

Hucow Hannah

Faye Valentine

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Hucow Heather

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Having no idea how things would go, but hoping for the best, Jessica held a folder out to her best friend. “I desperately need your help for which you’ll be well-compensated, but before I can tell you anything I need you to read and sign the NDA in the folder.”

“Um, what?”

“Please, Hannah. I know it’s a lot, but there are rules even I have to follow so please read and sign it.”

“And if I refuse?”

“Then I’m screwed and that’s all I can say unless you sign the NDA.”

Opening the folder, Hannah began reading the three-page document laying out an agreement between her and one Emma Foster – owner of Meadowcreek Farm, what constituted confidential information, and the penalty for leaking it to anyone not involved with anything taking place on her property for an indefinite period of time. Sighing, she signed for no other reason than to hear what her best friend actually wanted of her. “Okay, I signed it, so what’s this about, Jess?”

“I’ll explain as you make a copy for yourself to keep, but before I do, I need you to promise to hear me out before refusing or jumping down my throat about it. No is a viable answer and I won’t judge you either way.”

“I’ll hear you out.”

“Promise me, Hannah.”

“I promise I’ll hear you out.”

“You won’t interrupt until I’ve finished explaining?”

“I promise I won’t interrupt you, Jess, now please tell me what’s going on,” Hannah said as she put the first page on the scanner.

“Like I said, this is a lot and your gut reaction is going to be to tell me to fuck off, but I ask you to please consider it. Emma Foster, owner of Meadowcreek Farm holds some pretty wild parties. I’ve attended a few of them now as... as a hucow.

“As a... sorry, go on.”

“A hucow is short for human cow. It’s a bdsm subculture where women roleplay as dairy cows. And since you’re heavily lactating you’re perfect for the upcoming party where you’ll be paid a substantial amount of money to be milked manually and mechanically. To be perfectly clear and honest, this is a sex party, and if you agree to attend you will be fucked by men and women alike in some rather kinky ways. And for that you’ll be paid twenty thousand dollars for the weekend. That’s it. You can start hating in me now.”

“What do you mean I’ll be fucked in rather kinky ways?”

“If it’s legal, it’ll happen. Men. Women. Double and triple penetration. Gang bangs.”

“And mechanical milking?”

“Just what it sounds like. We’ll be dressed as dairy cows, hooked to milking machines, and drained. If you agree there’s a contract you’ll need to sign.”

“Can I read it?”

“Are you going to do it?”

“I don’t know, but I’d like to read the contract.”

“There’s actually two contracts. One for the party itself, and another for what I’m authorized to do right here and now. How would you like to earn yourself five grand?”

“Doing?”

Eyes going to the large box she brought with her, Jessica took a deep breath and then slowly exhaled. "Wearing and allowing me to use everything in the box on you."

"Which means what exactly?"

"It means you must put on and allow me to use everything in the box on you and in exchange I'll give you the five thousand dollars that's also in the box."

"What's in the box, Jess? What do I have to wear and what are you going to use on me?"

"Unfortunately, that would be telling. There's a simple contract containing a consent and waiver form that you'll need to sign if you want to do it and it'll be recorded so there's no doubt you're agreeing of your own free will."

"Give me the contract," Hannah said, holding her hand out

"Are you sure?" Getting no response, Jessica picked the contract up off the box and placed it in her best friend's hand.

Taking the contract, Hannah read through it twice. Seeing that is basically said the same thing as her best friend, she signed and then placed it on the desk to copy. "Okay, now what's in the damn box?"

Walking over to the desk, Jessica flipped through the contract and then added her name below her best friend's signature as witness. "I need you to strip naked."

"Excuse me?"

"You signed the contract so strip naked so that I can help you into your new outfit,"

"Pretty sure I can dress myself," Hannah said as she pulled her tee shirt off.

"Have you ever worn latex?"

"No," Hannah said as her bra hit the floor.

"God damn, I love your huge tits!"

"Don't get any ideas!"

"I had those thoughts years ago so too late for that now. Besides, if you're going to do the party then you're going to have to get used to the idea of having sex with other women and whom better than your best friend to be your first?"

"I never said I was doing the party," Hannah said as she stepped out of her pants and panties. "Okay, I'm naked, so what will I be wearing?"

Opening the box, Jessica reached in and withdrew a black and white mottled garter belt. Placing it around her best friend's waist, she secured it in back and then grabbed a pair of matching panties. Bending low, she held them out. "Right foot first."

Face turning red, Hannah stepped into the latex garment and watched as her best friend slowly, gently tugged the form-fitting material up and then stop several inches short. Going back to the box, Jessica came back with two long, thick plugs which she attached to the inside of the panties. "Holy fuck!" Hannah gasped. "You can't seriously expect me to take those!"

"They're not that big."

"Not that big? What the hell are you getting fucked by that those things aren't big?" Hannah asked as she stared at the 8-inch long, 2.5-inch-thick plugs.

"You'll find out at the party," Jessica said as she added a small amount of lube to the back plug to make penetration easier. "Or not. As always it's your choice."

"Uuhhnnn!" Hannah moaned as the plugs slowly pushed into her pussy and asshole. "T-Take it slow!"

"If I go any slower I'll be going in reverse. But maybe that's what you want?" And with that, Jessica pulled the plugs out and then thrust them back in ever so slightly deeper. Out. In. Out. In.

“Uhn! Uhn! W-What are you... ooohhhh God damn!”

“That’s it, just relax and let me make you feel good,” Jessica said as she thrust the plugs deeper into her best friend’s holes. Watching, waiting for the right moment, no sooner did she feel Hannah’s pelvic muscles relax, then she shoved the toys in hard and fast. “See, I knew you could do it!”

“That... holy hell... that was...”

“Fucking amazing? Tell me about it! How do they feel?” Jessica asked as she fetched a matching cow-inspired latex bustier style top from the box. Helping her best friend into it, she reached out and removed sections covering Hannah’s huge, milk-filled breasts so they were once again on display. Then, she pulled the front of her best friend’s panties down enough to expose her mound while leaving the plugs in place. “You’re not going to like this next part, but if you want the money you’ll stand there and accept it,” she said, going back to the box. Pulling on a thick leather glove, she opened a container, reached in and grabbed ahold of the red grip of a branding iron that had been chilling on dry ice. Pulling it out, she turned around and pressed it into her best friend’s mound.

The cold intense but not overly painful, Hannah was completely caught off-guard. “W-What are you doing?”

“You’ll see. Now hold still or it’ll get fucked up.”

Staring down at the cold metal pressed into her mound for a solid minute, Hannah’s eyes went wide at the sight of BREEDING COW written around a bull’s head standing out in stark contrast to the surrounding tan skin. “W-What the fuck did you do to me?”

Putting the branding iron back in the container, Jessica withdrew another with a blue handle which she pressed into her best friend’s right breast. “This is called freeze branding. It’s every bit as permanent as heat branding, but as you can feel for yourself is far less painful.”

“W-Why?”

“Because you signed the contract allowing me to. And it’s what every woman attending the parties gets.”

The iron pulled away, Hannah looked down to see DAIRY COW written around a cow’s head permanently frozen into the flesh of her right breast. “Jesus fucking Christ! Please tell me that’s the last one!”

“There’s one more for your left breast and that’s the end of the body modifications,” Jessica said as she withdrew a black-gripped branding iron.

A minute later, Hannah looked down to see HUCOW HANNAH written across her large left breast. “S-Seriously? You branded me with my own damn name?”

“It’s so those attending the party know who you are,” Jessica said as she put the branding iron in the container. Taking off the glove, she then pulled her shirt off. Then her bra. “See, I have the same ones,” she said as she unbuttoned her pants.”

“I never agreed to do the damn party so why did you fucking brand me?”

“Because that’s what I was commanded to do if you signed and accepted the contents of the box,” Jessica said as she reached in and pulled out a long bovine tail and a headband with ears and tiny horns. Putting them on her best friend, she went back to the box for the last item.

“What the hell is that?” Hannah asked at the sight of a machine.

“It’s a portable milker which I’m going to use to drain every last drop of milk you have.”

“You do remember that, thanks to my condition, I produce more than a gallon a day, right?”

“That’s why I brought extra bottles and came so early in the day. In exchange, you’ll be paid a hundred dollars an ounce.”

“Holy fuck! Are you serious?”

“Very. Once it’s been pumped I’ll call someone to come pick it up and they’ll pay you in cash.”

“They’re just going to walk in here and hand over nearly thirteen grand for my breast milk?”

“Absolutely. Trust me, I’ve been selling mine to them for a couple of years now and I’ve never made so much money in my life. But don’t go getting any ideas. Given the normal averages they will only pay for up to eight gallons a month.”

“That’s still over a hundred thousand dollars a month! For breast milk. Who the hell are these people and what do they do with the milk?”

“They’re very wealthy people with nothing better to do with their fortunes than to indulge in their every perverse fantasy. Lucky for us that includes copious amounts of breast milk. Of the hu-cow variety of course. Now, why don’t you make yourself comfortable and I’ll get you hooked up and pumping?”

“You did all of this so I’d agree to do the parties didn’t you?”

“I did it because that’s what was commanded of me. And let me be the first say you look sexy as hell dressed as a cow. And in case you’re wondering, that’s exactly how you’d have to dress for the parties.”

“I figured as much, Hannah said as she sat on the couch.

“Um, since I’m milking you as a cow you should be on all fours,” Jessica said. And to her surprise, her best friend slid off the couch and onto her hands and knees. Taking several moments to set everything up, Jessica placed the suction tubes over Hannah’s areolas and watched as the milk instantly flowed down the clear hose. “God, I love watching cows being milked!

“I... I’m n-not a cow!”

“Your branded breast says otherwise,” Jessica said as she crawled behind her best friend.

Feeling her panties being pulled down and the huge plugs popping out, Hannah lurched forward a bit with a grunt. “What are you going to do to me now?”

“Consider this a test to see if you have what it takes to attend one of the parties.” And with that, Jessica leaned in and licked her best friend’s clit.

“Uuhhnnn! Oh God!”

“Just relax and enjoy, and I’ll do my best to pleasure you for as long as the milk is flowing!”

“Is... mmmm... is this p-part of the contract?”

“Nope. This is me being horny as hell for my stunningly gorgeous best friend. I’m going to eat you out now, Hannah. If you don’t want it then pull away from my tongue and I’ll stop. But if there’s even the remotest of chances you might attend the party then push back and let me pleasure you.”

The suction on her nipples turning her on something fierce, the second the tongue touched her clit, Hannah shoved back and accepted it and her role as hu-cow even if only for a short while. Her best friend’s tongue flicking over her clit and sliding in was accompanied by the occasional sucking and playful nibbling of her inner labia instantly had the juices flowing.

“Uuhhnnn! Sweet fucking Jesus!” she moaned. “H-Harder!” feeling the teeth sinking in deeper, she pushed back. “HARDER!” Teeth biting deep, she yelped in orgasm and then pulled forward

so that her inner labia could slowly slide free. “Uhhnnn! Oh God Yes!” Teeth sinking into her inner left thigh sent her over the edge as orgasm number two tore through her like a bolt of pure euphoria. “A-Again! Oh God please bit me!”

Not about to waste the opportunity to do whatever it took to pleasure her best friend, Jessica bit into Hannah’s inner right thigh. Then the left. Right. Back of the left thigh. Back of the right thigh. Inner labia. Mouth full of and face covered in orgasm. Biting Hannah’s inner labia again, she pulled back, but kept her teeth clamped tight to see just how far she could stretch them before her best friend begged her to stop, or they eventually slid free on their own. Reaching at least three inches, she softly moaned at the thought of what she would later do to them. When they did, Hannah lurched forward and fell flat. “You okay?”

“Mmm hmm...” her best friend purred.

“You like pain?”

“I love being bitten,” Hannah said as she got back onto all fours. “And I’m woman enough to admit I fucking love you licking and biting me, but if I’m going to go to this party of yours I need to know if I can lick another woman so get in front of me.”

“Okay. Light nibbles are okay, but please don’t bite too hard.”

“How will I know if it’s too hard?”

“If I yelp or scream in pain you’re biting too hard,” Jessica said as she crawled in front of her best friend. “You don’t have to do anything specific. Just take your time and do whatever comes naturally.”

“I’ll do my best.” Milk flowing, Hannah breathed in her best friend’s natural aromas. Knowing she would chicken out if she thought about it too long, she moved in and began licking. Clit throbbing, she pushed her tongue deeper and as her best friend turned lesbian lover suggested, did what came naturally. “You taste really fucking good!” she purred. “I think I’m going to enjoy this. No, I’m definitely going to enjoy eating you out!”

“Then don’t stop until the machine does.”

“When it does I want to see the party contract.”

“You sure?”

“I’m dressed and being milked like a dairy cow while eating out my best friend. Yeah, I’m sure I want to try one of these parties.”

“God, I love you!”

“I love you too,” and with that, Hannah went back to pleasuring her best friend.