



SLAVE TO THE HUCOW

HUCOW FETISH, BREASTMILK
DRINKING, MILKING, FEMDOM, ABUSE
OF POWER.

ALEX KILROY

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“A gentlemen in public, and a slave everywhere else.”

— MICHELLE URLAUB

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WARNING

Please ***DO NOT*** read this story if you have issue with any of the following:

- People being used and abused for the pleasure of others.
- People being mercilessly humiliated and degraded.

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BRIGHT LIGHTS AND DISAPPOINTMENT.

By any and all accounts.. Jake was having a rough year. He was a young, ambitious actor who moved all the way from London to Los Angeles, with aspirations of fame and fortune. Auditions were plenty, but all of them failed, leaving Jake with a depleted bank account and no job to pay his food and rent. His girlfriend, a waitress at a 50s vintage diner, and also an aspiring actress dumped him when she decided that his future prospects looked bleak.

Jake was not good at holding down a job, and after dozens of auditions, job interviews, and other failed attempts at making a living, one thing led to another and he wound up under an expressway, dirty, defeated and holding up a sign for spare change or work. He was desperate and willing to do *anything* for money, desperate to not become another cliché, another young person full of ambition who wound up becoming homeless in the city of angels.



One afternoon, Jake was standing at the side of a highway where there was a gas station, a 24-7 diner, and a few resorts nearby. He was not only looking for work but food as well. The last few days he had barely eaten at all, and Jake would give nearly anything for a tasty burger or plate of French fries, if only someone took pity on him. After a few hours and not

much luck, Jake was about to move on to find better prospects for panhandling, when he's spotted by a woman in a big black Mercedes Benz.

Krissy Carmichael, a powerful movie executive and casting director for big productions, takes immediate notice of the young, handsome Jake who is clearly down on his luck. She pulls up in her car and motions for him to come over. At first, Jake hesitates, thinking she couldn't possibly be signalling towards him, so she rolls down the window to wave, carefully concealing her identity to avoid detection from passers-by. As Jake approaches her car, he leaves the sign to the side of the road, hoping she may give him enough for a drink or maybe even a meal.

"Hey, what the heck are you doing out here?" she asked, hidden behind large-framed black sunglasses.

"I'm...I'm just looking for a few dollars to eat, ma'am," Jake responded, nervously.

The executive wanted to know more. He further explained that he had arrived in Los Angeles just over one year ago, and after many attempts to make it as an actor, he ended up in this predicament and was in desperate need of work and money.

Without much of an expression nor a response, for some reason Krissy invited Jake to get into her car. He reminded her of a young man that she had a crush on back in school.

Jake took a seat in the front of her car and noticed Krissy was feeling a bit of discomfort in her chest area, as she kept touching and rubbing her boobs with one hand as she drove with the other. Without staring at her to avoid seeming rude, Jake noticed Krissy quite firmly squeezing her nipple! He had seen a lot during his months on skid row but this was pretty unexpected and weird. After a few more glances at Krissy, Jake recognised her from several auditions that he attended, only to be rejected.

As Krissy drove to her home, she asked Jake about his work and acting experience to pass the time, until the car pulled into a gated property, that was electronically controlled, providing a road to an extravagant home with

a three-door garage and cobblestone walkway to the front entrance. At the door to her elaborate home, Krissy is greeted by Dan, who works as the groundskeeper and valet. She tossed Dan the keys to her Mercedes and ushered Jake into her home.

Jake was *so hungry*, though also careful not to behave desperate nor anxious. He was deeply curious why Krissy invited him into her home and wanted to make a good impression.

She invited him to sit in her spacious, minimalist kitchen bar to explain more of his situation. Krissy was a tall woman, standing just over six feet tall, with very large, full breasts. She was dressed in a crisp white blouse, navy blue blazer, and short skirt with matching heels, that give her a couple more inches. Her hair is golden blonde and in a tight bun, her complexion is taut and pale, and delicate features most likely perfected at the hands of a cosmetic surgeon. Her breasts, however, are *huge*, almost as big as basketballs. It's to the point of becoming a fixation for men who enjoy a large chest and juicy, firm tits. As Jake explains the details of his life, and how he became homeless, Krissy bends over in pain, placing one hand on her breasts. They begin to ache. Jake stops briefly, then continues carefully, as not to be rude or gawk at the executive. He only ceases to talk once she holds up her hand to signal it.

"Do you want to work for me, Jake?" she asked abruptly, still cupping one breast with her hand through the blouse and staring at him now with her steel-blue piercing eyes.

"Uh...y-yes. I would be happy to work for you." Jake felt awkward and blushed, as he was eager for money, but also curious about Krissy grabbing her tits so quickly and tried to avoid staring at them.

"Good. In my world time is money, so forgive me if I sound blunt. Basically, I need a servant in my home. I think you will do just fine." She said with little emotion in her voice.

Jake swallowed hard, feeling both excited and nervous at this prospect at once. He was only young, and at 21 years old, willing to work hard for a chance at stardom, especially if that meant working for a movie executive.

She motioned for him to come closer to her then, then grabbed his hand to place on one of her tits. They were hard and firm, but also wet. Jake realised that Krissy was full of milk and leaking profusely. It felt so surreal holding the tit of the very same woman who had so much power in the world he so desperately wanted to be part of, only to press her soaked breast against his trembling, but eager hand. If she had only given him a chance to act in one of those major productions, even a small role, Jake wouldn't have become homeless. This thought crept across his mind, but he quickly banished it to fixate on Krissy's searing eyes staring down at him.

"I...think I auditioned for you before," he stuttered, hoping she would remember him.

"Really?" she said, raising her eyebrows briefly. "Well, I see hundreds of actors every week, so it's hard to remember a face." Jake feels oddly dismissed, but satisfied with her answer. Why would she remember him specifically anyway? To be honest, he was grateful she found him by the roadside and chose to take pity on him.

As Jake stood in her kitchen, holding her breast with her hand over his, she decided to open up to him, and explain her situation. Krissy suffers from a genetic condition that causes her breasts to swell, even more than they are usually.. and lactate. When the condition flares up, large amounts of milk are created, needing to be expelled. This is a lifelong condition for Krissy, despite never experiencing pregnancy or childbirth. It's a rare condition with no cure. Jake listened intently, and curiously, about Krissy's dilemma. As quickly as she described her situation, she called Dan to bring a set of new clothing for Jake within the hour.

"Go upstairs and take a shower, then wait until your clothing arrives," she ordered. Jake complied, eagerly wanting that shower too, after being stuck outdoors for several days without any option to bathe. "Use the deodorant and spray a dash of cologne too. There are many products for you to choose from."

Jake heads upstairs, the size of the bathroom is extensive, almost larger than Jake's previous bachelor apartment, which was narrow and expensive. The shower was generous, and the pulsating sensation of the flow felt so good.

It was crazy, Jake's shitty life had completely turned around in just one day. Jake pulled on his penis, thinking of Krissy, though quickly realised that she could become dismayed if she found any trace of his ejaculate in the shower. Jake didn't know her personally, but her reputation was clear: Krissy Carmichael was a powerful force not to mess with because she could make or break a person on a whim. As Jake finished washing himself, Dan had the clothing delivered and set on a chair by the door to the washroom entrance. As Jake freshened up and dressed, he could smell the scent of food downstairs but was careful to take his time and not to hurry.



Krissy knew Jake would be hungry, so she decided to make a batch of pancakes. She grabbed a box of premade batter mix, then considered whether to add milk or water. Pancakes were always better rich and creamy, so milk was the best option. Now, which milk? Krissy smiled slyly to herself, then unbuttoned her blouse to unleash one of her enormous pale breasts, bringing her wide light pink nipple close to the bowl. Her tit was practically pulsating with milk and ready to spray into the bowl on the counter. Using both hands, Krissy coaxed her nipple just a little bit, aiming inside the bowl and a torrent of white creamy milk blasted from her nipple, stopping after she had filled the bowl. Licking her finger to taste the coconut-sugary taste of the pancake batter, still wet with some residual breast milk, she moved on to the other tit to squeeze another cup into the bowl. With two cups, Krissy made enough to make the batter and cook the pancakes for Jake. Not only did the releasing of milk give Krissy relief, but it was also a source of arousal and enjoyment, making her pussy wet and juicy every time she pressed and pushed on her breasts to drain them.

Buttoning up her blouse, Krissy mixed the batter and Breastmilk together and turned on the electric cooker, then served on the table with a side cup of maple syrup and fresh fruit. Upon hearing Jake's coming down the stairs, Krissy grew excited at the prospect of having him eat her pancakes, knowing her breast milk was inside of them. When she invited him to enjoy the meal, he enthusiastically accepted and began to eat them quickly.

Halfway through, Jake noticed Krissy wasn't eating with him, and instead, she was playing with one of her tits, massaging them as she watched him eat with a smirk. Jake even caught her licking her lips as she watched him. Jake felt a bit creeped out by this experience, though he was more thirsty than hungry after wolfing down a good portion of the pancakes without anything to wash it down.

"May I... May I have a drink?" he asked. Without a response, Krissy brings an empty glass from her cupboard over to the table, placing it in front of Jake. Then, without a word, she pulled out one of her breasts, the same one she was rubbing, and pressed it to the rim of the glass until her nipple protruded! Thick, creamy breast milk flowed effortlessly into the cup until it was filled to the top. Shocked and unable to find the words to speak, Jake watched as Krissy placed the glass from her hand into his. The consistency of the milk was really thick and gloopy, and he felt its warmth from the outside of the glass. In that instant, Jake decided he should leave, and find a meal and drink elsewhere. He knew this whole situation was too good to be true.

"I...I think I should leave. Thank you for the meal. I just...have to go... right now..." Jake's attempt to get up from the chair was blocked with Krissy's strong hand on his shoulder, keeping him seated. Due to his homelessness, Jake had lost a lot of weight, weighing only 140lbs. Krissy on the other hand had 190lbs of curves on her 6'1" body. Her grip is tight and keeps him in place, until she has a chance to stand in front of him, facing him with her authoritative glare.

"I run a lot of business in this town, just remember that. I have the power to change your bum life... or reduce your existence to a living hell that you will regret even more than you did an hour ago."

Calmly, though defiantly, Krissy explains that if he obeys her every whim and desire, his dreams of acting and living the life of a Hollywood star may eventually come true. If he leaves her and decides to say anything about this experience, she will accuse him of rape and ruin his life forever. The idea of spending time in prison frightened Jake tremendously. He had spent a couple of nights after sleeping on the streets before, and was terrified of

returning, even if just for a short time. The prospect of being sentenced for years inside of a maximum-security prison was one of Jake's worst fears. At that moment, Jake thought about his future, and how he would do anything to become successful. Reluctantly, Jake agreed to remain Krissy's servant and obey her every whim. Satisfied, Krissy smiles and nods in the direction of the warm glass of breastmilk firmly in her hand, handing it to Jake to drink.

"Go on, be a good boy and drink my milk," she orders Jake. She is smirking and has this distinct, lustful look in her eye. Jake who takes the glass, pressing the rim to his lips, taking down a throat-full of creamy, warmth, coating his insides. It felt as though he had drunk the whole glass, but looking down, he noticed only one third was done. There was more than half to ingest and in front of Krissy, who was enjoying every minute of this, watching him swallow her breast milk as she fondled her nipples, then fully exposing her bib boobs from her blouse. She massaged and cupped her tits, squeezing her nipples between her fingers, pinching them now and then to ignite the juicy fire growing in her pussy. Watching Jake drink her milk gave Krissy so much pleasure, which helped her release all the workday's stress and tension in her body. After finishing the glass of milk to the last drop, and the remainder of pancakes left on the plate, Jake was full and unsure of what would be expected of him next.

Then, she stood up in front of him.

"Okay... now get on your knees, Jake," Krissy commanded, appearing more dominant than ever. Removing her blouse and blazer completely, she exposed an impressive upper body built, and a rack that was so large, it was vastly disproportionate to the rest of her long and lanky frame. Jake did as he was told, taking one knee down, then the other, until he was facing her pelvic region, barely concealed with the short, navy blue skirt. Bending down, Krissy peered deeply into Jake's eyes, as he nervously held his position. Sliding one well-manicured hand under his chin, she lifted his head in direct view of her swollen, wet breast, dripping creamy milk onto the tiled floor.

“Open wide.” Krissy whispered. With this demand, Jake again obeyed, opening his mouth as she crouched and pushed her nipple into his mouth. He felt the hardness of her nipple brush against his tongue, as she used both hands to press down and squeeze the milk from the top of her breast, squirting large doses into his mouth and down his throat.

“Good boy... swallow it all and don’t waste a *drop*.” Jake did his best, but so much milk was being released by her basketball sized tit that nearly gagged, but he stifled his reaction, opening his throat wide and ready to make sure not a drop is wasted. The flow of creamy breast milk continues, and whenever it lessens a little, Jake is hopeful that she’ll run empty, only to find another gush unexpectedly.

As Jake continued to drink, Krissy pulled the chair behind her closer and sat down, opening her legs and reaching underneath her short skirt. With Jake’s eyes fixated on her quick movements, as she eagerly lifted the navy-blue fabric to expose a well-shaved mound of soaking wet pussy, with no underpants on. Jake felt his cock grow as it began to protrude from his pants. He felt embarrassed about not being able to hide it from Krissy, who was aware of Jake’s arousal. Reaching inside, she touched poked inside with her fingers, swirling them in the juiciness between her labia and stroking her clitoris. Jake’s erection grew and pumped through the crotch in his pants, tempting him to unzip them and pull on his manhood. Krissy quickly noticed his attempt to slip his hand into his pants, and quickly slapped it out of the way, causing Jake to wince and stiffen his body. This thrilled Krissy even more, as she wanted him to feel her wrath, even for a brief moment, if he decided to sneak a stroke of his cock or sneakily try something else.

As she stroked her wet pussy, the momentum grew. Her skirt was fully pulled up over her tummy, exposing a glistening mound that Jake was forced to watch, as she fingered and poked to a powerful orgasm. Her body began to shake and tremble, and as Jake tried to pull away from her tit, she grabbed the back of his head and a fistful of hair to hold him in place and gush more creamy fluid down inside of him, shoving the full weight of her breast against his face as she came. At that moment, his nose and mouth were smothered, preventing him from breathing. This excited Krissy, even

if it lasted for just a few seconds. After her satisfying release, Krissy finally released Jake from her grip. Not only was she tall and beautiful, but strong and dominant too, Jake thought.

“Stand up, young man, let me have a look at you,” she ordered. The new clothing, a crisp white dress shirt, and loose-fitting denim shorts were a good fit for Jake’s naturally athletic built. His worried eyes and uncertain expression indicated his fear of her but also hinted at a glimpse of attraction to her and how she dominated his every move. She instructed him to turn around slowly, observing his tight buttocks, then asked him to lift his shirt and show off his chest, chiselled and lean due to the tiny amount of food he had been eating recently.

“My oh my... why didn’t I give you an acting gig? Maybe you didn’t remember your lines, or I wasn’t quite looking for someone so...sexy?” Jake felt a bit of relief, thinking she was done with him for now, until she pointed at the long, dining room table, unobstructed except the empty plate of pancakes and an empty glass. “Lie down. I’m going to give you a bit of pleasure.”

Compliantly, Jake lowered onto the table, lying on his back, and facing Krissy’s smirk, and once again, her full bosom ready to squirt him again.

“Unzip your pants,” she said, her breathing escalating. Jake quickly released his cock, which stood perfectly erect, pointing to the chandelier above. Krissy hopped up on the table and straddled Jake, who expected that she would lower her juicy, wet mound onto his hard, throbbing manhood.

Jake smiled in anticipation of his treat, as it would greatly relieve him after months of no sex and sleeping in cardboard boxes in and around the city. Instead, Krissy pushed her tits around his cock, engulfing them. This startled Jake, but he also enjoyed the sensation. Her tits were warm and hard. They were also wet from continuously spraying him in the face and his throat, and now they were gliding up and down his shaft.

“I want you to come to me. I want your hot cum all over my tits and chest.” She said, her face red and breathing hoarse. The idea of mixing his ejaculate with her milk thrilled Jake in a way that he could never imagine. He lifted

his shirt to feel the sensation of squirting milk from both tits, as they slid up and down faster and more vigorously until he was ready to explode and spray all over her breasts. Using her hands, Krissy massaged the combined creaminess of Jake's cum and her milk all over her large breasts, closing her eyes in ecstasy as she did. Both of their bodies vibrated in synch, feeling the same pleasure and tension together. The feeling lingered for a moment, until Krissy unmounted from her position, and commanded Jake to get off the table and clean up.

"You've done well on your first day, young man," she explained, with a sly smile. She stroked his anguished, yet tired face and ruffled his dishevelled hair. "It's time for you to take another shower. There will be more clothing brought to the washroom door when you are finished."

From that moment on, Jake understood his place in Krissy's home, and how he was expected to behave and obey her every whim. Some mornings she wanted breakfast before "feeding" him, and other mornings, she wanted him to strip naked and masturbate in front of her as she stroked her enormous, swollen tits. As odd and embarrassing as Jake found the situation initially, he grew to enjoy his new role as Krissy's servant, and all the good food and lodging she provided to him. She was also busy at the studio with a big production, and while Jake secretly wanted to be considered for a role, he was careful not to mention it, and patiently waited for the right time.

One morning, Jake asked Krissy if she would consider him for one of her films, hoping she would find him satisfactory, even for a small on-screen role. She simply smiled and explained that his role now was in her home and that *maybe* someday, if she thought he deserved it, he would grace the screen in one of her films. In the meantime, Jake would need to appreciate all that Krissy did for him and enjoy the life of luxury and relaxation that was now his reality, as long as he obeyed and did as she asked.

Compared to the hellish life Jake had been living recently, for the chance of a better life... this was a price Jake was willing to pay.



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For my fellow sexual deviants.. Keep having fun ;)

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ABOUT THE AUTHOR

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Alex Kilroy is an exciting emerging author of MaleDom & FemDom Humiliation based erotica.

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