softened. She’d been pissed at Ruby’s mistrust on the dance floor and her further mistrust just moments prior, but Ruby’s pitiable opening line had disarmed the HuCow. Fey’s curves billowed and swelled against one another as she settled in her seat. Her expression blended thoughtful caution and genuine affection.

“Thanks, Ruby. You don’t look bad yourself. I mean, you’ve dressed better, that’s for sure. But you do look a lot stronger.”

“I’ve been trying to stay in shape, though the real catalyst was probably the police academy.” Ruby paused to note how Fey would react to a mention of the police. Fey looked on, pretty as a picture, clearly listening closely. Ruby continued. “That shit was way, way harder than advertised. There’s the impression that you get from movies, but that’s not what it’s like at all. I’d compare it to military boot camp—they kicked my ass.”

Fey giggled—with her whole body, not just her face. “Kicked it good, then, because you’re filling those pants all the way out.”

“Pfft! Oh, please. Talk less,” Ruby fanned her hand.

“As if your ego needs it,” Fey paused meaningfully. “You know *exactly* how strong you are and you like it.”

That was true. Building muscle was one of Ruby’s few vanities. A picky eater throughout adolescence, she used to incorrectly assume that being skinny was somehow virtuous. However, joining law enforcement put demands on her that revealed a weakness of body and character that she went about rectifying by eating clean and focusing on endurance six days a week.

The result was a recently-sprouted confidence and an earned respect in the community. Though she was no body builder, she felt she could hold her own and do her job of protecting others. Others in the community thought so too, having told her that there was a qualitative difference between her presence and that of “beer-bellied cops”. She never mentioned to residents that said cops were her superiors. She never mentioned to her superiors that the general public thought they could unironically reduce their donut intake.

General approval would have been enough for Ruby, but she pushed herself a little harder at the gym when girls started taking notice. Most were straight and meant nothing of it, but their requests to poke her biceps had done exactly what Fey had alluded to, pumping up Ruby’s ego.

Female affection was particularly helpful right after Fey and Ruby had their fallout and subsequent break up—which felt scummy to admit while sitting across from Fey as Ruby was now. She knew it wasn’t cheating or anything, but single-mindedly gunning for physical validation from females due to feelings of inadequacy was the type of solution a pubescent teenager would concoct. There was no excuse for a woman in her mid-twenties to behave in such a way, even if Ruby had made exceptions for herself constantly for months.

I'm not attracted to them. They're just friends. I'm just giving them pointers on how to improve their squat-thrusts. Don't all friends slap each other on the ass at the gym? And hug for lengthy periods of time when they greet one another? And makeout in the parking lot?

No. Making out crossed the line. So did having sex in the back of the squad car. And even if people didn't call her out on it, Ruby could feel the emptiness afterward and know for herself that she needed to change.

She wasn't going to fill the Fey-shaped hole in her soul with other women.

Flirting paused while Ruby contemplated Fey's complement. "I, uh, do. Yes. I know exactly how strong I am. I've worked hard for it and while that hasn't always been the healthiest thing, it's been sufficiently distracting." Once she'd clinically addressed her mixed motivations, she redirected them onto Fey. "You probably knew how hot you were before I complimented you. I mean, look at you."

"I will admit that I was going for 'hot'," Fey replied, stating so as she might any other fact. "And I, too, have achieved such levels of hotness in ways that were both unhealthy and distracting. I guess we both became vain when we went our separate ways."

Again, words formed and launched without permission from Ruby's brain. "For the sake of our character, we should get back together. Before we get any worse, that is."

Fey shot back with, "They still have all the wedding stuff setup downstairs. We could just tie the knot now. 'Do you, huco, take this beefcake to be your lawfully wedded partner?'" Fey joked, clutching her interlaced fingers to her chest. Only the knuckles of her pinkies were left exposed. The rest were covered in the yielding flesh of her tits, which jutted forward between and beneath the insides of her arms. "I moo! I mean, I *do*! Hehe."

Ruby blushed. "Fey. . ."

"You walked into that. We're at a wedding reception."

"Still."

"Yea. . . I know."

A question loomed between them, acknowledged but cumbersome. Ruby, the one most willing to spearhead the hard conversations, shifted back in her chair and sighed. She scratched at her thighs as her hands slowly balled themselves up, forearms going tight.

"I'm sorry," Ruby began. Fey turned away, but Ruby kept talking. "I would have said 'I do' for you, too. The feeling was mutual. It just wasn't the right time."

Fey shook her head. Ruby started to speak again but Fey suddenly stood from her chair, causing Ruby's words to retreat to where they'd originated. The "almost-wedding". Its mention was like an event horizon, causing time and space to distort in uncomfortable ways around it. Ruby pleaded for Fey to say something for what felt like hours. Fey frowned with her clenched fists at her sides for just as long.

They were trapped.

Ruby went to untrap them. "Fey, listen. I—"

But the hucow interrupted yet again. This time, she marched around the coffee table to Ruby's side. In a fluid motion, the top-heavy hucow spun on her toe, flicked back her brunette hair, threw a dagger over her shoulder with a glance, and dropped out of open air without warning into Ruby's lap.

"Oof!" Ruby grunted. The initial impact crushed her hips and thighs. Without a protective layer of muscle, she could have seriously had the wind knocked out of her. It was a spiteful move. Fey was lashing out, making sure Ruby got some sort of punishment for presenting such an uncomfortable conversation. "The hell, Fey?! Off! Dammit, do you have to act like a child over this? Is now really a good time—"

Fey's retort was unexpected. "I'm more than willing to have this talk. The catch is, I won't be able to have the talk if you don't get your hands on my tits."

"That's bullshit—"

"You know how horny hucows get? Hmm? If not, you've heard the rumors at least. Well, they're true. And I'd planned on scratching the itch with some bumping and grinding on the dance floor. But instead, here I am, too sober and turned on and soldiering on anyway—for you!"

“ . . . ”

“Nothing to say now, huh? Well, then.” Fey went to get up.

Ruby made a sound.

“What?”

“Don’t go. I’ll do it—just. . .”

“If we’re doing it, then let’s get on with it.”

Ruby wanted to push Fey up and away but had a hard time deciding where her hands could go without being interpreted as erotic. If she could convince herself that this was strictly business, she would have. Instead, she looked over Fey’s soft, warm body from behind and concluded that there was just too much flesh—thigh curves, hip curves, waist curves. Any touch could be misconstrued as sexual.

Finding no way out of being pinned to a chair by Fey’s soft ass, Ruby’s nostrils flared with a deep inhale and, finally, she spoke. “So that’s real? I’ve heard of being too horny to think but is it seriously that bad?”

“It really is *that bad*. *All* the time. I’ve gotten used to it most times, but when I’m this full. . .” Fey’s answer trailed.

Full of. . . Ruby started, but couldn’t complete the thought because Fey was reaching to both sides of the chair and stealing Ruby’s limp arms. The officer did little to stop her as a hucow daintily dropped Ruby’s hands atop her voluptuous, golden melons.

“Finally. That’s mmmm. . . Much better. Now, m-move your hands and mouth at the same time.”

“ . . . ”

“If you’re unwilling to grope, then I’m unwilling to discuss how we eloped. Mmmh. Okay. Okay. That’s more like it. That’s—*mmm*—better.”

Ruby didn't have to be coached on how to squeeze Fey. Although much, much larger, Fey was just as sensitive in the chest—if not more so. Ruby had felt up her girlfriend from behind dozens of times, moulding little B cups under her palms, familiarizing each knot of pleasure tucked behind her pert little bulbs.

But *fuck!* Fey's mammaries made speaking an impossibility, at least for the first minute or so. It took the last droplets of Ruby's willpower to keep from dipping her finger under Fey's silver dress. As tight as it was, the dress was still a barrier to Fey's warm macro-mammaries.

The hucow's skin was soft, like it had been lotioned a dozen times before she even got out of bed. A gym rat like Ruby could compare each breast to a twenty-five pound slam ball, of adequate size to fill a lap or hold with two hands. When she squeezed—which she didn't have to be asked to do—she felt the slight give in each breast. Mostly, they were taut, but she could change their shape, molding them in her hands like clay. Addictive, dense, warm—getting even warmer. In fact, the heat of Fey's breasts somehow beat out the heat of her wide thighs, which conformed to Ruby's lap like memory foam. And the little sounds Fey made, those abbreviated moans that caused her head to go heavy and tilt slightly to the left, generated the most vivid of fantasies.

Every moment of intimacy between them cropped up in Ruby's mind. Alongside them, new dreams emerged of how Fey's new rack would improve and invigorate those same bouts of raunchy, satisfying sex.

So huge. Fey was so *huge*. All at once, Ruby knew how so many women had been seduced by the call of Hucows. She was having a hard time talking herself out of doing exactly what she was doing for Fey in this very moment.

"M-More," Fey began. "Squeezing me like that is making them produce even more. A massage would have been fine but now. . . Ruby—. . . Mmmh!"

Producing?!

Had squeezing so much gone too far?

Ruby realized she was mashing handfuls of Fey's breasts. She quickly corrected course. She hadn't meant to veer away from conversation, but Fey's tits felt so good that the two had allowed several minutes to pass communicating exclusively with their bodies.

“What had gotten into you?” asked Ruby. “I just have to know. I don’t mean to be rude—I’m emotional right now, okay, so sorry about how this probably sounds. But Fey, this has got to be the most questionable of your many questionable decisions.”

Fey didn’t react to her decisions being called “questionable”. She answered Ruby’s question respectfully. “We’d broken up and I wasn’t taking it well. For a long time, I felt unlovable. It bled over into my work and my boss, noticing, tried to make a move on me and implied that if I was uncomfortable with how he consoled his employees that I should consider whether or not I should be one.”

Ruby’s groping slowed, the muscles in her forearms tensing as she pulled Fey closer. “Fucking dirt bag. Babe. . . I’m sorry.”

“I didn’t need to consider. I walked out. Felt damned good, too.”

“I bet it did.”

“Are you mad?”

“At your old boss? Hell yea, I am. We’d even met when you first got that job—I shook that slimeball’s hand.”

“Easy, tiger. You’re pawing the girls a little rough. . .”

“Oh. . .” Ruby let a puff of air from her nostrils and stopped subconsciously trying to milk her ex-girlfriend.

“What didn’t feel good was being jobless and unlovable at the same time. I managed to pull myself together enough to go to a few interviews—I was open to anything at the time. Then, I saw an ad online for a ‘housekeeper’ position. It was pretty obvious by the description what they wanted—they described the living situation and I could tell there was a chance of this being huco² related. But at the time, there was nothing to lose. If it was a legitimate housekeeping position, I’d have a job. If it was a *housekeeping* position, well, I’d at least have another chance at feeling loved.”

Ruby lowered her head, her chin resting in the crook between Fey's neck and shoulder. "You shouldn't have. You could have called me and I would have—"

"I did try to call you. Several times, actually. You didn't answer."

"I must have been. . ."

"Busy?"

"No. I mean, yes, I was busy. But I was an idiot for being too busy to help you—I'm so sorry, Fey."

"I know. We were broken up though, so you didn't have any obligation to help me."

"Us not sleeping together isn't an excuse to mistreat you."

"You mistreated me even while we were sleeping together."

They sat there together. Sat with *that*.

It transformed the two of them, Fey becoming less of a hucow and more of who she always had been to Ruby: a person. She'd lost a promising pharmaceutical job shortly after losing a lover. She'd wallowed in loneliness. Here she was on the other side of that, changed by it but no less fetching or familiar than she'd been before.

Ruby shouldered the burden of the blame at first, but then realized that her tendency to shoulder everything had been the problem from the start. Not depending on Fey had been a weakness. Rather than confront the weakness, she broadened her shoulders and took on more and more—more job, more hustle, more success. Ruby had transformed too, but there had been nothing redemptive or meaningful in it. Fey had made the best of a bad situation.

Ruby was simply "she who produced bad situations".

"All this time," Ruby spoke. "I'd been training to protect strangers. I didn't even protect you, Fey."

“Don’t. Be. Sappy. Your caressing game is terrible when you’re sappy. Look at your hands, lost all their motivation,” Fey said. She adjusted herself deliberately in Ruby’s lap, the soft width of her ass cheeks passing back and forth over Ruby’s toned thighs. Her shoulders rolled back so that her chest pushed out. “I should tell you another story to make you mad. You squeezed really good when you were thinking about punching my boss in the face.”

“I wasn’t—”

Fey purred. “You were. It was very attractive.”

“Fuck. . .”

“I’d like to.”

“I’m sorry I neglected you and ignored you and put my shitty job and bullshit insecurities before you.”

“You were supposed to say ‘me too,’” Fey whined softly.

Ruby, thoroughly on the back foot from having being called out and solicited for sex in almost the same breath, didn’t know which path to choose. In the end, she lifted and pressed Fey’s fat udders together while asking important catch-up questions—marrying the ideas. “First, tell me about what it’s like being a hucow—feeling your body change.”

After going limp with sexual bliss, Fey retaliated. “No. First, this.”

And suddenly Ruby didn’t care about hearing what it was like for Fey to be a hucow.

Instead, she sank to meet Fey’s waiting lips. Her ex tasted like good wine, full of earthy tones below a layer of tart and sweetness. Ruby tumbled down into Fey’s mouth with the same familiarity she had in Fey’s apartment all those months ago. She found a ravenous, sensuous tongue that danced as she entered. The two worked their mouths over one another, again and again, fishing for deeper, headier passions.

The squeezing was a natural extension of their oral play. As Ruby moaned, her hands moved on their own, working taut, stretched skin under her fingers. How could a woman’s breasts be this soft? How could they be this inviting? As her palms wrapped around them, Ruby detected

a new amount of warmth and a slight tremble after what felt like a breast-centered hot flash. The weight of Fey's breasts, which she partly carried with her arms from behind, pushed more against her containing limbs. Beneath the best fucking feeling in the world, yet another sensation loomed, waiting to dethrone the first:

Fey answered the question Ruby had only barely put together. "That's for you. *Mmmh! Mmmh!* H-Hucows make milk for people we're attracted to—*fuck!* Yes. . ."

"Seriously? You answer the question now?!"

"I'll answer more if we keep going. . ."

"Mmmh. . ."

In a bestial heat, Ruby found the taxed ridge of Fey's silver dress and yanked it down. Fey yipped, then settled with even deeper passions for the woman who just couldn't help but claw through her clothes to get to her skin.

"No, Ruby," Fey whispered, full lips brushing over Ruby's as she warned her. "God, I want that, but no. I'd never let you. I—"

"I know," Ruby's words were heavy with remorse. Every rumor about hucows had been spot on so far, so she knew the rumor about how a person *became* a hucow was true. If she drank too much of Fey's milk, she'd begin the transformation.

Ruby would become a hucow.

"You've worked too hard to throw it away," Fey said, voice airy. "It was different for me—I needed to become a hucow. It made sense. But you? I couldn't let you do that."

"I can't believe you're protecting me," Ruby said.

"Somebody has to."

"Mmmh!"

"Yes. . ."

Ruby stormed Fey's body. She started to lean back but heard the chair creak with weakness from their shared body weight. So instead, she twisted Fey's voluptuous body around in her lap and hoisted Fey bridal style over to the enormous bed. With a muscled toss, Fey went spinning in the covers. The hucoo looked up, giggling, and noticed that Ruby's fingers were at the top button of her shirt.

"Slow. I want to see. . ." Fey whined, spreading her thighs wide on the teal comforter and while she squished her needy boobs together with her hands—those milky medicine balls eclipsing her entire torso.

"Not a chance," replied Ruby, seeing and lusting after Fey's globes.

Ruby, impatient, ripped her shirt over her head, flicking out her dark-red, curly ponytail. Fey's presence had her living in the moment. She hadn't felt the rush of passion like this since Fey—there wasn't another woman who had even come close. She didn't even know where they stood anymore. Did sex mean they were together? Or did their physical chemistry put a pause to their gaping emotional scars? Perhaps they'd both fled to sex in each other's absence and they were doing so again now, picking physical pleasure when they ought to address one another's concerns. Perhaps fucking a hucoo in heat so she could think again was actually the greatest level of consideration and care a partner could extend.

None of it mattered.

Fey drank in Ruby's exposed top. Before, Ruby had a slender physique, a sort of hourglass made of hip and shoulder with a sliver of body connecting. The structure had been there all along, which had attracted Fey in the first place.

But Ruby's foundation had been built upon, sculpted, and forged with tireless physical rigor. "Slender" wasn't a good word. "Heroic" was better.

Fey gawked.

"Whoa. Ruby," Fey gasped. She didn't utter a word. Instead, she gasped and giggled and gasped again, caught in a loop of disbelief.

“You’re overreacting. Gosh,” Ruby scoffed, feeling a little exposed. Her thumbs found the loops in her pants again, stupidly shy at Fey’s flattery. Unfortunately, this merely pulled her pants lower, revealing a pair of gray panties to match the gray bra.

“Hehe, no. Nuh-uh. I’m *not*—*fuck*, woman. I just. . . *fuck*! You mean you couldn’t have gone to the gym any earlier than the police academy? Your physique is incredible,” Fey replied, so madly smitten that she held her hands in front of her mouth as she giggled. “I mean, it’s one thing to see you with clothes on. Like, I could tell you were toned. But, wow. Wow. I’m surprised your abs didn’t leave little cuts in all your clothes.”

“Cuts in my—”

“They’re hard as diamonds.”

Ruby rolled her eyes, but she couldn’t keep from blushing—or smiling for that matter. She gave herself a once over, trying to see herself the way Fey saw her. It wasn’t like she was all that bulky or big, but exercise and good sleep had done her body well. Dips and valleys outlined muscle groups, depicting a woman in her physical prime. And somehow, she managed to pull it all back together into a feminine silhouette. It was her boobs, mostly, Ruby reasoned. They had shrunk but hadn’t quite disappeared with her extensive training, fully filling her C cup sports bra. They looked bigger than they were, largely due to their high-sitting pertness and near identical shape and size.

Which was something vain Ruby had guessed before but was now confirmed with Fey’s reaction.

Ruby looked up and saw that Fey was still devouring her. Seeing that Fey was reduced to a lady puddle at the sight of her body, Ruby started to see herself differently. She made herself look as long and lean as possible, tilting her body slightly and combed her fingers through her hair like she’d seen in stupid commercials. At the same time, she clenched her abs and jutted out her chest, lips open just a slit as if mid-sentence.

“Hehe-he!” Fey guffawed and clapped, too giddy that this entire show was for her and only her. Like a bouncy, chesty bullet, she launched across the bed and wrapped herself around Ruby. Her soft chest swallowed up Ruby’s tits—and much of the rest of the show she had been enjoying. “So hot!”

“Stop it! You’re making me blush—it’s not like I’m some pop star or anything.”

“You’re better ‘cause you’re mine.”

It was brief, but Fey staking claim over her made Ruby’s heart thunder.

She was Fey’s. . . Always had been, even after months apart.

“I’m yours, Fey?”

“You never stopped being mine,” Fey muttered.

Ruby crushed Fey in another fiery kiss, then laid her flat in the bed. After two attempts at pulling away—Fey brought her back for more kisses, preventing her escape—Ruby surveyed the impossibly attractive body of the woman to whom she belonged. She couldn’t resist anymore. Fey’s breasts were calling.

She drove herself down, still standing on the side of the bed, bent in half as her nose dug into the voluminous flesh of Fey’s taut creameries. She laid fierce kisses over them, eyes closed, eager to lose herself in them. She felt Fey’s hand on her head, but she refused to stop, her tongue extending so that she could lick Fey’s titty both near and—very, very—far.

She would be careful. She wouldn’t swallow any milk. But if she didn’t get her mouth on Fey’s expanding breasts soon, she’d be in more danger than becoming a hucow. She might lose herself in a completely different way without some dedicated time with the biggest tits she’d ever seen.

“Mmmn,” Fey moaned. “Th-That’s good. Just—Mmmm! Like that.”

There was so much *breast*—all the boob a horny lesbian could wish for. And having them grow against her was intense. Nothing was subversive or imperceptive about it. Ruby could hear the rumble of milk, the constant gurgle of activity. She could feel each blimp growing warmer and warmer in undulating waves, and when each creamery was almost unbearably warm, they would shudder and push in all directions at once, increasing in size. It was an experience like no other: being between Fey’s massive tits as they grew up and around her face, claustrophobia of a queerly addictive kind.

Ruby thanked her lover for this experience with kisses and moans and feverish groping and still felt that she was getting more than she gave—still felt that being nestled in Fey's most intimate space while milk production churned like stormy seas on both sides was something she couldn't adequately repay.

Ruby's expanding ex writhed in throws of bliss, her body tensing and relaxing in stuttering spurts. Breathing ragged, Fey would inhale and cause her bosom to rise up till the insides of her breasts became a mould for Ruby's face. An exhale later freed Ruby to explore her milky vastness once again. But Fey was by no means a passive lover. She let Ruby explore but used her hands to guide Ruby around, showing all the beautiful attractions of her ballooning tits.

The magic was in the fact that, even after being shown such wondrous places—gently sloping underboob, sideboob wall that rose like a mountain, the deepest trenches of her cleavage which produced intense tingles of pleasure when kissed—that revisiting them still knocked moaning gasps out of Fey. The spaces would shift and change as the landscape of Fey's breasts evolved, but her reactions were rewarding to cultivate each and every time.

There was so much detail to Fey's rack, not simply a blob of goodness and warmth—which, in many ways, it still was. Instead, each point on it was distinctly defined by a reaction, a tempo of breath, a reddening, and a warmth. Each spot reacted differently to a tongue, to lips, or to teeth. Through each, a slightly different pitch of gurgles could be heard. All over Fey's gozongas were venues and galleries and museums.

Even just calling them “massive, growing titties” felt bitterly short. As much as Ruby hated English class growing up, she could justify writing a poem about Fey's spectacular gazongas. They amazed Ruby. They inspired Ruby. Rarely was passion and pursuit an energizing endeavor, an engine that produced its own fuel.

But loving Fey was its own reward.

“Babe,” Fey sighed, like she was about to disappoint the both of them. “You're getting too close.”

“Too close?”

When Ruby raised her head, she saw that her mouth was on the speckled boundary between breast and areola, dancing along the rim of darkened territory, venturing closer and closer to

Fey's palm-length nipple. Ruby had brushed it with her cheek a few times, teasing with the idea before thinking better of it. Several times, in fact, Ruby had thought to stop toying with love and to let things come to their ultimate conclusion—that taking Fey between her lips and filling herself with milk would be the most exciting few minutes of her life. The orgasms would be worth it. The bonding they gained as a result would be *more* than worth it.

But the consequences?

"I'm sorry. I still won't let you do that to yourself—" Fey began, her eyes sweet.

But the sexual tension was frustratingly high and having to pause set Ruby into a fury. She pushed further onto the bed with minimal effort but impressive force. With little pageantry, her belt came off and the paleness of her legs was exposed along with her gray panties. She dispensed with the last shred of underwear swiftly and crawled forward, freshly nude and blood pounding in her ears.

Fey submitted, opening herself, voice trembling as she whispered, "Yes", *ad infinitum*. Crisp sheets ruffled as Ruby positioned her left knee outside of Fey's golden leg. With authority, she grasped Fey's short, thick thigh and thrust her pelvis inward till her pussy kissed Fey's womanhood, which was poorly guarded by the lower hem of her dress.

A cocktail of forces pushed Ruby to trib powerfully with Fey. She was pent up, in love, fully devoted to their shared bodily pleasures and yet barred to the sweetest parts of Fey by circumstance. But in a way, none of it mattered. Action dissolved her thoughts. Feelings suffocated her questions.

Her throbbing clit found Fey's and Ruby spent the months of training and strengthening of her body to thrust herself in full-bodied waves of love into Fey's dripping center. Every pulsing throb of her heart sent her forward, her jaw slacking at the impossible pleasure. Her pelvis came up and crashed into Fey's softness, the shockwave causing Fey's tits to swing upward and around, nipples like clock hands.

It was bliss. It was, in equal part, agony.

She'd starved herself of this sort of emotional vulnerability and now delivered it to Fey raw. Her body slanted forward, pushing the sweet hucow's leg lower and lower toward the bed.

Some of her thrusts missed their mark, her intensity putting even sex on hold so Ruby could fully express herself.

I missed you. I'm sorry. You're beautiful. I'm sorry. I hurt you. I'm sorry.

Smack! Smack! Clap! sounded Ruby's powerful pussy fucking.

Moans flowed between them. The sheets swallowed them. The plush mattress took the brunt of their lovemaking, forgiving enough to absorb the thin sheen of sweat as they tossed and turned and wrestled.

Orgasm splintered from Fey's pussy like cracks in ice, bending and snapping and forking into each part of her. Her head tilted back. She clawed at the sheets, muscles in her stomach trembling as they tensed and pulled her away from the mattress to be nearer still to Ruby. Her breasts came up and surrounded the narrower partner. They were huge and undeniably sexy. The heat of them was scorching as quarter-width nipples dragged across Ruby's dangling breasts, branding the officer for all hucow kind. And yet, impossibly, Fey's hucow tits, which were larger than the very pillows that cradled the back of Fey's head, felt that much more fragile.

Ruby rolled into her lover, hips flush and orgasm shooting stars through her fluttering lashes. Her right hand gripped Fey's thigh as she forced her body to keep moving through the most powerful orgasm she'd ever had. Her clit had all but gone numb with pleasure. Her pussy's walls closed, empty and yet somehow full. At its peak, Ruby couldn't keep her head and blacked out momentarily, finding herself fallen forward with her arms propped up on both sides of Fey's head. Her ex's breathing was too erotic to ignore, and with closed eyes she found Fey's mouths to kiss her again.

They moaned at this. Every conjoined part of their bodies came alive. Even with orgasm retreating, it was as if something was building between them—something that couldn't be fully understood with just one orgasm.

Ruby expressed exactly this while Fey continued to kiss her neck. "Did we just start something?"

Fey's groans were throaty and satisfied. Her heartbeat was tangible everywhere: from her palms that lay beneath Ruby's palms to her breasts which were so large now that they lifted Ruby slightly off of her and extended a foot or so on each side of their splayed bodies.

"Can this be the start of something? Please?"

"Yes, Fey."

"Even if you're a cop and I'm, well, under investigation with the other hucows?"

". . ." Ruby's sex-addled brain couldn't put into words her conflicted, messy emotions. She could only act.

"Ruby. . . don't," Fey said, though her defence had weakened significantly from being fucked so thoroughly.

"Let's start something," Ruby growled.

"Not. *That*."

"Are you saying that to protect me?"

"Of course. I love you."

". . ."

"Don't. . ."

"I love you too, Fey. So much." Ruby didn't know the full extent of her own feelings until her body moved for her—higher and higher, toward the most sacred space for a hucow.

A shriek of pure joy pierced the night. Broken, heated love sealed two lovers more meaningfully than any wedding ceremony.

Fey's milk rushed forth like a broken dam.

And a burst of milk filled Ruby's mouth.

Part 3

Word Count: 6084

Consequences.

There would be quite a few of them for drinking milk straight from a huCow. There was no scarcity of rumors, panic, or buzz about the effects that huCow milk had on previously-normal women.

Whether Ruby believed the milk would make her the healthiest she'd ever been or send her into immediate cardiac arrest—that it would damn her to hell to burn for one-thousand years or that it would make her queen of the afterlife with an army of busty demons and Lilith as her side chick. Anything felt possible.

She was but one phone search away from learning what the world thought her fate to be. Any fear or confidence or inkling or meditation could be supported with minimal effort. She only needed to stop what she was doing and check.

But it never occurred to her to do so.

Earlier, her worries had been like a plane turbine at the back of her head, deafening and dangerous and uncontrolled. Now, they were like air conditioning or comets or the milk spoiling in her refrigerator: surely occurring but invisible—important but also, just as meaningfully, *not at all* important.

Ruby couldn't think of a single thing that would matter more in the next few minutes than Fey Ferreira because nothing in the city, in the cosmos, or in her refrigerator was as important and lovely—and *huge*—as Fey was.

In every possible way.

Ruby took a thick, huCow nipple into her mouth and started sucking, leaving her every care behind.

"Ngh! S-So—. . ." Fey winced, then issued a warning through her clenched jaw. "Here it comes. So much is . . . *coming!*"

A decadent ablution pushed its way to Ruby's throat, a parcel of thick sweetness that she could never have been prepared for. This was the *real thing*. She wasn't lapping at Fey's leakage anymore as she'd done during sex. That had only been the suggestion of sweetness—a flavor muted by the taste of Fey's soft flesh, forced to fight for attention with their near-orgasmic states. This was hucow milk, entirely and consumingly. There was nothing to distract from its taste or detract from its volumes—just a force, a weight, a heat, and a rush.

It not only filled Ruby's maw, but occupied her entire mind, her tongue picking apart the surprising complexity and flavor. Sweet with a full-bodied intricacy. Not scalding but warmer than body temperature, like it was made-to-order for this exact moment.

That's for you. Hucows make milk for people we're attracted to. . .

Those had been Fey's words. This milk was ready-made just for Ruby. Fey had admitted it while sitting in Ruby's lap just a few feet and an eternity away. They looked huge then, from above, over Fey's shoulder as Ruby squeezed and lusted after their softness. Now, they were properly Ruby's—in the similarly new and fragile that all of Fey was now, once more, properly Ruby's.

I can't believe I thought she was big then. . .

They were much bigger now, suitably large to lean on. Being a hucow in heat had caused Fey to grow—for more milk to be made and mixed underneath her blue-veined flesh. It was Ruby's position atop one of Fey's bean bags that enabled her to keep drinking; the weight of her body wrapped around her lover's fleshy, gurgling mountain that kept her from literally being blown away by the hydrant of milk.

All for Ruby. After all this time, just for Ruby.

Fey's feelings had never faded. It was real—this was *real*. And the fact that Ruby nearly choked several times on breastmilk put a metric to it. If hucows made milk for those they were attracted to, then Fey's love could be measured.

How much did Fey love Ruby? Enough to drown her. . .

In breastmilk, of course, but that didn't dispense with the reality of the situation: that Ruby had to swallow constantly or choke.

Fey's cream wasn't oppressively thick, but it moved quickly—so fast that small streams of overflow trickled down the sides of her breasty bluffs, overflowing Ruby's eager mouth. It was so *much*. She'd kept it almost entirely to herself too, and her nipple throbbed in controlled jolts against the inside of Ruby's left cheek like Fey's whole body was unwinding, letting loose its devastating productivity without hesitation.

Fey sighed. "Right there. That's so good. *Mmmh*. . . Take it all, Ruby—it's what you get for being so *stubborn*, hehe."

Ruby had a few quips in mind but had to hold them. Her mouth was far too busy for banter, occupied by band after band of hot ambrosia pelting her cheek, swirling in her mouth, and racing down her throat. Her tongue flicked after the initial swallow, coaxing Fey's bed-spanning titties for more smooth cream. With a tilt of her head, she used her tongue and cheek to stroke Fey's lengthy, sweetness-spewing node. She felt the nipple tremble in her mouth and moaned when it offered another geyser of richness. Ruby inhaled with a reckless, heady vigor, facing down the endlessly fluid like a competitive drinker.

It seemed like it wouldn't end. Ruby's eyes lost focus at some corner of the room, finding it easier to turn herself off so that she could be what Fey needed: a vessel for release. The torrent of liquid went on and on, Ruby's throat and belly complaining at the sudden demand, her tongue rebutting as it asked for more. Both parties would go back and forth, a twinge of discomfort and the grip of deliciousness, until Fey's writhing and satisfied moaning would wake Ruby from her vacancy and drag her back into the warm, naked now.

Fey looked so goddamn *happy*. She wore contentedness with ease, orgasm-soaked lips bent into a bewitching, silly grin. She'd bring up a hand—around and then above the tits that had her pinned to the bed—and stroke Ruby's arm, arousal spiking once more at the touch of unyielding muscle.

Ruby was objectified and ogled and filled with cream. Then, with a pair of quick taps, she came awake once more and beheld Fey's hair strewn like a chocolate-brown halo around her head.

"There, there. Sorry that the initial bit took so long. I had a lot saved up, but it shouldn't be so bad now."

This came as a sort of relief to Ruby, who was saddened that she was no longer desperately needed but thankful to no longer be a water balloon on the wrong side of an opened dam.

“G-Good—” Ruby muttered, then coughed to clear her battered throat.

“Oh my god! Ruby!” Fey said, panicking. “I’m sorry. You were doing so good. Oh god! I was so dumb. I should have stopped to—”

Ruby brought her hand down against Fey’s giant breast with a loud, playful *SMACK!* Fey yelped in response, jerking away from the noise more than the pain. Her titanic pillowy titty rippled with the impact as Ruby composed herself.

“D-Did I at least help clear out some of your milk?” asked Ruby.

“Y-You did great. I don’t feel like I’m going to explode anymore. . .”

“Then I’ve done my job as your lover, and—”

“In my *left* breast. The other needs some work. Oh,” Fey added, as if it was just occurring to her. “And if we leave them both like this, they’ll probably keep growing because, erm, y-you’re. . .”

Fey gestured to Ruby’s body in a general sweep of her hand.

Naked. Gleaming from sweaty efforts. Red hair bunched and heavy.

“Looking at you makes me want to take an anatomy course so I can know the names of the muscles I’m drooling over,” Fey managed.

GLLLRBT! Gurgle. Gurgle.

Ruby rolled her eyes, absolutely smitten and absolutely averse to divulging that fact. “You wanna keep staring at me, or do you want your milky cow titties sucked?”

“You’re making me pick between my favorite children, Ruby.”

Ruby placed a hand on her stomach, noting the bump that had started to push away from her tight waist. “It’s not my choice. Your milk has already ruined my figure. Either I keep drinking or you have to deal with the disappearance of my abs.” She gave her exposed tummy a slap.

“It’s actually a nice contrast. Suits you well—all bodybuilder up top and milk pregnant from the tits down.”

“But I worked so hard for my flat stomach.”

“I know. I kinda like ruining that work with milk, somehow. Spite, maybe. Like, I’ll never have a flat tummy no matter what, so as hot as yours is—was?—I like having the milk that you’d give up your figure over.”

“That’s. . . a little nefarious.”

“I may not be a devil, but I do have horns.”

Ruby pouted.

Fey giggled. “I like you, Ruby, whatever shape your body is. Don’t get all fussy.”

“I’m not fussy,” Ruby fussed. “And maybe I’d believe you more if you could say all of that without squeezing my biceps.”

Fey, whose hand actually hadn’t stopped squeezing Ruby’s arm as she spoke, gave herself a quick slap on the wrist and smiled innocently. “Whoops! Okay. Suck my tits. I promise not to objectify you too much.”

“I love you—you muscle-obsessed dummy.”

“I love you too. Now, hush and suck my other tit.”

Ruby, again, obeyed. She used her mouth to usher in a series of rapturous orgasms for the both of them as she allowed Fey’s flow to steal her away once more. Each breast audibly gurgled, milk escaping from each, though only the one under Ruby’s ministrations let loose its full deluge, like Fey’s body didn’t want any milk to go to waste.

Knowing what to expect, Ruby quickly performed the urgent care necessary to bring Fey's right titty down to a manageable milk rate. It was probably just a few minutes shaved off her previous time, but it felt shorter to Ruby because Fey's hoarse voice spoke sweet words to her as she drank:

"You're stubborn, Ruby. So *damned* stubborn. But I c-can't help but love you. . ." Fey scolded, frustration wrapped in a soft, lovely exterior.

Gulp. Gulp.

Ruby moaned, eyes closed, mind swimming. She spared a few words. "You taste amazing, babe."

"You aren't listening."

"You said you love me."

"And?"

"That I'm stubborn."

"Annoyingly so."

"I'm sorry," Ruby moaned, then opened wide again and swallowed Fey's nipple anew leaving no amount of it exposed to the air. She drew in a dozen or so more gulps of thick, creamy goodness.

Gulp. Gulp. Gulp!

Fey grinned, besotted beyond help. "Stubborn, but mine—gone for a while, but mine all over again."

Ruby drank and drank, her libido raging with each swallow. As much as breastfeeding from Fey was a soothing experience, she could feel that a single orgasm hadn't been enough and to her surprise, she found that by simply stuffing herself with milk, she could arrive at equal pleasures. Fey's milk was delicious. Her nipple, likewise, was turgid and needy under her

squeezing lips and massaging tongue. The flesh glowed with heat, more than a foot for each breast when entirely spread out on the bed as they were.

Ruby came several times. The tingles of each orgasm lingered longer now that she was full of milk. She suspected she could eventually get to a point of constant sensitivity—of every caress and touch being enough to work her toward another orgasm. And not the sort that waned or became boring after two or three, but full-on climaxes as if she'd spent an hour on foreplay before each one.

She wondered if she was transforming into a hucow, the most primordial parts of her psyche awakened with sex and breastmilk. That had to be the allure of the whole hucow business: the ability to fuck and suck and fall in love anew without the need for moderation. The fact that Fey had put herself together with makeup and perfume and a dress—*fuck!* How did she have the self-control to pull that little silver sleeve over her sloshing, fleshy curves and then suffer for hours clothed?—was a testament to either her desperation for love or her indomitable mental acuity. Probably both, though as drunk as Ruby was with another climax rolling through her, she chose to put Fey in as positive a light as she could: willful, level-headed, mature.

It helped Ruby love Fey more—which she thought was impossible but felt all the deeper as she drank the slower, easier flow behind the storm.

Ruby gulped louder, her efforts redoubling. She was exhausted—"drowsy" felt like an apt descriptor. She hadn't yet adapted to the pleasures her body was experiencing. One woman could only endure so many rounds of lust and gluttony before she wore thin, and she felt the wall that was her limit approaching.

She also felt her physiology changing within her, the same way she might feel anticipation before a powerful storm or when she felt her thigh slipping into place for a submission on the jiu jitsu mats. It was right *there*. No amount of being full or tired or sleepy could deter her even though, in all likelihood, her body had put those obstacles in her way to do just that.

But nothing could keep her from knowing Fey more wholly; no sacrifice was too much if she could feel in herself what Fey felt every day.

Ruby had won her lover back, and she would drink until she understood Fey enough to never wrong her again.

So she drank and drank, stomach pushing further and further, falling deeper and deeper. Her body burned with the heat of the milk sac her tummy had become.

After about fifteen minutes of diligence and arousal, Fey was not as taut as she had been when she started. The edge of fullness in Fey's ragged moans was gone, but Ruby didn't stop drinking. She merely darted across the bed to Fey's other breast and found yet more milk to stuff into her growing globe of a belly.

It never ran out. No matter how much she drank, Ruby knew Fey's love would never run out. The fantasies of such a thing weren't a mystery to Ruby: they would be out for groceries and Ruby would skip breakfast to have an excuse for Fey to pop out a titty and nurse her in the parking lot. They'd go on dates, dinner and a movie where dessert came hot and fresh from Fey's body-dwarfing creameries. Every morning and every night, after a generous wrestle or romp, they could fold themselves together in a bed just like the one they currently occupied, and pretend there was nothing else that mattered in the whole world besides Fey's creamy tits and Ruby's addiction to them.

Ruby liked that. Fey, who cooed and kissed the top of Ruby's head, seemed to like that.

Ruby pulled away from Fey's left breast yet another half hour hence. She gave it a few licks before laying her head against the warmth of Fey's soft, naked body.

"Finished, love?" Fey whispered, gratitude wrapped up in her gentle words. Without waiting for a response, she said, "Let me up. I wanna hold you."

"My jaw just got tired," Ruby admitted. She went to push up off the bed but found her limbs wobbly and distant. "Whoa. I feel funny. Drunk, almost."

"That's normal. As is being sleepy. I think I slept three or four days straight after my first dose because I got to Ph—. . . I ended up drinking quite a bit of hindmilk."

"Hindmilk? Wait. How far did I get?"

"C'mere."

Fey, though smaller, muscled her way into a sitting position and swung her legs out from the side of the bed. She guided Ruby to her by the hand and wrapped her woman—her

love—around her. It was a difficult feat, Ruby realized, because the larger muscled woman was now glutted with a swell of milk that caused her stomach to jut forward like someone thirty or forty pounds heavier than her. Complications worsened when Fey pulled Ruby around and their tits brushed together, Ruby's unchanged orbs against Fey's, which were planetary in comparison. The sensitivity had both of them seizing up with pleasure. Nipples scrubbing against soft boobies was arrestingly sensational regardless of size.

It was an effortfully logistical headache, but love and tits were, perhaps, the only things more stubborn than Officer Ruby Granger and the two arrived at a comfortable position with Fey holding Ruby in her lap, red hair and arms poking out from a blanket of titty flesh.

"Hindmilk is very fatty and thick. You can't rush it—especially when you're working through the thinner stuff. It can take hours to—"

"How far did I get?" Ruby said, voice slurring some. "You started getting pretty thick towards the end."

"You, well, you didn't *quite* make it to my hindmilk. I don't make much of it as is—it's this weird imbalance I'm working on fixing where I make a ton of foremilk really fast. It's what makes me get so big so quickly, and—. . . Ruby."

". . ." Ruby turned some, lips wrapping around Fey's nipple.

"Woman, please. It's not a competition," Fey giggled. "Besides, if you get to my hindmilk, you might sleep for weeks."

Gulp. Gulp. Gulp. Gulp.

"*Mmmh!* Fuck, that's fantastic—Ruby Granger! Stop it. You aren't even close, you glutton!"

Ruby released Fey from her mouth, pouting. "That's another thing. This sleep business. I can't sleep that long—not for days," Ruby commented, even as she rolled her head into the crook of Fey's arm and breast for warmth. "I'll miss work. People will worry and I might lose my job."

"You should have thought about that before drinking a hucow's milk. You can't reverse this stuff—to my knowledge."

“Exactly. It means I can’t ever walk away from you again,” Ruby said, fighting to keep her eyes open. “It’s not marriage, but it’s a sort of bond, right?”

“Ruby,” Fey remarked. She tilted forward to present her nipple to Ruby. “You earned it. . .”

Despite complaints of a sore jaw, Ruby detected the warm, hard peak and sucked it into her mouth for a few more draws of milk. These mouthfuls were slower, lovely and relaxing. They were what Ruby wanted to wake to every morning and be nursed with after a stressful day on the streets. She wondered how anything could be thicker or sweeter than what she was currently tasting and committed herself to understanding it. *Fey’s hindmilk*. It felt worth every effort to find.

When Ruby’s lips came away with a *pop!*, they were coated with a shimmering moisture and connected to Fey by a strand of spittle.

“There’s something I have to tell you,” said Fey, after a lengthy stretch reserved for swaddling Ruby against her tits.

“Anything, Fey.” When her milky lover didn’t respond right away, Ruby rolled away from Fey to look her eye to eye. “What’s up? Something wrong?”

“After tonight,” Fey paused, so brief that only someone as close to her as Ruby would have noticed. “I’ll have to disappear for a little while. It’s, well, it’s *required* that I be with my Mistress for a few days after nights like these.”

Ruby, whose belly was being rubbed sweetly by Fey as she admitted this, couldn’t for the life of her get the words she’d heard to unscramble themselves in her head. “Come again? Disappear? B-But. . . Nights like what, exactly?”

Fey is. . . leaving?

“My Mistress was the one who sent me to this wedding. I was supposed to find new members for the harem,” Fey said, straight and sober as a cancer diagnosis. “Which you technically became because you drank from my breasts for a *long* time. But I also love you, and there’s no way I’d let the Mistress anywhere near you, not when you work for the police. She’d be tempted to use you and I—I can’t. . .” Fey’s voice cracked. Ruby noticed before Fey could reseal

the gap—a gap brought about when Fey imagined what harm would come to Ruby if she met the “Mistress”.

Fey continued. “So, I’ll take the fall. I’ll have to come up with an excuse for the missing milk, but that won’t be hard. I’ll be housebound for a few days, too. Standard stuff. But then, I’ll be allowed to be out again and I’ll come find you.”

Ruby had quietly listened, using her cop training to keep the confusion and pain off her face. Her first words after Fey’s explanation were, “What the hell are you talking about, Fey?”

Then, there was a shift through the house.

Where there’d been the thumping of music, there was now shouting. Outside the window was an array of flashing red-and-blue lights, diffused by the heavy curtains so that the whole room flashed the two colors like a strobe. Swimming up through Ruby’s awareness came the sound of sirens and someone speaking over a loudspeaker—a voice she recognized: Sage Singer.

Fey, suddenly in the midst of police sirens and loudspeakers and strobing lights, was hauntingly calm. She continued to Ruby’s belly as heavy footsteps came storming up the stairs.

“The hell’s going on?” Ruby’s eyes widened, a degree of fury rising up along with concern. “Fey, talk. You have a Mistress? You seduced me into drinking your milk to serve some *Mistress*?”

Fey went to say something, but Ruby interrupted her by snapping herself away. She came out with a clumsy roll, slamming against the floor beside the bed and shuffling while her legs found themselves under her weight. Light and sound worsened her delirium. Gravity she wasn’t used to shackled her to the hardness of the floor beneath her. It was a fight to keep from seeing multiple Feys, adding to the confusion.

Fey didn’t reply. Ruby knew her face, though.

She’d made that lovely, love-sodden face when she’d answered Ruby’s earlier question:

“Are you saying that to protect me?”

“Of course. I love you.”

“Fey. No. I can’t believe that you—. . . *Ngh!*” Ruby’s composure failed. Her poor coordination sent her back against the Whitney bedroom wall on her butt.

Fey stood. Spoke. “I was asked to attend this wedding to try and recruit Samantha.”

“The Commissioner’s daughter. . .”

“But instead, I found you. And you drank all the milk that was supposed to turn her into a huCow. Instead, well. . .”

Ruby saw red, was ready to fling whatever bevy of insults best portrayed her utter sense of betrayal. But before she could speak the bitterness on her tongue, the room door flung open.

Fey and Ruby turned to it.

Standing in the doorway was an impossibly attractive woman. Her skin was pale and smooth, set off by her raven hair, round glasses, and eyes like sour olives. Ruby had to double take, but she was almost certain she saw a single white nub raised at the woman’s hairline. A horn. A *huCow*.

And for some reason, the horn came to Ruby’s awareness before the tits that would have swung near her navel, if not for a sturdy-looking black dress. Almost concealed at the crown of her cleavage was a jewel wrapped in gold that dangled from a chain around her neck.

“We’re leaving now, Fey,” said the woman with authority, even though she looked to be near Fey’s age. “Cops are here. I managed to get the bride since *someone* was distracted.”

“Sorry, Elise,” Fey said, genuinely sorry.

She met the woman in the middle of the room like it was nothing and the two immediately exchanged intimacies, groping each other’s tits and kissing one another deeply. Ruby boiled at how hot and bothered the goth chick—“Elise”—seemed to be when kissing Fey. She also felt her heart crack a little at how Fey seemed so familiar with some stranger.

They weren’t strangers, though. They were both huCow. They were working together. . .

“More of that later,” Elise said, her eyes crawling seductively up and down Fey’s body.

Ruby's eyes did the same, though instead of Fey's round ass or unbarred bosom, Ruby paid particular attention to the nubby horns at Fey's hairline.

"Sure. You seem pretty full, still. We could do something about that," Fey answered.

"It's from the bride. She was more than accommodating tonight."

"Aww, you like her?"

"You've got some nerve teasing me. You're just lucky I was watching your back tonight or we'd have nothing to report to Mistress Phira."

"I don't know what I'd do without a milk sister like you, Elise," Fey giggled.

Elise turned, attempting to pull Fey out of the room by the hand. But Fey resisted momentarily and turned to regard Ruby.

Ruby, legs wobbling, was on the verge of collapsing from the desire for rest. Nothing but utter confusion and doubt kept her wakeful.

Seeing this, Fey pulled fully away from Elise and trotted back across the room. Fey's small hands grabbed Ruby by the cheeks and laid into the cop with a kiss that burned hot enough to shame a sun—or *twenty*. It was the sort of kiss that you couldn't fake, one that spoke a novel's worth of words without saying anything at all. And Ruby, despite how painful it was to be the one left in the dark, felt a persistent pang of love for Fey.

Quietly, so that Elise couldn't hear, Fey spoke. "Don't fight it. Sleep. Then, stay hydrated and start milking yourself twice a day. You're going to be sensitive. You're going to be horny. Do what you can to cope until I find you. Then, I'll *help* you. I love you, Ruby. And whatever you do, do not broadcast that you're a hucow. There are other. . . *factions* that don't play nice with Mistress Phira—or anyone who has been turned by any of her servants."

Ruby didn't have the strength to speak. Fey's kiss and the stirring moment had taken almost everything from her.

Fey swooped forward yet again and kissed Ruby deep once more, an abbreviated version of the kiss that had made Ruby feel featherlight. When it was over Ruby collapsed, eyelids like heavy drapes that blinked in and out of wakefulness.

The last images she remembered came to her like still shots:

Fey being escorted from the room like a princess by Elise. Fey turning one last time to look at Ruby. The empty room with the blue and red squadcar lights. Officers entering the room. Then, blackness.

Ruby had wanted to understand Fey.

Laying impotent and nude on cool, hardwood floors, alone, but made even lonelier by her ignorance of what forces had separated her from the woman she loved. . .

Ruby understood.

And it all but broke her.

Ruby collapsed.

Ruby woke up in a ward; she could tell by the smell of medicine and excessively-used sanitizing wipes. There was some talking to her right and then, into her room rushed Sage and a female nurse.

“Morning, sunshine,” Officer Singer said, deadpan. “Nurse said you might be waking up. I gave up half a tuna sandwich to welcome you back to the world of the living.”

Ruby was still putting the pieces together, how she was apparently alive—how Sage should have just wrapped up and *saved* the other half of her tuna sandwich rather than using it to guilt her subordinates.

I've been asleep for a while, Ruby thought. In fact, she hadn't had such a good night's rest since childhood. She felt entirely rejuvenated, and wakefulness came without the groggy aftertaste that often demanded coffee. She rolled her shoulders a little bit, feeling ready to start the shift

she'd overslept for. That was until the aforementioned nurse pushed past Sage and rushed around the bed to check at some urgently beeping machine.

"It goes crazy if you move too much," the nurse said as an apology.

Ruby politely apologized back—and then found herself in an impolite trance as she admired the nurse's curvy body. A round ass in teal scrubs transfixed the lesbian officer, a knot tightened in Ruby's stomach as a familiar need to have her way with the closest suitable mate sprouted and bloomed unbidden in her mind.

She's not even that hot. In fact, she's sorta average. But fuck! Her tits look great in those scrubs—full and probably soft. And dammit if those pants aren't squeezing her butt so well. Mmmh. . .

"Feeling lively, Granger?" asked Officer Singer.

Only then, and after needing to fight the urge to continue, did Ruby blink into an understanding of the situation. Sage was on her right, having come closer to better examine the previously snoozing officer. The nurse, who had lingered by the machine a little longer than necessary, backed away respectfully, though her eyes were an obvious invitation the likes of which suggested that she appreciated the weight of Ruby's gaze.

"Yes? Umm, no. I mean, I'm awake. I'm good," Ruby sputtered at last, running a hand through her red hair and feeling an unusual pull on her body. She chalked it up to weighty limbs from a hard sleep.

That was until Officer Singer leaned down—smelling unusually fragrant—and spoke. "Your headlights are on, Ruby. And it ain't all that cold in here."

Ruby instinctively pulled her blankets up to her chest. Though, in so doing, her hands met a softness and resistance she didn't recognize. Something had gotten in the way. When she looked to see what it was, she found a set of party balloon-sized gazongas standing pert between her arms. At the impact of her hands, they jiggled erratically, unrestrained by a bra, and just as Sage had alluded, her sweater-stretchers each sported a fat, marble-sized nipples that the pathetic paper hospital gown they'd put her in had no hope of hiding.

Ruby's eyes went wide. Information was rushing at her so quickly that she couldn't put it all together. Feeling "junior" in status, age, and understanding, Ruby looked up at Sage. "What's going on?"

"Glad I have your attention. Here's the short of it, Granger," Sage began, leaning back and crossing her arms. "Five nights ago, you were found in the master suite of the commissioner's house in a semi-comatic state. After rushing you to this quaint little clinic, we learned that your vitals were stable but that your physiology was changing to match what we now understand to be huco physiology. Over the course of that semi-comatic period, you've been sustained not by intravenous nutrients, but by whatever was in your bloated belly. Your breasts have—there's no subtle way to put this—turned into literal milk balloons, filled with an absurd quantity of breast milk. And, now that you're awake and in good condition, I've been instructed to escort you to a predetermined point where some state and government agencies would like to learn a little more about who you've turned into and what happened that night."

Ruby was silent for this whole run down, but responded the only reasonable way a woman could given the circumstances. "Respectfully, what the fuck are you getting at, boss?"

"You're a huco now, Ruby. It's tragic. But even with the tragedy of losing an officer to this, we can use you to better understand what kind of enemy the police force is up against."

"'Losing an officer'?"

Sage continued. "In fact, we intend to do exactly that: learn from your first-hand experience. Now then, that heart rate monitor is getting annoyingly fast so either you're about to pass out again or you're thinking about fucking Justyce. In either case, I'll leave the two of you alone to figure that out. I'll have a change of clothes and a meal ready for you when you get done. Justyce, as soon as she's ready, I'm ordering that she be discharged from this ward by authority of Commissioner Whitney."

Sage walked out of the room, though Ruby could tell that there was an unease about her gait as she left that wasn't typical of her boss. Either way, she turned to regard her nurse.

The young nurse, a woman with brunette hair in tight braids and chocolate-colored eyes approached the edge of the ward bed. Immediately at her closeness, Ruby felt herself lusting again. Usually, lust felt like a gentle knock on a door she could choose to open. Lust now felt like a police raid, bursting down her door and strongly insisting that she observe its demands.

She couldn't remember the last time she'd felt this horny out of bum-fuck nowhere. Maybe when she was hoeing it up after the break up, but even then it was more of a pink cloud and less of a rose quartz baseball bat.

Last time she felt this ready to fuck was. . .

You're going to be sensitive. You're going to be horny. Do what you can to cope until I find you.

Until I find you. . .

Fey.

"I'm sorry about my boss," Ruby said, shrugging. She wanted to feel bad for herself, but couldn't because she felt such strong tingling in her womanhood and tits. "You don't have to, uh, do anything you aren't comfortable with. I'm more than capable of—"

"Actually, I'd be thrilled. It's actually really difficult to treat a huco—like, uh, harder than most people think. There's a lot of pheromones—or something *like* pheromones? Either way, I haven't gotten a break from *whatever* it is since you arrived at this clinic five nights ago. The police force was pretty adamant about me being one of the only people outside the force to be with you."

Ruby read the subtext. "They haven't let you meet with anybody for five days?"

"My parents and boyfriend know I'm okay. But no. Not really. . ."

"Boyfriend. . ." No sex for five days while treating a huco sounded like hell. Ruby brought her hand up to the corners of her hair and felt. . . nothing. She had the effect of a huco, but not the horns? How much of a huco was she? Then, she weighed the size of one of her tits with her palm. She felt its raw heat and weight as well as the shift of liquid inside her titty.

Definitely huco.

"Are you feeling any discomfort?"

Just that quickly, Ruby had forgotten the woman she wanted to have sex with. “No! No, I’m alright. I’m just, erm, sorry that you had to be here with me instead of home with your family. With your boyfriend. . .”

This time, Justyce read the subtext. “It’s part of the job. And trust me, the relationship is very open. He’d be jealous if he knew that I was getting involved with a hucow, though. You guys are, like, heroes.”

Ruby didn’t yet feel like a part of whoever “you guys” was. “Thanks, I guess?”

“Didn’t mean to make that sound weird. I make a lot of things weird. Sorry for that. I’m not going to make anything else weird.”

Ruby smirked. “Who washed me while I was in a coma?”

Justyce cracked a smile—pearly white. “Yours truly.”

“There is nothing weirder than wanting to have sex with a woman who sponge bathed you, so unless you can beat that, then I think we’re clear for takeoff.”

“I wouldn’t mind ‘taking off’ something right now.”

“Be my guest. . .”

Justice pulled her scrubs over her head, revealing a white bra that looked brilliant against her deep ebony skin. “Five days of waiting. Finally,” she groaned, the days of being bombarded with sexual stimulation clearly exasperating.

It had likewise been five days for Ruby, so when Justice crawled into her bed, Ruby ravaged the young nurse’s body with explosively intimate sex, the likes of which had a female sanitation worker—someone else who was probably cleared to be in the ward with Ruby—curiously approaching as she came to “change out linens”. It was the last time Ruby might ever see the women, so she held nothing back and exercised the full extent of her lusts by pounding and squeezing and fingering and sucking with such ravenousness that her linens—and two pairs of panties—were soaked with sex.

When Sage returned over an hour later to claim Ruby, she found her partner nestled between Justyce's dark, thick thighs, devouring a dripping pussy with no intentions of stopping.

"F-Fuck. Th-That's *four!* I-I'm cumming again, Ruby—yes! *Mmmh!*" Justyce growled, then chuckled.

Sage intuited that the chuckling had to do with the absurdity of being made to climax four times in the span of sixty-seven minutes. She, in turn, chuckled, though her own pussy was only tingling a little when she observed the threesome.

"Hucows. . ." Sage rolled her eyes. She hugged herself tightly around her chest, her teeth sinking into her bottom lip. "Fucking hucows."