

Mom, You're a Hucow!

Simon Doom

It was late Spring when I moved back into Mom's house for a while. I had just received my bachelor's degree and left the college where I'd been living for four years, and I returned to the city where I'd grown up.

There was plenty of space for me at Mom's house. She had been divorced for several years and said I could use the spare bedroom. She told me the company would be nice. I figured I'd stay at her place for a while until I found a job.

It was a cozy arrangement. The bedroom was spacious, and Mom kept the house spotless and the refrigerator full. In the backyard, a big amoeba-shaped pool sparkled in the sun. Behind it stood a small, detached building that Mom had converted to a home office. She was a paralegal, and after the pandemic was over the firm she worked for let her continue working out of her house.

She was proud of the little office. It was meticulously organized. Mom kept everything very neat.

"It looks great, Mom," I said, when she took me on a tour of it after I moved back in. When I was a kid, we'd used it as a pool house. It had a ping-pong table and a refrigerator in it. They had been replaced by a spacious modern desk and shelves and file cabinets.

"Thanks, Tim, I'm glad you like it. It took a lot of work to get it up and running like this."

I gestured to a door at the back of her office.

"What's back there?"

She paused in a funny way before answering.

"Oh, that's my file room."

She seemed uncomfortable, which wasn't like her.

"Let's go have lunch."

We went back into the house and ate turkey sandwiches, and we washed them down with big, ice-cold glasses of milk, which was delicious. It was a little unusual, too, and I guessed it was a different brand, or maybe a fattier variety, of milk than the low-fat stuff I drank when I was young. I was now 22, but I felt like a kid again. I never drank milk while in college. Maybe I'd just forgotten what milk tasted like.

When lunch was over the doorbell rang.

"Client," was all Mom said, and she let him in. He was middle-aged and non-descript looking, and he carried an unusually large shiny metal briefcase. I wasn't familiar with the type.

They went out to her office in the back yard. I logged onto my computer, looking for jobs.

An hour later the man left the house, and I could have sworn he seemed to strain somewhat at carrying the briefcase, as though it was heavier than before.

It seemed odd, but I didn't ask Mom about it.

A week passed. I spent a lot of time hunting for jobs and even managed to schedule an interview. More clients visited Mom, every single day, all men, mostly middle-aged, and every one of them carrying an identical metal briefcase.

"Mom, what's with those funny metal briefcases all your clients carry?" I asked her, finally.

"Oh, the firm gives them those," she said. "It's a benefit. They're extra durable and super secure."

Something didn't ring right in her answer, but I didn't ask her any more about it.

I helped Mom with the gardening. I mowed the lawn and trimmed the thick hedges that lined the backyard fence. One day, pulling weeds from the bed in back of Mom's home office, I noticed, for the first time, a small window in the side of the building. I

guessed that it must be a window to the file room of her office. The blinds were tightly closed so I couldn't see inside.

Saturday came, and the sun shone hot and bright. I put on my swimsuit and went out to lie by the pool for a while before taking a swim.

After a few minutes, Mom joined me. She sat down in the lounge chair next to mine. My jaw dropped. She wore a tiny pale blue bikini bottom, tied on both sides. On her top, she wore . . . nothing.

Mom had a great body. She wasn't fat, but she was very curvy. Her breasts were enormous. I cannot recall having ever paid much attention to Mom's breasts before, but they seemed bigger than I remembered them being. I couldn't even estimate the cup size. But they looked completely natural, too. I knew what fake boobs looked like, and these didn't look fake. These had a natural sway and a hint of sag that was perfectly natural for their size and Mom's age.

I was speechless. Mom looked, well, she looked really good. Hot, even. My Mom. Holy shit.

"I hope you don't mind," she said.

"No," I stammered. "It's just . . . it's just"

"You weren't expecting to see your Mom topless? I don't mean to shock you. We're both adults and I figured you'd get used to it. After you left for college and Dad left and we have so much privacy in the backyard I got used to swimming in the pool in the nude. I figured that might be too much for you so I left my bottoms on."

Now I was really fired up. I was picturing Mom lying stark naked in the backyard. It was hard to do. I couldn't remember ever having seen Mom naked. In fact, this was the first time I'd seen her topless.

She sat up in her chair, just feet from me, and seemed nonchalant about the way she exposed herself to me. Her skin was pale and unblemished, save for a few freckles. Her nipples stood out in hard little pink peaks and her areola encircled them in big rosy saucers. When Mom moved her upper body, just slightly, the movement set off her huge breasts swaying and jiggling.

"Ahem," she said.

I looked up at her face and realized I had been staring at her boobs.

"Sorry," I said and I'm sure I blushed. "It's just a little weird."

"Sorry to freak you out. You'll get used to it."

She pulled a bottle of sunscreen out from the scrunched up towel she'd brought, and she began liberally applying the lotion to her body.

"I'm so pale," she explained. "I need to really lather myself up well or I'll burn."

"Makes sense," I said, in what I suspect sounded like a nearly strangled whisper.

I was ashamed to admit it, but I was mesmerized by the sight of Mom spreading the lotion over her nearly naked body. She spread it over her arms, and over her torso, and she seemed to take extra time when she spread it over her breasts. She held the bottle over her pendulous breasts one at a time, letting the lotion dribble in a fine stream onto the tops of her big globes and then watching as the lotion trickled its way down to and over each hard nipple. When the nipples were coated her hands went to work again, gathering up her mounds and running her hands over them until they were fully coated. But she was in no hurry to finish. She mashed and kneaded the lotion into her boobs past the time when I would have thought it necessary to do the job. She pinched each jutting tit between a thumb and forefinger.

It occurred to me, incredibly, that Mom might be putting on a show for me.

That seemed impossible, but when she was done with her top she began lathering up her legs, and the sexy show continued. She bent a leg, stretched it out to the side, and set a sandal-clad foot on the lounge chair. Her eyes were occupied with lotioning her thigh, and my eyes strayed to the thin pale blue fabric that stretched over the mound between her legs. It was a very small, tight bottom. The fabric was thin enough that I could actually see the contours made by what obviously was a lush thicket of pubic hair under the suit. In fact, a few stray hairs poked out from the side. Mom's pose, so close to me, was brazen, almost lewd. I knew enough about women to know it could not have been an accident.

Why was she doing it?

I didn't know, but I didn't look away. If Mom was going to put on a show, I was going to enjoy it.

When she finished with her legs, she handed me the bottle and turned away from me.

"Will you do me?"

She meant her back, obviously. Or, sort of obviously. I cleared my throat and applied lotion to her back. I started at her shoulders, working my way down through the muscles of her upper and lower back.

"Feels good," she said. "Like a massage."

I hadn't meant it to feel like a massage, but maybe my hands had other ideas.

When I got to the bottom of her back, I realized how low the little bikini bottom was. It didn't quite reveal an ass crack, but there was a hint of a dimple above that indicated where the ass crack would soon start.

I gulped.

My hands finished near the stringy tie-sides, and, yes, my mind went there. I thought how easy it would be to pull those strings, and then the bottom would fall off and my pale, lovely Mom would be completely naked in front of me.

I finished with the lotion and shook off the crazy thoughts. This was my Mom, not a porn fantasy.

We lay by the pool for a while, then went swimming, and then Mom got up and left. I watched her ass sway as she walked into the house.

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A few days passed, and it seemed like life was settling into a very pleasant rhythm. Summer approached and the days grew long

and hot. Mom and I hung out by the pool a lot, and she treated me every time to the sight of her topless and in a different, tiny bikini bottom. She always seemed to know the right color to wear against her pale skin, and her curvy body always gave the impression it was about to burst out of the fabric.

I kept looking for jobs and had a few interviews.

Mom's paralegal practice was doing well, and she was visited regularly by clients, all male, at a rate of one every day. Curiously, she was never visited by more than one per day. Every single one of them carried that weird metal briefcase.

I was doing a lot of work in the yard, and I could feel my muscles grow in response.

Mom was playful, even flirty, with me, in ways I could not ever recall her being when I was young. She still did all the Mom things she liked doing. She was a great cook and kept an immaculate house. But there was something extra -- a teasing, girlish, even sexy demeanor. She'd wear blouses and tops that exposed a lot of cleavage, or dresses that were short or had slits that exposed a lot of her pale thigh.

Curiously, she never dated, and never talked about dating. I asked her about it once and she said she wasn't ready for it. It seemed odd to me because she sure acted like she was ready for a man in her life. She radiated feminine, sexy energy.

I wasn't dating, either. My girlfriend had broken up with me right before graduation and I hadn't dated since then.

I think the absence of any sex in my life stirred my increased interest in watching Mom. I felt guilty about it, but not too guilty, because I could tell she knew I was looking, sometimes, and she never seemed to mind.

One Tuesday, late morning, I worked in the back yard, trimming a hedge with large clippers. It was hot and I was shirtless and sweaty. Mom was in her backyard office with a client. They'd been in there for about fifteen minutes.

I glanced at the office building and noticed something different. I left the hedge and put the clippers down on an empty bird bath. I walked toward the office.

The blinds were open. Just a little bit.

I don't know why I did it. On the one hand, I had no reason to think Mom would be in her filing room and, besides, there was nothing interesting about a filing room. But it occurred to me that I'd never seen it -- that it was a mystery, even if not a seemingly significant one.

And there was something about that client visits that nagged me, that ate away at the corners of my curiosity.

So, I crept up, quietly, to the window, and the slats of the blinds were parted just enough that I could see inside.

I got the shock of my life.

It wasn't a file room. It looked like the inside of a barn. Straw was strewn all over the floor.

That wasn't the shocking part, though.

The shocking part was that Mom was completely naked and on all fours. Two big plastic cups were attached to her breasts, and tubes trailed away from the cups to a metal machine I did not recognize. Mom's eyes were closed and she appeared to be panting. The expression on her face was one of pure bliss.

Behind her, the "client" was grabbing her hips and fucking her in swift, hard strokes. His pants were at his ankles and from where I stood I could see the length of his cock entering and exiting the lips of Mom's pussy. I could see the lips even though they were shrouded in a thick bush of dark hair.

I felt confusion, anger, and worry. Was Mom being abused? Should I intervene? But the expression on her face told me there was nothing to worry about. Mom wanted this . . . whatever this was. I could tell from her face that she craved it.

That was my Mom in there, having God knows what done to her. I was appalled.

But I couldn't take my eyes away.

Her nude body rocked back and forth against the man that fucked her, and her huge pendulous breasts, hanging beneath her body, rocked violently even though they were tethered to the network of cups and tubes.

I'd watched plenty of porn, but I'd never seen a scene like this one. My brain couldn't absorb what I was seeing.

Still, I kept watching, until Mom opened her eyes, turned to the side, and saw me watching her. Our eyes met. I think we both yelled. I ran.

I ran into the house, into my bedroom, and I shut the door.

Holy fucking shit.

I wondered if I had hallucinated the whole thing.

A few minutes later, I heard the back door open and shut, and I heard footsteps throughout the house, and I heard what sounded like the front door closing.

A few minutes later, my bedroom door knob turned, and Mom entered. She wore a short robe, sashed around her body. It showed a lot of leg, and the tips of her nipples pushed against the robe, suggesting she wore nothing underneath. I was highly agitated, but, still, the sight of her like that set off a familiar tingle.

"Honey, we need to talk," she said.

I sat on my bed, and she sat next to me.

"You must be surprised," she said.

"Mom, what the fuck was that about?"

"I will explain. I want you to listen to me, to take all this in, and to try not to be judgmental."

"That was no fucking client, Mom."

She smiled at me wanly.

"Actually, it was, in a way, but not the kind of client you probably thought. He wasn't seeking legal help."

"Mom, are you . . . are you saying you're . . . like a prostitute?"

"No, Tim, that's not what I'm saying. Now I want you to be quiet for a bit and let me explain this. Give me a little time to explain it. OK?"

It took me a while to answer. My brain was spinning in many directions.

"OK," I said at last.

Mom took her time to begin explaining. She looked around the room, and at me, and I heard a clock tick incessantly somewhere, the only thing interrupting the otherwise unbearably heavy silence.

"Tim," Mom said at last, "I'm a hu-cow. Or, at least, I'm trying to be one."

"A" I couldn't even respond, at first. "Mom, what the fuck is that?"

"I told you to be quiet and let me explain. Please do so. I am a hu-cow. A human cow. I belong to . . . well . . . a group. In the group, there are farmers, and there are cows. I am a cow. I am milked, every day. My milk is harvested, by the machine you saw. And the farmer takes it away and the milk is sold."

"That's not all he was doing."

"No, it's not. He was having sex with me. That's what all the . . . clients do when they visit me. Farmers have sex with their cows. Partly because everyone enjoys it. But it's also believed that the sex stimulates the production of a better quality of milk. Some consider it a delicacy. It fetches a high price. You wouldn't believe how high. I get some of the money. You'd be surprised how much. It's a nice supplement for the income of a paralegal.

My mind reeled.

"But Mom," I said, haltingly, unbelievably. "Why? Why would you do this?"

"Because I love it, Tim."

She put a hand on my thigh. I was aware that I was still shirtless and my uncovered body was sticky with my sweat.

"I love being a hu-cow. I don't know how to explain it, exactly. It's the most peaceful, wonderful feeling. I have no care in the world. I'm giving my essence as a woman and as a cow to the world. And I love giving my body to the farmers and being fucked by them."

"TMI, Mom," I said.

"No, Tim, you need to hear this. This is who I am. I am a human cow. I give milk and men fuck me and I submit to them and I love it. I love it, more than almost anything. More than paralegal work, that's for sure."

I didn't even know what to say.

"Mom, how'd you get into this?"

She smiled.

"That's a convoluted story. I'll give you the short version. After your Dad and I broke up, I realized there was something missing in my life. I had no idea what. I searched, but I couldn't find it. Then one day, by chance, I met a man, and he was part of this group that I belong to now, and he introduced me to this life. One evening we were together and he began sucking on my breast . . . "

"Mom, please, TMI." I rolled my eyes and groaned.

"No, you must hear this. You must. He sucked on my breast, and it was the greatest, most fulfilling feeling in the world. I remembered how satisfying it was nursing you as a baby, but that was different. Here was a grown man, suckling at my nipple, and it was both sexy and profound. I told him how much I liked it and he smiled and said to me, 'I think I can do something

about that.' Your Dad never sucked my breasts. I don't know why, but he wasn't . . . let's just say he wasn't very adventurous and leave it that."

"Let's," I said.

"So, this man introduced me to something new," Mom continued. "And I joined a group, and the group became a lifestyle, and it's completely changed who I am, and I have never been happier or more fulfilled."

"Am I supposed to be happy for you?" I asked. Mom sounded genuine, and she didn't sound crazy, but I was still having a hard time accepting that it was my Mom that was saying the things she was saying.

"Yes, you are, because it makes me happy. But there's something else."

The weight of her hand on my sticky thigh grew heavier.

"What's that, Mom?"

"You," she said, and her eyes held steadily on mine.

"You came back home. And part of me felt like I had to be a lot more circumspect than before. I didn't know you'd react. I

wanted you to stay with me, but I knew I couldn't stop being a hu-cow. I can't ever stop."

Her lips twisted into a naughty smile.

"You probably noticed all the milk we've been drinking."

I think my eyes bugged out.

"Wait a minute," I cried. "Are you saying --"

"Yes," she said. "That's me. My milk. You've been drinking your mother's milk since you got here. Tastes good, doesn't it?"

"My God," I said. Part of me was appalled, and part of me was . . . something else. She was right; the milk had been good. Great, even. But still

"You might have noticed how big my breasts are," she said, and she pushed her chest, barely concealed under the thin robe, toward me. "They give us a hormone. It stimulates milk production, and it makes the breasts grow. I know you've noticed. I've seen you look at them."

"I'm sorry, Mom, I --"

She interrupted me and put a finger on my lips.

"You don't need to be sorry. I wanted you to see them."

"But why?"

"There's another effect of taking the hormone."

"What's that?"

Mom stood up from the bed, facing me. She uncinched the robe, opened it, and let it fall off her body. It pooled at her feet, and Mom stood completely naked in front of me.

"Mom, what are you doing?"

Instead of answering right away, she climbed back on to the bed, straddling my lap.

Her legs were opened wide and I saw pale pussy lips peeking out from a thatch of dark hair that matched the hair on her head. It contrasted sharply with the whiteness of her skin. Her naked breasts pressed against my bare chest and her face was inches from mine.

"The hormone makes you horny," Mom said. "Constantly, irresistibly horny. Hucows need sex. They want it all the time."

"Mom --"

"No, let me keep talking." Her hands went around my waist. "For a long time, men have visited me every day, and they've milked me and fucked me at the same time. It's who I am now, and I love it. But when you came, things changed. I saw the way you looked at me. And don't deny it, you've looked at me, right?"

"Yes, I admit it."

"And I love it. I've been flirting with you. We've been flirting with each other. So, I've decided I want to make a change."

She clasped my body tighter and I felt my erection pressing hard against my pants.

"What is it, Mom?"

"I want to be your hucow, Tim," Mom said. "Starting right now."

Mom clasped a hand to the back of my head, and I felt fingers grip my short hairs, and suddenly my lips were on one of Mom's nipples.

I knew what Mom wanted, but I didn't think I could do it at first.

But I couldn't resist, either. Only minutes earlier, machines had been extracting her milk from her, like a cow, and even now they were sticky, and my lips tasted the milk on her. Her milk. Mom's milk.

I sucked.

I sucked my Mom's pink hard nipple.

I sucked until the milk began to flow, and it was unlike anything I'd experienced. Unlike the milk we drank from the refrigerator, it was warm, and the warmth enhanced its flavor, and the flavor of my Mom poured into my mouth.

I sucked Mom's tit and I drank from her, deeply and steadily.

As I sucked, Mom's hands went to the fly of my pants and unzipped it with expert skill, and she relieved my discomfort by spreading the fly open to release my cock from its confinement. It sprang forward, and it stuck straight up from my lap.

My mind spun around in confusion, but my arousal was off the charts, too, I had to admit.

Mom's hands began stroking my cock. If it had ever been harder in my life, I couldn't imagine when.

Mom pulled her tit away from my mouth and she kissed me then, her mouth hot and wet and open on mine. I kissed her back. It seemed my world had turned 180 degrees around, and I was having a difficult time adjusting, but I couldn't deny the onslaught of my Mom's ardor. My Mom -- my Mom! --wanted me.

She pulled her mouth back long enough to say, "Fuck me, Tim. Make me your huCow and your sex slave. Fuck me."

When she put it that way, it was hard to say 'no.'

Finally, my hard shaft slipped into her at the same time her mouth descended on mine again and our tongues tussled. Her pussy was pleasantly tight but thoroughly drenched, so my cock pushed in with no problem. She began bouncing off my lap and it was hard to continue kissing because of the wild way our bodies slapped against each other.

For the first time, I caught Mom's scent -- one I had not noticed before. It was new, not like the way she smelled when I was younger. It was her huCow scent. It had the hint of fresh grass in a Kelly-green meadow, tinged with the aroma of a million blooming flowers. It was earthy. A little milky. It was the scent of life and of womanly essence.

Mom bounced up and down on my lap. Her wet pussy walls engulfed and slid along my cock shaft.

"I need this badly, Tim," she said. "You interrupted me in the barn, and I didn't come and he didn't come inside me."

"The barn?"

"That's what I call it. My . . . file room. That's where I do my milking and fucking. That's where you'll milk and fuck me, later."

"OK," I said.

"Make me come," she said.

"I will," I said, letting the sentence stretch out before finishing it.
"My hucow."

"Oh, Tim," she said and she grabbed me harder than ever and rode me faster than before. Her body plunged itself onto my cock with worshipful abandon.

We both worked up a good film of sweat on our bodies as she rode me.

I looked down and savored the sight of her thick pink labia stretched over my cock. And that thick bush! I put a hand down and stroked it, and it was like the softest, plushest down. I could tell she'd trimmed it at the edges so it would stay, more or less,

inside her tiny bikini bottoms, but within its boundaries the bush was dense and untamed, and I loved it.

Despite all the weirdness, it was impossible not to get caught up in the moment. I was fucking my Mom! My hot, slutty, sex-needy, hu-cow Mom. Just an hour earlier I could never have imagined a moment like this, and now fucking Mom was all I wanted.

"You want to be my hu-cow?" I half yelled at her.

"Oh yes!" she shouted back, even louder. I wondered if the neighbors might hear. Mom didn't seem to care.

God, she looked so wanton and lewd bouncing naked on my lap. Her breasts swung and flopped madly in every direction.

Mom's pale, delicious skin was a feast for my eyes, especially now that it was slicked by a thin film of her sweat.

She looked so good that it made it easier to adjust to my new role. I was no longer just her son, although I would continue to be that. Now I was her master and her -- what was the word? -- farmer.

"You're going to be my hu-cow from now on, Mom," I said, and I emphasized the last word like it was a slap in the face. "My hu-cow and sex slave. And you're going to want that, aren't you?"

"Yes!" she cried. "I want that. More than anything."

Just then her pussy clamped down on my cock. I didn't know if she'd meant to do it or if it was beyond her control, but I'd never felt a pussy squeeze me like that. I responded by quickening my pace into her.

I hadn't come down, completely, from the shock of knowing that the sweet woman that had birthed me now bounced naked on my lap, impaling herself on my cock. But I was getting used to it. It was impossible not to. Nothing had ever felt better. If ordinary sex was a flame, this was a white-hot bonfire. We rocked and we bounced and we grabbed each other in all kinds of ways and we made loud noises of every possible sort.

I hoped she had double-paned windows, or the neighbors might hear us and call the cops.

Mom was totally into it. She'd surrendered to me completely. I could tell she had no reservation at all about what she was doing. She was fucking her son and she was cool with it. Most of the time her eyes were closed or they glanced all over the room, but once in a while her gaze settled on mine and I saw a determined, wild animal look I'd never seen. She was all mine. I could do whatever I wanted with her.

So, I kept fucking her, on and on and on. Mom was my woman and my cow. At times I had to slow down or ease back, just a

tiny bit, to keep myself from coming, and to prolong the bliss that we both felt. Never in my life had I felt my body move in greater harmony with a woman's body. Our bodies were a perfect fit.

Mom was right: she was meant to be my huCow.

I lifted Mom off my lap and spun her around until she was on all fours on the bed, and then I entered her from behind. If Mom was going to be an animal, then I needed to treat her like an animal and fuck her like one. So I did, as hard and fast as ever. There was a big mirror on the wall to the side of the bed and it let me see the delicious way her breasts, hanging down from her torso, rocked as I fucked her.

On and on and on the fucking went.

I wanted to come inside her, and the want grew until it became a need and I told her "Here comes, Mom," and I could tell she let herself go then because her whole body shuddered and her cow cunt clamped down on me again, and that set me off. I shot off waves of spunk into Mom's pussy. I couldn't see it, but I could feel it, and I could tell it was a plentiful come. I filled my hot huCow Mom very nicely.

When my cock began to shrink, I withdrew it. Mom rolled over and lay back on the bed with her legs open, enjoying her exposure to me. Neither one of us said anything for a long time. Mom broke the silence.

"I opened the blinds, Tim. I want you to know that. I wanted you to see me. I'm sorry it was a shock, but I couldn't think of a better way to make this happen."

I had nothing to say to that. Today, Mom was a source of constant surprises.

"You have to fuck me a lot, Tim, if I'm going to be your hucow," she said to me after a long silence. "I hope you understand that. Every day."

I nodded.

"I think I can manage that."

"Later, I'll take you to the barn," she said. "I have to show you how to use the equipment."

When she said that, it hit me at last that my life was going to be very, very different from anything I'd expected when I graduated from college a few weeks earlier and came back home to live with Mom.

As Mom lay back, spread open, I saw a few dribbles of my white cum spill out of her. Something occurred to me, for the first time.

"Mom, are you on the pill?"

"No, I'm not," she said, and she smiled at me with a look of infinite contentment.

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So, it's been a few months since Mom became my huco, and I have to say we're both very happy about it. I fuck her at least once a day, and sometimes more than that when she's really needy. She's really needy a lot. They say women enter their sexual prime in their forties, and it must be true, because Mom wants to fuck all the time. She makes me happy, and I make her happy.

The other guys -- the "clients" --are gone. They're out of the picture. Only I fuck Mom now. She's mine. We both want it that way. But she still produces a ton of milk -- more than ever -- for the group and its customers.

I didn't move out of Mom's house. I stayed, and now we share the master bedroom. I tell Mom to stay naked most of the time, and she does what I tell her to do because she's a good huco. She's docile and compliant and I fuck her anytime I want to, and she's good with that. I finally got a great job, and I'm making a nice income, and that's important, because the doctor told us last week that the baby is due in seven months, and I want to be a good provider, for my son and for my huco mother and wife.

Mom says that baby is going to be the best-nursed baby in history, and I believe her. And I think that's great, just as long as there's plenty of milk left for me.