

## The Advanced Fertility Program Ch. 05

by Miracle Milk

Ahmad's ass still burned when he sat down for lunch.

His balls ached too, but that came with the territory of being locked in a chastity cage. Only this time the pain wouldn't go away, even after his cock went soft. The wedgie had lasted far too long, crushing his family jewels. Worse than that, half the damn school had seen him hanging from his underwear! He had been bullied in public before, but this was a new low.

Even in the cafeteria, students were staring, whispering, laughing. Especially the girls. The embarrassment shook him to his core. He wanted to crush his flimsy recyclable lunch tray, food and all, and run straight home. Not that it would have stopped his torment for long.

After all, Bradley was coming over tonight for another 'session' with his mother.

Just thinking about it it turned his vision red. In a few hours that tall white asshole would strut into his living room and strip himself naked. And while he knelt there like a loser, locked in chastity, the bastard would be putting his hands all over his mother's soft body. Enjoying the caress of her warm, lotioned palms. The teasing touch of her lime-green fingernails...

It made him want to scream, *get away from my fiancée, you rotten bastard! How dare you try to take what belongs to me? She's mine, do you hear me? Mine, mine, mine!*

He swore to get back at Bradley one day. The same went for his friends. *Belial Morghulis*, he thought, remembering a vintage fantasy novel he once read. *Bradley, Tyler, Jake, Prisha...*

But fantasizing about revenge didn't help. He needed to take action, and fast. After school, he planned on running home to tell his mother about the plan to get married. He hoped she would take the news well. The moment they signed the dotted line, the Advanced Fertility Contract would be null and void. He hoped the government would lock Bradley back inside a chastity device, where his monster of a cock belonged.

Sometimes, Ahmad felt like a caterpillar that had yet to become a butterfly. Once this whole ordeal was over with, his real life would begin. Everyone would see him as a bright young university student with a beautiful wife, ready to tackle the world. Just thinking about it made these years of high school feel like a bad dream.

Bradley might have won the battle, but he would win the war.

Sitting beside him, Hazel fixed her pink horn-rimmed glasses on her cute button nose. The girl always got moody when she caught Bradley bullying him. Sometimes, she took it worse than he did. "...Earth to Ahmad? Hello? Are you even listening to me?" She sighed. "I guess you don't have to talk about it if you don't want to."

"I don't," Ahmad said, taking a bite of his slice of rubbery, lukewarm, nutritionally-compliant cheese pizza. "I just want to enjoy my lunch in peace."

From the way the students at nearby tables were snickering, there was fat chance of that happening.

Hazel's freckled cheeks flushed, turning redder than her makeup intended. Today she wore her chestnut hair in a pair of frizzy braided pigtails, hanging down the front of her uniform. Her style was modest but cute. Her pleated skirt flared out from her smooth pale thighs, and she wore her blouse buttoned to the collar. Her earrings were pink and blue, the chibi faces of Mika and Mira, twin sisters from her favorite Chinese anime series.

For all the attention she paid to her clothing, she seemed oblivious to the way her pointy nipples brushed the thin white fabric of her shirt. Her perky teardrop tits were impossible to ignore. It didn't help that her quarter-sized areolas were a bright shade of pink. *Like two pieces of strawberry candy.*

Ahmad wasn't sure what he wanted more, for the girl to put on a damn bra already, or to sit back and enjoy the view. Why spoil a good thing? He couldn't help imagining his tongue on those hard nipples, lapping up the sweat she'd built up after a long and difficult test. Discovering if she tasted as good as she smelled.

*Ya Allah*, what he'd give to spend just a few minutes alone with that pair of hers!

Sometimes he wondered if she was aware of how much attention her tits got at school. The sight of them had caused him countless caged erections in class, and he doubted he was alone.

Nipping at her GMO-free applesauce, Hazel adjusted her legs under the table. Her bare knee brushed Ahmad's trousers, and he felt the life return to his shriveled cock. Even among the smells of the lunchroom, he caught a whiff of her strawberry perfume. It dazed him, being so close to the girl. He wanted his cock to be free. He wanted to spread the folds of her strawberry pussy and spurt his creamy load inside her while she moaned, and squealed, and told him how much of a man he was!

*Curse this cage, curse this country, curse it all!*

Tempting as it was, Ahmad knew better than to ask her to be his girlfriend. Hazel was beautiful in a way that made guys think they had a chance, even when they didn't. An accessible sort of beauty. He had seen too many desperate nerds fall into that trap, ruining their friendship. Ahmad was smarter than that. Life was stressful enough without being rejected by the one girl who actually cared about him.

Making matters worse, Hazel wasn't the only eye-candy around.

Across the table, Lids had her sleeves rolled past her elbows. The Puerto Rican girl's animated tattoos made a magnificent show on her skin; a pair of Chinese dragons fought on her left forearm, while on the right a silvery moon went through each of its phases. Most noticeable was the pair of moving clock-hands that painted her caramel cleavage, which she made sure to expose whenever the teachers weren't looking. The nanomachine tattoos violated the dress code, but it wasn't like they could be easily removed, so the school just quietly tolerated them.

He watched Gabriel give the decorated cleavage a sidelong glance, hardly touching his food. His cock was probably bending the walls of its chastity cage, the poor fool.

Ahmad knew better than to steal a look. It wasn't to avoid an unwanted erection, though that was part of it. Hazel tended to notice when boys gaped at her best friend's body. It irritated her to no end, even if she wouldn't admit it. She wasn't the type of girl to get angry in public. She preferred to suffer in silence, making whoever upset her feel much worse for it.

It drove Ahmad a little crazy, being surrounded by so many attractive girls while being forbidden from so much as looking at them. Sometimes he'd get home and peel his precum-soaked underwear from his balls and cock cage. It wouldn't have been so bad if he could at least rub one out at the end of the day!

Grinning, Lids slung a colorful arm over Gabriel's shoulders, cleavage jiggling. "Look on the bright side, Ahmad. At least you didn't get shoved into a locker like this little idiot."

Ahmad didn't miss how Gabriel never reacted when Lids touched him, which was often. They might have been a couple, had the boy ever found the guts to make a move. She enjoyed taking liberties with his body, however. Once, when she thought no one was looking, Ahmad had caught her resting her hand on the bulge of his chastity cage, teasing him with slow tugs. *Even Gabriel gets more action than I do.*

"I didn't get shoved into anything," Gabriel said proudly. "I put myself in the locker."

Lids shook him back and forth, spilling his spoonful of fiber-rich applesauce all over his pizza.

“That’s even worse, dumbass.”

“Well, it’s over with now,” Ahmad said with finality, trying to change the subject.

“Tomorrow’s Saturday, so I won’t have to deal with Bradley’s crap for a whole weekend.” *At least not at school*, he thought.

“You ready to play some Torn World Online?” asked Gabriel. “We’re leveling our alts with or without you, hombre.”

Ahmad almost agreed, but stopped himself. With Bradley coming over around dinner time, it severely cut into his time to play video games. He doubted watching his bully getting jerked off by his mother would put him in a gaming mood.

“We missed you online last night,” Hazel agreed excitedly, glasses slipping down her nose. “I finally got my Pearl Mage to third ascent, and I’ve been getting so many invites! But I’d rather party with you, Ahmad.”

Ahmad swallowed a mouthful of chewy pizza. By tomorrow afternoon—providing the courthouse wasn’t closed on Saturdays—he would be a happily married man. Assuming his mother accepted his proposition.

*I shouldn’t allow doubt to enter my heart. Of course she’ll say yes!*

Everyone knew what newly married couples did on their wedding night. Just thinking about his mother on her back, spreading her thick brown legs, staring lustfully at him with those dark eyes...it was enough to make his cock dribble into his stretched-out underwear!

“Sorry, guys. I don’t think I’ll be able to join you. At least not for a few days.”

Hazel tugged at one of her braids, a nervous tick of hers. He forced himself not to stare as her arms squeezed her tits together. They pushed upward against her shirt, like she was presenting them. “Does it have to do with what happened today?”

“What? Of course not!” Then he shrank a little, hating to lie to his friends. “Well, maybe. I don’t know.”

“I know what we’ll do,” said Hazel, and her leg pressed against his. Her skin felt warm, even through his trousers. God, what he’d give to run his tongue over those soft sweet thighs!

“We’ll go to the principal’s office.”

“No!” blurted Ahmad, attracting a few more unwanted snickers. “We can’t tell the teachers. You know the school has a zero-tolerance policy! Both me and Brad would get suspended. It

would destroy my grades, and—and the college entrance exams are coming up, and I’ve been studying every night—”

“Ahmad, it’s okay.” Hazel patted the top of his hand. “We don’t have to do anything you’re not comfortable with.”

He stared into her bright green eyes. His legs clenched together, balls aching, cock throbbing.

She was touching him.

Her skin was silky and warm.

Her fingernails were painted alternating shades of pastel pink and blue.

He wanted those fingers inside his mouth. Around his cock.

The thought alone could have made him cum, if not for his damned chastity cage!

It wasn’t just her looks that made him want her. Unlike most girls, who seemed fixated on a guy’s height and dick size, she was a caring and understanding person. Even with half the school laughing at him, she wasn’t ashamed to stay by his side. How had his timid childhood friend grown up to be so brave? So likable. No one at school had a bad thing to say about her. Ahmad got a little respect for his academic prowess, but Hazel earned her reputation through kindness and feminine grace.

There wasn’t a woman in the world who compared with his mother, but Hazel was a close number two.

His cock throbbed in agreement, straining against its cage. He wanted to fuck her so bad he could cry!

“We know Bradley hurt you,” Hazel said gently. “You don’t have to act so tough all the time. It’s okay to be vulnerable around your friends. We’ve known each other for years.”

“What are you talking about?” Ahmad sat up straight, trying to puff out his chest. Then he felt like an idiot, because Hazel pulled her hand away, frowning. What other choice did he have? He couldn’t let her think he was some—some kind of pathetic weakling! “It didn’t hurt all that bad.”

“Really?” said Lids. “You looked like you were about to cry like a big fucking baby.”

“I was not!” Ahmad glared at the girl. He was definitely not staring at her shiny caramel tits or

the silver bar piercings in her dark nipples that were visible through her school uniform.

“Cut it out,” scolded Gabriel. “You’re supposed to be on our side.”

“I’m on my own side.” Lids licked her purple lips, grinning mischievously. Ahmad knew she wasn’t joking. Some of the cheerleaders had tried bullying her in Junior year—until she finally struck back, tearing a fistful of hair from poor Hannah Aubergine’s skull. That got both of them a hefty suspension, but the cheerleaders never laid a finger on her after that.

“Lydia,” Ahmad said, “you were never afraid of those girls, back in the day. What’s your secret?”

“It’s easy.” Grinning, Lids gave Gabriel a tweak on the nipple. “I just don’t give a fuck.”

Gabriel shrieked in pain, and they all laughed at her cavalier attitude. But Ahmad saw the other side to it. The girl’s grades were abysmal. He foresaw a future of UBI and bad decisions for Lydia Morales. Half of it would be spent on tattoos and piercings, which honest taxpayers like Ahmad would end up footing the bill for.

That wasn’t all he’d be paying for.

With no career prospects, it wouldn’t take long for Lids to get selected for the Advanced Fertility Program. She’d probably get matched with some tall white jock from the same high school she just graduated from. The exact kind of guy she hated. He pictured her on her back, glowering up at some dumb drooling asshole while his big throbbing dick split her in half like a cheap whore.

Ahmad hated that his thoughts went to such places. He hated that it made his cock hard. What the hell was wrong with him?

At least Hazel wouldn’t go down that path. She’d enroll in a good college and abstain from sex until marriage. That seemed perfect for her. His mother was right, she *was* unlike other girls. It helped take the edge off of life, knowing that girls like her still existed.

“What would you do in Ahmad’s shoes?” asked Hazel, a little cautiously.

“You mean if I was getting pushed around by some dumb jocks?” Lids snorted. “How about throwing some hands for once? Those meatheads wouldn’t last a day messing with me. In fact, I’d love to see ‘em try.”

“Easy for you to say,” snapped Gabriel. “You haven’t heard about Bradley and Ahmad’s mother.”

The girls looked surprised.

“Gabriel, you moron!” cried Ahmad. He didn’t want Lids knowing that. And he sure as hell didn’t want Hazel to know!

Gabriel clapped his mouth shut, speaking through his fingers. “Oh, shit. My bad. I didn’t mean to say that out loud.”

“What are the odds!” Smirking, Lids rubbed her hands together. “So that’s why we saw you running off after class.”

“Bradley and your mother?” Hazel’s face turned rosy-red. “That’s what you’ve been hiding from us?”

“I’m—I’m not hiding anything!” said Ahmad. “I just didn’t think to tell you!”

“Bullshit!” Lids burst into laughter, slapping the lunch table. “I thought I saw something big and hard between Brad’s legs, but I never figured he’d be porking your mom!”

“It’s not funny!” said Ahmad. he sucked down the rest of his chocolate milk and got up from his seat. He couldn’t take any more of her teasing. She wasn’t any different from the others. None of them were! “And he’s not porking my mom! You—you low-class bitch!”

“Chill out, dude,” Gabriel said. “You know she’s just joking around.”

“Ahmad, wait!” called Hazel, but Ahmad was already at the door, shoving his tray of half-eaten food into the garbage bin.

The last thing he heard as he stepped into the hallway was Lids’ cackling laughter.

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After school, Ahmad took the long way around the building, hoping to avoid Bradley and his friends. To avoid everyone. He was halfway across the street when he heard someone shouting his name.

“Ahmad! Wait up, Ahmad!”

Slowing his pace, he looked over his shoulder. “Hazel?”

Catching up with him, Hazel grabbed the top of his backpack as they finished crossing the street. “I was wondering if you’d walk me home,” she said, panting. “You used to do it all the time, remember? Back when we were kids.”

“Of course, I remember.” They had been neighbors before Ahmad’s father saved up enough money for a privately-owned smarthouse. Luckily, they hadn’t moved too far from the government housing complex that Hazel, like most Americans, lived in. “It would be my honor,” he said.

Hazel grinned, showing off her braces. “Now you’re sounding more like your in-game character.”

Ahmad returned a cocky smirk. In Torn World Online, his main was an Unbreakable-spec Chrome Knight who led heroes into battle and defended the innocent from danger. A stark contrast to his real personality. Hazel only rolled healer classes, making them a perfect duo in any MMORPG they played together.

They shared a few remarks as they walked, but after what had happened at lunch, it was hard to find the thread of a good conversation. Hazel swung her legs playfully, pleated skirt swishing, showing off more than a little thigh. Pink or blue—what color of panties was she wearing today, he wondered.

“I knew were upset about something during class, by the way,” she said.

Ahmad swallowed. “You did?”

“Of course. We’ve only known each other forever, and a girl can just tell these things.” She sighed. “I was hoping I’d be the first person you’d come to for help.”

“I’m sorry,” said Ahmad. “I guess I didn’t think you could help me with this kind of problem.”

“You shouldn’t underestimate me.” She turned up her nose. “I’m smarter than I look.”

“You already look plenty smart.”

“Exactly.”

Ahmad snickered, and she gave him a playful shove. It felt good to be alone with Hazel, just the two of them. Why didn’t they do this more often?



“Why is it such a big deal to you?” she asked. “I mean, it’s just two people—you know—spending time together.”

“Sex,” Ahmad said, surprising himself. “You can say the word, Hazel. It’s not going to bite you.”

“You’re right.” She tossed back her hair and shouted, “Sex! There, are you happy?”

Ahmad flinched. He looked back, making sure nobody had heard her. “Geez, you don’t have to tell the whole neighborhood!”

They both laughed, and he couldn’t remember the last time he had felt so relaxed. He almost reached for Hazel’s hand, but stopped himself. *You’re going to be a married man soon, what are you thinking?* Then again, having multiple wives wasn’t forbidden under Sharia law. A ridiculous thought, but it wasn’t completely outside the realm of possibility!

“Anyhow!” Hazel looked straight ahead, blushing. “It’s not like they love each other. It’s not like they’re going to be together forever.”

“A woman’s body is sacred,” Ahmad said. “How can you be okay with men being forced onto women by the government without their consent?”

Hazel shrugged. “They’re just doing their duty. You hear about the birthrate decline all the time, don’t you? The news never stops talking about it.”

The question caught Ahmad off guard. After the threat of right-wing populism had been thoroughly stomped out by the NDNC, American citizens were mandated to watch an hour of the evening news. But every channel just repeated the same droll propaganda, so most folks muted the television while going about their business.

“Sure I do,” he said, “but that doesn’t make it any easier to swallow. Just try to imagine yourself in my mom’s shoes. What if the government forced Bradley to have sex with you? Or worse, to put a baby inside of you! Could you honestly live with yourself after that?”

It took a moment for Ahmad to realize what he’d said. It wasn’t bad enough that he kept thinking about Bradley fucking his mother, but his crush too? He tried to distract his stupid brain, thinking of video games and math formulas. Tried not to imagine his bully’s big ugly cock between Hazel’s perky tits, and the kind of faces she’d make while licking those fat dangling balls of his...

*Damn it!*

It made him extremely nervous. Hazel undoubtedly had some sense for how well endowed Bradley was. After all, the jock had spent the whole day strutting around with his oversized bulge for all to see. Praise Allah that Hazel wasn't like other girls. She was probably the one girl in school who didn't indulge in impure sexual fantasies.

"I guess you're right." Hazel folded her arms, uncomfortable. "But if it was to help save America, I think I would do it."

Ahmad's nostrils flared. "What would you even be saving? Bradley is the last person who needs to bring spawn into this world. To hell with this country if that's what it takes!"

"Ahmad!" Hazel turned to him, deadly serious. "You shouldn't say things like that. Don't even think things like that, if you can help it. Please." She brought her to a whisper. "You never know when the government is listening."

"You're right." Ahmad stared at his shoes. He wasn't quite sure how the laws worked, but he had heard of people getting locked up for years just for saying the wrong things. "I'm sorry. I just get so angry."

"It's fine." Hazel sighed. "Look. Wouldn't it be easier to just get this over with? They're a genetically perfect match. The computers don't make mistakes. She'd get pregnant in hardly any time at all. Then Bradley won't get to visit you anymore. Problem solved, right?"

Ahmad could see it now, his mother dressed in conservative Islamic attire, strolling through a shopping mall or grocery store. The smooth black fabric draped over her curves, revealing the sort of body that turns a normal man into a horny simping beast. Only now her belly was large and round under her huge swollen breasts. Everyone would know she had been fucked and impregnated. Men would stare hungrily, licking their lips. Women would approach her constantly, thanking her for contributing to society.

He wondered how he would feel, walking beside her, knowing that Bradley had planted his demon seed inside her precious womb. It gave him a headache to think about it.

"You don't understand," he said. "I couldn't live with myself if I let that happen. Bradley...he..."

*He bullied me for four years. He beat me up and embarrassed me. He has a bigger cock, and I hate how jealous it makes me. Now he gets to fuck my mom? He gets to pump her tight cunt with hot stinking cum while I'm not even allowed to stroke my cock? I'm not even allowed to have an erection, for God's sake! Why should he get to impregnate the woman I love while I grovel at his feet?*

But Ahmad couldn't say all that. Not to the one girl who cared for and respected him. "It's just not right."

Hazel sighed. "I thought boys were supposed to be simple creatures."

"We're simple enough. We're warriors and problem solvers. That's why I'm not giving up. Hazel, I'm going to stop Bradley."

Hazel batted her eyelashes. "You are?"

"Of course!" Ahmad said. "The men of my family have overcome great challenges, you know. Our legacy dates back over a thousand years."

She rolled her eyes. "Are you going to give me a history lesson, or tell me what you're planning?"

It was difficult to get the words out, but she was his friend. He hoped she would understand. "Me and Gabriel figured out a way to cancel the Advanced Fertility Contract."

"That's great news!" Smiling, Hazel straightened her glasses. "What are you so upset for then?"

Ahmad exhaled, trying to calm his nerves. His voice trembled when he got nervous, and he refused to come off as some kind of beta male. "I'm pretty sure I have to marry my mother."

Hazel froze. Her cell phone slipped from her hand, landing face-down on the sidewalk.

"Oh, crap!" Ahmad picked it up, as a gentleman should. "Now look what you've done! The screen's got a crack. It's pretty small though."

But Hazel grabbed his collar and dragged him to his feet. "What do you mean you're going to marry your mother!"

Ahmad gasped, startled by the outburst, and the way she was touching him. "It's the only way to stop Bradley," he squeaked.

"She's your mom!"

*And I want her more than anything in the world,* he thought.

How could he explain? No woman could understand what it was like to have your cock locked up for months at a time. Especially while living with one of the most beautiful women on

Earth! He wanted to fuck his mom. He wanted to be the one to plant his seed in her belly. To create life. To build a life with her. He wanted to taste every inch of her, savoring every nook and cranny. To enter the tight, gripping embrace of her cunt.

He *had* to experience these things, or life wouldn't be worth living. It was worth any sacrifice to make his dreams come true. In a way, stopping Bradley was just the cherry on top.

"I don't have a choice," Ahmad said. "I have to protect her."

"It's not easy to get divorced, you know," Hazel said. "Then you'll be right back where you started."

"Maybe I won't get divorced," said Ahmad, voice shaking. "Like I said, I don't have a choice."

Hazel let go of Ahmad's shirt, leaving it stretched and wrinkled. Her green eyes exuded confidence, but he noticed another expression beneath her steely gaze. It almost resembled disgust. "You always have a choice."

"I told you, I don't know what else I can do!"

"What do you want, Ahmad? That's what's important. Tell me the truth."

"I—I want to stop Bradley. I want to save my mom. I want to be free from chastity. I want to be chosen for the Advanced Fertility Program. For God's sake, Hazel, I can barely think! I'm so frustrated all the time. It's driving me crazy, being locked up. I wish you could understand!"

Admitting how sexually frustrated he was beyond embarrassing. It made him want to curl into a ball and die. What the girl said next was like a splash of ice water to the face.

"You could marry me instead," she said.

Ahmad blinked. "What did you just say?"

"Marry me instead," she said matter-of-factly. "Then you won't have that stupid thing around your—you know. You'll be free. Wouldn't it be funny? Bradley and those jocks have been so cocky since they got their cages off, always showing off their—um— *you-know-whats*." Her cheeks were cherry red. "I just *know* you're bigger than they are."

Ahmad forced himself to laugh. Suddenly he was painfully aware of the small-sized chastity cage that rested on top of his aching balls. He had begged the nurse's assistants not to force it

onto his cock on his last visit to the fertility clinic, but they just wouldn't listen! In fact, they teased him about how it would shrink his willy, being locked up so tight all the time.

"You shouldn't joke around like that."

Hazel put her hands on her hips. "I'm not joking."

Ahmad noticed she was breathing heavily, chest rising. She was sweating, and her perky breasts were more visible than ever. It didn't make sense. How could a beauty like her want to marry a guy like him?

"What about university?" he asked. "I thought you were going for Ivy League, like me."

"People don't want to go to college anymore. Not all of us are super smart like you, Ahmad. I want to raise a family. A large one. I want to help society. To help America. Haven't you heard what they're doing in China?"

"I don't care about China. Hazel, what are you getting at?"

"I don't want to spend the next fifty years working for some company I hate. I'd rather have a husband who takes care of me. I know that's unusual these days." She reached for his shirtsleeve, smiling shyly. "But there are still a few good men around, aren't there?"

Ahmad took her hand, feeling its softness. He finally understood what she was implying.

Hazel didn't just want to be a stay-at-home wife.

She wanted a future. With him.

"I don't need a fancy ceremony or anything!" Hazel stammered. "They'll unlock your cage the day we register, you know. My cousin went through the same thing. We could do it tomorrow morning, if you want. Maybe even today, if there's still time to fill out the paperwork."

Ahmad's crotch felt hot, balls twitching in anticipation. The heat climbed into his belly before spreading into every inch of him. The mere prospect of getting unlocked made his skin tingle. He could see it now: Hazel in her school uniform, climbing into his bed, waiting on all fours. Her skirt was flipped up, exposing her pert little behind and her cute pink panties. He wanted to tear them from her body. He wanted to bury his cock inside her strawberry hole while growling and humping and yanking her braided pigtails. He wanted to hear the sounds she made when she reached climax and coated him in her sweet juices.

It was beyond tempting. Maybe the whole thing with Bradley and his mom wouldn't matter so

much if he had a woman to call his own.

All he had to do was say yes.

“But my mother...”

“I love your mom,” Hazel said. “She’s a wonderful, sweet woman. But please be realistic. Marrying your own family? Don’t you realize how awful and wrong that is? You have to think about your future. Our future.”

Ahmad’s breathing shallowed out. He wanted to scream. Or run away. Or punch a hard object. He wanted to shove his tongue in her mouth. Would she let him, if he tried? It was all so confusing. Why couldn’t she have just agreed with him? Why did she have to make things so complicated?

If Bradley wasn’t in the picture, it would have been a much easier choice.

Thinking of Bradley’s smug, grinning face, his chest began to pound. Choosing Hazel meant letting his bully win. It meant letting the boy he hated the most in the world fuck and impregnate his mom. Jealousy hit him like a punch in the gut. It also made his cock throb—in approval or protest, he wasn’t sure. All he knew was that he couldn’t let the bastard get away with it.

“Hazel, I can’t marry you,” he said. “I’m sorry.”

“That’s fine.” Hazel folded her arms and turned around. He saw her back trembling.

“I have to stop Bradley! Please try to understand. It’s not your—”

“Stop talking.” She started to walk away. “Please. Just forget I said anything.”

Ahmad reached for her shoulder. “Hazel, wait—”

“Don’t touch me!” she said, not turning around.

Ahmad lowered his hand. “Don’t you want me to walk you home?”

“I’m fine by myself. Perfectly fine. Good night, Ahmad.”

Ahmad stood speechless as he watched Hazel go. Part of him wanted her to come running back. Maybe if she fought a little harder to win him over, he would be open to changing his mind.

The girl never looked back once.

Long after Hazel had left, Ahmad stood watching the sidewalk, wondering if he had made the right choice.

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Ahmad took his time walking home, waiting for his tears to dry up. Just in case, he wiped his eyes on his shirtsleeve as he approached the front door. He straightened his collar and took a deep breath.

It was the most important moment of his life, and he wanted to get it perfect.

The lights in both the living room and the kitchen were on. That was strange. His mother always nagged him about wasting electricity. It was a habit from the old world, back when dwindling fossil fuels and climate change were still major global issues.

Well, that didn't matter now. Trying not to think of Hazel, he wondered how he should break the news to his mother.

*Mom, I have to talk to you about something. Please sit down. I know yesterday was difficult, but I've found a way to nullify the Advanced Fertility Contract.*

No, that was way too formal. Perhaps getting straight to the point would be better.

*I found a way to stop Bradley from fulfilling his reproductive duties. You and me, mom. We have to get married. I'll be the man to get you pregnant.*

That didn't feel right either. He didn't want to mention Bradley when he told her the plan. His mother was a romantic woman. She loved films with dashing male leads who swept women off their feet. Ahmad wasn't strong enough for that—not yet, at least—but maybe he could impress her with raw honesty.

*I love you. I've loved you for the longest time, and I know you feel the same. Let's build a better life together. Let's start a family. Will you marry me?*

That sounded about right. His heart was pounding when he placed his hand on the doorknob. It read his DNA signature and clicked open with a *beep*. Despite the butterflies in his stomach,

he put on his best smile. He stepped through the door with his head held high.

...and found Bradley Jones, lounging on the couch. Completely nude.

“What the hell are you doing here!”

“Whoa, dweeb. You know your mom doesn’t like that kind of language.” Bradley chuckled. His muscular arms and legs were all stretched out, one foot resting on the coffee table. His flaccid cock lay slung across his left thigh, huge and ugly. “Staring at my dick ain’t going to make yours any bigger.”

“I’m not staring at anything,” cried Ahmad. He knew his mother had spent hours trying to get Bradley’s stain off the couch. Now he was in the exact same spot again. They’d have to buy new furniture after this! “Why are you naked?”

Bradley shrugged. “My buddy needed some air. Ever since I got that fucking cage off, I can’t stop getting hard all the time!” He smirked. “Not that you can relate.”

“Not everyone spends all day thinking about sex, Brad. Some of us use our brains now and then.” Ahmad folded his arms. He needed to get rid of the bastard, if just for a little while, to tell his mom the good news. Maybe if things went smoothly, there would be time to get to the courthouse before it closed! “It’s not time for dinner. Put your clothes on and come back later.”

Bradley shifted his weight on the couch. His cock flopped from one thigh to the other.

Ahmad clenched his teeth, hating that stupid slab of flesh. *I should be bigger than him*, he thought, remembering what Hazel had said. *I study so much harder than him in school. All he does is play sports and slack off in class! Why does he get to have the bigger cock?*

“Contract says I can come over after four. Don’t like it? Take it up with Uncle Sam.” Bradley yawned. “By the way, me and the boys saw you walking with that nerdy bitch. Friend of yours with the tits. What’s her name, again?”

“You know what her name is.” Ahmad wanted to shout, *where is my wife?* But Bradley finding out about his plan was a disaster waiting to happen. “Where’s my mom?”

Bradley shrugged. “Off doing woman’s work. Y’know, the only thing a broad like her is good for.”

Ahmad clenched his fists. Taking off his backpack, he considered bashing the boy over the head with it. “Don’t you ever talk about her that way! I don’t care what the contract says.



When you're in this house, you'll treat my mother with respect."

"Man, don't get your underwear in a twist. If you've still got any after that wedgie we gave you!" Bradley seemed totally comfortable laughing at his own stupid remark. "All I'm saying is that your mom ain't got much going for her, other than that rocking body. But that's how all good-looking women are, am I right?"

Ahmad's lip curled. "You wouldn't recognize a good woman if she slapped you in the face."

"You meet one, you've met them all. I've been unlocked two days and I've got these sluts all figured out."

"You don't know anything," Ahmad spat. "Not all women are like that. Some of them care about a guy's personality. How he makes them feel. Some women want a man who treats them with dignity and respect."

"Nah. That all goes out the window when they see a big dick. Not some loser with a twinkie stinky little dinky, locked up in chastity."

*I just know you're bigger than they are.* Hazel's words echoed in his mind. Why had she said that? It made him ashamed of his smaller-than-average cock. He knew Bradley was just trying to piss him off, but it stung now that he knew his crush cared about that sort of thing.

Was his mother the only pure woman left in the world?

"My mom isn't like that," he said proudly. "She's different."

"Oh yeah? Let's see about that." Then Bradley screamed, "HEY, SADIE! GET THE FUCK IN HERE! YOUR LOSER SON IS HOME!"

"Yes, Mr. Jones!" called Sadiya from down the hall.

A moment later, she came bustling into the living room.

Ahmad's jaw dropped when he saw what she was wearing. A pair of thin sweat shorts and stained gray cotton t-shirt hugged her voluptuous, jiggling body. Her shiny dark thighs were on display, straining the leg openings of her shorts. It was one of her outfits Ahmad loved most. Whenever she had a long day of cleaning ahead, she wore old cheap clothes that were a size too small for her. He loved the way the back seam rode up her asscrack when she got on all fours, scrubbing the floor clean...

That didn't explain why she was wearing it now!

At least she had the sense to put on a Hijab, for God's sake. It was bright lime green, the same color as her fingernails. And her toenails, he noticed.

"Welcome home, darling," she greeted him, sounding nervous.

Ahmad's cock almost spurted when she came strutting up to him. She was dripping with sweat, and the shape of her oversized mammarys was fully visible underneath the damp clinging t-shirt she wore. Even the eraser-like tips of her thick dark nipples were visible. Sweat had darkened the fabric around her armpits, and something about the womanly smell drove him wild.

He felt the drool pooling beneath his lower lip. God, how he wanted her!

"Mom, why—why are you—"

"I—I was in the middle of cleaning up when Mr. Jones arrived for his, um, daily visit."

They shared an awkward smile. Ahmad longed to embrace her. She was beautiful. She was so bashful and polite and wonderful. The woman in front of him wasn't just his mother. She was his fiancée, and he loved her with all his heart.

Smiling shyly, she leaned forward to give her precious son a kiss on the cheek. Feeling emboldened, he decided to turn his head at the last second and catch her on the lips. Why the hell shouldn't he? They were in love, damn it! There was no reason to hide it. Not even from Bradley.

She was inches from his face when Bradley snapped his fingers, clearing his throat.

Sadiya froze on command, her mouth mere inches from his puckered lips.

"Turn around," Bradley said.

Ahmad stewed in anger as his mother obeyed his bully, turning her back to him. He tried not to stare at her fat ass and wide, grabbable hips. Or the way her lower back arched. It was almost painful, not being able to wrap his skinny arms around her waist, to dig his fingers into her tits and bounce his crotch against her asscracks. Even with the chastity cage, he would have killed to do it!

"Come have a seat next to me," Bradley said.

"I will do no such a thing!" Sadiya was aghast. "Look at the state of me! You have no idea

how long I spent cleaning that couch this morning!”

Bradley nodded appreciatively. “Well probably get it dirty later anyways, but I like a woman who takes pride in her work. Just stand over here, then. There you go. Lift your arms above that sexy headtowel. Perfect.”

Grinning, Bradley stood beside the flustered Hijabi and nuzzled his face into her armpit. She made a surprised squeal as he buried his nose into the sweaty dark spot.

Ahmad watched in hot white rage as his bully began to sniff and suck the sweat from his mother’s underarms. Bradley fisted his huge cock while he grunted and moaned. Within seconds it was stiff against his mother’s thigh, leaving a dribbling trail of precum on her perfect skin.

Gasping, Sadiya shoved the horny high schooler, sending him back to the couch. She folded her arms, as if to protect herself. Her nose was scrunched, her dark eyes furious. “That is quite enough, young man! I was in the middle of greeting my son. How dare you subject me to such—such perversions!”

“Yeah, yeah. You can play mommy with the dweeb later. Get back to work. I don’t want dinner to take too long. I’m fucking starving!” He slapped her on the ass, and she yelped in surprise.

Ahmad watched those big cheeks jiggle. He wasn’t sure what he wanted more, to fuck his mom, or to beat his bully within an inch of his life!

“May I at least change into something more appropriate?” she asked.

“Just finish cleaning the bathroom, bitch. It’s taking you long enough!”

Ahmad’s nostrils flared. How dare he speak to the love of his life like that! And why was she just going along with what he said?

His mother carefully picked up an empty can of soda Bradley had tossed on the floor. “Can I get you anything else to drink?”

“Yeah, grab me a beer, would you?”

Now Sadiya’s kind face twisted with anger. She folded her arms as she reprimanded him. “Young man, I’ve been quite accommodating since you arrived. But we both know that would be breaking the law. Must I remind you that we are a Muslim household?”

“Sorry, Mrs. Yousef.” Bradley smiled innocently, putting on the act of a bashful schoolboy. “I guess I must’ve forgot.”

Sadiya sighed, fanning her face with her fingers. “I suppose it’s fine.”

“You’re sexy when you’re angry, by the way.”

“That is enough!” Sadiya stomped her foot and stormed away. “I am going to finish cleaning! And remove your foot from my coffee table!”

Bradley stared at her ass as she went, and his foot remained where he put it. “Man, that’s one fine piece of ass. Did you see how she was staring at my dick the whole time?”

“She wasn’t doing anything like that!” said Ahmad.

“Guess you must have missed it, you horny little dog. Don’t worry. Your mommy will fall in love with my dick soon enough.”

*Not if I have anything to say about it.* But when Ahmad stepped up to the couch, he lowered his head, staring at the carpet, hoping the boy would feel a shred of mercy and hear him out. “Brad, you have to get dressed and go. Just give me an hour with her. Please.”

“Can you get out of the way? I’m trying to watch the news. Go get started on your homework or something. I know you’re the type of kid who does it on Friday night. In fact, since you love school so much, I left my pack on your bed, so you can do mine too.”

Ahmad almost throttled his bully right on the spot, if he could even fit his hands around that meaty neck. “Who gave you permission to enter my room?”

Bradley snorted. “Why, you embarrassed about someone seeing your cartoons and action figures?”

“It’s called anime, you uncultured oaf. And they’re not action figures—they’re statues!”

“You’ll never get laid with that junk laying around.” Bradley’s glance at Ahmad’s crotch. “Not that it matters for a little caged cock like yours.”

“Fuck you,” Ahmad spat. “I’m going to talk to my mom!”

He heard Bradley laughing as he searched the house for his mother, finding her in the main bathroom. She was on her hands and knees. The spot of fabric over her pussy was dark. Was she getting turned on by all this? Her ass swung left and right as she scrubbed the floor in front

of the toilet. It was difficult to look away.

His cock ached at the sight, and his balls tightened against its little steel noose. He wondered how his mom would react if he sneaked up behind her and buried his face between her legs, tasting her at long last. Bradley got to suck on her armpit. It was only fair that Ahmad got her pussy!

Would she freak out, or would she just... let it happen?

“Mom?” he said.

“Oh, sweetie!” Sadiya staggered to her feet, and he noticed her eyes were red. Of course she wasn’t horny for the bastard’s ugly cock! She was just tired and sweaty from all her hard honest work. His mother hated Bradley as much as he did. It was such a relief. He should have never doubted her. Guys like him were pure evil to good women like her.

As Sadiya took a good look at her son, her plump lower lip began to tremble. Suddenly she threw her arms around his shoulders, hugging him fiercely. The embrace was tighter than he expected. He felt her hot, sweaty body melting into his clean school uniform. He breathed in her smell, all those sweaty female pheromones, the faint jasmine perfume, her floral shampoo, even the sour stench of cleaning supplies. All of it screamed *mother*.

Unable to control himself, he wrapped his arms around her, pulling her close. To his relief, she did not pull away. Her large pillow breasts, damp and filthy, smothered his face. His restrained dicklet pressed against the tenderness of her crotch. Through steel and fabric, he felt the folds of her most precious place. She hot there. Unbearably hot. It was like sticking his caged cock into a furnace!

Sadiya pulled away, breathing heavily.

“I’m sorry,” she said, kissing him on the forehead. “I don’t know what got into me. I—I shall wash your uniform tonight, after Mr. Jones has returned home.”

*You don’t have to call him that*, Ahmad wanted to scream.

“It’s fine, mom. I’m just happy to see you. I didn’t expect Bradley to be here so early.”

“He showed up without warning! I tried to make him go, but he sat down and would not leave!”

Ahmad thought of his long day at school. All the hours he spent thinking, searching the internet, and coming up with the plan to marry her. To rescue her.

But how could he tell her at a time like this, with his Bully in the next room, huge cock on display? After making his mother cry? After licking her armpits and slapping her ass, treating her like a piece of meat? Not to mention spilling his precum all over her perfect legs.

The timing was all wrong. All of a sudden, he wasn't so sure about breaking the news. His mother could still react badly if the words came out wrong. She could even freak out, considering how stressed she was.

So he kept his mouth shut, even though the words were on the tip of his tongue: *will you marry me?*

His proposal would have to wait. If only for a little while longer.

"I tried to get rid of him, mom," Ahmad said, frowning. "He went in my room. He saw my things! Now he's telling me to do his homework!"

Sadiya smiled, and it almost looked like she pitied him. "Just do what he says, my darling. We have to get through this, together. You are a smart boy. A genius, compared to that brute. He cannot do any worse to us than what he did last night. What's a little more homework than usual?"

Ahmad sighed. He couldn't say no to his mother. "Okay, mom. I guess you're right."

Sadiya held his cheeks in her dirty hands and kissed his forehead. "That's my good boy. My sweet boy. My precious little guy."

Ahmad flushed. *I want to be more than your boy.* But the sensation of her soft lips against his skin was beyond wonderful. He still had his hands on her hips, and he almost pulled her in again, to feel the heat of her, and the smell of her sex. Maybe if they embraced a second time, he could press his lips to her neck and get a taste of what Bradley was trying to steal from him.

"Mom, I—"

"MY HOMEWORK AIN'T GONNA DO ITSELF!" called Bradley from the living room.

He felt his mother's body tremble at the voice of Bradley Jones. She pushed him away, and her breasts lifted and sank with her breathing.

"Hurry along and start his homework, my sweetness." She put on a brave smile. "I must finish cleaning."

“Okay, mom. I guess I’ll do my homework.”

Ahmad climbed the living room stairs one step at a time, studying how Bradley stared absently at the news broadcast. He wasn’t sure what the bastard had planned for tonight. Somehow, he knew he wanted more than a simple handjob. Maybe if he did a good job on his homework, he would go easy on his mother. It was worth a try. What other choice did he have?

“I’ll save you, mom,” Ahmad whispered as he entered his bedroom and unzipped Bradley’s tattered backpack. It was hard not to think of his mother, and Hazel, and all the kids at school that had laughed at him.

Worst of all, his erection wouldn’t calm down.

He was horny enough to punch a hole in the wall!

Fighting back tears, Ahmad sat down at his desk, booted up his laptop, and got started on his bully’s homework.