

# **BREED**

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Parts 1-5

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## Part 1

The newscaster looked directly into the camera, her expression grave. "In an unprecedented move, the Global Federation has enacted the Repopulation Act, requiring all young men aged 18 to 20 to report to orbital breeding stations along with female family members on their mother's side. Mother, grandmother, sisters, aunts and cousins aged 18 and older must accompany these young men for a mandatory one year breeding assignment."

She paused, letting the shocking news sink in. "With recent breakthroughs allowing a full gestation period of only three months, each woman will be expected to birth four children during her time on the station before being permitted to return to Earth. These children will among the first citizens of the burgeoning Mars colonies. "Critics are calling the law a gross violation of bodily autonomy and reproductive rights," the newscaster continued. "But Global Federation officials maintain it is a necessary sacrifice to ensure the survival and expansion of the human race. Heavy fines and imprisonment await any who refuse to comply."

The screen filled with a stern government message: REPORT TO YOUR DESIGNATED REPOPULATION HUB IMMEDIATELY! FAILURE TO COMPLY IS A CRIMINAL OFFENSE.

The Richards household erupted into pandemonium as the news sank in. Brook's phone buzzed incessantly as female relatives called, all willing to fulfill their reproductive duties but seeking confirmation and reassurance from her first.

"Of course we'll do our part, honey," Brook heard her mother, Lorraine, say over the line, voice shaking slightly. "It's just so sudden. But if it's for the good of humanity..."

Brook's husband Roger paced the living room, hands balled into fists. "This is insane! Absolutely insane!" he shouted. "They can't just take you away and have you bred repeatedly by our son! It's a violation of our marriage vows!"

Brook felt torn between her civic responsibility and her husband's outrage. Her temples throbbed as she tried to wrap her mind around birthing four babies in the next year - all a product of her 18-year-old son's sperm.

Brook's space lit up with an incoming hologram chat from her sisters and nieces. Their shimmering 3D faces floated above the device, expressions ranging from nervous to determined.

"We have to do this," said her older sister Tara, creamy tit-cleavage heaving as she took a deep breath. "For the future of humanity."

"Agreed," chimed in Kira, Brook's vivacious 36-year-old younger sister. She glanced over her shoulder. "Ignore Doug's complaining back there. He'll have to deal with it like all the other husbands."

One by one, Brook's buxom adult nieces voiced their willingness to join the repopulation effort and be bred by their cousin Liam.

"What about you, Jenna?" Brook asked her redheaded daughter-in-law. "You're okay with this?"

Jenna nodded. "What choice do we have? At least we're all family and we can go through this together."

Behind Jenna, Brook's oldest son Josh paced into view, scowling as he held their newborn. "This is so messed up, mom. I'm supposed to be okay with my younger brother knocking up not only my mom and sisters, but my wife too?"

Jenna's bright blue eyes met Josh's gaze, her expression pleading yet tinged with selfish determination. "Honey, we don't have a choice," she reminded him. "If we refuse, we'll face huge fines or even jail time. It's only for a year – I can do this."

Her voice trailed off as conflicting emotions played across Josh's face - outrage, resignation, betrayal. Jenna reached out to stroke her husband's arm soothingly, but he jerked away from her touch.

Brook's head spun as the reality sank in - her shy, virginal son would soon be fathering children with all the fertile women in their family.

The mother's gaze met Liam's wide, panicked eyes across the room. Her son looked pale and shaken, his shoulders trembling slightly. She could only imagine the thoughts racing through his mind at the prospect of having to impregnate her and all his other female relatives.

Brook shuddered as the future stretched before them - month after month of Liam mounting her, Jenna, her sisters and nieces, his lean young body pumping and thrusting, shooting his virile seed deep inside them over and over until their bellies swelled with his offspring. The air seemed to thicken, heavy with the musk of impending incestuous sex.

They had no choice but to comply with the law. In a year's time, their family would be forever changed, with dozens of new babies to show for it - all sired by Brook's youngest son with his closest female relatives. The unnatural new normal.

Brook quickly reminded everyone they were instructed to bring nothing and come immediately in only the clothes they currently wore. She glanced at her own outfit - a tight white blouse barely containing her gigantic breasts, a short pencil skirt hugging her rounded bubble butt, and high-heeled mules. Not the most practical ensemble for space travel, but there was no time to change.

She quickly kissed Roger and her younger daughter Mia goodbye, heart clenching at the thought of being separated from them for a year. Mia clung to her mother, sobbing, until Brook gently pried her fingers away.

"I have to go, sweetie. For the good of everyone, but I'm sure they'll allow us to call each other, and I'll reach out as soon as I can." Her words sounded hollow to her own ears.

Brook flashed her husband a shameful, embarrassed look, her cheeks flushing hot. The reality was sinking in that for the next year, her body would belong not to her husband, but to her teenage son. Liam would be rutting between her strong, sexy legs day after day, pumping baby after baby into her fertile womb. She didn't know what to say. There were no words to make this okay. Shrugging helplessly, the wife of 20 years turned and walked away, leaving a heartbroken Roger behind.

Liam stood by the front door, ashen-faced and trembling. She took his arm, feeling the tension in his body. Her baby boy, suddenly thrust into manhood

and expected to fuck and impregnate his own mother and other female relatives. It was too much for any 18-year-old to process.

It wasn't that the boy hadn't fantasied about such a thing. His mother Brook was a stunningly gorgeous woman. Her long, lustrous brunette hair cascaded over her shoulders in soft waves. Enormous triple M-cup breasts strained against her white blouse, the heavy rounded globes threatening to spill free with each breath.

Below her slim waist flared an outrageously curvaceous bubble butt, a perfectly rounded shelf of an ass filling out her tight skirt. Brook's long, shapely legs seemed to go on forever, thick, toned and smooth, leading down to dainty feet in tall heels. She was the ultimate MILF - a monument to modern femininity and fertility.

As she and Liam stepped out the front door to head to the repopulation hub, Brook's heart pounded in her chest. She could feel Liam's arm trembling in her grasp.

Brook pulled Liam into a tight hug, smashing his face into her huge soft breasts. She stroked his hair soothingly even as her mind raced. In mere hours, her shy boy would be balls deep in not only her, but his aunts, cousins and grandmother, seeding their wombs with his potent sperm. The thought made Brook dizzy.

"I'm so sorry you have to go through this, honey," she murmured into Liam's ear, her pillowy breasts muffling her words. "But we'll face it as a family. You're gonna make such beautiful babies, don't you worry."

She held him a moment longer, trying to memorize the scent of his hair, the feel of his lean body against hers. Finally, Brook pulled back and looked her son in the eye, forcing a tremulous smile.

With a deep breath, Brook turned and began walking down the driveway, her heels clicking and her massive ass swaying. Liam followed in a daze, unable to take his eyes off his mother's jutting shelf booty. In his 18 years, he'd never imagined that thick ass would soon be bouncing on his cock as he fucked a baby into her. His enormous prick began to swell at the thought.

As they reached the closest transport, an armed guard in a crisp Global Federation uniform held out a hand to halt them.

"Names and ages," he demanded, eyes roving over Brook's voluptuous figure.

"Brook Richards, 41. And this is my son Liam Richards, 18," she replied, fighting to keep her voice steady.

The guard consulted his tablet. "Richards family, you've been assigned to Orbital Breeding Station Number 7. You can board the transport." He gestured to the open hatch of the sleek silver craft hovering a few inches above the street.

Brook's heart raced as she climbed aboard, Liam right behind her. The transport was packed with dozens of other mother-son pairs, all gripping each other's hands with white knuckles and exchanging tense looks. Brook recognized a few faces - women she had seen at the grocery store or picking up their kids from school. Now they were all participants in this world-wide breeding program.

She sank into a seat, the cold metal shocking against her bare thighs below her short skirt. Liam slid in beside her, barely fitting in the narrow space. His leg pressed against hers and she felt him trembling. Brook took his clammy hand in hers, trying to project a sense of maternal calm she didn't feel.

The hatch sealed with a hiss and the transport lifted off, pressing them back into their seats. Brook's massive tits shifted and strained against her tight blouse as the g-forces increased. Out the small window, she watched her neighborhood recede into the distance, then fall away entirely as they punched through the atmosphere. The blue sky faded to the inky black of space, stars twinkling coldly.

Liam's breathing grew rapid and shallow beside her. Brook squeezed his hand tighter, wishing she could reassure him that everything would be okay. But how could it be, with what they were about to do, what they were being forced to become to each other?

Tears pricked her eyes as Earth shrank to a blue marble behind them. A year, she told herself. Just one year and then we can return to our normal lives. But deep down, she knew nothing would ever be normal again.

The massive orbital station loomed ahead, a sprawling metal behemoth bristling with docking bays and slowly rotating rings. As their transport approached one of the open ports, Brook craned her neck to take in the immense structure through the small viewport. It resembled a gigantic wheel in space, with a central hub connected to the outer ring by thick spokes.

The transport shuddered as it locked into place with a reverberating clang that Brook felt in her bones. She squeezed Liam's hand tighter, unsure of what awaited them inside this off-world breeding facility. Her voluptuous body tensed with apprehension, breasts straining against her tight blouse as her breathing quickened.

A chime sounded and a robotic voice announced, "Welcome to Orbital Station 7. Please disembark and proceed to the intake area for processing and room assignments."

The hatch slid open with a hiss. Brook stood on unsteady legs, her stiletto heels wobbling on the metal grates of the docking tunnel. She tugged Liam up beside her and they joined the stream of shell-shocked mothers and sons filing out of the transport, the sharp click of dainty heels echoing in the cavernous space.

Armed guards in sleek black uniforms lined the path, their faces obscured by reflective visors. They clutched menacing pulse rifles, a not-so-subtle threat of the consequences for anyone there who shouldn't be. Brook's heart hammered as she hurried past them, Liam's slick palm clutched in hers.

The intake area was a cavernous white room divided into stations manned by more austere uniformed workers. Glowing signs directed them to their assigned kiosks. Brook and Liam shuffled into the line for "R Surnames." As they inched forward, Brook's eyes darted around, taking in the other families waiting their turn.

After an interminable wait, they reached the front of the line. A severe woman with a tight bun and crisp uniform consulted her holo-screen.

"Brook and Liam Richards?" Her tone made it clear it wasn't really a question.

"Yes," Brook managed, mouth dry. She was intensely aware of Liam pressing against her side, his body trembling.

"Welcome. You've been assigned to Suite 7-491 in the Gamma Quadrant. Here are your room keys. Report directly there for orientation and to await further instructions."

The crisp uniformed woman handed Brook two translucent key cards. She took them with numb fingers, struggling to process that these small bits of plastic now controlled access to the space where she would commit incest with her own son. Where she would bear his children.

"This way," Brook murmured to her son, glancing at the glowing room number on the key card before striding off down a sterile white hallway, her heels clicking and her huge ass bouncing. Liam scurried to keep up, trying not to stare too blatantly at the mesmerizing jiggle of his mother's colossal cheeks.

They reached a bank of sleek elevators and Brook pressed the call button with a trembling finger. The doors slid open immediately and they stepped inside the small space. As Brook turned, she came face to face with a stunningly voluptuous woman who looked to be in her early 40s. The woman's tits were as big as Brook's, straining against a low-cut red dress.

"Looks like we're heading to the same quadrant," the woman said, her voice husky. She held up a key card identical to theirs. "I'm Veronica. This is my

son Marcus. I guess we'll be your neighbors." She nodded at the nervous looking boy hovering behind her.

"I'm Brook, and this is my son Liam," Brook replied, trying to smile. "It's...it's good to meet you, despite the circumstances."

"It's insane, isn't it?" Veronica said, shaking her head so her massive jugs wobbled. "Just yesterday I was fretting about making it to Marcus's basketball game on time between my hair appointment and book club brunch. Now here I am, about to spend a year being knocked up by him."

"I know," Brook said, suddenly feeling a rush of relief at being able to voice her swirling emotions to another woman in the same unthinkable position. "This morning my biggest concern was that I might be late to my 10am spin class because I couldn't find a sports bra that fit these damn things." She cupped her giant tits and sighed. "And I was looking forward to my Ladies' Golf League tournament this weekend," Veronica commiserated. "Guess that's off the table now that my son and I will be too busy planting a baby in my womb."

Brook and Veronica giggled as their gazes drifted down to their sons' crotches. Despite their best efforts not to look, Brook couldn't stop her eyes from zeroing in on the massive tents rising in the boys' pants. Liam's enormous cock throbbed beneath the straining fabric, the bulbous cockhead clearly outlined. Her mouth went dry at the thought of that plum-sized tip spearing into her soon.

Next to him, Marcus's equally huge prick pulsed, looking like it might burst through his zipper any second. The outline of his fat balls was visible too,

churning with the potent seed that would be pumping into his own mother within hours.

As the musk of raging teenage hormones filled the tight elevator, Brook felt a responding throb between her thighs. To her horror, her clit began to swell, the grape-sized bud pushing against her panties. Her nipples tightened into fat, tingling nubs, poking against her blouse like hardened gumdrops.

Shame heated her cheeks at her body's sudden arousal. What kind of mother got turned on by her own son's cock? By the knowledge that he would soon be mounting her, rutting into her, seeding her womb with his baby?

But as she snuck a glance at Veronica, Brook saw the same conflicted desire mirrored on the other woman's face. Veronica's massive tits heaved in her low-cut dress, the points of her stiff nipples clearly visible. Her cheeks were flushed and her pupils blown wide as she stared at Marcus's straining erection.

The elevator dinged, shattering the sexually charged silence. Brook startled, looking away from Liam's tented crotch with a guilty flush. The doors slid open, revealing a long, sterile hallway lined with numbered doors. Heart pounding, she stepped out, the click of her heels echoing obscenely loud to her ears.

“Good luck,” Veronica's pretty voice called out.

Brook and Veronica exchanged a long, loaded look before heading their separate ways down the long sterile hallway. In Veronica's dark eyes, Brook saw the same sick thrill that pulsed through her own body reflected back at

her. They were mothers in their prime, curvaceous sexual freight trains - and for the next year, their shy virgin sons would be at their mercy, forced to rut and breed them.

“You too,” Brook called back, pulling her son along by the hand.

Brook's stomach clenched with nervousness as she glanced at the key card in her hand, confirming they had arrived at Suite 7-491.

Liam hovered nervously at her side as Brook raised a trembling hand to wave the key card over the access panel. The door clicked and swished open. Swallowing hard, Brook stepped over the threshold into the spacious suite that would be their new home for the next year - and the site of their government-mandated incestuous breeding.

They were immediately greeted by a stunningly beautiful female android in a sleek silver bodysuit. Her artificial skin had a pearlescent sheen and her movements were fluid and graceful as she approached them with a polite smile.

"Welcome, Brook and Liam Richards. I am Serena, your personal assistant and breeding coach during your stay on Orbital Station 7," the android said in a pleasantly modulated voice. "Please allow me to show you to your rooms and familiarize you with the suite."

Brook could only nod mutely, rendered speechless by the surreal situation and the knowledge of what was to come. Her entire body felt numb and disconnected as she robotically followed Serena deeper into the suite, the click of her heels muffled by the plush carpet. She was intensely aware of Liam trailing behind her, his tension palpable.

The front room opened into a large, open concept living area with sleek, modern furniture in soothing neutral tones. Floor to ceiling windows looked out on the vast expanse of space, distant stars twinkling against the infinite black. Several doors lined one curving wall.

"The suite is designed for maximum comfort and privacy," Serena explained as she led them through the living room. "Each of the female family members has her own private bedroom and bathroom through there."

She gestured to the closed doors. Brook swallowed hard at the reminder that her sisters, mother, and nieces would soon be joining them here - all to be impregnated by Liam. By her baby boy.

Serena showed them the well-appointed kitchen stocked with a dizzying array of food and drink, a cozy entertainment nook with a huge holo-screen, and a small gym outfitted with the latest exercise equipment to keep them healthy during their reproductive duties.

Through it all, Brook moved as if in a daze, her mind struggling to accept the new reality. It felt like a bizarre dream, like at any moment she might wake up in her own bed at home and laugh about the crazy experience.

But the plush carpet under her feet was undeniably real. The brushed steel walls and elegant furniture couldn't be denied. And Liam's presence at her side, his young body radiating shock, nervousness and arousal.

As Serena led them into the expansive master suite, Brook's head spun at the enormous circular bed dominating the space. Plush carpets, mirror-tiled walls and ceiling, a huge view-screen currently displaying the slowly

rotating Earth. It looked like a decadent pleasure den, designed for the sole purpose of endless fucking.

Her heart raced at the thought of being splayed out on that bed, Liam mounting her, thrusting into her. She squeezed her thighs together as an illicit tingle of arousal mingled with her nervousness and disbelief.

Before she could dwell on it further, the suite's front door chimed. Serena glided over to answer it. "The rest of your family has arrived," she announced.

Brook took a fortifying breath, breasts heaving. She placed a hand on the small of Liam's back and guided her shell-shocked son out to greet the arriving women.

The living room quickly filled with a bevy of buxom beauties - all sharing the same lush, exaggerated figures as Brook. Massive tits, tiny waists, and jutting bubble butts abounded, straining against tight dresses and skirts.

Brook's sisters Tara and Kira rushed over to enfold her in a tight hug, their giant tits mashing together. She breathed in the familiar scent of their perfume, finding a small measure of comfort in their presence despite the circumstances.

"Can you believe this?" Kira whispered, her blue eyes wide. "We always heard rumors of mandatory breeding, but I never imagined it would actually happen!"

Tara's voice was more strained, her forced smile not quite reaching her eyes. "We'll get through this together. As a family."

Brook nodded, but a lump formed in her throat as she looked over at Liam. Her handsome boy stood frozen, eyes glazed and mouth agape as he took in the overwhelming abundance of fertile female flesh on display. She couldn't blame him - between herself, her sisters, mom, and nieces, it was a wet dream come to life.

Three curvy, vivacious nieces bounced over to plant kisses on Liam's cheeks, giggling and cooing over their "handsome cousin" who would soon be planting babies in their young wombs. Brook's heart ached at their carefree innocence, even as jealousy spiked at their easy flirtation. She tamped it down, knowing it was beyond inappropriate given the situation.

Lorraine, Brook's mother, approached, her 6-inch stiletto heels clicking delicately on the floor. The substantial meat of her gigantic tits trembled like gelatin with each graceful step, threatening to spill out of her low-cut blouse. Her rounded buttocks dimpled and undulated beneath the clinging fabric of her skirt, an exaggerated hourglass figure that drew Liam's stunned gaze like a magnet.

"My baby boy," Lorraine cooed, folding Liam into her pillowy embrace. He was engulfed in warm, pliant flesh, his face pressed into the deep valley of her cleavage. "I know this is overwhelming, but Grandma's here now. We'll get through this together...all of us."

She released him only to turn and wrap Brook and her sisters in the same smothering hug, colossal breasts compressing together. "My girls," Lorraine sighed. "I'm so sorry we have to go through this. But we'll face it as a family."

The women separated, hands lingering on each other's arms. Tara tugged at the hem of her skintight dress where it had ridden up over her prodigious rump. "God, I feel like a sausage in this thing. If I'd known, I would have worn something with a little more give today.

Kira laughed, but it sounded slightly manic. "I don't think there's a garment in existence that can contain all this." She cupped her massive jugs and gave them a shake. "Especially once Liam starts putting buns in our ovens."

Brook's face heated at her sister's crudeness. But she couldn't deny the way her eyes kept straying to her son, drinking in his lean, youthful body. Liam was the picture of virility, and soon he would be unleashing that potent fertility on all of them.

As if sensing her thoughts, Liam glanced over, his Adam's apple bobbing as he swallowed hard. Brook quickly averted her gaze, shame and illicit anticipation warring within her.

As the door chimed again, Liam's heart stuttered in his chest. He looked up to see his sister-in-law Jenna gliding into the room, her bright red hair like a beacon drawing his gaze.

Jenna had always been stunning, but now, a mere month after giving birth, her body was riper and more lush than ever. Her enormous breasts strained against her snug sweater, the rounded globes heavy with milk. The rest of her figure was still slightly soft and pudgy in the most alluring way, her wide hips and thick thighs perfect for gripping as he planted his seed deep inside her.

Liam swallowed hard, trying to dispel the mental image of mounting Jenna, to focus on anything other than her tempting, fertile body. Guilt twisted his gut as he thought of his brother Josh. Josh, who knew his wife would spend the next year riding Liam's cock as he fucked a baby into her over and over.

Jenna sauntered up to him, a knowing smile playing about her plump lips. She placed a hand on his chest, her touch searing him through his shirt.

"Don't think about Josh right now," she murmured, voice low and honeyed. Her blue eyes sparkled with mischief and barely restrained lust. "This next year is about you and me. About making beautiful babies together."

She pressed closer, her giant, milk-swollen tits mashing against him. Liam inhaled sharply, the sweet scent of her, the warmth of her body, flooding his senses and making his head spin. He could feel his cock swelling, straining against his pants.

Serena asked the group to make themselves comfortable on the expansive curved sofa. Liam found himself sandwiched between his voluptuous mother and buxom grandmother, their plush, womanly bodies pressing against him on either side. Brook's hand rested on his thigh, burning through the fabric of his pants. Lorraine's arm draped across his shoulders, her fingers toying with his hair.

Liam's heart pounded, his skin flushed and prickling with awareness of all the fertile female flesh surrounding him. His cock throbbed, swelling against his zipper as he was enveloped in the heady, floral scent of so many ripe, fuckable women - women he'd soon be breeding.

"If I could have your attention," Serena said, her melodic voice cutting through the sensual haze fogging Liam's brain. "I'll go over what to expect during your year-long stay."

Liam tried to focus on the beautiful android's words, but it was nearly impossible with his mother's giant breast pressing against his arm, the soft meat yielding and conforming to him. He felt the hard pebble of her nipple, knew the slightest shift would have it poking directly into his bicep.

"Each of you women will be fulfilling your reproductive duty by birthing four children over the next year," Serena explained matter-of-factly. "I will be carefully monitoring your cycles and fertility to ensure optimal timing for conception."

Four babies. The number reverberated in Liam's skull. His potent sperm would be responsible for putting four babies in each of these women's wombs - in his mom, his grandmother, his aunts and cousins. His sister-in-law. The responsibility pressed down on him even as his cock jerked and throbbed with the heavy burden of its duty.

"To further guarantee successful insemination, I will be personally coaching Liam through the finer points of lovemaking," Serena continued, a small smile playing about her glossy artificial lips. "Using techniques and positions from the ancient Kama Sutra to heighten pleasure and fertility."

Liam almost choked at the casual way she said it - as if having an android train him to fuck his female relatives for maximum breeding efficiency was the most natural thing in the world.

His face blazed, stomach twisting with shame and illicit arousal. He felt his mother shift beside him and glanced over to find her sapphire eyes burning into him, pupils blown wide and lips parted. A trickle of sweat slid between the epic valley of her cleavage.

On his other side, his grandmother rubbed his shoulder soothingly even as she pressed her tits against his arm. "You're gonna do just fine, sweetie," Lorraine murmured. "We're all here to help you become the virile breeder you were meant to be."

Serena brought up a holographic display showing a complex schedule grid. Liam's eyes widened as he took in the dizzying array of time slots, each color-coded and labeled with one of the women's names along with a string of obscure acronyms.

"As you can see," Serena said, gesturing to the display, "I have carefully optimized the breeding schedule to ensure maximum fertility and conception rates. I've factored in Liam's impressive semen volume and short refractory period, as well as each of your ovulation cycles."

Liam gulped, face burning as he processed this information. His gaze darted around the room, taking in the flushed and avid expressions on the women's faces. They looked...eager. Excited, even. A bead of sweat trickled down his spine.

His mother leaned forward, studying the schedule intently. Liam tried not to stare at the way her massive tits swayed and bounced with the movement, threatening to spill out of her blouse. "I see you have me down for the first breeding session this evening," she said, voice husky.

Serena nodded. "Yes, you're at peak fertility currently, Brook. Coupling with Liam tonight will give you the best odds of conceiving."

Liam's heart stuttered in his chest. He was going to fuck a baby into his own mother in mere hours. His cock throbbed urgently against his zipper, a combination of arousal and panic flooding his veins.

Lorraine patted his knee, drawing his attention to her knowing smile. "Don't worry, dear. You'll be a natural. And we'll all be here to help you every step of the way."

Liam's mouth went dry at the blatant hunger in his grandmother's eyes. He didn't miss the way her hand lingered on his thigh, fingers brushing dangerously close to his straining erection.

His gaze flicked to his sister-in-law Jenna. She lounged on the couch, legs crossed to reveal a tempting expanse of creamy thigh. When she caught him looking, she uncrossed and recrossed them slowly, deliberately, flashing the panty-shrouded cleft of her vulva. An inviting smirk curved her plump lips.

Liam shifted uncomfortably, hyperaware of all the bountiful female flesh surrounding him. The women's intoxicating floral scent wrapped around him, a dizzying blend of ripe fertility. His balls ached, feeling heavy and swollen with the seed he'd soon be pumping into their eager wombs.

As Serena finished explaining the schedule, Liam's head spun. He'd never imagined his barely legal cock would be in such high demand, responsible for knocking up every lush beauty in his family. But as overwhelming as it was, he couldn't deny the hot pulse of anticipation building low in his gut.

Serena's artificial eyes sparkled as she continued. "In addition to tracking the women's fertility cycles, we also conducted a thorough scan of Liam's reproductive capabilities upon your arrival."

Liam felt his face flush hot as Serena casually discussed his most private anatomy in front of his entire family. His stomach flip-flopped with embarrassment and an illicit thrill.

"I'm pleased to report that Liam is an exceptional physical specimen, even among the genetically optimized breeding stock we usually see," Serena said, a note of approval in her melodic voice.

She brought up a rotating holographic model and Liam blanched as he recognized the unnaturally large phallus as his own. Gasps and murmurs rippled through the women.

"As you can see, Liam's penis achieves an impressive 10.2 inches when fully engorged, with a girth of 7 inches." The hologram spun, displaying his huge cock from every angle. "The flared glans and prominent veining are ideal for stimulating ovulation upon insertion into the cervix."

In unison, the women's vaginal walls clenched and fluttered, their bodies responding viscerally to the stimulating display of Liam's exceptional manhood. Hot slick arousal seeped from their clenching cunts, saturating their panties and filling the room with the thick, heady musk of female excitement.

Deep inside, at the backs of their eager birthing canals, their cervixes quivered and puckered, pink rings dilating in preparation to be penetrated by the bulbous head of Liam's cock. The tender Os tingled, aching to be

stretched wide around his impressive girth, to have his flared glans kissing the entrances to their fertile wombs.

Liam shifted uncomfortably on the couch, the cotton of his underwear suddenly feeling rough and chafing against his sensitive cockhead. He could feel the wet spot spreading where copious amounts of pre-cum leaked from his slit. The pressure in his balls bordered on painful as they drew up tight to his body, swollen and heavy, ready to unleash a massive load.

Surrounded by the intoxicating estrogen-rich scent of so many aroused women - of his mother, his grandmother, his aunts and cousins - Liam's head spun. His skin prickled with heat and his heart raced. He'd never been so turned on in his life, had never imagined his body could produce such an urgent, primal need to rut and breed.

Brook rubbed his thigh soothingly but her sapphire eyes were riveted to the hologram, pupils blown wide. Her plump lips parted and a trickle of sweat slid into her epic cleavage.

"Furthermore," Serena continued, "Liam's testes are capable of producing an astounding 25 milliliters of semen per ejaculation, with sperm counts approaching 500 million per milliliter. This is nearly twice the volume and potency of the average male."

The women gasped and tittered, shooting him looks of wonder and naked hunger.

"Based on these metrics, my projections show Liam will be able to ejaculate productively up to 12 times per day," Serena said matter-of-factly.

"This will ensure optimal saturation of your fertile eggs at every opportunity."

Liam's head spun at the casual way Serena laid out his new reality - his sole purpose would be to pump load after potent load into his female relatives' ripe bodies, over and over, all day every day for the next year. Seeding their wombs with his virile spunk until their bellies swelled with his offspring.

The teen gazed down at the obscene bulge tenting his pants, his face flushing with embarrassment. The wet spot spreading across the stretched fabric made it look like he'd pissed himself, but he knew it was just a copious amount of pre-drool leaking from his slit. His cock felt hard as granite, pulsing and throbbing against the confines of his underwear.

On either side of him, his mother and grandmother stroked his thighs, their manicured nails clawing at his flesh through the fabric. Their hands inched dangerously close to his groin, as if tempted to reach out and grab his straining dick. Liam's heart pounded at their bold touches, a bead of sweat trickling down his temple.

Their fingers seemed to burn his skin even through his pants. His balls ached, feeling heavy and swollen, churning with the massive load he'd soon be pumping into their fertile depths. Liam imagined his mother and grandmother naked and spread before him, their thick, buxom bodies flushed and glistening, ripe for breeding.

He pictured mounting them, notching the fat head of his cock against their dripping fuck-slots and hilding himself in their tight, clasping cunts. Feeling their greedy pussies squeezing and milking him as he rutted into them,

seeding their wombs with his potent spunk until their bellies swelled with his offspring.

Liam shifted on the couch, hyperaware of his female relatives' eyes riveted to his crotch, to the unmistakable outline of his huge cock. Shame and arousal warred within him as he glanced around the room, taking in their hungry, covetous expressions. They all looked eager to take a turn on his dick, to be stretched and stuffed full of his meat.

His balls gave a warning throb and Liam clenched his thighs, willing himself not to cum untouched in front of everyone. But it was a losing battle with his mother's and grandmother's hands rubbing up and down his thighs, grazing his sensitive cock through his pants.

Serena's matter-of-fact commentary about his freakish sexual prowess and semen production only fanned the flames of Liam's need higher. He felt dizzy and drunk on a cocktail of shock, humiliation and overwhelming lust. In mere hours, his new life as a breeding stud for his own family would begin. And despite being nervous, he'd never been so excruciatingly horny in his life.

Serena went on to explain that to support Liam's prodigious semen production, he would receive a daily regimen of vitamins, minerals, and specially formulated supplements designed to boost his sperm motility, morphology and volume.

She brought up a holographic model of Liam's reproductive system, zeroing in on his prostate gland. The teen squirmed as the women leaned forward, studying the enlarged, glowing organ rotating above the coffee table.

"In addition to the nutritional support, Liam will receive a daily prostate massage," Serena said, swiping a graceful hand through the hologram to highlight the gland. "Stimulating the prostate has been shown to increase semen volume by up to 30% while also heightening sexual pleasure."

Serena went on to explain that when the women weren't actively breeding with Liam, they were expected to keep their voluptuous bodies in peak physical condition for the rigorous demands of their reproductive duties. She brought up a hologram showcasing the lavish Gamma Quadrant spa and fitness center, complete with massage tables, a sauna, and rows of gleaming exercise machines designed to tone and tighten every curve.

"Regular sessions in the spa and gym will keep you glowing with health and primed for vigorous intercourse," Serena said, her pearlescent skin shimmering under the lights. "Coupled with a regimen of daily orgasmic pleasure, even throughout your pregnancies, your bodies will achieve an optimal state of sexual vitality."

Liam's pulse pounded in his ears as he processed this information. His female relatives would be maintaining their lush, ripe physiques solely to drain his balls more efficiently, to milk every last drop of his potent seed as they bred over and over. The knowledge sent a thrill of illicit power and heavy responsibility surging through him.

His eyes darted to his mother's expansive cleavage, rising and falling with her quickened breaths. The fabric of her blouse looked ready to burst from the strain of containing her enormous breasts. He imagined her laid out on one of those massage tables, her spectacular body glistening with oil as she moaned in ecstasy, preparing herself for another round of fertile fucking with her own son. His cock jerked urgently in his pants.

Liam's face blazed as he realized he would be expected to keep all of these women, these close female relatives, sexually satisfied on a daily basis, even as their bellies grew round with his babies. The thought of penetrating their slick passages each day, bringing them to screaming climax while heavy with his children, made him dizzy with scandalous arousal.

He shifted on the couch, trying to alleviate the pressure of his straining erection. But it was impossible, sandwiched between the plush bodies of his mother and grandmother, their intoxicating floral scent and womanly heat surrounding him. Liam felt like he might explode if he didn't sink his aching cock into one of their juicy cunts soon.

As if sensing his thoughts, his sister-in-law Jenna uncrossed and recrossed her legs again, deliberately flashing him a glimpse of bare, glistening pink flesh at the apex of her plump thighs. Liam swallowed hard, mouth going dry as his heartbeat roared in his ears.

Serena's words echoed in his skull - "a regimen of daily orgasmic pleasure." His cockhead twitched, already oozing pre-cum, eager to get started on his family breeding duties. Liam knew he should be disgusted with himself for the dark, taboo lust pumping through his veins, but he was only a horny 18-year-old, in the perfect condition to rut and breed.

Serena smiled serenely, her luminous artificial eyes fixing on Liam's nervous face. "In addition to managing the breeding schedule, I am equipped with an extensive database on human sexuality and reproduction. My programming includes advanced techniques in positioning, rhythm, and stimulation to ensure optimal insemination and fertilization."

Liam gulped, his heart hammering against his ribs as he processed this. Not only was he expected to perform his breeding duties with all his fertile female relatives, but he'd have an eerily beautiful android coaching him through every intimate moment. His mind reeled at the idea of this artificial woman guiding his body, instructing him on exactly how to fuck his family members for maximum reproductive success.

"I will be present during all coupling sessions," Serena continued matter-of-factly, "providing real-time guidance and feedback to enhance your technique, Liam. Consider me your personal assistant in ensuring your ejaculate reaches its target and achieves conception."

Liam's face blazed, a bead of sweat trickling down his temple. He couldn't meet Serena's steady gaze, his eyes instead flicking around at the beautiful, bountiful women surrounding him - women he would soon be mounting and filling with his seed under the android's watchful eye and instruction.

His cock throbbed urgently, equal parts overwhelmed and shamefully titillated by the prospect. He imagined Serena's cool hands on his heated skin, adjusting the angle of his hips as he rutted between his mother's splayed thighs. Pictured her melodic voice in his ear, praising him for reaching the deepest parts of his grandmother's womb.

Liam shifted uncomfortably on the couch, hyperaware of his raging erection straining against his zipper. He prayed no one else noticed the conspicuous bulge, but the knowing glint in Serena's artificial eyes told him otherwise. She quirked a glossy lip, giving him an almost imperceptible nod.

"In addition to positioning, I will be monitoring your biometrics in real time," the android continued, her voice like warm honey. "Heart rate, blood

pressure, body temperature, and most importantly, semen volume and motility. I will use this data to make adjustments and provide...motivation to keep you performing at peak virility."

The implications of her words crashed over Liam in a wave of scandalous arousal tinged with trepidation. His balls tightened, feeling impossibly full and aching for release. He couldn't fathom how he was supposed to hold back his climax under such intensely erotic circumstances, with Serena whispering filthy encouragements based on his body's reactions.

As if sensing his thoughts, Serena's smile widened. "Not to worry, Liam. My programming is quite advanced in that area as well. I have numerous methods to help you with stamina and self-control." Her luminous eyes flicked down to his crotch knowingly.

Liam's Aunt Kira spoke up, her voice tinged with amusement. "And don't you worry about a thing, sweetie. You may have Serena here with all her fancy AI techniques, but you've also got a room full of experienced women to guide you through every step." She winked salaciously.

Tara nodded in agreement, her massive jugs jiggling. "Absolutely! We've been around the block a time or two. We know a thing or twenty about driving a man wild." She giggled, the girlish sound at odds with her blatant sexual confidence.

Liam's cheeks burned as his aunts discussed sex so casually, like they were talking about baking cookies instead of incestuous breeding. His cock ached as he pictured them demonstrating their "experience", teaching him exactly how they liked to be touched, licked, and filled.

His mother rubbed his thigh, her touch searing him through his pants. "You're in very good hands, sweetheart. Literally!" Brook giggled, giving his leg a squeeze. "We'll make sure you're the most virile breeder this station has ever seen."

Liam swallowed hard, his Adam's apple bobbing. The pressure of his mother's hand on his thigh, the heat of her body pressing against his side, made his head swim with a dizzying cocktail of arousal and anxiety. He couldn't believe this was really happening, that he was about to embark on a year of nonstop sex with his closest female relatives.

Lorraine leaned in close, her lips brushing Liam's ear as she spoke. "Such a lucky boy, getting to put babies in all our bellies. And we're the lucky ones, too. I just know you're gonna feel amazing inside us." Her warm breath on his neck made Liam shiver, goosebumps rising on his skin. The blatant hunger in his grandmother's voice, the way her huge, heavy breasts pressed against his arm, had his heart galloping in his chest. He pictured her riding him, her lush body undulating as she impaled herself on his cock.

Lunch was a surreal affair. Liam picked at his food, stomach too twisted up in knots to eat much. He kept sneaking furtive glances at the women around the table - his mother, grandmother, aunts, and cousins. Their usual lighthearted chatter felt strained, loaded with unspoken tension.

He caught Brook's eye and quickly looked away, face heating. In just a couple hours, he'd be balls deep in his own mother, pumping her full of his seed. The wrongness of it battled with the dark, illicit arousal coiling in his gut.

Liam's gaze flicked to Lorraine. His grandmother smiled at him over the rim of her glass, eyes twinkling with mischief and barely restrained lust. He gulped, imaging those painted lips wrapped around his cock, urging him to fill her womb with his potent sperm.

His aunts, Tara and Kira, tittered together, their ample bosoms jiggling. They kept glancing at Liam, undressing him with their eyes.

He squirmed in his seat, his skin too tight, his clothes too constricting. Every nerve sizzled with awareness of all the fertile female flesh he would soon be rutting into.

Across the table, his sister-in-law Jenna slowly licked her spoon, gaze burning into the boy. His cock throbbed as he watched her pink tongue swirl around the utensil, imagining it laving over his aching cockhead instead. A bead of sweat trickled down his spine.

Jenna's eyes sparkled with wicked delight as they raked over Liam's body, undressing him with her gaze. He could practically feel her undressing him with her eyes, peeling away his clothes to get at the young, virile flesh beneath.

Liam's face burned and he shifted uncomfortably under the intensity of Jenna's hungry stare. He knew exactly what his sister-in-law was thinking - how much she was looking forward to pinning his lean body beneath hers and riding him into oblivion.

In Jenna's mind, Liam was the superior breeder, the one with the huge cock and endless stamina to satisfy her in a way her husband never could. Josh may have put one baby in her, but it would be Liam's seed that would take

root in her womb over and over, giving her the biggest, most mind-blowing orgasms as he knocked her up.

Liam's heart pounded as he met Jenna's heated gaze, his skin prickling with shameful arousal. He pictured her lush, curvaceous body writhing on top of him, her giant milk-laden tits bouncing as she fucked him like a bitch in heat. He imagined her throwing her head back in ecstasy, screaming his name as she came on his huge cock again and again.

Liam's own cock throbbed urgently in his pants, aching to slip into Jenna's tight, wet heat and show her what a real man could do. To pump her so full of his potent cum, she'd be overflowing. He wanted to ruin her for his brother, to make her crave his huge dick and virile seed like a drug.

At the same time, guilt twisted in Liam's gut like a knife. Jenna was his brother's wife, the mother of his nephew. It was so wrong to lust after her, to crave the illicit press of her naked flesh against his. He knew it would destroy Josh to watch his younger brother mount his wife, to hear her moan wantonly as Liam seeded her womb with his baby.

But Liam couldn't control his body's reaction to Jenna's blatant eye-fucking, or to the knowledge that soon he'd be balls deep in her and every other fertile woman at this table. His higher brain functions were rapidly shutting down, his hindbrain taking over with its basest imperative: breed, breed, breed.

After the charged meal, Serena whisked Liam away for his "male spa appointment." His heart hammered as he followed the beautiful android down the curving hallway, the click of her high heels echoing off the brushed steel walls.

"It's important that you be properly groomed and prepared for the physical demands of your upcoming breeding duties," Serena explained as they entered a sleek, brightly lit spa room.

Liam's eyes widened as he took in the reclining chair, gleaming instruments, and screens displaying diagrams of the male reproductive system. His stomach flipped at the thought of being touched on his most intimate areas, prepping his body for optimal insemination of his female relatives.

"Please disrobe and take a seat," Serena instructed, her pearlescent skin glowing under the bright lights.

With shaking hands, Liam shucked off his clothes, hyperaware of the android's assessing gaze on his fit young body. He fought the urge to cover himself as his huge, heavy cock sprang free, already at half mast.

Serena's artificial eyes zoomed in on his member, scanning and analyzing. "My, my, what an impressive specimen," she cooed. "Your female relatives are quite lucky indeed."

Liam gulped as he settled his naked body into the sleek reclining chair, his heart racing. Mechanical arms whirred to life around him, making him flinch. He gripped the armrests, knuckles turning white as a robotic appendage extended towards his head.

"Please relax, Liam," Serena said soothingly. "The grooming process is quite safe and pleasurable."

He tried to slow his breathing as gleaming metal fingers gently worked shampoo through his hair, massaging his scalp. It did feel good, and he

gradually loosened his death grip on the chair.

Serena stood nearby, studying a holographic display. "Your first coupling session is scheduled for 1900 hours with your mother Brook. She is at peak fertility today."

Liam's stomach swooped at the reminder, a confusing mix of anxiety and illicit arousal swirling inside him. The robotic fingers rinsed his hair and began snipping, dark locks falling to the floor.

"Following that, you have your Aunt Tara at 2100 and your grandmother Lorraine at 2300," Serena continued matter-of-factly, as if reading off any normal schedule instead of back-to-back incestuous breeding appointments.

Liam's head spun, the weight of his immense responsibility pressing down on him. Three of his closest female relatives, all in one night, all ovulating and eager for his seed. His cock twitched, swelling against his thigh.

"Tomorrow morning will be Kira at 0800, then your cousins Sasha and Mia in the afternoon, as well as another session with your mother," Serena said. "I'll administer a special blend of herbal extracts and nanotech enhancers to keep you potent and virile."

The chair tilted back, robotic arms carefully lathering Liam's chiseled chest and abs. He shivered as the slick mechanical fingers grazed his nipples, the stimulation going straight to his growing erection.

"Your sister-in-law Jenna is scheduled for tomorrow evening," Serena added, luminous eyes flicking to Liam's rising manhood. "She's been quite eager for her turn with you."

Liam barely suppressed a groan as soapy metal digits skated down his treasure trail, preparing to shave his pubic hair. He remembered the blatant hunger in Jenna's eyes, the way she'd eye-fucked him over lunch. His cock throbbed, growing achingly hard.

The first brush of the razor against his sensitive groin made Liam gasp. The mechanical arms worked with precision, shaving him bare as Serena looked on impassively. He'd never felt so exposed, so vulnerable, splayed out naked and hard in front of this beautiful android.

Serena explained the importance of being completely smooth and hairless for optimal reproductive contact. "Shaving allows for maximum skin-to-skin contact and sensation during intercourse," she said clinically as the razor buzzed over Liam's most intimate areas. "It reduces friction and irritation, allowing you to thrust more vigorously to reach climax."

Liam gulped, face blazing at her blunt words. The thought of his cock slipping against his mother's bare, slick folds made him throb urgently against the mechanical arm.

"The women are receiving a similar treatment in their spa sessions," Serena continued. "Though some, like your mother, have elected to keep a small patch of pubic hair styled fashionably above the mons. Many find it enhances their feelings of femininity and sexual appeal."

Liam squeezed his eyes shut, picturing his mother's landing strip pointing like an arrow to her glistening pink slit, just waiting for him to fill it. His balls tightened, aching with the heavy load he'd soon be pumping into her.

After the shave, Serena directed the robotic arms to massage Liam's muscles, working out any tension and stiffness. He couldn't help the little groans that escaped him as strong metal fingers kneaded his shoulders, his thighs. Every touch seemed to make his cock harder, stiffer, until it stood straight up, flushed and leaking at the tip.

"Excellent response," Serena observed, scanning his straining erection with her artificial eyes. "Your penis is in optimal condition for the vigorous breeding scheduled."

Liam's heart pounded as she approached, reaching out to delicately run a finger up his thick shaft. He shuddered, fighting the urge to thrust into her sleek hand.

"The women will be very pleased," Serena purred. "Especially your mother. She's been preparing herself for you even as we speak."

A jolt of shock and illicit arousal raced through Liam at the thought of his beautiful, busty mother getting ready to be bred by him. Were her huge tits heaving as she anticipated taking her son's cock? Was her pussy slick and swollen, aching to be filled with his seed?

Before he could lose himself too far down that rabbit hole, Serena stepped back. "All done," she announced. "You're now perfectly prepped for your first breeding session with Brook."

Liam sat up slowly, head swimming. He looked down at his body, skin tingling and gleaming. His hard, hairless cock jutted out obscenely, so stiff it almost touched his stomach.

Liam stood slowly, his lean muscles rippling under smooth, gleaming skin. Years of swimming and running track had honed his slender body into a lithe, athletic form. But it was his cock that truly stood out - thick and just a tad over 10-inches, it curved slightly upward as it jutted from the juncture of his thighs, bobbing heavily with each movement.

He stared down at the intimidating, veiny length, the bulbous cockhead already glistening with pre-cum. It looked obscene, thrusting out from his newly hairless crotch like a fleshy battering ram. Liam couldn't fathom how he was supposed to fit such a prodigious tool inside his female relatives, let alone knock them up with it over and over.

His heart thudded against his ribs as he imagined sinking into his mother's tight, wet heat for the first time. Would she cry out at the breach of his engorged crown pushing past her swollen folds? Moan and thrash as he stretched her open, impaling her on his virgin cock? The thought made him throb and twitch, his shaft practically vibrating with the need to rut.

Liam's gaze flicked to Serena. The beautiful android regarded his nakedness impassively, her artificial eyes roving clinically over his body. But there was something else in her expression too - a hint of appreciation, of feminine hunger. It made his pulse pound even harder.

"Your endowment is most impressive, Liam," Serena said, her melodic voice sending shivers down his spine. "With a penis of this size and virility, you should have no trouble impregnating your family members...multiple times."

Liam gulped, his mouth suddenly desert dry. The casual way she talked about him fucking his mother, grandmother, and aunts was dizzying. But

there was no denying the illicit arousal her words stoked in his young loins. He felt the heaviness of his balls, swollen and aching with fertile seed, ready to be emptied into one wet, willing womb after another.

He reached for his clothes, but Serena stopped him with a gentle hand. "No need for those," she said, eyes twinkling.

Serena guided him over to a sleek black bodysuit hanging nearby. The material looked slick and shiny, almost like liquid latex. Liam eyed it warily, unsure about encasing his newly groomed body in such a revealing garment.

"This is no ordinary bodysuit," Serena explained, running her artificial fingers over the shimmery fabric. "It's made of an advanced nanotech weave that will conform perfectly to your physique. Think of it like a second skin."

She held it open for him, motioning for Liam to step in. He hesitated a moment before sliding one leg in, then the other. The material was cool and slick against his bare flesh, making him shiver. As he pulled it up over his hips and chest, Liam marveled at how the suit seemed to mold to every contour of his athletic form, clinging like it was painted on.

Serena circled him, her luminous eyes scanning appreciatively over his suited body. "As you can see, it leaves very little to the imagination," she said with a sly smile.

Liam looked down at himself and gulped. The bodysuit lovingly hugged every curve of his toned muscles, emphasizing his lean swimmer's build. But what really made his face heat was the way it clung to his crotch.

His huge, semi-erect cock was clearly outlined, the bulge obscene in its sheer size. He could make out every ridge and vein through the clinging fabric. Even his balls were on prominent display, looking heavy and ripe in their snug pouch. He felt exposed, like he was strutting around naked with a massive erection.

"The women will certainly enjoy the view," Serena purred, trailing a finger down his chest. "And the best part is the easy access..."

She pressed on two discreet seams running down the inside of his thighs and Liam gasped as the crotch of the suit split open. His big cock sprang free, bobbing lewdly in the cool air. The opening ran from his groin all the way back to his taint, leaving him exposed for easy rutting.

"When it's time to breed, you'll be able to quickly free your genitals without removing the entire suit," Serena explained matter-of-factly. "It's designed for maximum efficiency during copulation sessions."

Liam's heart pounded at the implications. He pictured himself mounting his mother, grandmother, and aunts while wearing this obscene suit, his enormous cock out and ready to impale their dripping cunts. The thought made him throb and leak, a bead of pre-cum welling at his slit.

Serena noticed his body's reaction and smiled knowingly. "I think you'll find it quite...stimulating to wear during your duties, but it can be easily removed for those times when you prefer to rut completely naked."

In the women's spa quarters, Brook stood naked before the huge observation window alongside her sisters, mother, nieces, and daughter-in-law. Earth slowly rotated below, blue oceans and swirling white clouds

filling the breathtaking view. But Brook barely registered the sight, her attention focused solely on the robotic arms and appendages efficiently grooming her voluptuous body for breeding.

A sleek metal finger trailing down her spine made Brook shiver, goosebumps rising on her soft skin. The grooming bots worked with smooth precision, their gleaming digits gliding over the sumptuous curves of the gathered women. Brook glanced over at her sister Kira and had to stifle a gasp.

Kira's spectacular body was on lewd display as a bot carefully shaved her mound, leaving behind only a small, thin triangle of auburn hair. Her colossal breasts swayed with each measured breath, dark pink nipples protruding from saucer sized areolas. The bot moved on to massaging fragrant oil into the heavy globes, making them glisten under the bright lights.

Beside Kira, their mother Lorraine stood proudly, her statuesque figure a monument to matronly sexuality. Her enormous jugs bobbed and wobbled as a grooming bot worked a rich lotion into the expansive flesh, shaping her gigantic melons into two shimmering torpedoes of GILF beauty.

Brook's gaze drifted down the line of naked women to her daughter-in-law Jenna. The buxom redhead giggled as a bot kneaded her plump, rounded buttocks, the flesh rippling and bouncing. Her fat nipples stood at full attention, looking ready to leak milk at any moment.

Brook felt a flush of heat between her legs as she watched her female relatives being primped and polished for reproductive rutting. The bots moved on to her, sleek fingers gliding over the taut swell of her pregnant-

looking tits, the sensitive skin of her freshly depilated mound. She bit her lip to stifle a moan, trying not to imagine those same robo-digits probing her slick folds.

As the grooming bots worked over Brook's body, slick metal fingers grazing her most intimate areas, snatches of hushed conversation drifted to her ears. The women were discussing what they'd heard about teenage lovers - the stamina, the rigidity, the sheer unquenchable virility of adolescent lust.

"I heard it's like they're carved from marble," Aunt Tara said, voice quivering with illicit anticipation. "Stiff as steel and just as unyielding."

"And the way they can just keep going and going, pumping load after load..." Kira added, cheeks flushed. "We'll be so stuffed full of young cum."

Lorraine nodded sagely, a wistful smile on her lips. "Ah, to be taken by all that testosterone-fueled urgency again. To have that single-minded need focused entirely on breeding your hungry cunt."

Shame prickled under Brook's skin at the blatant hunger in their voices. Her wedding ring suddenly felt heavy on her finger, an anchor of guilt weighing down her hand. She tried to picture her husband Roger but his face kept blurring, replaced by visions of Liam's lean, virile body pounding into her.

Jenna spoke up, her voice a husky purr. "Josh was insatiable when we first got together. I'd cum so hard I'd nearly pass out. He could go for hours."

A pang of envy mixed with the hot curl of arousal low in Brook's belly at the dreamy look on her daughter-in-law's face. She imagined Liam taking

her like that, his untiring young cock driving into her over and over until she shattered.

"It's been so long since I've had that kind of wild abandon in the sack," Aunt Kira sighed. "That explosive passion of a teenage boy."

"I just hope I can keep up," Tara said with a self-deprecating laugh. "It's been awhile since this old girl ran that kind of sexual marathon."

"Oh, I'm sure our bodies will remember," Lorraine said, a wicked gleam in her eye as she cupped her huge, heavy breasts. "And if not, we've got a year to retrain them."

Guilt and desire warred within Brook as the grooming bots finished their ministrations, leaving her skin tingling and her blood fizzing with anticipation. In just an hour, Liam - her shy, awkward boy - would be balls deep inside her, fucking her with all the wild abandon of a horny teenager. Breeding her like a prized mare.

Lorraine shook her head in amazement as the grooming bots massaged her monumental breasts. "Can you believe how difficult it used to be for women to conceive hundreds of years ago, before teenage cocks evolved to be so potent?"

Brook listened to her mother, transfixed by the sheer size of the woman's shimmering jugs as the bots worked the fragrant oil into her cleavage. Lorraine's words sent a fresh rush of heat between Brook's thighs.

"I mean, the penises back then could barely even reach a woman's cervix, let alone penetrate it. Not like today's virile young studs. And the knob always stayed the same size back then, while now boy's cock-tips swell up

huge as a fist, just before ejaculation," Lorraine cupped her huge tits and hefted them, a dreamy look on her face. "And our cervixes dilate on their own, desperate to let that fat head shove through and plug us up tight."

A shiver raced down Brook's spine at the image, her womb clenching with illicit need. She pictured Liam's cock growing impossibly huge, stretching her open as he prepared to flood her with his seed.

"Can you imagine?" Lorraine continued, voice dripping with anticipation. "That thick young dick-head popping through your cervix and locking in place, sealing off your womb so every drop of cum has no choice but to gush directly into your fertile depths. It's like they were designed to breed us."

Brook squirmed as slick heat gathered between her legs. She couldn't deny the base, animalistic thrill that shot through her at the idea of her son's member penetrating her so deeply, so intimately. Tying them together as he pumped her full of his virile spunk.

Sasha, one of Liam's curvaceous cousins, listened to Lorraine with wide eyes, her plump lips parted in amazement. "I can't believe the knobs of teenage cocks didn't always swell up like that," she said, shaking her head so her huge tits jiggled. "How did women even get pregnant back then if the dick-head couldn't breach their cervix and plug them up?"

Her sister Mia shrugged, equally baffled. "Right? Like, what was even the point of sex if the boy's cock couldn't lock inside you and flood your womb directly?"

She looked to Lorraine questioningly. "Why do their dicks stop doing that swelling thing as they get older, anyway? Seems like a major design flaw."

Lorraine chuckled, a knowing gleam in her eye as she ran her hands over her shimmering, freshly oiled jugs.

"Oh honey, that's because teenage boys are built for breeding, even more than grown men. Their bodies are in prime condition to seed as many fertile wombs as possible."

She glanced around at the assembled women meaningfully. "That's why we're all here with Liam, after all. To take advantage of that virile young cock while it's at its most potent."

As the grooming bots finished their work, Lorraine's words sent a shiver of anticipation through Brook. The memories came flooding back – not with her husband, of course, but other teenage dicks she'd had when younger, stretching her impossibly wide, that swollen cockhead locking into place behind her cervix, sealing her so tight as pulse after pulse of molten seed pumped directly into her eager womb. A full-body flush heated her skin as she recalled that delicious feeling of fullness, of purpose. Of being bred so thoroughly and completely.

She glanced around at the other women and could tell by their glazed expressions and hardened nipples that they were lost in similar reminiscence. It had been so long since any of them had experienced that exquisite sensation of an engorged teenage cock knotting deep inside, fusing their bodies as one. Brook ached to feel it again, craved it with a visceral desperation that made her pussy clench and gush.

Kira exhaled shakily, her huge tits heaving. "God, I miss that feeling. That pressure, that...completeness of having a boy lock into you, knowing he's not going anywhere until he's fully seeded your womb."

"It's like nothing else," Tara agreed, her voice quivering with need. "The way it throbs and swells inside you, stretching you so deliciously as it hoses rope after rope of teenage seed."

Jenna nodded, licking her plump lips. "I'll never forget the first time Josh knotted me. I thought I might split in half, he grew so huge. But then that head popped through my cervix, mushrooming so huge, I just...I'd never felt so fulfilled. When he turned 20, and the tip of his cock stopped swelling big like that, I wanted to cry."

Lorraine smiled, a wicked gleam in her eye as she surveyed their wanton expressions. "But now we get to experience it all over again, courtesy of our dear Liam. Such a lucky boy, getting to lock inside such gorgeous women - to rut us full of his potent seed."

Brook's heart pounded at the vivid image - her shy, innocent son's cock swelling up impossibly big inside her, locking them together as he flooded her womb with his virility. Illicit arousal warred with maternal guilt, leaving her dizzy.

"Just imagine how much more intense it will be after all these years," Kira said dreamily. "Our bodies so desperate and hungry for it, for that delicious feeling of being breached and seeded by an untiring teenage cock."

Brook squirmed as fresh slickness gathered between her thighs, her body preparing itself to be mated by her own son. In just under an hour, she'd be

spread open for Liam, his big cock stretching her impossibly as it prepared to plug her full of cum. The thought made her shudder and clench, aching for that moment of absolute possession.

Mia bit her lip, glancing nervously around at the other women. "So, um, do you think we're allowed to do other stuff with Liam? Besides just, you know, actual breeding?"

Brook turned to her young niece, eyebrows raised. "What do you mean, sweetie?"

A hot blush stained Mia's cheeks. "I mean like, sucking him or having him eat us out. I just wanna make sure I do everything I can to get pregnant, you know?"

Brook's face heated at Mia's blunt question. She cleared her throat, trying to sound reassuring rather than scandalized. "I imagine in the privacy of our individual quarters with Liam, anything goes as far as maximizing fertility."

She looked around at the other women, their faces reflecting the same mix of awkwardness and titillation. "It will be a personal decision, between each of us and Liam, what we feel is necessary."

Kira giggled nervously. "Well, I for one plan to use every trick in the book. No way am I passing up the chance to have a tongue buried in my pussy."

"Kira!" Tara gasped, smacking her sister's arm. But she couldn't hide the spark of excitement in her eyes.

Lorraine chuckled, shaking her head so her massive jugs wobbled. "You girls, I swear. In my day, we didn't need any of those fancy oral techniques.

A stiff young cock pumping in and out was all it took to knock us up."

Brook's head spun at her mother's casual crassness. She'd never heard Lorraine speak so openly about sex. But then, they'd never been in a situation quite like this before.

Jenna smirked, running a hand over her own freshly groomed mound. "Having a teenage tongue lapping at your clit IS a surefire way to make sure you're nice and wet for breeding."

Brook's heart pounded at the wanton hunger in her daughter-in-law's voice. She pictured Jenna grinding on Liam's mouth, his lips and chin glistening with her juices. The image sent a bolt of heat straight to her core.

Mia nodded, looking relieved. "Okay, good. I just wanted to make sure I wasn't gonna break any rules or anything."

Brook placed what she hoped was a comforting hand on her niece's shoulder, even as her own insides fluttered with nervous arousal. "You just do whatever feels natural with Liam, honey. We're all in uncharted territory here."

Mia's mother smiled knowingly. "And let's not forget, we each bring our own unique skills to the table for Liam to experience. The different ways we'll grip his young cock, milking it with our talented cunts..."

She shifted her wide hips side to side, as if practicing sensual undulations. "I know just how to roll these hips to make a man see stars. Liam won't know what hit him when I get these childbearing curves going."

Tara giggled and nodded eagerly. "Oh definitely! And the special texture inside each of our pussies, massaging him in our own signature ways."

"And don't forget how our cervixes will collar his fat young cockhead," added Lorraine. "The ring of muscle pulsating and rippling around the neck of his glans in our own special way, milking his ejaculation."

Kira nodded in agreement, cupping her giant, heavy breasts. "Or how about these big tits and fat nipples! Imagine how overwhelming it will be for Liam to finally get his virgin mouth on real breasts, to suck and worship these mature teats."

Brook's face blazed, a trickle of sweat sliding between her own massive mammaries at the idea of Liam latching onto her dark, protruding nipples, nursing on them with naive desperation as he pumped his teenage seed into her hungry cunt.

The women's breasts were truly a sight to behold - each pair was more spectacular than the last, ranging from the bountiful H-cups of the nubile nieces to the pendulous, heavy triple M and N cups of the mothers and grandmother. Brook couldn't help but stare in awe at the sheer abundance of breast-meat on display, the way the giant tits swayed and jiggled with every breath and movement.

Her own monumental bosom suddenly felt almost inadequate in comparison, even though she knew her colossal jugs were the stuff of every teenage boy's wet dreams. She imagined Liam's reaction to being surrounded by this much succulent tit-flesh, pictured his virgin hands sinking into the pliant mounds as he rutted into their owners.

The thought of her son motorboating Lorraine's giant triple Ns made Brook's cheeks burn and her pussy clench. She knew the women were all imagining the same thing - burying Liam's young face in their huge breasts as he pumped them full of virile seed.

Would he be able to breathe, smothered between massive, milk-laden udders? Or would the boy simply suffocate in warm, pillowy pleasure as he bred them in a tit-flesh cocoon?

Brook's nipples ached, the fat nubs poking into the plush satin of her robe as she pictured Liam worshipping the women's breasts one pair at a time, his cock pulsing and erupting at the overwhelming abundance of ripe breast-meat.

Tara glanced down at her own ballooning jugs and smirked. "The poor boy won't know where to start with all this. He'll be like a kid in a candy store."

Kira giggled. "Death by tits, what a way to go! If the breeding doesn't do him in, these milk bombs surely will!"

Jenna pursed her plump lips, her gravid Double J cups swelling over the neckline of her robe. "You underestimate teenage stamina. I'm sure Liam will rise to the occasion...over and over again."

Lorraine chuckled, her grandmotherly tone at odds with the filthy words. "Oh, he'll rise all right. Eighteen-year-old cocks don't go down for anything when there's tight cunts and huge tits on the menu. He'll fuck us silly while smothered in our titty-flesh and beg for more."

Brook's head spun at the raunchy talk, the casual way the women discussed smothering her innocent boy with their giant breasts as he seeded their

wombs. The line between familial bonding and incestuous orgy felt perilously thin.

Jenna shifted her weight, making her plump, rounded ass cheeks bounce and wobble. "These birthing hips don't lie either. Once Liam gets his hands on this booty and feels it slamming back into his crotch, he'll never wanna stop pumping me full of cum."

Jenna looked over at Brook, her expression growing serious. "I know it feels a little weird for me to say such things, considering I'm married to Josh. He's your oldest son and this whole situation is just..." She shook her head. "But for the next year, this is our reality. We need to focus on making Liam feel good, getting him to cum as hard as possible so we can get pregnant. Feeling guilty about it doesn't help anything."

The other women murmured their agreement, nodding solemnly. Brook swallowed past the lump in her throat. They were right, as uncomfortable as it was to admit. Her marriage vows, her role as a mother - none of it mattered here. Her sole purpose was to spread her legs and take her youngest son's cock until he filled her with his potent seed.

Brook's gaze flicked to Lorraine. Her mother stood tall and proud, her lush curves on shameless display. If she felt any hesitation about fucking her own grandson, it didn't show on her serene face.

"You're absolutely right, Jenna. We all need to get comfortable with this new normal," Lorraine said, steel beneath her calm tone. "Embrace our roles as Liam's breeding stock. Pour all our energy into milking that young cock and birthing the next generation."

Tara and Kira exchanged a determined look, some unspoken communication passing between them. They turned to Brook, fire in their eyes.

"We need to pull out all the stops," Tara said firmly, her massive jugs quivering with the intensity of her words. "If that means sucking Liam's cock or letting him fuck our tits to keep his balls drained and his potency high, then that's what we do."

Kira nodded eagerly. "Absolutely. We can't afford to be shy or hold back. Not when the stakes are this high. If I need to deepthroat his teenage dick to the balls every day to make sure he's pumping me full of the most virile seed possible, you better believe I will."

Brook's head spun at her sisters' blunt declarations. She tried to imagine wrapping her lips around Liam's huge cock, gagging on his length as she worked to milk out every last drop of cum. Her cheeks burned at the depraved image even as a dart of heat shot straight to her core.

Jenna spoke up, voice husky. "I'm more than willing to let Liam use any of my holes if it means increasing our chances. My mouth, my pussy, my ass - they're all his to breed as he sees fit."

Mia bit her lip, looking both scandalized and excited. "I've never done anal before, but...I guess there's a first time for everything, right? If Liam wants to stick it in my butt to mix things up, I'm game."

Lorraine chuckled, shaking her head. "You girls are insatiable! But I admire your enthusiasm. Back in my day, we kept things simpler. A warm, wet cunt was all it took. Although..."

She cupped her colossal tits, thumbing the stiff peaks of her nipples. "I suppose a nice, slippery titty fuck here and there can only help matters. The more worked up we can get Liam, the more potent his teenage seed will be."

Brook's mouth went dry as she pictured her son straddling her mother's chest, his huge cock gliding between her slick tit-flesh. The obscene image made her throb deep inside, her freshly depilated pussy clenching on nothing.

The other women murmured their agreement, all seeming to embrace this no-holds-barred approach to maximizing Liam's virility through any sexual means necessary. Brook swallowed hard, trying to wrap her mind around casually discussing blowing her son or letting him sodomize her.

But as she looked around at the determination on her relatives' faces, the mother knew she couldn't be the lone holdout. She had to put aside her reservations and commit herself fully to the breeding program.

For the good of humanity. For the good of their family.

Brook watched as the grooming bots applied the finishing touches. Their long fingernails were painted a deep sapphire blue - Liam's favorite color. The same rich hue adorned their delicate toes, the polish glinting under the bright lights.

Eight-inch heeled mules were brought out, the straps studded with glittering crystals. Brook slipped her feet into a white satin pair, sighing as her arches were forced into an extreme curve. The shoes turned her gait into a seductive sway, hips rolling and tits bouncing with each step.

Across the room, Kira tottered on black patent mules, toes on display. Tara chose a metallic silver, the mirrored surface reflecting her mile-long legs. Lorraine looked regal in a deep navy pair that contrasted beautifully with her porcelain skin.

Next came the bodysuits - gleaming second skins designed to showcase their abundant assets. Brook shimmied into a white halter style that barely contained her massive juggernauts. The fabric clung to her narrow waist and stretched obscenely over her shelf of an ass. Her dark nipples and hairless mound were clearly and shamelessly visible through the sheer material.

Kira practically spilled out of a cupless red suit, her gigantic tits fully bared and topped with glittering pasties. Tara poured her curves into a high-cut purple teddy that framed her puffy bare pussy. Lorraine was poured into a black catsuit, the plunging neckline highlighting her impressive tit-cleavage.

Brook's heart raced as she took in the lewd display of fertile female flesh. They were a harem of fuckdolls, all plumped and polished and served up for Liam's breeding pleasure. Shame and arousal simmered under her skin in a dizzying cocktail.

She tried not to stare at Jenna's obscenely sheer white lace teddy or the way Mia's coral babydoll rode up to reveal the plump lips of her pussy. Brook's head swam at the depraved scenario they found themselves in - three generations of women, all tarted up to be bred by one teenage boy. Her son.

Brook's stomach fluttered with illicit heat as she imagined presenting herself to Liam in this indecent getup, his eyes roving hungrily over her

scantly clad curves. She pictured him mounting her, splitting her open on his huge young cock and rutting wildly. Pumping her full of his potent seed as he claimed her as his own.

A shudder raced through her, nipples tightening into stiff peaks. Moisture gathered between her thighs at the taboo images, slicking her swollen folds.

As the women chatted and waited for further instructions, Brook pulled her sisters Tara and Kira aside. Tara leaned in close, her expression a mix of nervous excitement and concern.

"So what do you think, Brook? How do you think Liam will...perform?" she asked in a hushed whisper.

Kira giggled. "You mean his sexual prowess? I bet that boy is packing some serious heat in his briefs."

Brook felt her cheeks heat. She glanced around to make sure no one else could overhear before replying. "Honestly, I don't think he has much experience. He may even be a virgin. He's so shy and awkward normally."

Tara nodded, biting her glossy lip. "You're probably right. Poor thing will likely pop as soon as he slides into you, sis. Barely last a minute before he's squirting in your cervix."

Brook's stomach flipped at her sister's crude words, even as a dark thrill raced through her. The thought of her inexperienced son cumming hard and fast, overwhelmed by the tight clench of her body, made her throb between her legs.

"Yes, he'll probably pop off pretty quick our first time together," Brook agreed, voice trembling slightly. "But after his knot goes down, and he's able to pull out of me, I'm sure Serena will have us go again right after. You know, to take advantage of that short teenage refractory period."

Tara bit her lip, cheeks flushed. "God, yes. I remember how Josh could get it up again in minutes at that age. Ready for round two before I'd even caught my breath from the first."

"Exactly," Brook said. "So Liam will probably last a lot longer the second time, since he'll be a little desensitized."

Tara's eyes sparkled with mischief. "So, what do you two know about Kama Sutra positions? Think we can handle some of those with Liam?"

Kira laughed. "Oh man, it's been awhile since I've attempted any of that. Not since my yoga instructor days."

Brook felt her face heat as memories rushed back - her and her husband Roger, young and limber, eagerly poring over an illustrated guide. Twisting their bodies into pretzels, giggling at the ridiculous names. "The Butterfly," "Splitting the Bamboo," "Yawning."

"Josh and I used to do this one called 'The Padlock,'" Tara said, voice pitched low. "You know, where the woman hooks her legs over the man's shoulders? God, he'd get so deep that way."

Kira fanned herself. "Whew, I remember that one! Talk about hitting the sweet spot." She waggled her eyebrows.

Brook bit her lip, trying to recall some of the more adventurous positions from her and Roger's Kama Sutra days. "What about, um, 'Gallop-ing Horse'? Is that one from the Kama Sutra?"

Tara furrowed her brow. "Remind me how that one goes?"

"If I remember right, the woman sits astride the man, facing away from him. Then she leans forward, supporting herself on her hands and feet with her legs stretched out behind her, kind of like a...well, a galloping horse."

Kira's eyes widened. "Oh yeah! I think Josh and I tried that back in college once. Talk about a deep dicking."

Tara snapped her fingers. "Wait, I know that one! Pretty sure it IS in the Kama Sutra. God, the way it angles your hips..." She shivered.

"Right?" Brook said, face flushing hot as she pictured herself in that position with Liam, his rigid young cock spearing up into her slick depths. "Really lets him go to town."

"You know what other one is great for hitting all the right spots?" Kira asked, leaning in conspiratorially. "'The Mermaid.' That's where you lay on your stomach with your legs together and he lays on you - takes you from behind."

Tara groaned softly. "Fuck, yes, I remember that. Something about keeping your legs pressed together makes you feel extra tight around him."

Brook swallowed hard, stomach flipping at the thought of presenting herself to Liam like that, facedown and ass up. Letting her baby boy mount her and rut like an animal.

"Ooh, and 'The Glazed Donut!'" Kira added with a giggle. "When the girl gets on her knees and elbows and the guy squats behind her. Josh used to love that one - said it felt like my pussy was sucking him in."

Brook's head spun as her sisters continued trading favorite positions, each one filthier than the last. Her panties were positively soaked now, her swollen clit throbbing in time with her racing heart. She squeezed her thighs together, trying to ease the ache.

"God, listen to us," Tara said with a slightly hysterical laugh. "Strategizing how to fuck our nephew for maximum knocked-up-ness. This is so messed up."

Brook cleared her throat. "Well, I've kept up with my Pilates. I'm sure I can handle whatever Liam gives me."

Tara nodded, squeezing her thighs together. "Same. Spin class and barre have kept this booty tight." She gave her plump ass a smack.

Kira rolled her shoulders, the sheer bodice of her suit straining over her massive jugs. "And these puppies provide the perfect stabilizing shelf for all sorts of positions." She jiggled her bare tits meaningfully.

Brook sucked in a shaky breath, trying to calm the flutter low in her belly. Her pussy clenched at the thought of Liam gripping her ankles, folding her in half as he split her open. Pounding her into the mattress with all the relentless virility of a horny teenager.

"I guess we'll find out soon enough what Serena has in store for us," she said, voice only slightly strangled. "And what our bodies are capable of."

Tara grinned wickedly. "Here's to discovering our inner sex goddesses! May we leave Liam's balls drained and our wombs full!"

The three sisters laughed, a current of hysteria lacing the sound. Brook's heart raced as she looked around at the lush, fertile bodies primed and presented for breeding. For her son's use.

She swallowed hard, the lace of her suit scraping her plump nipples. She pictured Liam's cock, unleashing into her pulsing depths. His baby, swelling her taut belly.

There was no going back now. Only surrendering to the depraved new reality. All she could do was pray her body remembered how to yield and stretch. To bloom and birth.

Liam's heart pounded as he made his way back to the living quarters, his skin still tingling from Serena's intimate grooming. The sleek bodysuit clung to every ridge and valley of his athletic form, putting his huge bulge obscenely on display. He felt exposed, raw, a breeding stud ready to be put to the task.

As he entered the spacious common room, Liam froze. His female relatives lounged on the plush sofas and chairs, all dolled up in sheer, skimpy lingerie that left little to the imagination. Acres of bountiful cleavage and bare legs bombarded his senses. His cock immediately started to swell, straining against the clinging confines of his suit.

Tara noticed him first, her sapphire eyes lighting up. "There's the man of the hour!" she cooed, jiggling over to him on sky-high heels. Her massive tits bounced freely, barely contained by strips of red lace.

Liam gulped as his aunt pressed against him, her warm, supple flesh conforming to his stiff frame. The spicy scent of her perfume invaded his nostrils, making his head swim with arousal.

"We're all so proud of you, sweetie," Tara murmured in his ear, her glossy lips grazing the sensitive shell. "You're gonna do great putting babies in our bellies." She punctuated her words with a light grind of her hips, the heat of her barely covered mound searing him through their thin suits.

Liam shuddered, his cock swelling to full hardness. He could feel the slick of his pre-cum beginning to leak through the fabric.

"That's enough, Tara," Lorraine chided gently, coming up to rest a proprietary hand on Liam's shoulder. "Don't tease the poor boy. He's got a big night ahead of him."

Liam's face blazed as he took in his grandmother's getup - a black mesh catsuit that displayed every magnificent curve. Her gigantic breasts and prominent nipples were on full view, along with the bare lips of her pussy. He quickly averted his gaze, shame and lust warring within him.

Mia, Jenna, and his cousins gathered around, all cooing their encouragement and wishing him luck on his first breeding session. Their eyes roved hungrily over his burgeoning erection, practically salivating at the virile bulge. Liam's balls drew up tight, aching with the heavy load he'd soon be releasing.

Serena appeared at his side, a knowing smile on her glossy artificial lips. "It's time, Liam. Your mother is waiting for you."

Liam's heart lurched into his throat as the android guided him down the curving hallway, her sleek fingers wrapped around his bicep. The sharp click of her heels clicked an ominous rhythm as she led him to Brook's private suite. Liam's heart hammered against his ribs, his mouth bone dry. This was it. He was really gonna fuck his own mother. Breed her. Put a baby in her belly.

Serena paused outside the door, fixing him with her luminous artificial gaze. "Remember, Liam, this is a sacred duty. You're doing this for the future of humanity." Her glossy red lips curved into an encouraging smile that did nothing to slow the frantic gallop of his pulse.

He managed a jerky nod, not trusting himself to speak around the ball of nerves lodged in his throat. Serena pressed her palm to the access panel and the door slid open with a soft pneumatic hiss.

Liam's heart skipped a beat as he stepped into the dimly lit suite. There, perched on the edge of the enormous bed, was his mother. Brook's voluptuous body was poured into a white satin bodysuit that left little to the imagination. The halter style barely contained her massive breasts, the fabric straining over her jutting nipples.

His mouth went dry as his gaze traveled down her body, taking in the way the suit clung to her tiny waist and stretched obscenely over her wide, fertile hips. The high-cut legs framed her womanhood, the sheer fabric giving him a tantalizing glimpse of her bare, plump folds.

Liam swallowed hard, his cock throbbing urgently against his thigh as a bead of sweat trickled down his spine. Seeing his mother dolled up like a porn star, her spectacular body on lewd display, made his head swim with a

dizzying cocktail of shame and desire. He couldn't reconcile this wanton fuckdoll with the woman who raised him.

Brook's sapphire eyes smoldered as they raked over Liam's form, her gaze zeroing in on the huge bulge tenting his bodysuit. Her plump lips parted and a pink tongue darted out to wet them. Liam shivered, his skin prickling with heat under her blatant perusal.

"Liam, Brook, before we begin, would you prefer to be naked for your first breeding session?" Serena asked, her melodic voice cutting through the charged silence. "Many find skin-to-skin contact heightens the experience and connection."

Liam's heart hammered against his ribs at the thought of seeing his mother completely bare. His stomach flipped as he imagined running his hands over her naked flesh, feeling her warm and vital beneath his inexperienced touch. Sinking into her wet heat with nothing between them.

"Yes," the mother whispered, staring her son in the eyes. "Let's be naked our first time."

Brook stood slowly, her massive jugs swaying as she stepped towards Liam. He tracked the hypnotic bounce and jiggle, unable to look away. She stopped a hairsbreadth from him, her expansive cleavage almost brushing his chest. This close, he could feel the heat radiating off her ripe body, could smell her intoxicating scent - a mouthwatering mix of flowery perfume and female musk.

Holding his gaze, the mother reached up and untied the halter around her neck. The white satin fell away, baring her gigantic tits in all their glory.

Liam sucked in a sharp breath at the sight of her wide, dusky-pink areola and jutting nipples. He'd never seen breasts so big, so mouthwateringly succulent.

Brook's titties wobbled back and forth as she shimmied the bodysuit down over her wide hips, baring inch after inch of creamy skin. The satin whispered as it slid down her thick thighs and shapely calves, finally pooling at her stiletto-clad feet. She stepped out of the garment, now completely nude for her boy.

His gaze zeroed in on the small strip of neatly trimmed pubic hair crowning her mound, the wispy landing strip pointing like an arrow to her glistening pink folds. Liam's cock jerked as he took in the sight of his mother's plump, hairless pussy, her puffy outer lips slick and swollen with arousal.

His eyes widened as he noticed her protruding prepuce peeking out, the thick hood of her clit retracted back slightly to expose her clitoral glans. The fat, throbbing nub seemed to wink at him in the low light, begging for attention. Liam's balls drew up tight at the obscene display, a fresh surge of blood rushing to his straining teenage erection.

Brook sauntered towards him, her colossal jugs swaying hypnotically with each rolling step. Liam stood frozen, barely breathing as she pressed her naked form against him. He shuddered at the satin-soft slide of her pillowy tits, the way her fat pebbled nipples scraped his chest through his suit. The heat and musk of her body enveloped him, saturating his senses with pure, distilled woman.

Her nimble fingers found the hidden seams at his hips and tugged. The shimmery black fabric parted like butter, peeling away from his chiseled

torso. Liam trembled as his mom pushed the top half of his suit down to pool at his waist, leaving his upper body bare to her hungry gaze.

She skimmed her manicured nails over the ridges of his abs, the lean planes of his chest. Liam sucked in a sharp breath, his skin sizzling under her bold touch. No woman had ever caressed him so intimately, let alone his own mother. His virgin body felt electrified, every nerve ending sparking to life.

Brook hooked her fingers in the bunched fabric at his waist and slowly shimmied his suit down over his narrow hips. Liam held his breath as the constricting garment peeled away from his pulsing cock and heavy balls, finally springing free. He hissed as the cool air kissed his overheated flesh, his erection bobbing obscenely at a perfect upward angle, huge and strong.

Brook purred her approval, her sapphire eyes smoldering as she took in his impressive size. "My, my. What a big boy you've grown into, honey," she practically growled, licking her lips. Her gaze was positively feral, a far cry from any way Liam's mother had looked at him before.

Serena stepped forward with a smile, her pearlescent skin glowing in the dim light. "For your first breeding session, I recommend starting with a basic Kama Sutra position known as the Missionary," she said, her melodic voice calm and clinical. "It allows for deep penetration and is a comfortable position to begin with."

Brook nodded, a knowing glint in her eye. She was well aware that her inexperienced son likely wouldn't last long once he was sheathed in her tight, wet heat. But that was okay. They had all night - and the next year - to build up his stamina.

Holding Liam's heated gaze, Brook slipped her sexy feet out of her towering heels and climbed onto the enormous bed. Her heavy udders rocked as she lay back against the plush pillows, spreading her thick thighs in clear invitation. The musky scent of her arousal perfumed the air, making Liam's head swim.

He stood frozen at the foot of the bed, his heart hammering against his ribs as he stared at his mother's slick pink folds. Seeing her spread out before him like a feast, her lush body open and ready for fucking, made his cock throb almost painfully. Clear fluid beaded at his slit and dribbled down his shaft, belying his virginal status.

"Come on, honey - don't be shy," Brook purred, crooking a finger at him. "Come put a baby in Mommy's belly."

Liam shuddered at her wanton words, a bolt of searing lust spiking through him. With trembling hands, he climbed onto the bed, settling his lean hips between her widely-splayed thighs. The heat radiating off her ripe body seared him, igniting a fire in his loins that demanded to be quenched.

He braced himself over her, arms quaking as he stared down at her beautiful face. Up close, he could see the faint lines around her eyes, the creases beside her plush mouth - reminders that this was his mother, the woman who gave him life, not some anonymous female vessel. Shame and arousal twisted his gut in a dizzying dance.

Brook reached between them, her fingers grazing his pulsing shaft. Liam gasped, a full body shudder wracking him at her bold touch. She gripped him firmly, feeling his virile strength and giving him a few slow pumps from root to tip. He groaned low in his throat, eyelids fluttering at the

exquisite sensation of finally having a hand on his aching cock. And not just any hand - his mother's.

"That's it, honey," Brook cooed, thumbing the slippery crown, smearing his copious pre-lube. "You're gonna feel so good inside me. So big and hard."

Liam's hips jerked of their own accord, thrusting into her grip. He panted harshly, sweat breaking out across his brow as he fought the urge buck harder.

Brook pulled at his boner, guiding the broad crown of Liam's cock to her sopping entrance. He groaned as the spongy tip kissed her swollen folds, slicking his glans with her copious arousal. She rubbed him up and down her slit a few times, coating his entire cockhead in her slippery secretions.

Then, with a roll of her hips, Brook notched him at her opening and pulled him towards her. Liam gasped as the fat head popped inside, instantly engulfed in scorching wet heat. His eyes rolled back at the incredible sensation of his mother's impossibly tight cunt gripping him, squeezing his sensitive penis-glans.

He sank into her, inch after excruciating inch disappearing into her silky depths. Her inner muscles fluttered and clenched, rippling along his sinewy shaft as if milking him. Liam gritted his teeth, fighting the urge to blow his load right then and there. He'd never felt anything so amazing in his life.

As he hilted inside her, his pubic bone grinding against hers, Liam let out a strangled moan. Brook's cunt gripped him like a fist, her textured velvet walls molding to every ridge and vein. He could feel her cervix nudging the tip of his cock, the ring of muscle fluttering kisses against his leaking slit.

Buried to the balls in his own mother's pussy, the teen's head swam with the wrongness and raw carnality of it all. Her tight, wet heat engulfed him completely, searing him, branding him. Claiming him as hers.

Serena's calm, melodic voice cut through the haze of Liam's arousal. "Just let your natural instincts take over, Liam. Your body will know exactly what to do."

He started to move, his hips taking on a mind of their own. Liam pulled out until just the tip remained inside her clutching channel, then slammed back in with a grunt. Brook cried out, her nails raking down his back as he started to rut into her hard and fast.

The obscene slap of flesh on flesh echoed through the room as Liam bucked his hips erratically, fucking into his mother with desperate abandon. Brook's lush body jiggled and bounced beneath him, her enormous breasts slapping his chest with each frenzied thrust.

Liam's balls tightened, drawing up close to his body as his climax approached at breakneck speed. He could feel it building at the base of his spine, coiling tighter and tighter with each plunge into Brook's scorching depths. His cockhead throbbed, swelling even fatter as it pummeled her cervix.

Brook gazed up at him with glassy eyes, her plush lips parted on a moan. "That's it, Liam - fuck me! Fill me up with your seed."

Liam jackhammered into Brook with fast, erratic thrusts, his lean hips slapping loudly against her thighs. Brook dug her long nails into his clenching buttocks, spurring him on as she spread her knees back as far as

they would go. Her bare feet hovered and jostled in the air, bouncing with each wild, frantic plunge of Liam's cock into her grasping cunt.

"Oh God, oh mom, OH MOMMY, I'M GONNA CUM!" Liam cried out, his voice cracking. The tight coil of pressure at the base of his cock wound to the breaking point, his swollen balls drawing up hard. His mother's hot, slick walls rippled around him, squeezing his virgin cock like a silken vise.

"Yes, baby, give it to me!" Brook wailed, locking her ankles around his pumping hips. "Fill Mommy's cunt with your seed!"

Liam let out a guttural groan as his climax slammed into him, robbing him of breath. His hips stuttered and jerked as he started to erupt, his cock head flaring impossibly wide. He could feel himself swell and stretch his mother's clutching sheath as a massive load of cum rocketed up his shaft.

Brook's orgasm arrived shockingly fast from the feel of Liam's cock-glands ballooning to the size of a fist inside her, stretching her birthing tunnel and stimulating every nerve ending. His engorged knob pummeled through her shifting, dilating cervix and entered her womb. It spit scalding ropes of semen directly into her core as she came apart beneath him.

Her body seized up, back arching off the bed as a scream tore from her throat. Ecstasy exploded through her, radiating out from where they were joined in the most depraved, intimate way. Brook's pussy clamped down around Liam's throbbing shaft rhythmically, milking him, coaxing out every drop of his potent teenage seed.

Her inner muscles rippled along his veiny length, squeezing and fluttering, urging him deeper. Trying to suck his erupting cock further into her womb,

greedy for his virile cum. Brook sobbed and shuddered as the feel of Liam's fist-sized glans pulsing and throbbing directly against the walls of her cervix prolonged her climax, sending her hurtling from peak to peak.

Her legs quaked where they were wrapped around Liam's pumping hips, ankles locked to keep him seated fully inside her as he grunted and bucked. Brook's head thrashed on the pillow, chestnut locks sticking to her damp temples as her body was wracked with spasms of rapture. Electric currents of pleasure crackled under her skin, setting her aflame from head to toe.

"Fill me! Seed me! Breed Mommy!" she wailed deliriously, too lost in the grip of her earth-shattering orgasm to censor herself.

Liam could only groan brokenly in response, hips juddering as he poured what felt like an endless stream of cum directly into his mother's rippling womb. Brook's obscene words combined with the slick, scorching grip of her convulsing cunt only intensified his climax, making his balls clench and pulse almost painfully as they emptied.

His vision whited out, black spots dancing behind his tightly clenched eyelids as the most intense pleasure he'd ever experienced roared through him. Liam's lean body shook violently, every muscle seizing up as he erupted over and over into Brook's fluttering depths.

He'd never known such all-consuming ecstasy could exist. That his cock could swell to such immense proportions, locking him inside his own mother as it disgorged spurt after heavy spurt of seed inside her cervix. Liam felt like he was dying and being reborn all at once, drowning in sheer sensation.

The world narrowed to the slick slide of flesh, the rhythmic clenching of Brook's silken walls around his tender penile flesh.

The muscular ring of Brook's cervix pulsed and rippled, gripping the engorged crown of Liam's cock in a vise-like embrace. Her inner flesh molded perfectly to the thick flare of his glans, sealing their bodies together as his climax dwindled to weak spurts and dribbles deep inside her core.

"Ah! Oh God!" Liam gasped, eyes rolling back in his head at the intense sensation. It felt like his mother's pussy was milking him, hungrily squeezing out every last drop of his seed. The suction around his cock-head was almost unbearably pleasurable, making his spent balls ache.

"Shhh, just relax," Serena soothed, her cool artificial fingers stroking down Liam's trembling back. "What you're experiencing is your penis becoming engorged and locking with your mother's cervix. It's a natural response to ensure optimal insemination."

Liam panted harshly, his hips giving tiny, involuntary thrusts as aftershocks zipped through him. Brook whimpered beneath him, her plush thighs quaking where they gripped his lean waist. He could feel her inner muscles fluttering wildly, undulating along his length.

"The masculine organ swells to its maximum size upon climax, with the glans enlarging to plug the female's cervix," Serena explained clinically. "This keeps the semen sealed inside the womb and increases chances of conception."

Liam groaned, face blazing at the lewd description. The wrongness of being trapped inside his own mother, their bodies locked so intimately, made his

head swim. But he couldn't deny the illicit thrill that pulsed through him at the same time.

Brook's eyes were glassy and unfocused, her kiss-swollen lips parted on shallow breaths. Liam felt a fresh gush of fluid seeped out around his buried cock, coating his balls. The knowledge that it was his own mom's cum, leaking back out of her stuffed hole, made him throb deep inside her.

"Just be still and enjoy the sensation," Serena said soothingly, as if sensing his overwhelmed state. "Let your body calm down naturally. It may take some time before you're able to withdraw."

Time seemed to slow to a crawl as Liam lay heavily on top of Brook, their sweat-slick skin sealed together from chest to groin. He could feel every twitch and flutter of her pussy around him, every aftershock that rolled through her. The heat of her body seeped into his, making him shudder.

Brook ran her trembling hands up and down Liam's back, petting him almost tenderly as they came down from their explosive highs. "My baby boy," she cooed breathlessly. "My sweet baby, pumping me so full."

Liam could barely process the intensity of the sensations still pulsing through his body as he lay locked inside his mother. Brook's hands stroked his back soothingly even as her inner muscles continued to ripple and squeeze his sensitive flesh. He panted against the crook of her neck, breathing in the heady musk of their combined arousal.

"Perhaps while you're tied together, you could take the opportunity to become better acquainted on an intimate level," Serena suggested, her

melodic voice cutting through Liam's post-orgasmic haze. "Kissing is an excellent way to enhance pair bonding."

Liam's heart stuttered at the idea of kissing his own mother. It seemed so taboo, even more so than what they had just done. He lifted his head to look at Brook, a question in his eyes.

Her sapphire gaze was soft and slightly unfocused, her plush lips parted. "It's okay, baby," she murmured, reaching up to cup his flushed cheek. "We might as well try it, since we're already so...connected."

Liam swallowed hard, nervousness and anticipation swirling low in his gut. Slowly, hesitantly, he lowered his face to Brook's. Their breath mingled for a charged moment before their mouths met in a tentative kiss.

At first it was awkward, just a dry press of lips. But then Brook's mouth softened and moved under his, coaxing him to follow her lead. Liam's eyelids fluttered shut as he sank into the kiss, licking instinctively at the seam of her lips.

Brook's mouth opened to him and suddenly their tongues were tangling, hot and slick. She explored his mouth thoroughly, tracing the ridges of his teeth, the roof of his mouth. Liam groaned at the sensual slide of her tongue against his, all velvety softness and lively flicks.

His cock twitched inside her, somehow swelling even fuller at the erotic kiss. He felt Brook's pussy clench reflexively around him, a gush of wetness bathing his shaft. Their bodies seemed to meld together even more intimately as they made out with growing hunger.

Liam lost himself in the drugging pleasure of Brook's probing tongue and undulating inner muscles. He suckled on her full lower lip, nibbling gently and relishing her breathy sighs. His hands roamed her body almost of their own accord, squeezing the heavy globes of her breasts, thumbing her taut nipples.

Brook arched into his touch, whimpering into his mouth. She rocked her hips in tiny circles, grinding her clit against Liam's pubic bone. He could feel every flutter and ripple of her silken walls around his aching cock.

Liam and Brook remained locked together in the most intimate way possible for what felt like an eternity. His engorged cockhead plugged her cervix tightly, sealing all his potent seed inside her eager womb. Brook's pussy rippled and squeezed around Liam's shaft rhythmically, as if milking him, trying to coax out every last drop.

As the minutes ticked by, Liam grew bolder, more confident. His initial awkwardness faded away as primal instinct took over. He captured Brook's plush lips again and again, tongue delving deep to taste her. Brook met each slanting of his mouth with equal hunger, sucking on his tongue, nibbling his bottom lip.

Their kisses turned wetter, sloppier, more urgent. Liam licked into his mother's mouth greedily, exploring every inch. He swallowed her breathy sighs and whimpers, relishing the vibrations against his lips.

His hands roamed her spectacular body with growing confidence, squeezing and kneading the abundant flesh. He palmed Brook's massive breasts, feeling their weight, their softness. Liam sank his fingers into the pliant

mounds, watching in awe as they overflowed his groping hands. He found her turgid nipples and rolled them between his fingertips, tugging gently.

Brook mewled into his mouth, arching to push more of her heavy tit-flesh into Liam's grasp. He plumped her giant jugs almost roughly, intoxicated by their size and suppleness. He ached to put his mouth on them, to suckle her fat, protruding nipples, but the urge to keep kissing her was stronger.

Lost as he was in the sensual haze, Liam gradually became aware of a change where they were joined. The iron-hard swelling of his cockhead seemed to be subsiding incrementally. He could feel Brook's cervix loosening its vise-like grip on his glans by infinitesimal degrees.

Over the course of long, drugging minutes, Liam's member slowly began to retract. The fist-like protrusion of his cock-knob shrank and squeezed back through the muscular ring of Brook's cervical os with a wet, obscene sound. He groaned into her mouth at the squeeze and drag of her inner flesh on his over-sensitized glans.

Inch by excruciating inch, Liam's softening cock slipped down Brook's clutching sheath. Her sodden, spongy walls seemed to cling to him, rippling along his length as if reluctant to let him go. Sticky strings of their combined fluids webbed between their bodies as Liam retreated from her depths.

With a lewd slurp, the broad head popped free of Brook's opening. A wet gush followed, soaking the sheets beneath her ass with a mix of their ejaculate.

As Liam collapsed onto the bed beside his mom, panting and spent, a satisfied smile spread across his mother's face. She rolled towards him and cupped his flushed cheek, her sapphire eyes glowing with pride and post-orgasmic bliss.

"Oh Liam, you were absolutely amazing, especially for your first time," Brook praised breathlessly. "The way your big cock stretched me open and filled me so deep... I've never felt anything like it."

Liam's cheeks burned at the explicit compliment, a mix of embarrassment and masculine pride swelling in his chest. He still couldn't quite believe he'd just fucked his own mother - and that she'd enjoyed it so much. It felt surreal, like a fevered wet dream come to life.

Serena approached the bed, her glossy red lips curved in an approving smile. "Indeed, that was an exceptional first breeding session. You achieved a textbook cervical lock and maintained it for an extended period, ensuring maximal insemination. Well done, Liam."

If possible, Liam's face flushed even hotter at the android's clinical praise. He ducked his head, suddenly unable to meet his mother's or Serena's gazes. His cock twitched against his thigh, not quite ready to go again but not entirely spent either.

Brook stroked his arm soothingly, understanding in her eyes. "I know it's a lot to take in, honey. Trust me, the first time I was knotted, it was so overwhelming. And painful, since I wasn't fully mature yet."

Liam's brow furrowed as he processed this new information. He'd never imagined his mother with anyone before his father, let alone being

"knotted", whatever that meant. Curiosity loosened his tongue.

"When was that? Before Dad?" he asked hesitantly.

Brook nodded, a far-off look in her eyes. "Yes, it was during my Fertility Fostering, before I met your father. I was only 19 and my body wasn't quite ready to be stretched so wide yet. But it was my duty, so I endured it."

She smiled wryly, shaking her head. "Let's just say, being tied to you was a MUCH more pleasurable experience. The best I've ever had, by far."

Liam's eyes widened at the implication - that he'd satisfied his mother better than his own father, her husband, ever had. A confusing mix of emotions swirled in his gut. Pride, awe, guilt, and a forbidden thrill.

A small, primitive part of him felt smugly victorious, like he'd claimed his territory, asserted his dominance. He tamped down on that disturbing impulse, not wanting to examine it too closely.

"I'm glad I could make it good for you," Liam mumbled.

Meanwhile, Serena had been observing Liam's impressive stamina and recovery with a clinical eye. His penis was already beginning to swell and lengthen again, the head flushing a deeper pink as blood flow increased. She estimated based on his age and physical signs of arousal that his refractory period would be no more than five to ten minutes. More than sufficient for another vigorous round of breeding.

"If I may make a suggestion," Serena interjected smoothly, "For your second coupling, you may wish to try a position that allows Brook to take

more control. The Kama Sutra details several postures where the female partner can set the pace and depth of penetration."

Liam's face blazed at the android's blunt recommendation, his renewed erection throbbing against his thigh. The thought of his mother straddling him, pinning him down and riding his cock sent a surge of blood straight to his groin.

Brook's sapphire eyes sparkled with intrigue and barely restrained hunger as she took in Liam's eager young body, his impressive member once again standing at attention. "Mmmm, I do like the sound of that," she purred, licking her plush lips. "What did you have in mind, Serena?"

The android brought up a holographic display of an illustrated couple, the woman poised above the man's jutting erection. "This position is known as the Squatting Tigress. The male partner lies on his back while the female straddles his hips, lowering herself onto his manhood. This allows her to control the angle and speed of penetration."

Liam swallowed hard as he studied the lewd image, his heart pounding at the thought of being taken so completely by his mother. Of being at her mercy as she impaled herself on his aching cock over and over. His virgin body thrummed with anticipation, skin prickling with heat.

Brook wasted no time, moving to swing a leg over Liam's hips. She hovered above him on her knees, the slick lips of her pussy barely grazing the swollen head of his erection. Liam's breath caught in his throat as he stared up at her spectacular body - the heavy sway of her gigantic breasts, the lush curve of her waist and thighs.

"Are you ready for Mommy to ride your big cock, baby?" Brook cooed, reaching between their bodies to grip his thick shaft. She notched the broad crown at her weeping entrance, swirling her hips to coat his glans in her slippery arousal. "Ready to fill me up again and put baby in my belly?"

Liam could only groan brokenly, hands flying to her rounded hips. He dug his fingers into the plush flesh, urging her down, desperate to be buried in her tight wet heat once more. His balls ached, already engorged and heavy, churning with more seed.

With agonizing slowness, Brook sank down onto Liam's rigid shaft. His eyes rolled back as inch after excruciating inch of his aching cock disappeared into her tight, clinging heat. He watched in awe as his mother's pussy lips stretched obscenely around his girth, swallowing him whole.

Brook threw her head back with a rapturous moan as she settled fully on Liam's lap, his cock buried to the hilt inside her. "Oh God, honey - you feel even bigger like this!" She rolled her hips, grinding her clit against his pubic bone. "So deep, so fucking deep..."

Liam could only groan brokenly as he was engulfed in liquid silk, his mother's inner muscles fluttering and rippling along his entire length. Being taken so completely, having Brook in total control of the pace and angle, was a whole new level of overwhelming sensation. He fought the urge to blow his load immediately, determined to last longer this time.

Brook braced her hands on her son's chest and started to move, undulating her hips in sinuous waves. She rose up until just the tip of his cock remained inside her, then slammed back down with a lewd squelch. Over

and over she impaled herself on his straining erection, the wet slap of flesh on flesh echoing obscenely through the room.

Liam was mesmerized by the erotic sight of his mother's spectacular body in motion above him. Her colossal breasts bounced and swayed hypnotically with each roll of her hips, the heavy globes rippling as they smacked together. He ached to touch them, to feel their weight in his hands, but he was frozen in place by the intensity of sensation radiating from his cock.

Brook rode him with wild skillful abandon, taking him deep and hard. Liam had never seen this side of his mother - this sexual, uninhibited creature. She was a goddess, a primal force of feminine energy and raw sensuality. He was just along for the ride, a vessel for her pleasure.

As Brook plunged up and down on his cock, Liam felt his stamina building. The first urgent need to cum had passed, allowing him to revel in the exquisite slide and drag of his mother's pussy walls. Each slick glide from root to tip sent sparks of ecstasy zipping up his spine, but the edge of desperation had dulled.

He began to meet her downward thrusts, lifting his hips to grind against her swollen clit. Brook cried out sharply, her nails digging into Liam's pecs as he stirred her up inside. He could feel every flutter and clench of her rapacious cunt, could sense her climax building like a gathering storm.

"That's it, baby, fuck Mommy just like that!" Brook babbled, her face contorted in pleasure. "Gonna cum all over your big cock, gonna fucking - OH!"

Liam glanced over at Serena, his eyes seeking reassurance that he was performing adequately. The android gave him an encouraging nod, her glossy red lips curving into a smile.

"You're doing wonderfully, Liam," she praised. "Female orgasm is not only a natural part of the mating process, but it can actually aid in conception. The muscular contractions help propel the semen further into the reproductive tract."

Relief and pride washed through Liam at Serena's approval, spurring him to thrust up into his mother with renewed vigor. Brook's breathy cries grew louder, more urgent, her nails leaving crescent marks on Liam's chest as she ground down on him frantically.

"Oh fuck, oh GOD!" she wailed, head thrown back in ecstasy. Her lush body began to quake and shudder, overtaken by the force of her climax.

Liam watched in awe as his mother came apart above him, her face contorted in raw bliss. The rhythmic squeeze and flutter of her cunt around his pile-driving cock was almost too intense to bear, pushing him towards his own impending release.

Brook collapsed against Liam's chest, gigantic tits squashed between their sweat-slicked bodies as she continued to roll and grind her hips, riding out the aftershocks. Broken moans and whimpers fell from her lips, muffled against the crook of Liam's neck.

He clung to her, hands gripping the globes of her meaty ass, fingers sinking into the abundant flesh as he pumped up into her quivering sheath. The wet,

filthy sounds of their fucking filled the room, punctuated by their labored breathing and ecstatic cries.

The coil of tension at the base of Liam's spine wound tighter and tighter as he felt his own release barreling towards him. Serena's words echoed in his head - "the muscular contractions help propel the semen" - making the urge to flood Brook's womb with his seed even more powerful.

Brook gasped and moaned wantonly as she felt Liam's cockhead start to expand inside her tight, clinging heat. Her entire body quivered with the force of the impending eruption. She raised up slightly on his thick pole and began riding him with increased vigor, slamming her hips down to take him as deep as possible.

Her colossal boobs bounced wildly, slapping against Liam's face in a deluge of soft, pillowy flesh that smothered him. She ground her aching clit against his pubic bone, chasing her next violent orgasm that was swelling inside her like a tsunami. Electric shocks of raw pleasure radiated out from her core.

Liam groaned brokenly beneath her, his hands clenching the plush cheeks of her ass as he thrust up into her frantically. He could feel her muscular sheath rippling around him, squeezing his shaft like a silken fist. His swollen glans pummeled against the quivering ring of her cervix with each plunge, his knob growing larger and larger as he neared orgasm.

Through the haze of ecstasy, Liam felt an overwhelming urge to pierce through that final barrier - to bury his cock directly into his mother's womb and flood her with his seed. His balls drew up tight and his shaft pulsed as he crested the edge.

With a hoarse shout, he bucked up hard and forced his engorged crown through Brook's dilating os. The muscular ring clamped around him like a vise, trapping him in place as he exploded. Searing jets of cum spurted from his slit, painting her womb with ropey strands of his virile semen.

"FUCK! OH GOD, MOMMY!" Liam bellowed, every muscle seizing as the most intense orgasm of his young life wracked his body.

Above him, Brook wailed in rapture as she felt Liam's fist-sized knob swell impossibly large and pop into her cervix, locking them together. She convulsed and shook, impaled to the hilt on his throbbing shaft as he emptied his heavy balls directly into her fertile depths.

Her cunt rippled wildly, milking Liam for every drop. She could feel the wet heat of his cum bathing her insides, soothing the ache of her empty womb. Tears of bliss streamed down her face as she came apart, surrendering to the raw ecstasy of being bred so thoroughly by her own son.

Liam clung to his mom's lush curves as the final shuddering pulses left his cock, his lean body drenched in sweat. He panted harshly, his heart galloping against his ribs. Never in his wildest dreams had he imagined anything could feel so mind-blowingly incredible.

Brook collapsed against her teen's chest, her massive breasts squishing between their sweat-slicked bodies. Liam panted harshly, every nerve ending still sparking from the intensity of his climax. He could feel his mother's pussy fluttering and clenching around his shaft, milking out the last drops of his seed.

Serena's melodic voice broke through the haze of Liam's post-orgasmic bliss. "While you two are locked together, I highly recommend stimulating Brook's breasts," the android advised. "Nipple and areola massage triggers the release of oxytocin in the female body, which can help transport the sperm to fertilize the egg."

Liam swallowed thickly, his gaze riveted to the heaving mounds of flesh pressed against his face. Brook's areola were pebbled and tight, her fat nipples engorged and practically begging for his mouth. His cock twitched inside her, still rock hard and plugging her cervix.

"Go on, baby," Brook purred breathlessly, pushing herself up slightly on trembling arms. Her pillowy tits swayed enticingly above Liam's parted lips. "Suck on Mommy's big titties. Get them ready to feed your baby."

Liam groaned low in his throat, the wanton words making his balls tighten. With a surge of eager confidence, he captured one protruding nipple between his lips and suckled hard. Brook gasped and arched into him, her fingers sinking into his hair.

He nursed greedily on the engorged bud, relishing the pliant flesh against his tongue. He laved and lapped at her, drawing more of her breast into his hot, wet mouth. Brook mewled and writhed above him, grinding her fat, throbbing clit against his pubic bone as much as she could with his cock still locked inside her.

Liam palmed her other enormous mound, plumping the doughy flesh in his hand. He rolled and tugged on her nipple, feeling it stiffen further under his ministrations. He switched back and forth, lavishing attention on each

jiggling tit, suckling and kneading and generally worshipping his mother's spectacular rack.

As he feasted on her breasts, Liam was intensely aware of their lower bodies fused together - his fist-sized glans still plugging her convulsing cervix, her muscular walls rippling along his shaft. Each clench and flutter sent sparks of pleasure radiating through him, keeping him rock hard and throbbing inside her channel.

For long, drugging minutes, Liam suckled his mother's huge, spongy tits as she undulated on his cock. Brook babbled incoherently, lost in the haze of sensation. She ground herself against Liam's groin, trying to take him impossibly deeper even with his knot clogging her cervix.

“I'M CUMMING!” Brook's pretty voice shook as an orgasm came upon her suddenly and with fierce intensity.

Liam's entire body seized up as he felt his mother shudder and convulse on top of him, her enormous breast rippling around his face as she came again on his throbbing cock. The silken heat of her cunt fluttered and squeezed his shaft, the muscular ring of her cervix clamping down around his engorged crown like a tight fist.

He groaned brokenly into her pillowy tit-flesh, the sound muffled and desperate. Inside the liquid inferno of Brook's womb, Liam's glans swelled to an almost painful size, trapping him in place as her fem-cum gushed around his pulsing length. He could feel the slick fluid bathing his aching balls where they pressed against her ass, soaking his groin.

The intensity was almost too much to bear. Liam squeezed his eyes shut as his heartbeat roared in his ears, his skin flushing with heat. He suckled harder on Brook's fat nipple, losing himself in the lush give of her breast against his face. She cried out sharply, her fingers tightening in his hair as she ground herself against him.

Brook's cervix clenched rhythmically around her son's cock-knob, squeezing and rippling along the thick flare. He shuddered at the sensation, electric sparks of pleasure shooting up his spine. The pressure in his balls built to an agonizing degree, his sack drawing up tight and full.

With her pussy milking him so expertly, it was only a matter of time before Liam exploded again. He could feel the tension coiling at the base of his shaft, his impending release barreling towards him like a freight train. He thrust up into his mother as much as he could with his hips pinned beneath her, desperate to be deeper, to plant his seed directly into her hungry womb.

Liam and Brook writhed together, bodies locked in the most intimate embrace. With his engorged knot plugging her cervix, they could only roll their hips in unison, grinding against each other with desperate need. Liam groaned around Brook's nipple as he felt her slick walls undulating along his shaft, her muscular cervical ring squeezing the neck of his glans rhythmically.

Their combined fluids churned to a creamy froth inside her, Liam's cockhead plunging through it again and again as he stirred her up. His slit gaped open, dribbling a constant stream of pre-cum to mix with Brook's gushing arousal. The wet, obscene sounds of their coupling filled the room - slick squelches and sloppy schlicks that made Liam's face burn with equal parts shame and illicit excitement. He suckled harder on his mom's fat,

spongy nipple, relishing the way the pliant flesh yielded against his tongue. Her giant breast molded around his face, soft and warm, smothering him in her motherly scent. Liam felt surrounded, consumed by her lush curves, drowning in pure femininity.

Brook keened above him, voice cracking as another orgasm crested. Liam felt it in the way her pussy clamped down like a silken vise, fluttering wildly along his length. Her juices flooded out around his root, soaking his balls and dripping down the crack of her ass. The evidence of her pleasure coated their skin, sticky and pungent.

Liam's own climax swelled at the base of his spine, urgent and undeniable. His overstimulated cock jerked inside Brook's rippling sheath, the pressure in his balls building to a screaming peak. He was amazed he had anything left to give her, but his body was operating on pure instinct now, a primal need to seed his female that overrode all else.

With a guttural groan, Liam tore his mouth away from Brook's breast. He tipped his head back and roared as the first violent spurt erupted from his slit, painting her womb with a fresh deluge of cum. Brook wailed as she felt him swell impossibly larger, locking him deep as he geysered into her convulsing depths.

Liam's vision whited out as he came harder than he ever had in his life, his very essence pouring out of him in endless, agonizing pulses. Brook milked him through it, her cunt rippling expertly along his pulsing shaft, greedily drinking down his offering. He could feel her womb expanding with the sheer volume of his release, growing heavier, fuller as he pumped jet after thick jet directly into her fertile core.

Their bodies moved as one, an erotic dance of undulating hips and grinding flesh.

They collapsed together in a sweaty, sticky heap, hearts pounding in unison as their bodies pulsed and throbbed, still intimately joined. Liam panted harshly against Brook's neck, her fluttering pulse matching the rhythmic clenching of her pussy around his softening cock.

He could feel her slick walls rippling along his length, trying to milk every last drop of cum from his spent balls. Their mingled juices seeped out around his shaft, making obscene wet sounds with each feeble thrust of his hips. Liam's body felt boneless, utterly wrung out from the intensity of his climax.

Brook's massive breasts pressed heavily into his chest, the nipples still hard points digging into his skin. Liam's face was mashed into her neck, smothered by her intoxicating scent - sweat, arousal, and something uniquely maternal that made his head spin.

Slowly, gradually, he felt his fist-sized glans begin to retract, the swollen flesh squeezing back through the vise-like grip of Brook's cervix with a lewd squelch. Inch by inch, Liam's deflating cock slipped from her thoroughly seeded depths until just the tip remained nestled inside her clasping heat.

With a shuddery sigh, Liam felt his mother roll off to collapse beside him on the sweat-dampened sheets. Brook whimpered at the loss of his softening flesh, her swollen pussy gaping and oozing with the copious load he'd pumped into her.

Serena approached the bed, her luminous eyes scanning over their nude, entwined bodies analytically. "Excellent work, you two. That was an exemplary breeding session," she praised.

Liam flushed, feeling a confusing mix of pride and embarrassment at the android's blunt assessment of their coupling. He couldn't meet Serena's steady gaze, his eyes instead flicking to Brook's heaving chest, watching a trickle of sweat slide between her massive, jiggling breasts.

"Based on my calculations, Brook achieved five vaginal orgasms, while Liam ejaculated four times, with an average volume of 15 milliliters per emission," Serena rattled off clinically. "The consistency and motility of Liam's semen was optimal, with sperm counts exceeding 500 million per milliliter. More than enough to ensure successful fertilization."

Liam's head swam at the numbers, at the casual confirmation of just how much cum he'd pumped into his own mother's unprotected womb. A part of him marveled that his balls could produce such a potent load, while another part shriveled in shame at the perverse pride he felt.

Brook stroked a soothing hand down her son's sweaty back, as if sensing his inner turmoil. She cooed reassuringly in his ear. "Oh honey, you were amazing. I can't wait for you to do that to me again and again, all year long."

Brook pressed her huge, heavy breasts against Liam's sweat-slicked chest, smothering him in her warm, plush flesh. He groaned as he felt her hard nipples digging into his skin, poking insistently. His spent cock twitched against his thigh, struggling to rouse again so soon.

"You think you're up for this, honey?" Brook purred, undulating her voluptuous body against his. "Fucking Mom and all your other female relatives, over and over, putting baby after baby in our bellies?"

Liam swallowed hard, his mouth gone dry at the thought. An entire year of nonstop rutting and breeding, seeding every fertile womb in his family. His stomach fluttered with nervous anticipation even as a bolt of heat shot to his groin.

He nodded slowly, licking his lips. "I'll do my best," he rasped, voice rough from exertion. "I won't let you down."

Brook smiled, sapphire eyes twinkling with pride and barely restrained hunger. "I know you won't, sweetie. You're gonna be such a good little breeder for Mom and everyone else."

She punctuated her words with a sensual roll of her wide hips, grinding her slick mound against Liam's thigh. He shuddered, feeling the searing heat and wet slide of her swollen folds, the sticky evidence of their coupling smearing across his skin.

TO BE CONTINUED...



# BREED

**PART 2**

**BY KLRXO**

## Part 2

Liam stood at the expansive window, gazing down at the slowly rotating Earth. His heart raced as he drank in the breathtaking view of blue oceans and swirling white clouds.

But it wasn't just the planet's beauty that had his pulse pounding. No, it was the knowledge that his dad was down there, going about his day, completely aware that his son's cock was getting coated in his wife's juices. That Liam was pumping Brook full of his potent teenage seed, breeding his own mother with wild, incestuous abandon.

Liam's brothers and uncles were down there too, working their jobs, running errands, living their lives. All while being fully cognizant of the fact that he was up here in space, plowing their wives, their sisters, their daughters – pleasuring their pussies with his teenage dick.

They all knew that Liam's sole purpose was to flood the wombs of every fertile female in his family with his virile spunk and put baby after baby in their bellies.

A shiver raced down Liam's spine, his sensitive cock twitching against his thigh as he pictured it. His older brother Josh, sitting at his office desk, trying to concentrate on work while images of Liam rutting between Jenna's splayed thighs bombarded his brain. Knowing his little brother was giving his wife the deep fucking her body was made for, that he could never provide.

And his dad, poor Roger, walking around with the inescapable knowledge that Liam was conquering Mom. That his boy was experiencing the tight,

wet clasp of Brook's cunt, dumping load after potent load into her greedy depths as she begged for more.

A twisted sense of pride swelled in Liam's chest. He was the most important Richards male now. The breeder. The one tasked with repopulating their family's wombs, with ensuring humanity's survival. A heavy responsibility, but one his young loins were more than up to.

The knowledge that he would soon be balls deep in his aunts, his grandmother, his cousins, and sister-in-law again made Liam's heart gallop. His cock swelled, growing heavy and thick as it strained toward the Earth, as if drawn by the tantalizing scent of so much fertile pussy waiting to be conquered.

Brook stood in the center of the main living area, turning slowly as she took in the obscene display of bare female flesh. Her sisters, mother, nieces and daughter-in-law lounged on the plush sofas and chairs, bodies adorned in the most scandalous "outfits" she'd ever seen.

If you could even call them outfits. More like a few strategically placed strips of fabric that left very little to the imagination. Sky-high stiletto heels forced their sexy feet into an extreme arch, toes pointed and shapely calves flexed. The delicate heels looked like they could break at any moment under the weight of those lush, curvy bodies.

Brook's gaze drifted up mile-long legs to the juncture of each woman's thighs. A thin band of cloth called a pubic-clip clung to their mounds, cupping their sex but not covering it. The plump lips of their bare pussies peeked out obscenely on either side, glistening and swollen. It was like their vulvas were framed, presented, an erotic centerpiece drawing the eye.

Higher still, their massive breasts swayed and bounced with every breath and movement. Pasties clipped on fat dusky teats, covering just their wide pebbled areolas. The effect was somehow even more indecent than if they were completely topless.

Brook swallowed hard, her own body poured into an identical get-up. The crotch strap felt strange and naughty against her hairless sex, rubbing maddeningly against her fat clitoral hood as she shifted. Her nipples tingled in the cool air, the pasties an unfamiliar weight and texture. She felt stripped bare, raw, a piece of ripe meat trussed up and ready to be bred.

"Isn't this just wild, sis?" Kira giggled, giving her enormous jugs a shake. They were nearly as big as her sister's – pounds of G-cup titty-flesh. Flimsy pasties barely clung on as the heavy globes jiggled like fleshy jello. "I feel like a fucking porn star!"

Tara, Brook's other sister, snorted, crossing her legs so the plump lips of her pussy peeped out even more. "More like a high-class escort. No porn star wears heels this expensive."

"I think we look hot," Jenna, Brook's daughter-in-law declared, smirking as she ran a hand down her side. "Liam's eyes are going to pop out of his head when he sees us like this."

Brook's stomach flipped at the mention of her son, at the thought of him drinking in the sight of all their barely-contained curves. The crotch strap dampened against her core, her body responding viscerally to the idea of being so lewdly displayed for Liam.

"God, he's probably going to cum in his pants as soon we see him," Kira snickered.

Brook glanced over at Jenna, noting the slight tension in her daughter-in-law's posture. Even dolled up in the scandalous lingerie, a hint of nervousness flickered in Jenna's eyes. Her big milk-swollen breasts jiggled and swayed as she shifted her weight, almost like they were trembling with anxious energy.

"You doing okay, hon?" Brook asked gently, placing a comforting hand on Jenna's bare shoulder. "I know this is all a bit...overwhelming."

Jenna exhaled shakily, nodding. "Yeah, I'm alright. Just a little nervous, I guess." She bit her glossy lip, gaze darting around at the other scantily clad women before settling back on Brook.

"It's just, well...I've only ever been with Josh. And Liam, he's..." Jenna's cheeks flushed, her hands fluttering over her gigantic, heaving jugs. "He's so much bigger than his brother. Like, massively huge."

Brook's pussy clenched at the reminder of Liam's impressive endowment, the way his fist-sized cock head had stretched her so deliciously full. She swallowed hard, trying to keep her expression neutral even as memories of their explosive breeding session crashed over her.

"I know, sweetie. Trust me, I was pretty overwhelmed with Liam yesterday also," Brook assured her. "But your body was built for this. You'll adapt, open right up for him. You did just squeeze a baby out a month ago, remember?"

Jenna nodded, but her teeth worried at her plump bottom lip. "I just...I don't know if I'll be able to control myself, you know? When he's splitting me open on that huge dick, fucking me so deep..." She shuddered, thighs clenching together. "I'm probably gonna cum. A lot. And I know it's awful of me, with Josh being..." Jenna trailed off, ducking her head in shame.

Lorraine chose that moment to sashay over, a knowing smile on her painted lips. "Oh honey, don't you worry about that. Cumming on a teenage cock is not only natural, it's downright expected!"

"She's right," Brook agreed. "Dicks are at their hardest at that age. And Liam's penis is VERY large – massively huge, like you said. It was made to create female orgasm."

Lorraine chuckled throatily, her colossal jugs bouncing. "Your body knows what it needs, and it's going to take it. Wring that boy dry, milk him for all he's worth."

Brook nodded in agreement, rubbing Jenna's back soothingly. "Orgasms actually help with conception too. Your cervix will dip down, suck Liam in even deeper. It's a totally natural response, nothing to feel guilty about."

Lorraine smiled sympathetically at Jenna, patting her shoulder. "Oh sweetie, I know it's hard not to think about how this affects your husband Josh and the other men. I'm sure they're all beside themselves, knowing their wives and daughters are going to spend the next year getting ruthlessly fucked by a teenage family member."

She sighed, her enormous breasts heaving. "But we can't dwell on that. It will only make things harder. Our focus has to be on the task at hand -

getting bred by that virile young stud and popping out as many babies as possible."

Brook nodded in agreement. "The way I see it, if a little pleasure gets mixed in with our duty, well, that's only natural. Our bodies were made to enjoy a thick cock splitting us open, pumping us full."

Lorraine's sapphire eyes sparkled with mischief. "Lord knows after feeling Liam's beast rearranging my womb. I'll probably cum so hard I'll see stars. And I refuse to feel an ounce of guilt about that, no matter how much it hurts my dear Arthur."

Jenna bit her lip, nodding slowly as she absorbed Lorraine's words. "Well, I am here to do my most favorite thing in the world... fuck. I guess I should just relax and let the orgasms flow."

"Josh knows that you'll be fucking his little brother hard up here," Brook reminded her. "And I'm sure he also knows that orgasm is just a part of the breeding process."

Brook could see the tension gradually leaving her daughter-in-law's shoulders, her expression shifting from apprehensive to cautiously intrigued.

"You're right," Jenna said finally, a determined glint entering her eyes. "Josh will just have to deal. He's not the one whose womb will be put through the wringer this year."

She glanced down at her own exposed mound, flushed and glistening. "If my body needs to cum its brains out on Liam's huge cock in order to catch,

then so be it. I'll ride that big dick like my life depends on it. Because, well, it kind of does."

Brook squeezed Jenna's shoulder, pride swelling in her chest. She knew it couldn't be easy for her daughter-in-law to push aside her marital vows, to accept rutting wantonly with her young brother-in-law. But like the rest of them, Jenna was a survivor. She would adapt, embrace this new purpose, no matter how taboo.

Lorraine grinned wickedly, looking like the cat that caught the canary. "That's the spirit! Now let's go show that nephew of mine what these MILF bods can do. I have a feeling that boy won't know what hit him!"

The air felt charged with erotic anticipation as the android Serena ushered Brook, Lorraine, and Jenna down the curving hallway toward Liam's breeding quarters. The women's dainty stiletto heels clicked a staccato rhythm on the polished floor, their hips rolling seductively with each gliding step.

Brook's heart pounded as she watched her mother's and daughter-in-law's spectacular asses sway and jiggle, the plump rounded cheeks completely bare. Meaty tits bobbed and bounced hypnotically, heavy and ripe, nipples straining against glittery pasties.

Flutters of nervous excitement danced low in Brook's belly as they approached the sleek metal door. Slickness gathered between her thighs, dampening the crotch of her obscene outfit. She could practically feel Liam's presence on the other side, his virile young body waiting to mount and rut them all. Her pussy clenched reflexively, aching to be split open on his huge teen cock again, to be pumped full of his potent seed.

The door slid open with a soft pneumatic hiss and Brook's breath caught. Liam stood in the center of the room, his lean swimmer's build on glorious display. He wore nothing but a black silk robe that gaped open, revealing his chiseled abs and the thickening length of his cock.

Brook's mouth went dry as she watched her son's eyes widen, pupils blowing out as he took in the erotic sight of the women.

"Please, make yourselves comfortable," Serena said smoothly, her glossy red lips curving as she gestured to the enormous bed with its rumpled silk sheets. "Each of you will get to choose an original Kama Sutra sex position to be bred in today."

Lorraine let out a throaty chuckle, her massive jugs wobbling. "Oh my! How delightful!"

She sashayed into the room, heading straight for a sleek screen displaying various sexual positions. Jenna followed eagerly, a hungry gleam in her eyes as she perused the erotic illustrations.

Brook hung back for a moment, her gaze riveted to Liam. His plush lips parted as he watched the women, a trickle of sweat sliding down his temple. The thick root of his cock peeked out from his robe, flushed and swelling rapidly. He looked equal parts aroused and overwhelmed, a lamb about to be devoured by a pack of she-wolves.

Liam's eyes met his mom's and a shiver raced down her spine at the heat in his gaze. Memories of him sheathed deep inside her, stretching her impossibly full, crashed over her in a dizzying wave. She remembered the

exquisite feel of his fist-sized glans pummeling her most sacred chamber, filling it with her his seed.

Jenna sauntered along the screen, her curvaceous birthing hips swaying hypnotically. Liam's eyes were glued to the bounce and jiggle of her spectacular ass as she bent forward to study the Kama Sutra illustrations. His cock twitched and thickened further, straining against the confines of his robe.

She tapped a plump, glossy nail against one particular image, a smile spreading across her face. "Ooh, the Basket position! I've always wanted to try this one with Josh but we could never quite make it work with our height difference."

Jenna turned to face Liam, a wicked gleam in her sapphire eyes. "But I bet you and I would align just perfectly, Liam."

The teen's heart raced, his vivid imagination conjuring the erotic image of his sister-in-law perched in his lap, her thick thighs draped over his shoulders as he thrust up into her slick heat. His cock throbbed urgently, aching to feel Jenna's tight, wet pussy gripping him.

Lorraine praised Jenna's choice, a salacious smile curving her painted lips. "Excellent pick, dear. That position will have Liam's cock hitting all your sweet spots." Her sapphire eyes sparkled with mischief as she turned to examine the screen herself.

Lorraine's gaze roamed over the erotic illustrations, searching for a position that would bring her and Liam a new level of intimacy. She knew her

grandson was fixated on her gargantuan breasts, always staring at them with barely concealed hunger. An idea formed, wicked and delicious.

"The Merger position," Lorraine purred, tapping a crimson nail against the screen. "That's the one for me."

In the image, the man sat on the edge of the bed, legs bent and feet on the floor. The woman straddled his thighs, facing him, her own legs bent and resting on his hips, feet dangling.

Lorraine's pussy clenched as she imagined riding her grandson like that, her giant tits pressed against his face, smothering him. She would have complete control over the pace and depth of penetration, able to impale herself on his thickness over and over. And Liam's mouth would be at the perfect height to worship her enormous tits as she used him.

Liam shifted his weight from foot to foot, the motion causing his robe to slip further open. Lorraine drank in the sight of his exposed cock, the broad head flushed a deep, angry red, a bead of pre-cum glistening at the slit. Her own juices trickled down her inner thighs, her core aching to be filled by his girth.

"Such an eager young buck," Lorraine practically growled, her voice dripping with maternal hunger. She stalked toward the teen, her colossal jugs bouncing and swaying. "So ready to rut, to pump us full of your seed."

Liam gulped audibly but stood his ground, hands clenching and unclenching at his sides. His gaze was riveted to Lorraine's shimmying tits as she sashayed right up to him, barely a breath between their bodies. At this distance, he could see every detail of her gigantic breasts - the

prominent blue veins under her pale skin, the puckered goosebumps stippling her wide areolas, barely obscured by the pasties.

Brook approached the screen, her heart racing as she scanned the erotic illustrations. There were so many that she had never tried, even in her wild younger years. One position in particular caught her eye, sending a bolt of heat straight to her core. It was called the Pronebone, and it showed the woman lying face down on the bed with the man entering her from behind.

Brook's breath quickened as she imagined herself splayed out beneath Liam like that, his lean, muscular body blanketing hers. She could practically feel the rounded globes of her ass cushioning his powerful thrusts as he rutted into her, could picture his flushed face hovering over her shoulder, panting hotly against her neck.

"This one," she said decisively, tapping the screen with a trembling finger. "The Pronebone."

Liam made a choked sound behind her, and Brook glanced over her shoulder to see his gaze riveted to her plump backside. His cock bobbed heavily between his legs, flushed a deep, angry purple and leaking copiously. The knowledge that just the thought of taking her in such a primal position affected him so strongly sent a dark thrill through her.

Serena smiled approvingly, luminous eyes flicking between Brook and the screen. "An excellent choice. The Pronebone allows for deep penetration and g-spot stimulation. The male partner's bodyweight pressing down also heightens the female's feeling of being dominated and bred thoroughly."

Brook shivered as the android's clinical words painted an intensely erotic picture in her mind. Liam's pelvis grinding into the soft meat of her ass, his cock head battering her cervix, the delicious crush of his body pinning her down as he seeded her womb...

She met her son's heated gaze, lust simmering between them. Brook could see the same images playing out behind Liam's dilated eyes, his chiseled chest heaving with quickened breaths.

Lorraine's throaty chuckle broke the charged moment. "Well, looks like we've got quite the lineup!" she declared, clapping her hands together. Her massive breasts jiggled with the motion, drawing Liam's rapt attention. "I say we get this breeding party started!"

Jenna bit her plump lower lip, a pretty flush spreading across her cheeks as she eyed Liam hungrily. "I agree," she purred, reaching out to untie his robe. "I can't wait to feel my little brother stuffing me full."

The black silk slithered to the floor and Liam stood before them in all his glory, his spectacular young body on lewd display. Brook drank in the mouthwatering sight of his tight swimmer's physique and the prodigious manhood jutting proudly from his groin. Her pussy clenched, slick arousal coating the crotch of her lingerie.

Serena spoke up. "I suggest the three mothers begin by worshipping Liam's body to prime him for affective baby making."

The lights dimmed to a romantic ambient glow as Brook, Lorraine and Jenna shed their pasties, crotch clips and stilettos. Liam's heart pounded as

he watched the women disrobe, revealing their spectacular curves in all their naked glory.

They converged on him, hands roaming over his trembling flesh, tracing the ridges of muscle. Liam shivered as he felt the warm press of their enormous breasts against his back, his chest, smothering him in plush tit-flesh. He knew his sister-in-law was lactating and could feel trails of warm tit-milk being left on his skin.

Soft, plump lips skimmed across his heated skin, trailing lingering kisses and playful nips.

Brook nibbled along the column of her son's neck, her hot breath raising goosebumps in its wake.

Lorraine latched onto a flat male nipple, suckling and flicking the sensitive nub with her wicked tongue.

Jenna dropped to her knees, nuzzling his quivering abs, dipping into his navel. She admired his Adonis-like body – so much younger and sexier than her husband's.

Liam's head fell back on a low groan, overwhelmed by the onslaught of sensation. Six hands stroked and squeezed, mapping the planes of his body with their long, manicured fingernails

Slick, pillowy mounds rubbed all over him, the hard rubbery points of nipples dragging deliciously against his flesh.

His cock throbbed almost painfully, an insistent heat pulsing through his loins.

Liam's balls drew up tight as he felt the women's silky tresses brushing his shaft, their humid breaths puffing against his aching length. But maddeningly, they avoided touching him where he needed it most.

Instead, they continued their sensual assault, licking and kissing a blazing path across his trembling form. Liam's skin felt electrified, his nerves sparking under their lavish attention. His heart galloped behind his ribs as his mother, grandmother and sister-in-law took their time tasting him, learning his body.

Jenna laved her tongue along the vee of his hips, her beautiful eyes staring up his torso, watching his reaction, while Brook suckled the lobe of his ear.

Lorraine dipped into the hollow of his throat, then scraped her teeth over his collarbone. Liam shuddered and gasped, his senses overloading with pleasure.

They petted and stroked every inch of him, from the arch of his foot to his inner thighs to the sensitive flesh behind his ears. Liam had never been touched so intimately, so thoroughly. It was as if the women were trying to memorize him with their hands and mouths, to imprint themselves on his young body.

Serena watched the proceedings with a cool, assessing gaze. "Worship his testicles," she instructed calmly. "Lavish them with attention. Stimulating that area will help increase semen production."

Liam's legs trembled as the women began to worship his swollen balls from front and back. Three long, sensual tongues dug and curled wetly through

his heavy scrotum, tracing every ridge and curve. Their hot breath puffed against his delicate skin, inhaling his pheromone-rich musk.

“Oh wow, that feels so... damn!” he groaned, head lolling back as his grandmother, mother and sister-in-law lavished attention on his most sensitive area.

Wet, velvety muscle lapped and swirled, bathing not only his aching balls, but probing the tender tubes and tissues deep within his sack. Electric sparks of pleasure radiated out from his prostate as they stimulated him from all angles.

The teenager's cock jerked and wept, clear fluid dribbling down the shaft to pool in his navel. The women licked it up greedily, humming their approval at his taste. He shuddered as he felt their plump lips and agile tongues dancing over his tight ball skin, tugging gently, suckling his orbs into the wet heat of their mouths.

Pleasure borderline painful racked his body as Lorraine, Brook, and Jenna worked him over with single-minded focus. They were relentless in their worship, determined to coax out the biggest, most potent load from his churning balls. Liam could only moan brokenly, hands fisting in their silky hair, urging them on.

Lorraine popped off his sack with a lewd slurp, only to be replaced by Brook's eager mouth.

“Seal your lips around his nut, darling,” she purred. “Feel how it's just bursting with cum.”

“Mmmnn,” His mother hummed as she rolled his balls on her tongue, the fleshy weights sliding against her palate.

Jenna licked up his taint, probing the sensitive patch of skin behind his tightening scrotum.

“He's so sensitive right here,” she whispered to Lorraine who joined her, nuzzling and licking his taint.

“Such responsive teenage flesh,” the grandmother whimpered, kissing and slathering the sensitive spot with saliva.

Liam saw stars behind his clenched eyelids, colors bursting and flaring with each suctioning pull, each press of tongue. He'd never known such intense sensation could radiate from his balls, but the women were showing him new heights of ecstasy with every flickering lick and gentle tug.

His cock pulsed urgently, veins bulging under delicate skin as blood surged to his groin. Liam's abs clenched, his glutes flexing as the pressure built at the base of his spine. He could feel his climax swelling, the dam preparing to burst, but he fought against it.

"Not yet, Liam," Serena intoned calmly, appearing at Liam's side. "You must save your seed for their wombs. This is just to prime you, to ensure the most abundant emission when you breed them."

The android placed a staying hand on his stomach, as if she could feel his impending orgasm and halt it through sheer force of will.

Liam panted harshly through his nose, trying to calm the boiling in his balls, the urgent demands of his body to erupt.

Serena urged Lorraine, Brook and Jenna to guide Liam onto the expansive bed. "Immerse him in your feminine softness," the android instructed. "Press your breasts against his face and body. Let him feel smothered by your abundant curves."

Liam's heart raced as the women drew him down onto the plush mattress. Lorraine positioned herself beneath him, spreading her thighs so he settled between them, his aching cock nestled against her slick folds. She grabbed his head and pressed his face into her heaving cleavage, engulfing him in warm, pillowy flesh.

"That's it, baby boy, motorboat Grandma's big titties," Lorraine purred, undulating her hips so his shaft slid through her soaked slit.

Liam groaned into her cavernous cleavage, open mouth pressed tight to her soft, fragrant skin. His head spun with the heady cocktail of her womanly musk and perfume.

Brook and Jenna climbed on top of him, blanketing his back. Liam grunted as he felt their combined weight pressing him down, pinning him in place. Two pairs of massive, heavy breasts squished against his shoulder blades and spine, surrounding him in a fleshy cocoon.

Jenna leaned over his shoulder, her tits smashing against the side of his face as she brought her lips to his ear. "I'm excited for you to breed me, Liam," she whispered hotly. "To feel your big young cock splitting me open, pumping me full of cum. You're gonna breed me so much better than your brother ever could."

Liam shuddered, his hips flexing involuntarily at the forbidden image. He couldn't deny the dark thrill that rushed through him at the thought of fucking and seeding Josh's beautiful wife. Jenna's musky arousal filled his nostrils, making his head swim.

Brook nuzzled into Liam's other ear, her voice a seductive purr. "Mommy needs your potent seed, baby. I'm so empty inside, aching to be filled by your virile cock. Pump me full of your cum, make my belly swell with your baby."

Liam's balls drew up tight, his shaft pulsing against Lorraine's slick folds. The depraved encouragement from the women, the press of their lush curves, was rapidly pushing him to the brink. He panted into his grandmother's cleavage, dizzy with lust.

"Your dad is probably so jealous," Brook continued, grinding her soaked pussy against Liam's tailbone. "Knowing his youngest son is fucking wife better than he ever could, breeding me over and over. You're going to ruin me for him, stretch me out so much I'll never feel him again."

Liam groaned as he felt his steely cock grinding against Lorraine's slippery slit, their swollen knobs mashing together slickly. The pressure of his grandmother's fat clit rubbing his glans sent sparks of pleasure zinging up his shaft.

Brook and Jenna's sultry words echoed in his ears, stoking the fire in his loins. "You're gonna look so beautiful with your belly swollen full of Liam's baby, Brook," Jenna purred, licking the shell of his ear. "I can't wait to see you ripe and glowing, knowing it's our virile boy's seed growing inside you."

"Mmmm, yes," Brook moaned, undulating her hips. "And so will you. You looked amazing carrying Josh's baby, but I just know you'll look even more radiant carrying Liam's."

Lorraine's massive jugs enveloped the boy's face, the soft flesh molding around his features. He could scarcely breathe, but he didn't care, lost to the overwhelming sensations bombarding him. His hips flexed instinctively, grinding his aching cock through his grandmother's drenched folds.

"I'm gonna cum so hard on your big dick," Lorraine growled, fingers sinking into Liam's hair. "Squeeze you so tight as you flood me with your seed. Milk every last drop into my hungry cunt."

Liam whimpered, the liquid heat of Lorraine's slick channel searing his throbbing length. The filthy promises of the women had him teetering on the edge, his balls drawn up painfully tight. The plush press of abundant curves surrounded him, smothered him in an erotic fever dream.

"Breed us, Liam," Jenna keened, grinding her sopping pussy into the dimples above his ass. "Fill our aching wombs with your superior seed. Knock us up over and over and over."

"Put baby after baby in our bellies," Brook babbled, fingers digging into Liam's shoulders. "Ruin us for our husbands."

Liam shuddered violently, white hot pleasure spiking at the base of his spine. He could feel his orgasm building like a tidal wave, cresting and ready to crash over him. The women's fevered words, their insistent touches, their intoxicating feminine scents all coalesced into a maelstrom of sensation that threatened to sweep him away.

"Give us your baby-makers, darling boy," Lorraine demanded, clamping her thighs around Liam's pistoning hips. "Let us feel you burst hot teenage seed into our unprotected wombs. Breed our hungry cunts!" Liam felt his climax barreling towards him like a runaway freight train. Serena must have sensed his impending eruption because she quickly interrupted. "Time to begin the breeding process."

"Jenna, you may take the first turn," the android said calmly. "Please get into Basket position on the bed."

Jenna's big milk-heavy udders dangled and rocked back and forth as she scrambled to obey, a wicked gleam in her sapphire eyes as she settled back against the pillows and spread her sexy legs. She draped her ankles over Liam's shoulders as he kneeled between her splayed thighs.

Liam's heart pounded as he stared down at Jenna's glistening pink folds, puffy and engorged with arousal. Her musky scent filled his nostrils, making his head swim with lust. He could feel the searing heat radiating off her body, drawing him in like a moth to a flame.

"Guide him inside you," Serena instructed from the sidelines.

Jenna reached between their bodies and grasped Liam's aching shaft. He shuddered as her slender fingers wrapped around his throbbing girth, squeezing gently. She notched his leaking tip at her entrance and bucked her hips, trying to impale herself on his thickness.

"Just relax, Liam," Jenna whimpered, rubbing his swollen glans through her slick folds. "Let me make love to you. Let me take your seed."

Liam groaned low in his throat, fighting the urge to slam forward and bury himself to the hilt. He wanted to savor this moment, to feel every inch of his sister-in-law's tight channel gripping him as he sank inside.

From the corner of his eye, Liam saw Brook and Lorraine crawl to the edge of the enormous bed, settling in to watch the show. His mother and grandmother looked like a pair of eager voyeurs, faces flushed and eyes glittering with anticipation as they prepared to observe him ruining Jenna for Josh.

Liam swallowed hard, a confusing mix of emotions swirling in his gut - illicit excitement, masculine pride, and a twinge of guilt. But those feelings quickly evaporated as Jenna rolled her hips, causing the tip of his cock to pop past her tight ring of muscle.

"Ohhh fuck," Liam gasped as velvety soft heat engulfed his sensitive glans. Jenna was even tighter than his mother, her inner walls clenching and fluttering around his throbbing cockhead. He could feel every ripple and flutter through his shaft as he pushed forward incrementally, jaw clenched with restraint.

Jenna's eyes rolled back in ecstasy as Liam's thick unyielding meat stretched her inner walls, filling her impossibly full. A guttural moan tore from her throat at the delicious burn, the feeling of being split open on his huge young cock.

Despite having given birth only a month ago, she felt as tight as a virgin, unused to such an impressive girth. Her body struggled to accommodate Liam's fat dick, unused to one so much bigger than her husband's. Josh had always been average at best, but Liam... Liam was in a class all his own.

She gasped and writhed as he sank deeper, her slick walls rippling along every ridge and vein. It was almost too much, the way he stretched her, reaching places she didn't even know could feel pleasure. Her fingers scrabbled at Liam's lean back, blunt nails digging into his flexing muscles.

"Oh God, Liam, you're so big!" Jenna whimpered, head thrashing on the pillow. Her ankles locked around his neck, heels digging into his shoulder blades. "I feel so full. Like you're in my fucking throat."

Liam shuddered above her, perspiration breaking out across his brow at the tight, wet heat engulfing his meat. Jenna's pussy was a vise around him, gripping him like a fist.

"Are you sure you just pushed a baby through there?" he asked with a pleasurable sigh.

"I've always had a tight pussy," she giggled and squeezed her Kegel muscles, making him flinch. "I've never had a dick this big though. Push deeper."

He pushed forward slowly, savoring the drag of her silken walls against his aching flesh. When he was fully seated, his heavy balls nestled against the plump curve of Jenna's ass, Liam had to pause and just breathe. The urge to cum was overwhelming, his cock throbbing demandingly in the liquid clasp of her sheath.

Jenna's cunt fluttered and clenched rhythmically around him, as if trying to milk his seed from his body. The knowledge that his sister-in-law was so eager for his load, was squeezing him so hungrily, made Liam's head spin. He'd never felt so desired, so powerful in his virility. "Fuck, Jenna, you're

gripping me so tight," Liam grunted, eyes squeezing shut as he fought for control. "Like your pussy is trying to suck the cum right out of me."

"Mmmm, it is," Jenna purred, undulating her hips in little figure eights. Sparks of pleasure burst behind Liam's eyelids at the slick friction, the wet slide of her walls. "This hungry cunt wants your seed, Liam. It's aching to be pounded by your big, fertile cock."

Liam groaned as he began to move inside Jenna, her tight wet heat gripping him like a silken fist. He could feel every ripple and flutter of her inner walls as he withdrew until just the tip remained, then surged forward to bury himself to the hilt.

Jenna cried out beneath him, her nails scoring his back as he stretched her impossibly full.

"That's it, darling, give her that big cock," Lorraine urged, her voice husky with arousal. "Fuck her hard and deep, Liam. Make her scream for your seed!"

Liam glanced over to see his mother and grandmother shamelessly rubbing their swollen clits, fingers dancing between slick shaved folds. Their heavy breasts heaved and jiggled, dusky nipples thick and protruding. The lewd sight spurred him on, his hips snapping faster, harder, pounding into Jenna with growing urgency.

"You've wanted a piece of this pussy since that day you saw it beneath the table, haven't you?" Jenna asked knowingly, her lips curled into a smirk

Her question forced Liam to recall the one sexually charged incident he'd had with his gorgeous sister-in-law. It was when the family went out to

dinner one night and he accidentally dropped his spoon beneath the table. When he ducked down to retrieve it, he found himself staring straight up Jenna's skirt.

To his shock, she seemed to spread her legs even wider, giving him an unobstructed view of her sheer pale pink panties. The flimsy material left little to the imagination. He could clearly make out the puffy lips of her pussy and the shadow of her cleft through the gauzy fabric.

Liam's mouth went dry and his heart pounded as he drank in the forbidden sight. Unable to resist, he leaned in closer, until Jenna's intoxicating feminine musk filled his nostrils. The scent of her arousal made his head swim and his cock throb against his zipper.

He knew he should look away, that staring up his brother's wife's skirt was beyond inappropriate. But Liam felt hypnotized by the damp patch darkening the crotch of Jenna's panties and the way her plump vulva pressed against the sheer fabric, as if begging to be freed.

His hand twitched with the urge to reach out and touch, to trace the lace-trimmed edges of her panties. To tug the crotch aside and feel the wet heat of her bare pussy against his fingertips. Liam's face blazed and his pulse roared in his ears at the depraved direction of his thoughts.

Just as he was about to give into temptation, Jenna shifted and crossed her legs, cutting off his illicit view. Liam jerked back, nearly smacking his head on the underside of the table in his haste. Shame and lust warred within him as he fumbled for the spoon with trembling fingers.

When he reemerged, spoon in hand and face flushed, Liam couldn't meet Jenna's knowing gaze. But he swore he saw a wicked gleam in her sapphire eyes and a smug little smirk playing about her glossy lips. Like she knew exactly what kind of impure thoughts were racing through his fevered mind.

Now, here he was, sawing his tender cock through those sweet folds, feeling the slick, velvet heat of his sister-in-law's most secret flesh gripping him like a silken vise. Every ridge and vein of his shaft dragged against her swollen inner walls, sending electric jolts of pleasure up his spine with each slow, deliberate thrust.

“Yeah, I'll admit...I have been wanting this,” he answered.

“Well then fuck away,” she grinned, “tear into this hot sister-in-law pussy.”

Jenna humped her crotch on his hot dick, making her wet, puffy flanges beat on his cock-root. She arched her back and Liam's eyes traveled from the grape-sized clit bulging from beneath its hood, up her slightly pudgy belly to the twin globes of tit-meat swinging and rippling along her rib-cage.

“Fuck, that's so cool!” the teenager gasped, watching her curves swing and jiggle as she shamelessly fucked herself on his cock.

“Look at the nectar spraying from her nipples, Liam,” Lorraine stated, rubbing her own clit frantically.

“Holy shit!” the teen gasped, watched the teats spray beads of tit-honey with each heavy roll of her oversized boobs. “So much milk!”

Jenna suddenly sat up and clutched at Liam with desperate fingers, drawing him impossibly closer. Her huge tits smashed and sloshed against his chest with each powerful thrust, warm milk leaking to coat his abs in sticky trails. She dragged his mouth to hers in a searing kiss, tongue delving deep to taste him.

Liam lost himself in the hot, wet slide of her lips, the filthy press of her tongue. He could scarcely breathe, smothered by the abundant flesh of her breasts, drowning in her intoxicating taste and scent.

Jenna writhed against him, undulating her hips to meet his increasingly erratic thrusts. The slap of his heavy balls against her ass filled the room, punctuated by their grunts and moans.

"Mmmm, yes, like that," Jenna whimpered into his mouth. "Harder, Liam! Ruin me with that huge dick!"

Liam's blood roared in his ears, his heart slamming against his ribs as he rutted into his sister-in-law with wild abandon. Sweat slicked their skin, easing the glide of her curves against his lithe muscles. He could feel his cockhead pummeling the mouth of her womb with each plunge, demanding entrance.

Jenna's tight sheath rippled and clenched around him, drawing him deeper, greedily milking his shaft. Liam's fingers dug into the meat of her ass as he ground himself against her, stirring her up inside.

The wet squelch of his cock churning her cream to froth was obscene, filthy, spurring him to an even more frenzied pace. "Oh goddamn, that feels so good!" the teen groaned.

Lorraine's and Brook's wanton moans and breathless encouragements washed over him, stoking the fire in his loins. Knowing they were watching him breed Jenna, shamelessly pleasuring themselves to the sight, made Liam's balls tighten.

The teenager groaned at the unfamiliar sensations engulfing his throbbing cock - the soft, pliant give of Jenna's postpartum pussy, still slightly stretched from pushing out a baby mere weeks ago. He could feel every fold and flutter of her inner walls, the pleated rugae rippling along his aching length like a thousand tiny tongues.

Her cervix, not yet fully closed, yielded under the insistent pressure of his swollen tip, the taut ring of muscle stretching to accommodate his girth.

“OHHH-YEEEEAAH!” Liam shuddered as the bulbous head of his dick sank partway into her womb, an entirely new silken heat greeting his sensitive flesh.

Jenna's powerful inner muscles clenched and rippled around him, drawing him impossibly deeper as her copious secretions bathed his shaft in liquid fire. The molten cream eased his way, allowing him to plunge into her again and again, stirring her up into a frothy lather.

It was like nothing he'd ever felt before - the slick, velvety glide, the delicious drag and pull of her vaginal walls. Liam knew he'd have to get used to this new sensation, this incredible welcoming grip of a freshly empty womb just begging to be filled anew with his potent seed.

He ground his pelvis against Jenna's, trying to crawl inside her, to burrow into her very core. The fat spear of his cock throbbed urgently, pulsing in

time with his racing heart as it tunneled into her sodden depths. Electric pleasure sparked up his spine, sizzling out to every nerve ending until he was drowning in sensation.

"Oh God, Liam, yes!" Jenna wailed beneath him, back arching as he pounded her into the mattress. "Fuck me, breed me!"

Jenna's cheeks flushed hotly as an orgasm built within her unlike anything she had ever experienced with her husband. Liam's huge, pile-driving cock was hitting places inside her she didn't even know existed, stoking a fire in her core that threatened to consume her entirely.

Her hands scrabbled desperately at Liam's flexing back, nails sinking into his sweat-slick skin as she clung to him. Jenna could feel herself unraveling, coming apart at the seams as ecstasy crested and crashed over her in relentless waves.

"Oh God, oh fuck, LIAM!" she screamed, voice cracking as her pussy clamped down around him like a vise. Her powerful inner muscles rippled and squeezed his throbbing length, trying to milk him, to suck the cum right out of his heavy balls.

Jenna's voluptuous body thrashed and bucked against the teen as the force of her climax jolted through her. Her thick thighs clenched around his pumping hips, ankles locking at the small of his back as she ground herself against him, greedy for every inch of his teenage cock.

Liam groaned brokenly into the sweat-damp hollow of Jenna's neck as her cunt fluttered wildly around him, the rhythmic contractions urging him

deeper. He could feel her growing impossibly tighter, her cervix clamping around the tip of his cock like a hot, hungry mouth.

Liam gazed down between Jenna's huge, jiggling tits at where her swollen, glistening pussy lips were stretched obscenely around his thick, veiny shaft. Her puffy cunt flanges splayed out around his girth, slick and flushed dark pink with arousal. Her engorged clit poked out from under its hood, pulsing in time with the clenching of her vaginal walls around his plunging cock.

“Take it!” Liam urged. “Soak my cock!”

Jenna squealed and bucked against him, her massive milk-laden breasts bouncing and swaying with the force of his thrusts. Liam gripped her wide, rounded hips and slammed into her harder, his muscular glutes flexing and dimpling as he ground against her. He could feel her molten juices seeping out around his root, coating his aching balls in her slippery essence.

"That's it, Liam! Ruin the cunt of that young mother!" Lorraine urged, frigging her own swollen clit furiously as she watched them. "Wreck her for Josh! Show her what a real cock can do!"

Liam groaned, his grandmother's filthy encouragement sending bolts of illicit excitement racing through him. He pounded into Jenna's fluttering sheath with wild abandon, the wet squelch and slap of their coupling filling the room.

The young mother was practically clawing at him now, her blunt nails leaving angry red welts in their wake as she spasmed and shook. Broken whimpers and gasps spilled from her lips, her face contorted in agonized bliss as Liam pounded her through her shattering orgasm.

"Don't stop!" Jenna babbled, eyes rolling back in her head. "Fuck, Liam, I'm cumming so hard! Gonna cum all over your huge cock!"

A dark surge of masculine pride swelled in Liam's chest at Jenna's wanton cries. He was doing this to her, making her fall apart on his dick in a way his old brother never could. Ruining her for Josh with every powerful, bruising thrust.

Liam redoubled his efforts, slamming into Jenna's convulsing cunt with wild abandon. He could feel his own release barreling towards him, his balls drawing up painfully tight as they prepared to empty into his brother's wife.

The wet, filthy squelch of his cock plunging through her cream grew louder, more frantic. Jenna's juices flooded out around his pistoning shaft, soaking his groin and the sheets below. The headboard slammed against the wall with the force of Liam's thrusts, the entire bed frame shaking.

Serena observed Liam's technique with a critical eye, noting the angle and depth of his thrusts into Jenna's fluttering sheath. Her artificial mind processed the biometric data with lightning speed, calculating the optimal rhythm to bring Jenna to a fertility-boosting climax.

"Liam, tilt your hips upward slightly on the in-stroke," the android instructed in her melodic voice. "Aim for her anterior fornix, just behind the pubic bone. Stimulating that area will increase the intensity of her orgasm."

Liam followed Serena's guidance, angling his pelvis to grind the head of his cock against the spongy patch of nerves deep inside Jenna. He groaned at the exquisite sensation of her ridged flesh rippling along his aching length.

Jenna let out a sharp cry, back arching off the bed as electric pleasure zinged through her core.

"Ohhhh fuck, right there!" she babbled, nails scrabbling at Liam's flexing back. "Don't stop, please don't stop!"

Serena nodded approvingly as she watched Jenna's voluptuous body spasm and quake, her huge tits bouncing wildly. "Excellent, Liam. Maintaining that angle and pressure will help her achieve a g-spot orgasm, which triggers a cascade of hormones conducive to conception."

Liam's head swam with a heady mix of pride and arousal at the knowledge that he was fucking Jenna just right to knock her up. The thought of his potent seed taking root deep in her fertile womb, of her belly swelling with his child, made his balls tighten and his cock throb even harder inside her rippling heat.

He pistoned into Jenna's clasp sheath, grinding against her g-spot on every stroke. The wet, obscene sounds of their coupling grew louder, punctuated by Jenna's ecstatic cries. Her pussy clenched and fluttered wildly around him, growing impossibly tighter as she careened towards another bone-rattling climax.

"Multiple vaginal orgasms dramatically increase the likelihood of fertilization," Serena explained clinically, even as her luminous eyes tracked Liam's drilling hips with rapt attention. "The muscular contractions act as a suction, drawing even sperm-rich pre-semen up through the cervix and into the uterus."

Liam groaned at the android's matter-of-fact description, his face blazing even as his cock jerked inside Jenna's rippling channel. The idea of her hungry cunt sucking up his cum, aiding his swimmers on their journey to her waiting egg, made a fevered sense of purpose swell in his chest.

Jenna latched onto Liam with a vise-like grip, her arms and legs wrapping around him as she shuddered and spasmed. Tears streamed down her flushed cheeks as violent ecstasy wracked her lush body.

She whimpered brokenly in Liam's ear, her hot breath gusting over his sweat-slick skin. "Oh God, Liam, you fuck me so good," she babbled deliriously. "I've never been fucked like this, never cum so hard in my life!"

Masculine pride surged through the teen at Jenna's wanton praise, stoking the fire in his loins. A smug chuckle rumbled up from his chest as he redoubled his efforts, slamming into her convulsing cunt with wild abandon. His heavy balls slapped lewdly against her ass with each powerful thrust, the sound obscenely loud in the sex-scented air.

Liam could feel every ripple and flutter of Jenna's velvety walls around his pistoning cock, could feel her growing impossibly tighter as her orgasm crested. Her slick heat suctioned him, gripping him like a pulsing fist, trying to milk his seed from his body.

"That's it, take it!" he grunted, fingers digging into the thick globes of her ass. He pounded into her harder, faster, stirring her up, determined to ruin her for his older brother. "Gonna fill this cunt with my cum."

Jenna could only moan brokenly, completely consumed by sensation. Electric ecstasy sizzled through her nerve endings, radiating out from where

Liam stretched and filled her so deliciously. She had never known such all-consuming bliss, such mind-melting pleasure. It was like the teen was fucking her very soul, possessing her utterly with his thick young cock.

Her heart slammed against her ribs, her pulse roaring in her ears as she clung to Liam's sweat-slick body. She felt branded by his heat, marked irrevocably as his. With each brutal thrust, each grinding roll of his hips, he obliterated any memory of Josh from her mind and body. There was only Liam now, only his virile cock splitting her open and ruining her for all others.

Jenna's pussy clamped down around him rhythmically, the muscular contractions urging him deeper, silently begging for his seed. She could feel his cockhead slamming against her cervix, forcing it open, demanding entrance to her womb. The pleasure bordered on pain, raw and intense, yet she needed more, craved it with every fiber of her being.

Liam buried his face in the sweat-damp hollow of Jenna's neck, teeth and lips and tongue worrying her sensitive flesh.

Serena could sense that Liam's climax was imminent. His body tensed and shuddered above Jenna, his breath coming in ragged gasps. "Deeper thrusts, Liam," the android urged calmly. "Give your ejaculate momentum as it enters her womb."

The teen obeyed mindlessly, too lost in the throes of his impending orgasm to do anything but comply. He slammed into Jenna with renewed force, their sweat-slicked bodies colliding violently.

His sexy sister-in-law wailed against him as a fresh wave of ecstasy crashed over her. Her pussy spasmed wildly around Liam's plunging cock, squirting fem-cum with each frenzied thrust. Milk sprayed from her bouncing tits, painting Liam's heaving chest in pearly streaks.

"Fuck! Jenna! I'm cumming!" Liam roared, face contorted in agonized bliss.

His cock swelled impossibly larger inside Jenna's rippling sheath, the bulbous head expanding to the size of a baseball. With a wet pop, his glans breached her cervix and locked into place, sealing their bodies together.

Liam convulsed above Jenna as the first scalding ropes of cum erupted from his slit, geysering directly into her waiting womb.

Jenna screamed as she felt Liam's seed flooding her core, his cock pulsing and throbbing as it disgorged jet after thick jet. Her cervix clamped rhythmically around his shuddering shaft, milking him for all he was worth. Electric pleasure sizzled under her skin as her body worked to suck every last drop from Liam's spasming balls.

The boy groaned brokenly into the sweat-damp hollow of Jenna's neck, shaking with the intensity of his release. It felt like his very essence was pouring out of him, pumping into his brother's wife in endless, agonizing spurts. His world narrowed to the slick clasp of Jenna's cunt around him, the flutter of her inner walls, the pulsing, tugging sensation of her cervix greedily drinking down his load.

On the sidelines, Brook and Lorraine fingered themselves to sloppy, shuddering climaxes as they watched Liam breed Jenna. Their wet, suctioning cunts made obscene squelching noises as they plunged fingers

knuckle-deep, frigging their swollen clits. Lorraine's and her daughter's ginormous jugs bounced and wobbled, smacking together lewdly as their bodies shook with the force of their orgasms.

Liam could feel every quiver and ripple of Jenna's slick, cock-stuffed cunt. Her cervix clamped down rhythmically around the thick neck of his glans, pulsating in time with their hammering heartbeats. It was like her body was trying to milk him, to squeeze out every last drop of his potent seed.

They remained locked together, Liam's baseball-sized cockhead plugging Jenna's womb as it disgorged jet after hot jet of cum. The muscular ring of her cervical os massaged the sensitive underside of his crown, the pressure exquisite and almost unbearable on his post-orgasmic flesh.

Liam's cock throbbed and jumped, spitting out the dregs of his heavy load. Jenna's pussy walls fluttered and clenched around his shaft, undulating along the length as if to coax out more. Her copious juices gushed around his root to soak his balls, mingling with the sticky splatters of milk painting their skin.

They panted harshly against each other's necks, hearts galloping in tandem as aftershocks zipped through their joined bodies. Liam's head spun, dizzy from the intensity of his release. He'd never known an orgasm could be so mind-meltingly powerful, so all-consuming. Not until he'd fuck his mom that is, and now his sister-in-law.

For long minutes, the teenager lay heavily on top of Jenna, cock still buried to the hilt in her rippling sheath. He felt drugged, wrung out and boneless in the wake of his explosive climax. Jenna's plush curves cushioned him, her pliant flesh molding to his trembling form.

They exchanged sloppy, open-mouthed kisses as they came down, all tangling tongues and panting breaths. Jenna's hands roamed Liam's sweat-slick back, kneading the quivering muscles. She hummed her approval into his mouth, relishing the solid weight of him on top of her, inside of her.

Liam reached between their slick bodies to palm Jenna's heaving tits, feeling their heavy weight, their pebbled softness. He gently plucked at her rubbery nipples, tugging and twisting the engorged buds, feeling them leak warm nectar. Jenna mewled into his mouth, arching to push more of her abundant flesh into his hands.

He could feel himself softening incrementally inside her, his cockhead slowly shrinking back to its normal size. The vise-like grip of Jenna's cervix gradually loosened, the muscular ring relaxing its chokehold on his glans.

With a wet squelch, his deflating cock slipped out of her convulsing womb to slide back into her vagina.

Jenna whimpered at the loss, clenching down hard as if to keep him plugged inside as long as she could.

Liam groaned as Jenna's rippling pussy walls clung to his softening shaft, her cervix fluttering as it relinquished its grip on his cockhead. He could feel their mingled fluids seeping out around his deflating member, trickling down to dampen the sheets beneath them.

Serena approached the bed, her glossy red lips curved in an approving smile. "Excellent work, you two. That was a textbook breeding session."

The android's luminous eyes flicked over their entwined bodies, cataloging every intimate detail. "However, to maximize the chances of conception, we

must ensure that Liam's semen remains inside you for as long as possible, Jenna."

With a graceful gesture, Serena indicated a sleek metal contraption in the corner of the room that Liam had not noticed before. It looked like some kind of high-tech sex swing, with padded ankle cuffs and a sturdy frame.

"Please position yourself in the fertility enhancer," Serena instructed calmly. "It will elevate your pelvis and use gravity to pool Liam's emission inside your cervix."

Jenna bit her lip, a mix of nervousness and anticipation flashing across her face. Liam's spent cock twitched against her thigh at the thought of seeing his voluptuous sister-in-law suspended and spread, his load glistening obscenely between her legs.

With a shaky exhale, Jenna disentangled herself from Liam's embrace and slid off the bed. Liam watched the seductive sway of her plump ass as she sashayed over to the contraption, strings of their combined cream dripping down her inner thighs. His sensitive cockhead throbbed as cool air kissed his slick flesh, already missing the wet heat of Jenna's cunt.

Jenna positioned herself in the center of the metal frame, fitting her ankles into the padded cuffs. Serena tapped a control panel and the machine whirred to life, the cuffs snapping shut and slowly lifting Jenna's legs into the air.

She let out a startled yelp as she was hoisted upside down, suspended by her ankles with her arms dangling above her head.

Liam's mouth went dry at the sight of Jenna splayed out so lewdly, her huge tits flopping heavily, puffy nipples jutting straight up. Her hairless pussy was on obscene display, glistening folds parted to reveal the pearly cum oozing from her stretched hole. The apparatus had her angled so that her pelvis was higher than her chest, legs scissored open and splayed back, allowing gravity to draw Liam's potent seed deeper into her body.

Jenna's cheeks burned with embarrassment as she hung upside down in the fertility enhancer, her most intimate parts lewdly displayed for everyone to see. Pearly globs of Liam's cum oozed obscenely from her gaping, well-used pussy, dribbling down to coat her taut belly. She could feel his thick seed sloshing inside her, settling deep in her womb thanks to the extreme angle of her body.

Despite the humiliating position, a dark thrill raced through the young mother. This was her purpose now, to be a vessel for Liam's virile spunk, a fertile field for him to sow over and over. Her womanly curves were simply tools, assets to be used in the singular goal of bearing the next generation. Any shred of modesty or dignity had to be cast aside in the pursuit of pregnancy.

Serena turned to Brook and Lorraine, her luminous eyes glinting. "To ensure Liam is able to inseminate each of you multiple times, we must make certain he remains fully erect and producing semen. Please stimulate his genitals orally to return him to a state of arousal."

Liam's face blazed as his mother and grandmother crawled toward him on the bed, their heavy breasts swaying hypnotically. His cock, still slick from Jenna's cream, stirred against his thigh at the hungry looks on their faces.

Brook reached him first, wrapping her manicured fingers around his semi-flaccid shaft. Liam shuddered as she pumped him slowly, coaxing him back to fullness. He couldn't believe this was happening - his own mother touching him so intimately.

"Mmmm, look how fast he's getting hard again," Lorraine purred, cupping his balls and giving them a gentle squeeze. "Such a virile young man, so quick to recover."

Liam groaned as Brook leaned down and licked a stripe up his cock, from root to tip. She swirled her tongue around his swollen glans, lapping up the sticky mixture of his and Jenna's juices. The obscene, wet sounds of her slurping filled the room.

"Delicious," Brook hummed, smacking her lips. "You and Jenna's cum tastes so good together, baby. Your big brother's wife absolutely soaked your cock."

Liam's heart pounded as his mother took him between her lips, slowly sinking down his thick length. The molten heat of her mouth engulfed him, velvet soft and rippling. He watched in awe as inch after inch disappeared past her stretched lips, until her nose pressed against his pelvis.

"Fuck, Mom, your throat..." Liam babbled, fisting the sheets as Brook deep-throated him to the hilt, swallowing around his sensitive tip. He could feel her muscles working, massaging his entire shaft as she held him deep.

After a few mind-melting moments, Brook pulled off with a gasp, saliva connecting her lip to his shiny cockhead. "Your turn, Mother," she panted, moving aside so Lorraine could take her place between Liam's legs.

The grey-haired matriarch licked her lips as she eyed Liam's impressive erection, now coated in a mix of Brook's spit and his leaking pre-cum.

"Such a big boy," she cooed, wrapping her fingers around his girth.

"Grandma's gonna take good care of this huge cock."

Lorraine took him into her mouth with a moan, cheeks hollowing as she suckled the bulbous tip. Her tongue probed his leaking slit, lapping up the clear fluid beading there.

Liam stared down his sweaty torso and marveled at how long and thick his grandmother's tongue was as she lashed it against his stretched frenulum. It flickered like a snake's, attacking that band of nerve-rich tissue with mind-melting skill.

Lorraine's intense sapphire eyes locked with his, sparkling with wicked mischief as she tortured his most sensitive spot. Electric shocks of pleasure radiated through Liam's groin and up his spine as Lorraine's wriggling muscle massaged his glans.

His cock pulsed against her lips, growing impossibly harder, straining toward the back of her throat. Liam's head spun at the obscene sight of his own grandmother pleasuring him so expertly, working his teenage dick like she'd been hungering for it all her life.

"Oh fuck, Gran, your tongue," he gasped out, fingers sinking into her steel-grey hair. Lorraine hummed around him and took him deeper, nose pressing into his pelvis.

Liam groaned brokenly as he felt her swallow, her muscles rippling along his entire length.

The filthy slurps and wet glug-glug-glugs of Lorraine deep-throating him filled Liam's ears, making his balls tighten. He couldn't believe how eagerly his grandmother was worshipping his cock, moaning like it was the most delicious treat.

She bobbed on him feverishly, drool seeping out the corners of her stretched lips and coating his shaft in glistening ropes.

Liam's heart raced as his climax swelled at the base of his spine, balls drawing up in preparation. But just before he could crest that peak, Lorraine pulled off him with an obscene pop, lips shiny with spit.

"Now now, we can't have you spilling your seed just yet," she purred, voice husky. "You need to save that big load for my hungry cunt." She punctuated her words with a squeeze to his heavy sack.

Liam shuddered and groaned, bereft at the loss of his grandmother's hot mouth. His diamond-hard cock bobbed against his abs, an angry purple and dripping with saliva. He ached to shove it back between Lorraine's lips, to fuck her face until he pumped her stomach full of cum. But he knew she was right. His most potent seed needed to be saved for her womb, to give him the best chance of knocking her up. Still, it took every ounce of willpower to resist fisting himself to completion right then, painting his grandmother's face with his virile spunk.

Serena instructed Liam to sit on the edge of the bed in preparation for the Merger position with Lorraine. His heart hammered in his chest as his voluptuous grandmother sauntered towards him, her colossal breasts swaying hypnotically with each rolling step.

The teen couldn't tear his eyes away from the heavy, jiggling globes, his mouth going dry at the thought of being smothered by all that soft, abundant flesh.

Lorraine reached him, her gigantic tits jutting proudly mere inches from his face. The urge to bury his head in her cavernous cleavage, to motorboat that plush titty flesh until he drowned in it, crashed over Liam. His nostrils flared, catching her intoxicating scent - an arousing musk of womanly arousal mixed with expensive perfume.

"Get ready, darling boy,," Lorraine purred as she threw a leg over his lap and straddled him, setting her knees firmly astride his hips on the bed. "Grandma's gonna ride this big cock so fucking hard."

Liam groaned as the scorching heat of her soaked pussy lips kissed the tip of his erection. In one graceful motion, Lorraine notched his broad cockhead at her entrance and slick arousal coated his glans, making him throb and pulse against her swollen folds.

Then the curvy matriarch was sinking down on him, sheathing him in the tight, rippling inferno of her cunt. Liam's head fell back on a strangled moan as inch after excruciating inch disappeared into his grandmother's clasp sex. The plush walls of her sheath fluttered and squeezed around him, molding to every ridge and vein.

Lorraine's hands flew to his head, sinking into his hair as she pulled his face into the valley of her cleavage. Liam's mouth fell open on a gasp as he was engulfed in warm, pillowy flesh. Her massive jugs pressed in from either side, surrounding him in a fleshy cocoon. He was drowning in tit, suffocating in the best way possible.

Liam motorboated his grandmother's enormous breasts wildly, thrashing his head from side to side. The soft, pliant mounds molded around his face, yielding to his desperate nuzzling. His lips and nose traced the fragrant crevice, inhaling deeply of her womanly musk. Drool leaked from the corners of his stretched mouth, slicking the already dewy skin. Lorraine began to swivel her wide hips, grinding down on Liam's lap with expert rolls of her pelvis. The slick, taut glide of her pussy walls along his aching cock made his eyes roll back in bliss behind closed lids.

Lorraine's grinding hips and fluttering pussy brought back memories of other illicit encounters she'd had with her grandson. It wasn't the first time they had done something sexual together.

Over the past few months, since he turned 18, she had often fondled Liam's prick, held him against the warm swell of her tits or let him dig his boner against her plush ass, all with her husband Arthur dangerously close by. The added thrill of nearly getting caught had always heightened her forbidden lust for the boy.

Liam's mind drifted to the most recent illicit encounter he'd shared with his grandmother just a few weeks ago. The family had been gathered at Lorraine and Arthur's house for Sunday dinner. After the meal, everyone retired to the living room to chat and digest.

Lorraine had patted the empty space next to her on the loveseat and beckoned Liam over with a secret smile. "Come snuggle with your old gran, love."

Liam had eagerly complied, his teenage hormones already raging from sitting across from Lorraine all through dinner, unable to tear his eyes away

from the way her giant breasts strained against her snug sweater. He plopped down beside her and she immediately draped a thick knitted blanket over both their laps.

No one batted an eye, least of all Arthur, dozing in his recliner mere feet away. Under the guise of the blanket, Lorraine had taken Liam's hand and guided it to rest high on her plush, nylon-covered thigh. His heart raced, cock already chubbing in his pants at the illicit touch, the tantalizing warmth of her body.

As the family chattered around them, Lorraine leaned in close to Liam, her lips brushing the shell of his ear, hot breath raising goosebumps on his neck. "Getting big and strong, aren't you, my darling boy?" she had purred, giving his thigh a meaningful squeeze. "Grandma's little man, hmm?"

Liam shivered, face flushing hotly. He was acutely aware of his grandfather's presence, just an arm's length away, oblivious to his wife's roaming hands.

Lorraine worked her fingers up higher, tracing the sensitive crease where thigh met groin. Liam bit back a moan, hips twitching involuntarily.

"Such a virile young buck," Lorraine had breathed, her voice a seductive rasp meant only for Liam's ears. "I bet this cock is just aching to rut, isn't it? To bury itself in hot, tight cunt and pump it full of cum."

Liam had nearly whimpered aloud at the filthy words coming from his prim and proper grandmother's mouth. His teenage prick throbbed insistently against his zipper, a damp spot already spreading where the tip strained against the denim.

Lorraine palmed him through his jeans, fingertips tracing the rock-hard ridge of his erection. "My my, so big and thick already. You're gonna make some lucky woman very happy one day, stuffing her full of this fat cock."

Liam's cock throbbed and strained against the confines of his jeans as Lorraine's fingers snuck into his open zipper. A shudder racked his lean frame when she wrapped her soft hand around the swollen mass of teenage cock-flesh and gave it a firm squeeze.

Electric sparks of pleasure radiated out from his groin as she began to milk and knead the rigid shaft and heavy balls through his cotton briefs like bread dough.

His breath hitched when he felt her long nails dig into the delicate skin, applying pressure just short of pain as she rolled and tugged on his young nuts. Liam bit back a moan, heart galloping in his chest from the exquisite sensations and the illicit thrill of getting fondled by his own grandmother with his clueless grandpa right there.

Lorraine shifted the blanket to hide her obscene groping as she turned to address Arthur, who was engrossed in the football game on TV. "Who's winning, dear?" she asked casually, as if she didn't have a fistful of her grandson's privates.

"My team's on top," Arthur replied distractedly, eyes glued to the screen. "They're on fire today."

"Mmm, wonderful," Lorraine purred, giving Liam's cock a meaningful squeeze beneath the blanket.

He jumped slightly, the elastic of his underwear dampening with pre-cum.

Lorraine leaned in close again, her lips grazing Liam's flushed ear. "Getting nice and hard for Grandma, aren't you?" she breathed, rubbing her thumb over the slick crown poking out of his fly. "This big teenage prick is just begging to sink into some mature cunt and fill it full of spunk."

Liam shuddered violently, fingers digging into the couch cushions as he fought the urge to rut into his grandmother's stroking palm. He could scarcely believe this was happening - Lorraine brazenly molesting him during a family gathering, her own husband mere feet away. It was so wrong, so risky, but that only heightened his body's wanton response.

The heat of Lorraine's hand seeped through the thin cotton of his briefs, searing his throbbing erection. He could feel every squeeze of her palm as she pumped him slowly, teasingly. Her fingers found his cum-slit and circled it, gathering the slippery pre-ejaculate leaking out.

"Such a juicy cock," Lorraine cooed almost inaudibly, bringing her glistening fingertips to her mouth for a taste. "Mmmm, delicious."

Liam gazed at the massive, pendulous globes of his gran's cleavage, its pale flesh marbled with delicate blue veins beneath translucent skin. He'd spent countless nights imagining those enormous mounds engulfing his face, cutting off his oxygen as he drowned in their warm, musky softness. Now, weeks later, here he was as those forbidden fantasies materialized into sweaty, quivering reality—his most depraved dream come gloriously true.

Liam groaned into the sweaty valley of his grandmother's cleavage as her tight cunt squeezed and rippled along his shaft. The sensation of being completely smothered by her giant breasts while she worked him over with

her velvety pussy was almost too intense to bear. He motorboated her fragrant tit-flesh feverishly, losing himself in the warm, pillowy embrace.

Lorraine undulated on Liam's lap, grinding her engorged clit against his pubic bone with each well-practiced roll of her wide hips. Pleasure sparked through her voluptuous body as she bore down on his steely cock, using her grandson like a human sex toy. Wanton moans spilled from her lips and she clutched his head tighter to her heaving bosom.

"Oh yes, darling boy, worship Grandma's big titties," Lorraine purred breathlessly, voice muffled by Liam's wild nuzzling. "Bury your face in them while I milk your huge cock."

Liam could only groan in response, overwhelmed by the intense sensations bombarding him from all angles. The filthy wet squelch of his grandmother's pussy juices churning to a froth filled his ears. The musky scent of her arousal saturated his every inhale. His nerve endings sizzled with electric bliss everywhere their bodies joined - his sensitive cockhead pummeling her cervix, his nose mashed against her sternum, his lips and cheeks embraced by her soft, abundant flesh.

The familiar erotic thrill of performing such depraved acts with Lorraine surged through the teenager's veins, stoking his lust to a fever pitch. His hips lurched up to meet her downward thrusts, pounding into her cunt with growing desperation. The knowledge that he was fucking his own grandmother here on the bed, with his brother's sperm-coated wife suspended lewdly across the room and his mother watching hungrily from the sidelines, made his head spin with unhinged arousal.

Liam sucked and gnawed on the pliant titty flesh smothering his face, drunk on the taste and feel of it. With his entire head cocooned between twin mountains of titty-meat, Lorraine's huge breasts molded around his features like warm dough, yielding to his greedy mouth as he devoured her. Drool leaked from the corners of his stretched lips to mingle with her dewy cleavage.

He worked his way out from her tit-canyon, then half of Liam's head disappeared into the yielding mound of his grandmother's melon-like breast as he latched onto her rubbery nipple and sucked like a ravenous newborn.

He couldn't fit her entire giant areola into his mouth, but his lips sealed around a good portion of the pebbled flesh as he suckled feverishly.

Electric pleasure sparked through Liam's body at the feel and taste of that engorged bud against his tongue. He worked it over with broad licks and gentle scrapes of teeth, teasing the sensitive tip. Lorraine's answering moan vibrated through her chest, making her enormous boob quiver around his face.

The plush titty flesh seemed to engulf him, surrounding him in a warm, fragrant pillow. Liam had to turn his head to the side to breathe, cheek smushed against the upper swell of Lorraine's breast. He panted harshly through his nose, fogging the creamy skin with each humid exhale.

The teen's cock throbbed urgently in the tight clasp of his grandmother's pussy, painfully hard and leaking a steady stream of pre-cum. The slick walls rippled along his aching length with each roll of Lorraine's hips, massaging him from root to tip.

He could feel his swollen cockhead battering her cervix, demanding entrance to her womb.

The liquid, velvet glide of her cunt was pure ecstasy - a completely unique sleeve of cunt with its own textures and muscle contractions. It was all Liam could do not to blow his load immediately, to pump his grandmother full of teenage spunk. He clung to her jiggling flesh, fingers sinking into the plush mounds as he fought for control.

Lorraine began to vocalize her slow peak towards climax as her orgasm wound tighter and tighter. Breathly moans and gasps spilled from her lips, growing louder and more urgent with each undulation of her wide hips.

"Oh God, oh fuck, Liam!" she cried out, voice breaking. "You're gonna make Grandma cum so hard on this big cock!"

Liam could only groan in response, the sound muffled by the abundant tit-flesh smothering his face. Lorraine's huge breasts quivered and bounced wildly as she rode him with increasing desperation, chasing her impending release.

The liquid, velvet glide of her pussy grew slicker, wetter, drenching Liam's groin in her fragrant juices. Her inner muscles started to flutter and clench erratically around his plundering shaft, squeezing him like a silken fist.

Liam's heart pounded against his ribs, his balls drawing up tight as he felt his own orgasm swelling at the base of his spine. The coil of tension in his loins wound to a screaming peak, his teenage cock throbbing demandingly in the rippling clasp of his grandmother's cunt.

Suddenly, Lorraine threw her head back with a strangled wail, her body seizing up and trembling violently as she came apart on Liam's cock. Her pussy gushed around him, a flood of molten heat bathing his sensitive flesh.

The rhythmic contractions of her powerful inner muscles milked him ruthlessly, urging him deeper, trying to suck the cum right out of his heavy balls. Electric ecstasy sizzled through every nerve ending as her cunt spasmed and rippled along his aching length.

“Shit, gran! Ugh, fuck!” Liam shuddered beneath the unrelenting undulations of Lorraine's voluptuous body, dizzy and lightheaded from the intense pleasure and lack of oxygen. Her massive, heaving breasts completely engulfed his head again, smothering him in their warm, fragrant softness. All he could see, all he could feel, was shaking tit-flesh and pulsing, squeezing pussy.

"Whoa, that's so cool!" Liam's muffled exclamation vibrated against the damp, perfumed flesh engulfing his face. His voice quivered with awe as his grandmother's silken channel convulsed violently around his throbbing shaft, the rippling inner walls seeming to turn themselves inside out in their desperate quest to milk his teenage seed.

Transparent rivulets of her viscous arousal spurted forcefully with each spasm, cascading along the veined sides of his purple-headed member and forming glistening trails down to his tightening scrotum, where heavy droplets collected before falling from his swinging testicles to the rumpled sheets below.

“"Ugh, God, that feels so good!" he groaned, his contorted face pressed against the spongy inner swell of Lorraine's giant melon, muffling his

exclamation. His eyelashes fluttered against the dewy skin, nostrils flaring with each desperate breath of her perfumed flesh, lips trembling as they brushed against the delicate blue veins visible beneath her translucent skin.

Lorraine rode out the aftershocks of her shattering climax, grinding her pelvis against Liam's in sloppy circles. Broken whimpers and mewls fell from her lips as she shook above him, thighs quaking where they gripped his sides. Her arousal gushed out around his root to soak his balls and pool beneath his clenching ass.

Liam clung to his grandmother's juddering form, fingers sinking into the meat of her ass as he pounded up into her spasming cunt with desperate, erratic thrusts. The wet squelch and slap of their furiously coupling bodies echoed obscenely through the room, the smell of sex lingering in the air.

The bulbous, purplish knob of Liam's cock plowed through the clasping tunnel of Lorraine's cunt, churning up a frothy mix of his pre-cum and her gushing arousal. The spongy head flared and throbbed, growing fatter with each plunge as Liam rapidly approached his own climax.

“Ugghhh!” the teen whimpered as a sudden surge of blood expanded his glans to its maximum girth just as it knocked wetly against Lorraine's quivering cervical ring.

The muscular aperture clenched and fluttered, resisting the insistent pressure at first. But Liam's cockhead pulsed urgently, engorged to bursting with his blood.

With a guttural snarl muffled by Lorraine's smothering breasts, Liam pumped his hips and pried through the vise-like grip of her os. The moment

his cock forced past that final barrier and breached her womb, his orgasm crested violently.

“C-cumming!” his tit-smothered voice quivered. Jets of scalding semen erupted from Liam's slit, geysering against the tender walls of Lorraine's innermost chamber.

His cockhead jerked and twitched as it disgorged thick ropes of cum directly into his grandmother's unprotected womb. Liam's balls clenched and spasmed, pumping out a massive volume of virile seed.

Lorraine wailed in ecstasy as she felt Liam's fist-sized glans penetrate her cervix and explode, flooding her womb with his potent essence. Her powerful inner muscles rippled and squeezed his spurting shaft, milking him, hungry for every drop.

Electric bliss sizzled through Liam's nerves, whiting out his vision as he spent himself inside his grandmother's fluttering depths. It felt like his soul was pouring out of him in endless, agonizing pulses. His hips juddered erratically, mindlessly fucking into Lorraine's upturned cunt as he bred her.

Her slick, claspings walls massaged Liam's cock, coaxing out every last dribble of cum. Lorraine undulated on his lap, grinding her pelvis against his to take him impossibly deeper. She wanted his seed as far inside her as possible, saturating her womb, drowning her eggs in spunk.

Liam grunted and twitched beneath Lorraine's abundant curves, speared on her cunt, smothered by her giant breasts. He was only distantly aware of his body, lost as he was in the maelstrom of sensation. Orgasmic aftershocks

rolled through him in shuddering waves as his balls emptied into his grandmother's fertile depths.

As good as the fuck was, the process known as the lock, when the knot of a boy's cockhead lodged inside a cervix, was completely magical. It could sometimes last as long as an hour as a boy's balls were completely drained, the cervical ring pulsating around the neck of his glans in a milking manner.

Liam shuddered and groaned, the sensation of Lorraine's muscular cervix massaging his swollen cockhead almost too intense to bear. It gripped him like a tight, wet fist, squeezing rhythmically, hungry for his seed. He could feel her womb fluttering and clenching, working to suck every drop of cum from his throbbing balls.

Electric ecstasy crackled through his nervous system as Lorraine slowly undulated on his lap, grinding her clit against his pubic bone. The fat, hard nub pulsed against his sensitive flesh, making him jerk and twitch. Her slick walls rippled along his shaft, caressing every straining inch.

Liam panted harshly into the sweaty, fragrant valley of his grandmother's cleavage, head spinning from the overwhelming sensations. Her giant, pendulous breasts pressed in from all sides, making him feel dizzy and light-headed. The rich scent of her arousal saturated his every labored breath.

Lorraine clung to him, her voluptuous body shaking and shuddering through the aftershocks. Broken mewls and whimpers spilled from her lips as her climax rolled on and on, stoked higher by the thick knot of Liam's cockhead lodged in her womb. She could feel him painting her innermost depths with his virile spunk, claimed and bred so thoroughly.

The liquid heat of his cum bathed her cervix, soothing the ache of emptiness. Lorraine's body rejoiced at being filled so full of potent, fertile seed. Primal satisfaction hummed through her veins, her basest instincts purring in contentment. This was what she was made for - to be mounted and rutted, pumped full of her grandson's superior sperm.

Lorraine reached between their joined bodies to cup Liam's pulsing balls, feeling how they still twitched and contracted, emptying the last weak spurts into her receptive womb. She rolled the drained orbs in her palm, marveling at their size and weight. So much sweet cum to flood her womb, drown her eggs.

"That's it, darling boy, give Grandma all your seed," Lorraine purred breathlessly, voice muffled by Liam's wild nuzzling of her breasts. "Breed me so deep and full. Put a baby in my belly."

Liam could only groan weakly in response, utterly wrung out from the intensity of his release. He felt his knob slowly deflating after being locked inside Lorraine for a blissful half-hour. The fist-like protrusion at the end of his cock shrank and softened, slipping with a wet squelch back through her tight cervical ring.

Thick globs of his seed dribbled out of her stretched hole as his spent meat retreated from her thoroughly bred womb. Liam's whole body shuddered at the sensation of his hypersensitive cockhead scraping along her fluttering walls as he withdrew.

Lorraine let out a shuddery moan above him, her voluptuous curves still quaking from the intensity of their coupling. She clung to Liam, fingers clutching his sweat-damp hair as aftershocks rolled through her.

Serena's modulated voice cut through the haze of post-orgasmic bliss. "Please disengage and position yourself in the fertility enhancer, Lorraine," the android instructed calmly. "We must ensure Liam's emission pools in your cervix for optimal insemination."

Liam's head spun as his grandmother slowly peeled her body away from his, their sweat-tacky skin unsticking with obscene slurping noises. The sudden rush of cool air against his juice-slick cock made him hiss through his teeth. He blinked dazedly as Lorraine clambered off his lap on trembling legs.

Liam watched through heavy-lidded eyes as she sauntered over to the metallic contraption where Jenna hung suspended, ankles still locked in the padded cuffs. His spent cock twitched against his thigh, trying valiantly to rouse again at the erotic sight of his sister-in-law's upturned cunt dripping with his cum.

Lorraine positioned herself in the center of the frame and Serena secured the cuffs around her ankles. With a mechanical whir, the device hoisted Lorraine into the air until she dangled upside down beside Jenna.

Liam's mouth went bone dry as he took in the lewd display of both women splayed out before him, their most intimate parts on obscene display. Jenna's younger pussy gaped open, puffy lips shiny and flushed, his seed oozing out to dribble down her quivering stomach. Lorraine's mature cunt was swollen and raw looking, inner labia protruding obscenely, Liam's thick cum bubbling out of her stretched opening.

With their bodies inverted, Liam could see the slight distension of their lower bellies where his huge loads sloshed heavily inside them. The visual

evidence of just how much spunk he'd pumped into their unprotected wombs made his balls tighten, a surge of possessive male pride flaring in his chest.

“Brook, in preparation for breeding with your son, the two of you will be engaging in an oral sex position called the Pisces,” Serena explained.

“The Pisces?” Brook asked, raising an eyebrow with anxious curiosity. “I don't think I've ever heard of that one.”

“Liam will be standing with the help of robotic supports while you cling to him upside down, wrapping your legs around his neck like a standing 69 position,” Serena explained.

Liam's heart pounded at the thought of tasting his mother's intimate folds while she sucked his cock back to full rigidity, their bodies entangled lewdly. Anticipation thrummed through his veins as Serena directed Brook over to the apparatus.

His eyes tracked the seductive sway of his mother's abundant curves as she sashayed past Jenna and Lorraine's suspended forms. Liam drank in the flex of Brook's thick thighs, the bounce of her massive tits and ass. Juices from his previous coupling with Jenna and Lorraine still glistened on her puffy nether lips.

Brook flashed him a sultry look over her shoulder as she reached the standing supports, sapphire eyes smoldering with blatant hunger. Liam shivered, his sensitive cock already starting to plump up again at the promise in that gaze.

Sweat beaded on his brow and his muscles quivered with strain as the robotic arms hefted him into position. Meanwhile, Brook gracefully maneuvered herself upside down, gripping the handles and wrapping her toned legs around Liam's neck and shoulders.

He groaned at the first brush of her silky thighs against his cheeks, the heady musk of her arousal invading his nostrils. This close, he could see every intimate detail of Brook's bare sex - the engorged lips slick and swollen with need, the protruding hood of her clit, the dusky pink of her inner walls.

Liam's mouth watered with the desire to taste her, to bury his face between those plump folds and drink from her fountain. His cock surged to full mast, bobbing mere inches from Brook's parted lips. He could feel the humid puff of her breath on his sensitive tip.

"You can now worship each other orally," Serena instructed in her mellifluous voice. "Bring yourselves to the brink of climax to trigger the maximum biological response for fertilization."

Not needing to be told twice, Liam dove in and sealed his mouth over Brook's weeping slit. They both moaned at the first intimate contact - him at the intoxicating taste of her tangy cream, and Brook as she engulfed the swollen head of his cock between her lips.

Liam lapped at his mother's sodden folds, immersing himself in her delectable nectar. He swirled his tongue around her pulsing opening, dipping shallowly inside to tease her.

Brook gasped and whimpered around his throbbing length, the vibrations making his body shudder.

The curvy mother looked like a koala bear clinging to a tree upside down, her strong mommy-legs wrapped tightly around Liam's neck, her bodacious ass hiding his face as he devoured her honeyed hole while she sucked vigorously at his boy-cock, bringing it to full hardness once again.

Liam moaned into Brook's sodden folds as her plush lips and agile tongue worked him over, sending sparks of electric bliss racing up his spine. Her mouth was pure molten silk engulfing his aching cock, rippling and squeezing the throbbing flesh.

He laved his mother's swollen clit with the flat of his tongue, flicking the sensitive bundle of nerves. Brook's answering whimper vibrated deliciously around his shaft. Liam sealed his lips over her protruding nub and suckled hard, making her thighs clench around his ears.

Lost in a haze of lust, he nuzzled deeper into Brook's sopping mound, nose nudging her puckered rear entrance. The erotic musk saturating her most intimate places made Liam's head swim. He lapped greedily at the tangy cream seeping from her core, relishing the flavor of her arousal.

Brook's velvety cheeks cradled his face as she ground herself against his ravenous mouth. Her needy whimpers and mewls reached his ears, muffled by the plush flesh of her ass.

Liam groaned as she took him deeper, swallowing around his cockhead lodged in her throat. His hips flexed involuntarily, shallow thrusts sliding his heavy length over her tongue. Liam fought the urge to fuck Brook's face

wildly, to bury himself to the hilt in her hot, wet mouth. He focused instead on pleasuring her, on stoking her arousal to a fever pitch.

He masked his features in pussy and pushed his tongue as deep as it would go into her fluttering channel, fucking her with the slick muscle. At the same time, Liam circled her clit with the pad of his thumb, rubbing firm circles into the throbbing nub.

Brook writhed against him, her voluptuous body undulating sinuously. She slurped and suckled his cock with increasing desperation, cheeks hollowing as she worked him. Strings of her saliva webbed between her stretched lips and his veiny shaft, dripping down to splatter against the floor below.

The teen could feel her growing wetter, slicker against his tongue as he thrust it in and out of her rippling heat. The filthy wet sounds of his lapping and her sucking filled Liam's ears, punctuated by their muffled moans and grunts. The obscene noises spurred him on, made his own arousal spike.

Liam's mind drifted back to the one charged encounter he'd had with his mom before all this. A month ago, his parents had gone out for date night, leaving him alone in the house. Overwhelmed by raging hormones, Liam had snuck into their bedroom, driven by forbidden lust.

His heart pounded as he rifled through Brook's laundry hamper with shaking hands until he found what he craved - a pair of her worn panties, the crotch still slightly damp with secretions. Liam brought the delicate fabric to his nose and inhaled deeply, his head swimming with the musky scent of his mother's arousal.

Cock straining against his zipper, Liam climbed onto his parents' bed, sprawling across the comforter. He pushed down his jeans and pulled out his aching erection, fisting it desperately. With Brook's soiled panties pressed to his face, Liam lost himself in a haze of unhinged depravity, stroking himself to thoughts of violating his own mother.

Suddenly, the sound of the front door closing jolted him back to reality. His parents' muffled voices carried up the stairs, getting louder as they approached the bedroom. Panicked, Liam stuffed his dripping cock back into his jeans.

But before he could make his escape, the door swung open and his mother stepped inside. Her sapphire eyes widened in shock as she took in the sight of her disheveled son, cheeks flushed and hair mussed, on her marital bed. Liam froze like a deer in headlights, mortified at being caught red-handed. Her eyes drifted to the obvious tent in his jeans - the wet spot of pre-cum soaking through the denim.

To his surprise, Brook didn't yell or demand an explanation. Instead, she quickly ushered Liam into her walk-in closet and shut the door, hiding him from view just as his father entered the bedroom. Liam's pulse roared in his ears as he listened to his parents' muted conversation, terrified of being discovered.

After what felt like an eternity, he heard his father's heavy tread fade into the en suite bathroom. The closet door opened and Brook's face appeared, lips pursed and brow furrowed. Liam braced himself for a lecture or punishment, shame burning his cheeks. But Brook simply stepped aside and gestured for him to leave, her expression inscrutable. "Go finish in your room," she whispered.

Liam slunk past her, unable to meet her knowing gaze. As he reached the threshold, Brook's hand landed on his shoulder, startling him. "Be more careful next time, ok?" she murmured, her breath hot against his ear. "We don't need your father seeing what you were up to in here."

Then she released him and Liam scurried back to his room, mind reeling.

Now Liam's face was completely engulfed in his mother's sopping wet pussy, her slick folds smothering him as he devoured her. The intoxicating aroma and flavor of her arousal overwhelmed his senses, infinitely more potent than the stale musk of her panties had been. He snarled into her slit like a feral beast, lapping and sucking at her juicy pink flesh with unhinged hunger.

Muffled grunts and moans vibrated against Brook's sensitive mound as Liam lost himself in the primal act of orally worshipping his own mother. Her thick thighs clenched around his head, holding him in place, forcing him impossibly deeper into her sodden cleft. Her sweet cream flooded his mouth and coated his chin as he licked and probed her swollen folds.

Meanwhile, Brook slurped and slobbered all over Liam's pulsing cock, taking him to the back of her tight throat again and again. The wet glug glug glug of her efforts filled his ears, spurring on his own feasting between her legs. His engorged cockhead bumped her tonsils with each bob of her head, making her gag slightly. But she just relaxed her jaw and took him deeper, reveling in the salty taste of his teenage pre-cum.

Over the filthy sounds of their mutual oral pleasuring, Serena's modulated voice cut in, informing them that their bodies were now primed for Liam to mount Brook in the Pronebone position on the bed.

With a lewd slurp, Liam reluctantly detached his ravenous mouth from his mom's drenched cunt. Brook released his spit-shined erection from between her lips with a gasp and gracefully lowered herself from her son's body.

On wobbly legs, Liam made his way over to the mattress, his stiff cock bobbing like a tree-branch in the wind with each step.

Brook's MILF udders hung down and wobbled, her thick ass undulating as she crawled onto the bed ahead of him. She assumed the position, laying face down with her luscious legs spread out behind her and her plump, rounded ass raised invitingly. She looked back at him over her shoulder, sapphire eyes smoldering with blatant need.

Liam's heart galloped in his chest as he took in the erotic sight of his mother presenting herself to be bred, her glistening pussy lips peeking out from between her thick cheeks. He couldn't believe this was really happening, that he was once again about to sheath his aching cock in the hot, tight channel that had birthed him eighteen years ago. It felt so wrong, so taboo, but that only made the depraved act more arousing.

The boy positioned himself above Brook, supporting his weight on his hands and ensuring her lush legs remained between his. She gazed back at him over her shoulder and giggled as the swollen tip of his cock prodded her puckered asshole, seeking entry to her dripping cunt.

"Oops, sorry, mom," Liam mumbled, his cheeks flushing hotly at the erotic touch of his glans against that forbidden orifice. The dark whorl flexed, as if trying to draw him inside.

"It's okay, baby," Brook purred, undulating her wide hips. "Mommy doesn't mind a little ass play."

"You don't?" the boy asked with a mischievous grin.

"Not at all. Why don't you slide that big dick through my ass-crack for a bit before putting it inside my pussy?"

Liam look at Serena as if he needed her approval first.

"Foreplay is perfectly normal, Liam," Serena advised. "It's an effective way to prepare the genitals for the vigorous process of sexual intercourse."

Liam groaned low in his throat, a fresh surge of blood rushing to his groin at the naughty suggestion. He notched his heavy cockhead between the plump globes of Brook's ass and began to saw it up and down her cleft. Her velvety cheeks gripped him snugly, cradling his aching shaft in slick, satin heat.

He could feel the pucker of her anus dragging along the underside of his glans, the rubbery muscle fluttering and winking against his most sensitive spot. It sent electric sparks of pleasure zinging up Liam's spine, making his balls tighten. Strings of Brook's fragrant juices coated his length, easing the delicious friction.

Liam stared down at the lewd sight of his swollen cockhead peeking out from between his mother's perfect ass cheeks, flushed dark purple and leaking copiously. He watched in awe as Brook reached back and gripped her succulent globes, parting them to expose her dusky rosebud.

"Go ahead, baby boy," she breathed, sapphire eyes locking with his over her shoulder. "Poke Mommy's butthole a little. It'll help to get my pussy nice and wet for you."

Liam's heart hammered against his ribs as he pressed the spongy tip of his erection against Brook's fluttering sphincter. The muscle resisted for a moment before yielding, allowing the fat head to pop past that tight ring and sink into scorching silken heat.

Liam gasped at the new sensation, his nerve endings sizzling at the taboo penetration.

"Oh fuck," he grunted, hips flexing involuntarily to drive himself deeper into Brook's clutching rear passage.

Her inner muscles gripped him like a fist, pulsating around his sensitive cockhead. It felt so different than her pussy - tighter, hotter, almost painfully intense.

Brook looked over at Serena with a mischievous glint in her eye. "Would it be alright if Liam took a few thrusts into my ass? Just to get him primed and ready for breeding my pussy?"

Serena considered for a moment before nodding. "A small amount of anal stimulation can help increase arousal and blood flow to the genitals.

However, I recommend no more than a dozen thrusts, as the tightness could trigger premature ejaculation. We need Liam's semen deposited in your vagina for optimal insemination."

Liam's pulse pounded in his ears at the clinical discussion of violating his mother's forbidden hole. His sensitive glans throbbed where it was lodged

past her tight sphincter, the searing grip of her inner walls almost too intense to bear. Electric sparks of pleasure-pain shot up his shaft and sizzled at the base of his spine.

"Hear that, baby boy?" Brook purred, undulating her hips to take him a fraction deeper. "No more than twelve thrusts. Better make them good ones."

Liam held himself up high enough so he could watch his thick cock slowly sink into the tight ring of his mother's asshole. The puckered orifice stretched obscenely around the broad base of his stalk as inch after inch completely disappeared inside her grasping ass-tract.

The feel of her rectal walls clenching and rippling around his glans was exquisitely intense, almost painfully pleasurable. It was like her insides were trying to milk the cum right out of him with their muscular undulations.

Electric sparks sizzled up Liam's shaft and exploded at the base of his spine as he savored the forbidden sensation of penetrating his own mother's most taboo hole.

Brook's tight anal ring squeezed his root, the muscle fluttering and winking around his hefty teenage girth.

"G-god it feels good in there," Liam groaned at the pressure, his heavy balls drawing up in their sack. He had to grit his teeth and breathe deeply through his nose to keep from losing it right then, so arousing was the sight and feel of violating his mom's ass.

"That's it, honey," she purred, flexing her internal muscles around him.  
"Nice and deep. Slide your dick through Mommy's tight asshole."

Liam's head spun at the filthy encouragement, his hips flexing involuntarily to drive him deeper into Brook's scorching chute. The wet squelch and nasty schlorp of her body accepting his huge teenage cock into its deepest recess echoed obscenely in Liam's ears.

The forbidden scent of Brook's most intimate musk flooded Liam's nostrils as he leaned over her voluptuous form, his sparse chest hair rasping against her smooth back. His heart galloped wildly, his skin feverish and damp with exertion. It felt so wrong to be taking his own mother in such a degrading way, but that only heightened Liam's depraved arousal.

He could scarcely believe the wanton creature beneath him, begging for her ass to be defiled, was the same woman who had birthed and raised him. It was like a switch had been flipped, transforming her from a loving, nurturing mother into a cock-hungry, anal-obsessed slut. And Liam was the lucky recipient of her unbridled lust.

Brook's thick ass cheeks clenched around Liam's pistoning shaft, the abundant flesh jiggling and rippling with each powerful thrust. Liam gripped the sheets for leverage as he sawed in and out of her convulsing anus, trying to stir her up inside.

"Harder," Brook gasped, her face contorting in agonized bliss as Liam's pelvis smacked against her cushiony rump. "Make the last six thrusts really hard and deep!"

Liam pounded the last six thrusts into Brook's tight asshole with brutal, powerful force. Each impact made her plump ass cheeks quiver and ripple like fleshy jello, the abundant fat absorbing his pistoning hips.

Wet, filthy squelches and sloppy schlicks echoed off the walls as the big-dicked teen violated his mother's forbidden orifice, stirring up her guts.

"Ohhh fuck!" Brook wailed, back arching as Liam's heavy balls smacked against her swollen pussy lips with each plunge. Her inner muscles spasmed wildly around his splitting girth, the rubbery tissues clinging and clutching his veiny shaft. "You're so deep in Mommy's ass! Stretching me so good!"

"It feels so...so incredible around my dick, especially the way you're squeezing," Liam groaned brokenly, his head spinning from the intensity of sensation radiating from his cock. The searing squeeze and ripple of Brook's anus was almost too much to bear on his sensitive teenage flesh, the muscular ring clenching him like a silken fist. His nerve endings sizzled with electric ecstasy from the taboo penetration.

After the sixth hard, ball-deep thrust, Serena's modulated voice cut through Liam's lust-fogged brain.

"It's time to transition to vaginal breeding," she advised.

Liam's shaft pulsed urgently inside the snug confines of Brook's rectum, reluctant to withdraw from that exquisite vise. But the primal urge to sheath himself in her wet, welcoming cunt and flood it with his seed overpowered any hesitation.

With a lewd slurp, Liam dragged his throbbing, spit-shined length out of his mother's upturned asshole. The purpled crown popped free of her taut

sphincter, making them both gasp at the intense sensation.

Liam marveled at how the puckered whorl winked and gaped, clenching at the sudden emptiness.

He notched his broad glans at the sloppy entrance of Brook's pussy and pushed in with one powerful surge. They moaned in unison as Liam's cock plunged into her scorching wet heat, sinking to the hilt in her cream-drenched channel.

“Oh my God, that dick!” Brook gasped, her eyes nearly rolling back in their sockets as she felt her birthing tunnel mold to his shape.

The textural difference between her pussy and asshole was immediately apparent to Liam's sensitive cock-flesh. Where her rectum had been tight and rippling, almost painfully intense in its grip, Brook's cunt was pure liquid silk. Pillowy soft tissues swaddled his aching length, molding to every ridge and vein like a velvet glove.

Her muscles fluttered and massaged him from root to tip, undulating along his shaft in welcoming waves. The ring of her cervical entrance was like a set of pursed, rounded lips placing sweet, wet kisses on his sensitive tip.

“Dang, mom,” Liam shuddered violently, overwhelmed by the slick clasp of his mother's pussy after the forbidden delights of her ass. It felt like coming home, returning to the warm, wet haven he had once slid down at birth.

“I know, baby,” the mother giggled, reading the expression of pleasure on her boy's face. “It makes you just wanna rut, doesn't it?”

“Uh huh,” he nodded, slowly sawing his meat in and out, gradually gaining speed.

Liam had never fucked a girl in the pronebone position before, but he quickly got the hang of it, setting into a deep, rhythmic pace. He delighted in the feel of his mom's bodacious bubble butt cushioning his powerful thrusts, the plump cheeks absorbing the impact of his pistoning hips.

Her velvety walls gripped him like a fist, rippling along his aching length with each plunge. The rugae along her vaginal barrel create a unique texture that was all her own, creating friction on her boy's penile flesh that was truly mind-blowing.

Brook looked back at him over her shoulder, sapphire eyes glinting with mischief. "Try leaning forward more, baby," she purred. "Really blanket my body with yours. I wanna feel you crushing me into the mattress."

Liam eagerly complied, draping himself over his mom's voluptuous form until his chest hair rasped against her smooth back. This new angle made his pubic bone grind against her plump ass with each thrust, stimulating her swollen clit from behind.

Brook gasped and mewled, undulating her wide hips to meet his strokes. "Mmmm, perfect," she praised breathlessly. "Now reach under me and cup my tits. Pull and pinch my nipples while you fuck me."

Liam groaned at the erotic instructions, his cock pulsing inside Brook's clasping sheath. He snaked his arms beneath her and palmed her giant, swaying breasts, relishing the doughy weight of them. He kneaded the

pliant mounds, sinking his fingers into the abundant flesh, plumping them in his hands.

Brook's jugs overflowed Liam's groping fingers, warm and impossibly soft against his skin. He found her thick, rubbery nipples and rolled them between his thumbs and forefingers, tugging gently.

"Harder," Brook demanded, voice strained with need. "Really maul my tits, baby. Make them bounce and jiggle while you pound my pussy."

Liam squeezed and massaged his mother's huge rack with growing confidence, plucking at her leaking nipples. He used the abundant flesh for leverage as he sawed into her from behind, the force of his thrusts making her massive jugs wobble and slap together lewdly.

The wet squelch of his cock plunging through her drenched folds grew louder, punctuated by the rhythmic slap of his pelvis against her cushiony ass.

"Fuck yes, like that!" Brook cried, fingers clawing at the sheets. "Drill my cunt, fill me up! Ruin me with that big dick!"

Liam pistoned his hips frantically, grunting with effort as he rutted into his mom's upturned pussy. He felt wild, untamed, a beast in rut.

Lorraine and Jenna hung suspended in the air like lewdly splayed marionettes, Liam's thick seed oozing obscenely from their upturned cunts. They freed one hand each from the harnesses to feverishly rub their swollen clits, eyes glued to the live porn show happening on the bed.

"That's it, Liam! Pound your mother's pussy!" Lorraine cried out, frigging her nub frantically. "Breed her deep! Put a baby in her belly!"

"Fuck her harder, Liam!" Jenna urged breathlessly, fingers dancing over her slick folds. "Ruin her cunt like you ruined mine! Make her cum on that big dick!"

Their wanton encouragement spurred Liam on, his balls tightening and cock pulsing inside Brook's rippling sheath. Electric pleasure crackled up his spine as he pistoned into her harder, faster, the force of his thrusts making her ass cheeks quiver. He panted harshly against the back of her neck, drowning in her heady scent and the filthy wet sounds of their coupling.

Brook's pussy clenched and spasmed around him, growing impossibly tighter. Her inner muscles fluttered wildly, massaging Liam's surging length as he plowed through her drenched folds.

Slick juices gushed out around his hammering shaft, soaking his groin and dripping down to saturate the sheets.

Liam could feel his mother's body tensing beneath him, her voluptuous curves quaking as her climax swelled.

Her breathy cries grew sharper, more urgent, building to a fever pitch. He ground his pubic bone against her ass, angling his thrusts to pummel her G-spot with ruthless precision.

"Oh God, oh fuck, LIAM!" Brook wailed, back arching like a bow. Her cunt went vise-tight around him, pulsating wildly as she came apart on his cock. Fem-cum squirted from her spasming slit, splattering Liam's pistoning length and balls.

With two powerful ejaculations already wrung from his young balls, Liam felt like he could keep fucking his mother through a dozen more shuddering climaxes. And over the next hour, that's exactly what he did. His crotch became a constant smacking metronome against Brook's cushiony ass, the impact reverberating through her abundant curves.

Her plump cheeks quickly grew slick and shiny, soaked with sweat and the ceaseless gush of her orgasmic fluids.

Liam lost himself in the primal rhythm, in the obscene wet sounds and the intoxicating scent of his mother's arousal. His lean muscles flexed and strained as he blanketed her voluptuous form, rutting into her with single-minded purpose. The molten glove of her pussy gripped him perfectly, as if she was made solely to milk his cock.

Electric ecstasy crackled through Liam's nerves, building and building with each slick glide into Brook's clasp depths. He could feel her powerful inner muscles rippling along his aching length, squeezing and fluttering, urging him deeper. Her wanton cries and desperate undulations only spurred on his efforts, stoking the fire in his loins.

Over and over, Liam drove Brook to new heights of mind-melting bliss, wringing scream after scream from her lips. Her cunt clamped down on him rhythmically as orgasms tore through her plush body, fem-cum gushing out to soak the bed beneath them. But still he fucked her through it, relentless, determined to prolong her pleasure.

Liam's own release swelled at the base of his spine, urgent and undeniable. But he grit his teeth and breathed through the aching throb in his balls, not wanting this moment to end. He never wanted to stop being buried balls-

deep in his mother's hot, slick sheath, never wanted to stop feeling her thighs quake and her pussy spasm as he ruined her for any other man.

Brook whimpered beneath him, her inner muscles fluttering wildly around her son's surging cock. "Oh God, baby, I can feel your knob growing!" she cried out. "It's expanding, getting so big! Gonna split me open!"

Liam could only snarl in response, the nerve endings on his swelling glans experiencing exquisite friction as his girth stretched his mother's tight passage. Electric sparks burst behind his eyelids at the delicious pressure, the searing squeeze and ripple of Brook's cunt around his sensitive flesh.

His hips took on a frantic, writhing pace as his engorged cockhead worked itself through the vise-like grip of Brook's cervical ring. The muscular aperture resisted the thick, apple-sized intrusion at first, clenching reflexively. But Liam was relentless, grinding and thrusting, determined to bury himself in his mother's innermost sanctum.

With a wet pop and strangled groan from them both, Liam's bulbous glans finally breached that final barrier and plunged into the scorching haven of Brook's womb. Her cervix immediately clamped down around the neck of his shaft, just below his coronal ridge, locking him in place as his swollen tip pulsed urgently against her tender walls.

The moment Liam felt that ungiving clench around his most sensitive spot, his orgasm crested violently. A hoarse shout tore from his throat as the first scalding ropes of cum erupted from his slit, painting Brook's womb with his virile seed. His cockhead jerked and spasmed, geysering thick jets of pearly essence directly against her quivering entrance to her fallopian tubes.

Brook wailed in ecstasy as she felt Liam's potent emission flooding her unprotected depths, his fist-sized knot plugging her cervix and trapping every drop inside. Her powerful inner muscles worked feverishly to milk him, rippling and squeezing his throbbing shaft, coaxing out spurt after heavy spurt.

“Ugghh, fuck, mom... so good!” Liam grunted and twitched above her, drowning in the maelstrom of sensation radiating from his erupting cock. It felt like his very soul was pouring out of him in endless, agonizing pulses, filling his mother's womb to overflowing with his seed.

Electric bliss sizzled through his nerves, whiting out his vision, stealing the breath from his lungs.

Lost as he was in the throes of his release, Liam was only distantly aware of Brook's answering climax. Her voluptuous body seized beneath him, back arching as a strangled scream tore from her lips. Her cunt clamped down impossibly tighter, squeezing and fluttering wildly, wringing every drop from Liam's spasming balls.

Their bodies finally stilled as they remained locked together, heartbeats synchronized and genitals pulsating as one. With each throb of Liam's apple-sized cockhead, more semen bubbled from his dilated slit, adding to the thick deluge already pooling inside Brook's cervix.

Liam groaned at the exquisite agony of his knot being massaged by his mother's muscular walls, the pressure keeping him rock hard and erupting. He could feel her womb expanding, growing heavier and fuller with each wet spurt pumped directly into her fertile depths.

Electric aftershocks zipped through his nerves, making him twitch and shudder against Brook's sweat-slicked back.

Beneath him, Brook mewled breathlessly, her body quaking from the force of her climax. She clenched down rhythmically on Liam's throbbing shaft, milking him for every drop. Ripples of pleasure radiated out from where they were joined, soothing the sweet ache inside her. She could feel Liam's potent seed sloshing in her womb, seeking her egg.

For nearly twenty minutes, they remained fused together, Liam's fist-sized knot plugging Brook's fluttering passage as it disgorged its heavy load. The carnal scent of their coupling saturated the air - pungent arousal and the bleached tang of semen. Filthy wet squelches and sloppy schlicks punctuated their labored breathing as they panted in unison.

Liam burrowed his face into the damp curtain of Brook's hair, drowning in her familiar scent. Sweat cooled on his flushed skin and his heart gradually slowed its frantic gallop. With each deep breath, he felt his cock soften incrementally, the flow of cum tapering off.

Brook's cervix fluttered around Liam's shrinking knob, as if reluctant to relinquish its prize. She whimpered at the loss of his hot, hard flesh stretching her so full. Empty, aching, she instinctively clenched her inner muscles, trying to keep him hilted for as long as possible.

But inexorably, Liam's deflating cock slipped from his mother's upturned cunt with a gush of mingled fluids. Brook gasped at the sensation of his release seeping out to trickle down her thighs. She felt open, gaping, cored out by her son's huge cock and bountiful seed.

Liam rolled off Brook with a groan, collapsing beside her on the sweat-soaked sheets. His chest heaved as he gulped down air, still reeling from the mind-melting intensity of his climax. Spots danced behind his closed lids and his ears rang.

Through his peripheral, he could see his mom's sweaty back rise and fall as she remained on her stomach, catching her breath.

Serena directed Brook over to the fertility enhancer apparatus and helped her get situated. Liam watched in awe as his mother was hoisted up by her ankles, just like Lorraine and Jenna were, her legs splayed obscenely and her dripping, well-used pussy on lewd display.

Three gorgeous, huge-breasted moms, suspended and inverted like erotic works of art - vessels for his potent seed, wombs primed for impregnation.

"Let's get you into the shower, Liam," the android said, then ushered Liam out of the room. He reluctantly tore his gaze away from the tantalizing sight and followed Serena to the lavish bathroom.

As Liam showered, letting the steamy water sluice over his aching muscles, girlish giggles floated to his ears, followed by Brook's familiar sultry purr, but he couldn't quite tell what she was saying.

"Oh my God, I've never been fucked like that in my life! That boy's cock is a fucking miracle," Brook exclaimed.

Jenna's breathless voice chimed in next. "Mmmm, yes! The way he stretched me, ruined me... I'll never feel Josh the same way again. He could never compare to Liam's hung dick."

Lorraine's throaty chuckle sent a shiver down Liam's spine, his spent cock twitching against his thigh. "And when he breached the cervix and locked in? Good lord, I saw stars! I thought that knot was going to split me in half!"

"Yessss," Brook hissed. "Feeling him swell up and explode directly into my womb... Pumping me so full of his hot cum... Fuck, it was transcendent."

"I can still feel it sloshing around inside me," Jenna marveled. "So much thick, virile spunk. No way I'm not knocked up after that thorough breeding."

"You're telling me," Lorraine agreed. "That boy flooded my old womb with what felt like a gallon of jizz. Put Arthur to shame, he did."

"Such an amazing kisser too!" Jenna cooed with a dreamy expression. "Had I known that, I would have invited him over for long make-out sessions while Josh was at work."

"Definitely worth cheating for," Lorraine agreed. "Mmm, my sensitive nipples are still tingling from the way he latched on and suckled me dry. That boy has a magic mouth on him!"

Brook readily agreed. "Oh yes, feeling his lips wrapped around my fat nubs, tongue flicking and teasing, had me gushing like a faucet yesterday. Definitely the best nipple play I've ever experienced."

Jenna pouted enviously. "Well, I'm definitely getting my milk-filled udders sucked by him next time. I bet that hungry mouth could drain these jugs in record time." She hefted her huge, leaking breasts for emphasis.

Lorraine chuckled wickedly. "We'll all get plenty of time to enjoy Liam's many talents this year, girls. Lord knows he'll be putting his tongue and cock to very good use, servicing our needy holes morning, noon and night - pumping little ones inside our bellies."

"Mmmm, I can hardly wait," Brook purred, licking her lips. "To wake up to that beautiful boy between my thighs, lapping at my cream... Then have him mount me from behind and slide that huge baby-maker in balls deep..."

"Fuck yes," Jenna breathed, squirming in the harness. "Feeling him rut me savagely, fucking a baby into my fertile womb, over and over... Plugging me with that amazing knot and pumping me full..."

"Liam has definitely claimed us as his own," Lorraine growled. "Proved his virile dominance by seeding us so deeply, so thoroughly."

The women shivered with dark arousal, their pussies clenching and dripping anew at the forbidden images. Strung up like debauched marionettes, they writhed and mewled, bodies singing with aching need.

Meanwhile, in breeding hubs across the ship, similar scenes of wanton debauchery and rampant insemination were taking place behind the closed doors of nearly a thousand private chambers.

Virile teenage boys rutted feverishly between the splayed thighs of their female relatives - mothers, sisters, aunts and cousins. Feminine muscles flexed and strained as the boys pistoned their engorged cocks into slick, welcoming cunts, stirring up sodden creampie.

Meaty slaps and wet squelches melded with ecstatic cries and guttural grunts, a vulgar symphony of incestuous breeding. The humid air reeked of

musk and sex, of sweat and semen. Perspiration slicked the writhing bodies, easing the slide of skin on skin.

Massive, milk-laden breasts bounced and jiggled, the jutting nipples smearing trails of cream across heaving chests and flushed faces.

Hungry mouths latched onto the swollen teats, suckling noisily, eager to drain the sweet nectar. The obscene wet glug-glug-glugs of deepthroating and the lewd schlicks and slurps of eating pussy echoed off the metal walls.

Balls, heavy with seed, swung and smacked against upturned asses and gaping cunts as the teenage studs violated their kin with brutal strokes. "Breed me, fill me, put a baby in me!" The impassioned mantra spilled from the lips of the debauched women, their voices hoarse from screaming. They bucked and undulated beneath the rutting boys, cunt muscles rippling and squeezing, coaxing out the seed they craved.

Throats convulsed around plunging cocks, swallowing greedily, hungry for every drop. Rapture contorted their beautiful faces as thick ropes of cum flooded their fertile depths, as baseball-sized knots forced past clenching cervixes to plug them tight.

Womb after womb was pumped full to bursting with the virile sludge, the slick walls expanding to accommodate the sheer volume. The women grew delirious from the feel of all that potent seed sloshing inside them, from the knowledge that their son's or nephew's or grandson's sperm was seeking their eggs with single-minded determination.

For hours the marathon mating sessions continued, the sounds and smells of rut saturating the corridors. Bellies began to swell, growing taut and heavy

with the fruits of incestuous labor. The pregnant women were gently detached from the fertility enhancers, their stretched holes oozing thick globs of jizz as they waddled bow-legged to the cleansing rooms.

And thus it began: the inauguration of this year-long cycle of insatiable rutting and fertile unions. The massive vessel transformed into a floating palace of carnal excess where moans echoed through metal corridors day and night.

Each virile teen prince lounged amid his personal harem of willing female flesh—mothers, aunts, sisters all presenting slick, ready holes for his pleasure, their bellies gradually swelling with the evidence of his potency as distant stars silently witnessed their debauchery through the massive floor-to-ceiling windows that lined the breeding chambers. TO BE  
CONTINUED....

# BREED

PART 3



BY KLRXO

## Part 3

While the blue-green Earth rotated silently beneath them, Liam lay sprawled across the plush white sheets of his private breeding chamber, nearly disappearing beneath a writhing tangle of pregnant female bodies as they fucked and clawed at his teenage body. The chamber was pitch black, the panoramic windows electronically tinted to block out even the faintest glimmer of the planet's reflected sunlight.

From beneath the writhing tangle of limbs and sweat-slicked flesh came a breathless, soprano cry that cut through the symphony of moans. "Fuck yesss! Pound my pussy harder with that big cock! Split me open!"

In this artificial night, the teenager's enhanced senses were overwhelmed by the intoxicating perfume of wet pussy mingling with the musky scent of his own ejaculate. The velvet-soft press of MILF skin against his taut muscles, the delicious weight of milk-swollen tits dragging across his chest, and the firm roundness of distended fetus-packed bellies brushing against his flanks as his harem of mothers, aunts and cousins competed for his sexual attention with breathy moans and desperate, needy whimpers. Liam's hands sunk against taut, rounded bellies surrounding him, marveling at the accelerated growth made possible by the Trimonth™ hormonal supplements that had revolutionized human reproduction aboard the vessel. Each swollen abdomen—some already sporting pronounced outward navels—housed fetuses developing at triple Earth's natural pace.

The women's skin had taken on that characteristic opalescent glow, stretched tight over wombs that had been empty just twelve weeks earlier

when he'd pinned each one down, fucked them like a horny animal and pumped them full of his potent boy-seed.

Now their huge tits and swollen teats leaked colostrum, blue veins mapped their bellies, and their hips had already begun widening in preparation for the imminent births.

“Oh fuck... OH FUCK, THAT'S SO GOOD!” Liam whimpered as he took powerful thrusts into the pregnancy-enhanced pussy engulfing his throbbing member, feeling his swollen, purple crown press insistently against the tight, puckered gateway of her womb.

The woman returned a pleasure-squeal and a gush of warm fem-cream bathed his shaft. She slipped away, lifting from his meat pole, only to be immediately replaced by another molten sheath— this one with distinctive ridges that dragged exquisitely along his sensitive underside.

The familiar texture of this vagina sent a jolt of recognition through his pleasure-fogged mind. His brother's wife, Jenna—he'd know those uniquely rippled inner walls anywhere. Each woman in his harem possessed a signature feel around his penile flesh—from Grandma Lorraine's hot spongy interior lining to his mother's tight, gripping channel that seemed to milk him with deliberate pulses.

“FUCK!” the teenager snarled between the cushion of heavy milk-swollen breasts, his face buried in their warm, yielding softness as feminine hands with manicured nails raked down his sweat-slicked torso.

Long, wet tongues traced intricate patterns across his chest and thighs, while eager mouths sucked purple marks onto his neck and shoulders. He

felt like he was drowning beneath a writhing mass of silken flesh and tangled limbs, each woman's body radiating heat as they competed to pleasure him.

The heady aroma of fem-juices hung thick in the air—a complex bouquet of musk and honey that made his head swim. In the pitch darkness, every sensation intensified tenfold; the slick sounds of wet flesh sliding against his own echoed in his ears like thunder.

Time dissolved into a hazy blur of sweat-slicked skin and breathless moans. Minutes stretched into hours, marked only by the rhythmic slap of flesh against flesh. His fourth climax had torn through him like lightning not long ago, his seed erupting in thick, pearlescent ropes that flooded a womb already rounded with his child.

Despite having claimed every female relative with his virile essence—their bellies all bearing the taut, rounded evidence of his potency—the carnal ritual continued unabated. The ship's protocols were clear: sustained sexual pleasure for the females optimized fetal development, their trembling, toe-curling orgasms flooding developing embryos with vital hormones that would ensure the next generation's strength.

The bedding below them was a special nano-fiber material engineered to rapidly absorb and evaporate the torrent of sexual fuck-fluids, though not before every glistening droplet had been violently expelled around Liam's tireless erection, splattering between their sweat-slicked bodies and cascading down his heavy balls onto the sheets.

The teenage breeding prince trembled and whimpered as maternal cunt flanges beat tirelessly against his cock-roots suctioning themselves to his

throbbing flesh, while strong corrugated muscular tubes inside each woman rhythmically squeezed and quivered around his veiny battering-ram with every shuddering female orgasm.

"Oh fuck," the teen whimpered as his sister-in-law Jenna's orgasm erupted around him, her inner walls clenching and rippling with such force that his vision blurred with stars. Their genitals wrestled violently in the darkness—his shaft pulsing with thick, ropy veins while her sopping channel gripped him like a silken vise, squeezing rhythmically from base to tip.

Each contraction of her uniquely ridged passage milked him mercilessly, drawing his swollen purple crown against her cervix with hydraulic precision. Jenna's honeyed cream gushed in scorching waves, flooding his heavy, churning nuts as she worked herself to a mind-blowing, ball-soaking climax that left both of them trembling and gasping for breath.

Finally, Jenna's swollen cock-sleeve released him with an obscene, wet squelch that echoed in the darkness, her cream-slicked labia reluctantly peeling away from his glistening shaft. He sensed the immediate shift in the bed as three female bodies scrambled toward him, their desperate whimpers filling his ears:

"Please, my turn," one of them purred.

"No, I need it next," said another.

"Let me taste him," said one of Liam's aunts.

A pair of strong thighs straddled him, and a molten core descended onto his pulsating cock. Simultaneously, his mother's pillowy tits enveloped his head from behind.

"Mother, help me position him," Brook said to Lorraine, and her hands gripped his shoulders, pulling him deeper into her daughter's fleshy cocoon while her own pendulous breasts flattened against his heaving chest.

Trapped between generations of his female lineage, Liam gasped as his grandmother's tongue traced hot, deliberate patterns across his throat, her experienced mouth working his pulse point as the anonymous woman impaled on his manhood began bouncing with savage, desperate intensity.

His cousin Mia slithered across the sweat-slicked sheets, her pregnant belly dragging on his abs. "Is there any part of him left for me?" she purred, her voice thick with need.

Brook grasped her son's chin as his flushed face peeked from between her glistening cleavage. "His face," she told her niece with a knowing smile, her manicured nails digging possessively into his jawline.

Liam barely had time to gasp before Mia mounted him, her swollen, dripping pussy descending over his mouth like a silken veil, the musky scent of her arousal overwhelming his senses as she ground herself against his eager tongue.

Both his mom and cousin gripped fistfuls of Liam's sweat-dampened hair, their manicured nails scraping against his scalp as Mia ground her swollen, glistening sex against her younger cousin's face. Her pregnancy-enhanced folds—plumper and more sensitive than they'd ever been—quivered against his expert tongue.

Mia's thighs tightened around his face as she moaned, "Don't stop, please... right there," her voice breaking into a breathless whimper. She couldn't help

but compare his skillful ministrations to her loving husband's earnest but clumsy attempts back on Earth. She did miss Richard, his gentle hands and devoted eyes—they'd only celebrated their first anniversary before the mission—but the white-hot pleasure radiating from her core as Liam's tongue danced across her throbbing pearl was an intoxicating consolation for the distance separating her from her earthbound spouse.

Liam's muffled whimper vibrated against his cousin's dripping folds, his oxygen-starved lungs burning as her honeyed essence coated his lips and chin. His skull was cradled in the velvet valley between his mother's pendulous tits, their weight pressing against his cheeks while rivulets of warm milk trickled down his neck.

His grandmother's serpentine tongue traced elaborate patterns along his carotid artery, her teeth occasionally grazing his pulse point as her wrinkled yet still-supple breasts flattened against his collarbone.

“Mmm, such a tasty little pussy-pleasing teenager,” she purred between flicks of her tongue.

The symphony of sensations intensified as unborn children—his own offspring—kicked against his ribs through the taut, stretched skin of their mothers' bellies.

Below his waist, a mysterious relative's expert cunt gripped his throbbing shaft with undulating contractions while another's silken tongue danced between his testicles, her saliva mingling with the overflow of feminine nectar that had pooled there.

Sharp, manicured nails left crimson trails across his inner thighs, marking him as property of his harem. It was a kaleidoscope of carnal delight that threatened to shatter his sanity.

Suddenly, his mother's lips were at his ear, her words hot and thick with wanton depravity. "That's right, baby," she purred, her tongue flicking his earlobe as her fingers continued their merciless assault on his pulse point. "Eat your cousin's cream-filled pussy like the good little breeding bull you are. Suck that sweet nectar from her juicy, swollen folds. Make her scream your name."

Liam felt a heavily-pregnant body slither up from below, the taut skin of a distended belly gliding against his sweat-slicked thigh. His aunt Tara's honeyed voice purred, "Is there room at his neck for me?"

His grandmother's hands shifted possessively. "I'll make space," she rasped, her silver-streaked hair tickling his shoulder as she repositioned.

Liam squirmed helplessly as two experienced tongues traced intricate patterns along his carotid artery. Soft, pillowy tits of different generations pressed against him from all sides while gravid, undulating bellies containing his own progeny completely buried his trembling young body beneath a living blanket of feminine flesh. Through it all, he never ceased his dutiful ministrations between his cousin's quivering thighs.

The woman on Liam's cock cried out, "I'm cumming!" in a voice he instantly recognized as his cousin Sasha's—that distinctive breathless soprano that had always carried across family dinners. She rode him with frantic, jackhammer intensity, her thighs quivering against his hips as her inner walls clamped down like a silken vise. Her release came in pulsating

waves, hot feminine nectar cascading down his shaft and pooling in the creases of his groin.

Simultaneously, Mia's thighs clenched around his ears as she squealed through her own climax, her honeyed girl-cum flooding his mouth and chin in sticky rivulets that dripped down his neck.

The assembled women barely acknowledged the mingled fluids painting their intertwined limbs—these baptismal waters were simply part of the sacred ritual, as natural as the recycled oxygen they breathed in their sealed chamber.

Sasha's cream-slicked cunt lifted from his pulsating shaft with an audible pop, leaving his glistening member twitching in the cool air. He caught fragments of urgent whispers—"Let me taste him," "I need his essence"—before three hungry mouths descended upon him in unison.

His Aunt Kira's plump, glossy lips engulfed his purple crown, her tongue swirling expertly around the sensitive ridge while her throat muscles relaxed to accommodate his impressive girth.

Meanwhile, his aunt Tara and cousin Sasha positioned themselves on either side, their hot breath mingling as they lavished attention on his heavy, churning testicles. Four manicured hands gripped his trembling thighs, pushing them back and apart to expose every inch of his most vulnerable anatomy to their ravenous appetites.

Liam gasped for precious oxygen as his cousin's still-dripping pussy lifted off his face, leaving gossamer strands of her essence stretching between his swollen lips and her flushed labia.

With her nails still cruelly embedded in his disheveled chestnut locks, Brook forcefully her son's neck at a vulnerable angle and sealed her crimson-painted lips to his in a intimate kiss, her experienced tongue greedily harvesting every droplet of her niece's honeyed nectar from the warm cavern of his mouth.

A single crystalline tear of overwhelming pleasure carved a glistening path down the boy's flushed cheek as the delicate skin of his exposed throat continued to be ravaged by sharp teeth and hungry mouths while his mother's serpentine tongue—impossibly long and dexterous—explored every ridge and recess of his palate.

He desperately lashed his own licker against hers in primal response, their slick muscles performing a frantic, obscene ballet inside the humid theater of his mouth.

The symphony of lewd, wet snarls and vulgar sucking sounds reverberated through the dimly-lit chamber as ravenous female bodies writhed and feasted upon his trembling form.

Liam's desperate gasp for air was cut short as a pendulous, milk-laden tit engulfed his entire face, his features disappearing into the pillowy expanse of alabaster flesh. He couldn't identify which female relative had claimed his mouth—only that her mammary was impossibly full and heavy, its skin stretched taut and marbled with delicate blue veins beneath his fluttering eyelashes.

The warm, sweet-scented tit-globe yielded like memory foam against his cheekbones while the milk inside audibly sloshed with each frantic heartbeat. When his lips found the prominent nipple— dusky rose and

distended to twice its normal length—he drew it deep into the humid cavern of his mouth and suckled with primal hunger, his tongue laving the textured areola as tepid, honey-sweet mother's milk flooded his eager throat.

At his crotch hovered his Aunt Kira, Aunt Tara and his cousin Sasha, their mouths working in obscene harmony. Sasha's platinum blonde hair cascaded across his trembling thighs as she engulfed his rigid shaft, her hollowed cheeks and fluttering eyelashes betraying her single-minded devotion to her task.

Meanwhile, his aunts had their flushed faces nestled against his taut scrotum, their tongues leaving glistening trails across the delicate skin as they passed one heavy, pulsating testicle between them like a sacred relic, each taking turns to gently suckle and tug at the sensitive organ before relinquishing it to her sister with a vulgar, wet pop.

The two sisters exchanged whispered instructions between slurps, their crimson-painted lips glistening with saliva as they meticulously mapped every millimeter of his teenage scrotum.

"Right there," Tara murmured, her manicured fingernail indicating a particularly sensitive nexus of nerves beneath the taut skin, which Kira immediately targeted with the pointed tip of her tongue. "That spot is so tender."

They worked with the precision of cardiovascular surgeons, their warm breath alternating between cooling and heating the delicate terrain as they systematically reduced him to whimpering surrender through their encyclopedic knowledge of male anatomy.

Tara's scarlet-tipped index finger traced a prominent blue vein along the underside of his left testicle. "Feel how swollen and sensitive he is right here," she whispered, her warm breath condensing on the taut, delicate skin.

Kira's eyes—identical emerald-green to her sister's—flashed with predatory hunger. "Let's nurse on it together," she suggested, her voice a honeyed purr.

In perfect synchronicity, the sisters' glossy lips descended, creating a seal of wet heat around opposite hemispheres of the quivering orb. Their tongues—one flicking rapidly, one making slow, deliberate circles—worked in counterpoint while occasionally grazing teeth sent electric jolts through Liam's spine, forcing muffled, desperate whimpers into the suffocating cavern of his mother's mouth.

Sasha's platinum-blonde head bobbed with practiced rhythm, her glossy lips stretched to their limit around her cousin's impressive girth. Her tongue traced elaborate patterns along the prominent vein on the underside while she hollowed her cheeks to create the perfect suction.

Years of experience—from fumbling teenage encounters in her parents' basement to drunken college hookups—had honed her technique to artful precision. Though she adored pleasuring her new husband, his modest endowment had never challenged her like Liam's magnificent cock, which initially defeated her attempts to swallow it completely.

Now, relaxing her throat muscles with yogic control, she felt her nose brush against the trimmed thatch at his base as tears of effort glistened on her mascara-darkened lashes.

As the hours progressed, the women tag-teamed Liam's body with relentless abandon, each craving their turn to worship his virile form. They manipulated him like a human sex toy, contorting his lithe teenage body into a series of acrobatic positions that would have been impossible with their husbands.

In a frenzy of lust, they sucked, licked, and fondled his every inch, while others greedily impaled themselves upon his glistening shaft. The harem of insatiable females had long ago discarded any semblance of modesty or restraint, reduced to snarling, salivating she-beasts in the grip of their primal urges.

“Yes...fuck me hard, baby boy!” Liam’s grandma Lorraine growled, her voice guttural and primal as she clutched at him like a Kodiak bear in heat as Liam fucked her from the top.

Her powerful thighs squeezed him between them , her nails raking down his back like claws on bark. Her massive, quivering ass bucked against the mattress with each savage thrust. Her eyes were wild, irises swallowed by lust-filled pupils as droplets of sweat beaded on her furrowed brow.

Liam's heart thundered in his chest, his every fiber on edge as he plunged his oversized teenaged cock into his grandmother's depths.

"Oh fuck, yes, gran!" he gasped, his fingers entangled in his grandmother's silver locks, his hips bucking wildly as he sought even greater friction. His world had narrowed to the primal act of rutting, his once-young, inexperienced body pushed to its limits by the insatiable horde of lusty women.

Liam's body convulsed uncontrollably, his spine arching like a bow drawn taut. His gluteal muscles clenched rhythmically, creating a hypnotic blur as he drove himself forward with primal ferocity.

A guttural roar tore from his throat as the first molten surge of release built at the base of his shaft, then erupted through him with volcanic force. Thick ropes of pearlescent fluid pulsed from his engorged penis in powerful jets, coating Lorraine's silken inner walls with his viscous essence until it overflowed, trickling down to pool on the sweat-dampened sheets beneath them.

"My turn," his Aunt Tara purred, her manicured nails stroking his face as she guided him off her mother and onto his back, straddled him once more. "You're nowhere near done, stud."

In the pitch darkness of the station's breeding quarters, they devoured him—seven writhing bodies crushing against him from all sides, enormous milk-laden breasts smothering his face while gravid bellies pressed into his back, his sides, his chest, until he could barely draw breath beneath their ravenous weight. Liam's sweat-drenched frame disappeared entirely beneath the heaving mass of feminine flesh.

Seven women crushed against him like a tsunami of flesh, their skin scorching and slick with sweat that pooled in the deep valleys between heaving breasts and grotesquely swollen bellies. Engorged labia slammed violently against the base of his shaft, each impact sending electric shocks through his spine as hot, viscous fluids erupted between their bodies with audible splashes that echoed in the darkness.

The air thickened to soup, saturated with desperate gasps and the raw animal musk of sex. Hands clawed and seized at flesh with bruising force; nails dug crescents into shoulders, thighs, scalp. The darkness transformed every touch into electric shock—the crushing weight of swollen bodies smothering him, heat pulsing from skin like radiation, demands hissed through clenched teeth. Liam fought for oxygen in the epicenter of this writhing mass, his lungs burning as he drowned in the overwhelming tide of ravenous fertility.

On earth, Roger, Brook's husband, paced the floor of his home anxiously. The holographic communication terminal in the center of the room remained dormant, its projection plate collecting dust. His heart raced as he checked his wrist implant—2:57 PM, just three minutes until the prearranged call from his wife Brook.

The Orbital Reproduction Initiative's regulations had grown increasingly severe; not a single transmission had been permitted between Earth-bound husbands and their wives aboard the station for three months.

Roger wasn't alone in his suffering—throughout the city dozens of other men waited just as he did, separated from their wives by 400 kilometers of cold space and bureaucratic cruelty.

The connection chimed with a soft melodic tone as Brook materialized before him, her holographic form shimmering with photorealistic clarity.

Roger's breath caught in his throat. His wife's brunette hair cascaded past her shoulders, framing her flushed face. Her fully-pregnant belly protruded proudly beneath a thin, stretchy camisole that barely contained her giant, milk-heavy tits.

The miniskirt rode low beneath the dome of her abdomen, revealing the linea nigra trailing down her navel. "Hi, honey," she whispered, her voice breaking slightly as she extended a translucent hand toward him.

Roger swallowed hard. "You look so...pregnant," he managed, his voice catching.

Brook's cheeks flushed pink as she ran her palm over the taut dome of her belly. "Well, THAT IS why we're up here, remember?" she reminded him softly.

Roger nodded, but couldn't tear his eyes from the telltale sheen on her skin, the swollen fullness of her lips, the languid heaviness of her half-lidded eyes. Something primal and jealous twisted in his gut. His wife looked thoroughly, recently fucked and pleased in ways he hadn't been responsible in all their years together. His stomach clenched into a cold, hard knot.

"When are you, um...due?" His eyes couldn't help but fixate on the taut, veined skin of her belly, stretched to its absolute limit. Brook caressed the enormous dome of her abdomen with both hands, her wedding ring glinting accusingly in the holographic light.

"The doctors say any day now," she whispered, her eyes taking on a dreamy quality. "And then, after my one-week recovery period, Liam and I will start working on the next one." Her tongue darted out to wet her lips, her pupils dilating at the mere thought.

"How is Liam doing up there?" Roger asked.

Brook's tired smile widened slightly, her hands cradling her swollen abdomen almost protectively. "He's doing amazing, Roger," she said, pride in her voice as she rubbed her belly softly. "He's really stepped up to the plate since we've been here. He's a natural, just like we knew he would be."

Her eyes glazed over with a faraway look. "In fact, he's in a breeding session right now with your mother. You should see how absolutely radiant she looks pregnant."

Roger felt his knees buckle beneath him as unbidden images flooded his mind: his teenage son's lean, muscular body pinning his mother to the station's clinical bed, her silver-streaked hair fanned across pillows, her voluptuous figure—those same magnificent tits that had haunted Roger's adolescent fantasies—now bouncing rhythmically with each powerful thrust.

He imagined her throaty moans echoing through the sterile corridors of the station, her manicured nails leaving crescent-shaped indentations in his son's sweat-slicked shoulders.

The father's fists clenched at his sides as jealousy, lust, and a crushing sense of inadequacy coiled in his gut. "That's... that's good, I suppose," he managed, his voice hoarse. "I... I'm glad he's making us all proud."

"He can go for hours, Roger," Brook confessed, absently licking her bottom lip. "Sometimes ten to twelve times a day. Yesterday he satisfied my sister, your mother, and me in a single afternoon without even needing a recovery period."

Her fingers traced small circles on her distended belly as she spoke, her cheeks flushed with remembered pleasure.

Roger's shoulders slumped, his voice barely audible as he stared at the floor. "So you're... you're all just having sex constantly up there." It wasn't a question.

Brook's fingers twisted nervously at the hem of her camisole as she nodded. "Yes," she admitted, not meeting his eyes. "Liam and I alone... have sex for at least three or four hours every day. Sometimes more."

"Three to four hours? But you're already pregnant," Roger stated. "Why are you still—"

"The doctors insist that regular penetration and climax improve blood flow to the placenta," she answered, cutting him off before he could even finish his question. "Semen contains hormones that strengthen the amniotic sac," she explained, her voice taking on the clinical tone. "They monitor our oxytocin levels daily. It's mandatory—for the health of the babies."

"So the doctors are ordering my wife to spread her legs for my teenage son. How wonderfully scientific," he spat, voice trembling with barely contained rage.

Brook's expression softened, her eyes welling with empathy. "Roger, I know this is an incredibly difficult time for you," she began, her hand reaching out as if to comfort him across the vast distance separating them. "But it's for the greater good. The human race needs us. For now, Liam's duty is here, having sex with all of us. He should be making you proud, not jealous or angry."

All of the women spoke to their husbands that day - Brook's sisters Tara and Kira connected with their Earth-bound spouses through shimmering holograms, their swollen bodies barely contained by regulation-issue maternity wear.

Tara's husband, Marcus, gripped his armchair with white knuckles as she absently stroked her baby-packed belly, the wedding band he'd placed on her finger now stretched tight against her swollen digit.

"So, what have you been up to today, honey?" The question hung between them like a live wire.

Tara's cheeks flushed crimson as she averted her eyes, one hand absently stroking the taut curve of her belly. "It's probably best if you don't know, darling," she whispered, teeth catching her bottom lip.

Marcus's jaw tightened, a muscle twitching beneath his three-day stubble. "It's ok, tell me," he demanded, voice cracking.

Tara sighed, her swollen breasts rising and falling beneath the thin fabric of her camisole. "They call it a mating ball," she finally admitted, words tumbling out in a breathless rush. "All of us women, in a darkened room, our pregnant bodies pressed against Liam from every angle. Hands, mouths, and...other things, working in unison like—" she swallowed hard, "—like sex-starving animals. They say the primal nature of the experience maximizes fertility."

Marcus's stomach sunk like an anchor through dark water as vivid images flooded his mind: his beautiful, voluptuous wife's flushed body writhing at the center of a tangle of limbs and torsos, her lipstick smeared across her

panting mouth, her huge tits bouncing as she ground herself against Liam's sweat-slicked teenage body.

He could almost hear the symphony of moans, the wet sounds of flesh meeting flesh, see the other women—mothers, sisters, aunts—their pregnant bellies gleaming with perspiration as they took turns with the boy, hands everywhere, mouths hungry, eyes glazed with animal lust.

Tara couldn't help the slight upward curl of her lips as she watched Marcus's eyes darken with pain, his pupils dilating with each word she spoke. The knowledge that Liam—barely eighteen, with stamina that left her thighs trembling and voice hoarse—now commanded her body's responses in ways Marcus never had sent a forbidden thrill through her.

She leaned forward, her swollen tits straining against thin fabric, and spoke in the gentle, patronizing tone one might use with a child. "Try not to fixate on the physical aspects," she cooed, one hand absently caressing the taut dome where Liam's seed had taken root. "Focus instead on our sacred duty to humanity. These babies—" she emphasized the plural deliberately, watching him flinch, "—represent mankind's future."

Kira's husband, David, maintained a brittle smile as his wife's nipples visibly hardened beneath her thin top when Liam's name was mentioned, her flushed skin and tousled hair betraying exactly how she'd spent the hours before their call.

His eyes drifted down to her exposed chest where a constellation of purplish-red marks bloomed across the pale, freckled slopes of her cleavage. The bruises formed a trail that disappeared beneath the stretched fabric of her camisole.

“What are...those?” he asked, voice barely a whisper.

She traced one mark with her fingertip, her wedding ring glinting in the blue light of the hologram. "Liam...put them there," she confessed with a half-smile that didn't reach her eyes. "You remember what it's like at that age, don't you? The way teenage boys get so... enthusiastic about boobs like mine."

David's voice cracked. "So you're just letting him suck all over them?"

Kira shrugged her shoulders with a lazy, self-satisfied smirk. "Boys his age just can't help themselves when it comes to tits," she said, absently tracing one of the purple marks with her fingertip. "When they're thrusting away, lost in that animal rhythm, they need something to latch onto, to taste. It's primal—I couldn't discourage it even if I wanted to."

"He's marking you like you're his property, Kira" he said in an irritated tone.

"In a sexual sense, I am his, honey," she replied. "At least until our breeding assignment is over. Tit-sucking isn't just encouraged during sex—Liam gets twice-daily nursing sessions. It's part of the breeding program.

"Nursing sessions?" her husband repeated with a scowl.

"Yes, we sit in a circle and he moves from breast to breast, drawing warm, sweet milk from each of us in turn. The doctors say it's essential," she added, her cheeks flushed. "The nutrients in our milk enhance his virility. You should see how much stronger he's gotten."

David's stomach churned violently, as unwanted images flooded his mind: his teenage nephew's face pressed against his wife's pale skin, lips sealed

around her swollen nipple, cheeks hollowing with each greedy pull. He could almost hear the wet, rhythmic sounds of suction, see the way her areola would pucker and stretch between Liam's hungry lips, how droplets of pearly milk might escape and trail down the curve of her breast while her fingers tangled in the boy's hair, guiding him closer.

His wife leaned forward, her eyes softening with practiced sympathy as her husband's face contorted with pain. "Please try to understand," she whispered, "We're following strict breeding protocols here. Every thrust, every climax, every drop of his seed — it's all carefully measured and monitored for optimal fetal development."

Her voice took on that honeyed tone she used when explaining difficult concepts to children. "The greater good demands sacrifices from all of us. Your sacrifice is emotional; mine is physical." She paused, her lips curving into what might have been mistaken for a reassuring smile. "Though I wouldn't exactly call it a hardship."

Jenna's hologram materialized in their living room at precisely 3:15 PM, her auburn hair piled in a messy bun atop her head, tendrils clinging to neck. Josh's throat constricted at the sight of her—his wife of 4 years now completely pregnant, camisole stretched so tightly across her distended abdomen that the fabric had become nearly transparent. Twin mounds pressed visibly against her skin from within.

"Hi, honey. I've got twins," she announced, her voice a breathless mixture of exhaustion and pride as she cradled the enormous dome of her belly.

Josh's gaze fixed on the stretched skin of her baby-ball, taut as a drum beneath the thin fabric. "Looks like my little brother really did a number on

you," he said, his voice catching slightly.

Jenna's cheeks flushed crimson as her fingers traced the prominent curve where the twins pressed outward. "Yeah, he's something alright," she whispered, eyes briefly unfocusing as though lost in a memory.

Josh swallowed hard, Adam's apple bobbing. "How long did it take to..." he gestured vaguely at her swollen form.

She shifted in her seat. "I was the third to catch," she replied, unconsciously licking her lips. "After about a month of vigorous... trying."

Josh could tell by the guilty flush spreading across his wife's face— that telltale pink that always bloomed from her chest upward when she lied— that "vigorous trying" meant his teenage brother mounting her repeatedly, day after day.

His stomach twisted into a cold, hard knot as memories surfaced: Jenna's first visit to his family home when they just started dating. Liam was just a gangly thirteen-year-old with acne-spotted cheeks and braces. The way she'd laughed, auburn hair catching afternoon sunlight as she kicked the soccer ball back and forth with the boy in grass-stained jeans. How she'd ruffled Liam's hair at dinner, admiring those ridiculous Spiderman pajamas with the worn knees and faded web patterns.

Now those same childish hands were exploring every inch of her body, his sinewy cock digging through her tightly-tubed cunt. Those once-innocent eyes watching her writhe beneath him as their twins—proof of their animal coupling—stretched her womb to its limits.

Josh's knuckles whitened around the arm of his chair, bile rising in his throat. "If you're already carrying two babies," he managed through clenched teeth, "why is my brother still having sex with you?"

Jenna's fingers fluttered nervously at the hem of her camisole, her eyes darting away from his gaze. "It's just... maintenance sex," she explained, voice dropping to a whisper. "Not like before, when we were actively breeding."

"Maintenance sex?" Josh repeated.

"Yes, only about three hours daily now," she admitted, absently tracing the stretched skin where a tiny foot visibly pressed outward. "The doctors monitor everything. They say my orgasms increase blood flow to the placenta, strengthen fetal development." Her cheeks flushed pink as she spoke, betraying the pleasure those clinical words concealed.

Jenna didn't dare tell him she was getting the best fucks of her life up there. That his little brother's thick, relentless thrusts had her seeing stars, her toes curling against the clinical sheets as waves of pleasure crashed through her trembling body. That her throat went raw from screaming his name, her nails leaving crescent moons on his sweat-slicked back as she came harder than she ever had before. She merely reminded him, voice still husky from her morning session, that they were all doing their part for the cause.

Later, after the holographic calls were over, the women reconvened in the brightly lit common area, their swollen bellies swaying with each step like overripe fruit. Their faces flushed, they sipped on steaming mugs of herbal tea and gossiped animatedly about their husbands' reactions.

Tara chortled into her mug. "David's face!" she managed, wiping the tears from her eyes. "He looked like he'd swallowed a live goldfish! I thought his eyeballs would pop right out of his head when he saw how pregnant I was!"

Kira doubled over with laughter beside her sister. "Oh, but you should've seen Marcus!" she gasped between peals of laughter. "He just sat there, speechless, like a gaping codfish!"

Jenna tossed her head back, her laughter sending ripples across her distended belly. "Josh actually asked how many hours Liam and I spend fucking every day," she said, her cheeks flushed pink with remembered pleasure. "Talk about awkward."

"And? What did you tell him?" Kira asked.

Jenna's fingers absently traced the outline of a tiny foot pressing against her taut skin. "I couldn't lie. Told him three hours daily."

Tara snorted, nearly choking on her tea. "Christ, imagine that— knowing your baby brother is pounding the fucking shit out of your wife for three hours every single day."

The women's laughter echoed off the sterile walls, their swollen bodies shaking with cruel mirth.

Jenna arranged her features into a fake mask of guilt as she shrugged her shoulders beneath her camisole. "I do feel terrible about it," she murmured, one hand splayed protectively across her swollen abdomen where Liam's twins grew. "But the breeding program is government-mandated. What choice do we have?"

Around her, the other women nodded with exaggerated sympathy, their eyes gleaming with barely suppressed delight, bodies still humming with the echoes of their morning sessions with the virile young man who serviced them all.

Liam sauntered into the common area and reached for a water bottle, Adam's apple bobbing as he drained half of it in one long gulp. "Just had my call with Dad," he said, wiping his mouth with the back of his hand. "Talk about uncomfortable. He could barely look at me."

The women exchanged knowing glances, their swollen bellies quivering with suppressed laughter. Tara, her cheeks still flushed, cocked an eyebrow. "What did you expect? You're pumping his wife full of your cum every day while her belly grows with your baby. Not exactly a Hallmark moment, is it?"

Brook stepped over and hugged her boy, crushing his lean frame against her swollen body. Her breasts, heavy with milk, pressed against his chest while her distended belly—taut and round as a beach ball—nudged his flat abdomen. "Honey, don't let that bother you," Brook purred.

She stroked his hair with maternal tenderness that contrasted sharply with the carnal reality of their situation. "You have nothing to feel guilty about," she whispered, her breath warm against his ear. "We're all just doing our duty to humanity. Your father needs to accept that, even if it hurts him."

His grandmother Lorraine waddled over to join the embrace, her swollen belly—stretched taut with a fully developed fetus pressing against his back while Brook's pressed his front. The teen found himself sandwiched

between generations of fertility, trapped in a cocoon of distended abdomens and hormone-swollen breasts.

"Listen, sweetheart," Lorraine cooed, her breath hot against his neck, "the mind-shattering climaxes we all enjoy, the toe-curling pleasure—that's just biology's little bonus package. Not our fault the salvation of humanity feels so damn good, is it?"

"Fuck, does it ever," Sasha agreed, her voice husky and raw from that morning's exertions. Her eyes—pupils still slightly dilated—met Liam's across the room.

"God, it's true," Mia agreed, her lips still swollen and berry-red. "I cum more in a single day with Liam than I did in an entire month back home with my fiancé."

His mom's lips brushed his ear as she cooed, "That's right, baby—the world needs your virility right now," her swollen belly pressing against him with each syllable. Her fingers traced lazy circles at the nape of his neck as she whispered, "Just focus on what you do best—fucking us until we're quivering and filling us with that potent seed." Her voice dropped to a husky whisper. "Nothing else matters right now."

Serena glided into the room, her synthetic skin glowing with an otherworldly perfection. The android's hourglass figure moved with mechanical precision as she tilted her head, platinum hair cascading over one shoulder. "Ladies," she announced in her melodious voice, "I've compiled the biometric data from this morning's group sex session. Would you care to review the metrics?"

Tara's eyes lit up with competitive fire as she ran a hand over her swollen belly. "I bet my climax count topped all of yours," she declared, shooting a challenging look at her sisters.

Brook's laughter bubbled up from deep in her chest, her milk-heavy tits jiggling with each giggle. "Not a chance," she countered, one hand supporting her lower back. "Besides, quality over quantity, sister dear."

Serena's slender fingers danced through the air, conjuring a shimmering holographic chart that bathed the women's flushed faces in electric blue light. The display unfurled like a lewd scoreboard: Group session duration (4 hours, 17 minutes), followed by each woman's orgasm tally in descending order—Brook (21), Tara (19), Kira (18), Lorraine (18), Jenna (16), Sasha (15), and Mia (11). At the bottom, highlighted in pulsing gold numerals that drew every woman's gaze, was Liam's ejaculation count: an impressive 6.

Brook let out a triumphant "HA!" that echoed off the sterile walls, her milk-heavy breasts bouncing with the force of her exclamation. She shot her sister a smug look, ruby lips curling into a victorious smile as she jabbed a manicured finger at her score. "Twenty-one, bitch," she purred, voice dripping with satisfaction.

Tara's eyes narrowed dangerously, one hand caressing her taut, swollen belly as she leaned forward, her voice dropping to a husky whisper. "If you only knew how many times he makes me gush when we go one-on-one," she countered, tongue darting out to wet her lower lip, "you wouldn't be so quick to brag."

Lorraine cleared her throat,. "If we're comparing one-on-one sessions," she interjected, her voice honeyed with age and authority, "I believe my numbers would put you all to shame."

Her eyes fixed on Liam with predatory affection. "Isn't that right, darling? Your grandmother does nothing but shatter into a thousand pieces when we fuck one-on-one."

Liam's cheeks blazed crimson. "Gran does... cum pretty hard," he admitted, voice cracking slightly. "Sometimes I worry the contractions might hurt the baby."

Several of the women shook their heads in unison, their heavy breasts swaying beneath silk tops. "No, sweetheart," his mother cooed, reaching out to stroke his flushed cheek with cool fingers.

Her eyes—the same cerulean blue as his own—locked onto his with maternal reassurance that felt jarringly out of place given their conversation. "Those babies are cushioned in amniotic fluid, protected behind thick muscle. You could make me convulse with pleasure until I black out, and they'd just rock gently like they're in a warm bath."

Serena's synthetic lips curved into a perfect smile. "She's correct, Liam. The uterine wall is remarkably resilient," she explained, her voice melodious yet mechanical. "The fetuses are suspended in protective sacs designed by evolution to withstand significant physical stress. Your vigorous sexual activities pose no threat whatsoever to their development."

"See, darling?" Lorraine purred, her voice a raspy caress. "You can keep fucking Grandma just as hard as you want, make me completely come apart

during our one-on-ones." Her tongue darted across her bottom lip, leaving it glistening.

Brook shifted her weight, one hand supporting her aching lower back as she cleared her throat. "Speaking of one-on-ones," she interjected, turning toward Serena with eyes gleaming with maternal hunger, "would it be alright if my son and I spent some of our designated rest time alone together? Just the two of us?"

Serena's synthetic eyelids fluttered once, her platinum head tilting as she processed the request. "That would be permissible," she confirmed, her voice like liquid silver. "However, biometric analysis suggests avoiding vigorous penetration. I recommend gentle lovemaking only to maintain his ejaculatory reserves."

Brook's pupils dilated as she turned to her son, one hand caressing the taut dome of her belly where it strained against her silk chemise. "Lovemaking it is," she whispered, her tongue darting out to moisten her full lips as she reached for his trembling hand.

The women dispersed with knowing smiles each wishing the other a "productive rest." Brook's manicured fingers intertwined with her son's as she guided him down the sterile corridor, her 8-inch stiletto heels punctuating each swaying step with crystalline clicks against the polished floor.

Her distended belly occasionally brushed his arm as they walked. The pneumatic door to her private quarters hissed shut behind them with the soft thunk of an airtight seal engaging. "Crawl into bed for Mommy," Brook purred, her voice honey-thick with anticipation as she gestured toward the

rumped silk sheets. "I need to freshen up first, sweetheart—make myself pretty for you."

Liam swallowed hard, his Adam's apple bobbing. "You're already more than pretty enough, mom," he whispered, eyes tracing the curve where her swollen belly met the lace trim of her chemise.

She giggled—a sound like crystal wind chimes—and pulled him against her, the heat of her body radiating through the silk. "Tell me," she breathed against his ear, "what exactly makes me so pretty?"

"That might take awhile," he answered, his eyes drifting to her heaving tits. "The list of things is pretty long."

His mother's eyes widened, pupils dilating as she squealed and pressed her forehead to his. "My, my," she purred, "with a list that long of things you like, she sounds like someone you'd like to make slow sweet love to, doesn't she?"

He nodded, barely able to form the single syllable: "Yes."

Brook traced a crimson fingernail down his chest, her eyes never leaving his. "You know," she whispered, her breath hot against his ear, "I've developed quite the appetite for a certain type of lover recently."

She bit her lower lip, pupils dilating as her gaze traveled down his body. "Someone with your exact build—lean muscle, not too bulky. Someone with those same cheekbones, that same perfect jawline." Her hand slid lower, past his trembling abdomen. "Someone," she continued, voice dropping an octave, "who fills me completely, stretches me just right."

Her fingers found him through his clothes, wrapping around the rigid outline pressing against the fabric. "Someone," she purred, giving him a slow, deliberate squeeze that made him gasp, "who can go all night long."

Their lips crashed together, her cherry-red mouth devouring his with desperate hunger, her tongue exploring every corner of his trembling mouth as Brook's manicured fingers worked at their clothing with practiced precision.

Her crimson-lacquered toes, each nail perfectly painted to match her fingertips, emerged from her towering stilettos, arching gracefully as they found freedom.

She crawled across the cotton sheets, the taut, globe-like expanse of her pregnancy-swollen belly hanging heavily beneath her, while her engorged udders swayed pendulously with each feline movement of her body.

Liam's cock pulsed violently, an involuntary spasm that made him gasp as his eyes locked onto his mother's undulating ass-cheeks. Her tight, rosy asshole winked obscenely between the heavy globes with each crawling motion, while beneath, her swollen, glistening labia parted slightly, revealing the slick, coral-pink interior that had once given him life.

"Damn," he gasped, a dollop of pre-slime descending from his piss-slit to the floor as he gawk at his naked mother.

Brook twisted onto her back, her pregnancy-swollen body arching against the sheets. Her tits jutted, rolling slightly off the sides of her chest - nipples rigid and leaking as she clawed at the air between them.

"Get inside me now," she hissed through clenched teeth, eyes wild with desperate hunger. "Make love to your mother like you were born to do."

Liam's hands shook nervously as he positioned himself between his mother's splayed thighs, his vision blurring at the edges from the volcanic heat radiating from her dripping center.

His cock throbbed painfully, veins standing out like ropes against the taut, purple-flushed skin. He rammed forward with a primal grunt, his massive head splitting her entrance to its absolute limit, the resistance making him see stars as her flesh yielded to his invasion.

Brook's body convulsed as she clawed at the sheets, her spine arching so violently it nearly lifted them both off the mattress. "FUCK YES," she screamed through clenched teeth, her face contorted in primal agony. "FORCE IT IN. TEAR MOMMY OPEN." Her voice broke into a guttural sob as her hips bucked wildly against him, desperate to impale herself completely.

The boy slowly plunged himself to her depths, his abs pressed against the underside of her swollen belly as they began something different from their usual desperate rutting. This was lovemaking— a slow, primal rhythm where each withdrawal left her whimpering and each gentle thrust made her gasp against his mouth.

Their lips met in deep, wet kisses, her tongue dancing with his while her fingernails traced delicate patterns across his shoulder blades.

"Oh, you feel so good, mom," the teenager sighed as their hips rocked in a primal rhythm, the wet slap of flesh against flesh punctuating each collision

of their bodies.

Liam's thrusts became deeper, more confident, as he gripped his mother's hips, his fingers sinking into her soft, yielding flesh until crescent-shaped indentations appeared beneath his trembling fingertips.

Her crimson nails raked down his back, leaving five parallel trails of raised welts that bloomed pink then angry red, sending electric shivers of pleasure-pain through his body that made his cock twitch and swell even further inside her clenching heat.

"Look at me," she gasped, her eyes wild and wanting. He raised his head, his breath coming in ragged pants as their gazes locked. Hers blazed with desire, with need, with a hunger that matched his own. "Tell me how much you love fucking your pregnant whore of a mother," she hissed, her words both a command and a confession.

"I love it," he moaned, his voice barely recognizable as his own. "I love feeling your big, round belly against me, knowing your cunt is so greedy it can't even wait for my babies to be born before taking another."

"So true," she purred, flexing her mommy-fuck-muscles around his teenage baby-maker.

Liam drove himself forward in long, deliberate thrusts, his teenage manhood throbbing as it disappeared inch by inch into the slick, velvet heat. Each ridge and fold of her inner walls caught and dragged against his sensitive flesh, creating a rippling sensation that made his vision blur at the edges.

Her pregnancy had transformed her body in ways that left him gasping—her once-familiar passage now gripped him with newfound strength, undulating muscles clenching and releasing in waves that threatened to milk every last drop from him before he was ready.

The ring of her cervix had transformed with pregnancy, becoming a plush, swollen gateway that yielded like warm memory foam against his engorged crown with each punishing thrust. Her deepest secretions—thicker and more abundant than before—cascaded over his sensitive glans in hot, viscous rivulets that glistened in the dim light when he withdrew, only to disappear again as he plunged back into her welcoming depths, the natural lubrication creating a symphony of obscene, wet sounds that filled the room.

“You're fucking me so good,” Brook gasped as they tumbled across the sweat-soaked sheets like animals, their bodies locked in carnal union, never breaking their connection as they traded dominance.

Her thighs clenched around his waist when she claimed the superior position, her heavy tits swinging pendulously above his gasping mouth.

They rolled again, and when he reclaimed control, his powerful frame pinned her trembling limbs beneath him as he drove relentlessly into her yielding depths.

The tension inside Brook's core wound tighter with each thrust, a molten spring coiling impossibly tight until it finally snapped. Her inner walls clamped down with vise-like pressure as the first wave hit, her entire body arching violently off the bed. "I'M CUMMING!" she shrieked, her voice shattering into primal fragments.

Her limbs locked around her son in a desperate embrace, crushing him against the taut dome of her pregnant belly, his face vanishing between the heaving mounds of her tits. Her powerful thighs formed a quivering harness around his narrow hips, ankles crossed at the small of his back to prevent escape.

A series of guttural, animalistic screams tore from her throat—raw, desperate sounds like a woman being flayed alive—as spasm after spasm racked her sweat-slicked body. Clear, viscous fluid erupted from between their joined flesh with each convulsion, soaking the sheets beneath them in spreading dark patches.

It was impossible for an 18-year-old boy to withstand such an onslaught, despite the considerable stamina he had cultivated over the past few months. His lean, sweat-slicked body jackhammered between her splayed thighs, every sinew and muscle in his young ass flexing and releasing beneath taut skin as it frantically bobbed up and down.

Brook's crimson-tipped nails carved ten crescent moons into his back as she struggled impossibly to match his frenzied pace with desperate counterpoint thrusts - her bithing hips working like a well-oiled machine.

"I'm—I'm cumming!" Liam managed to gasp, but his declaration was merely a muffled, primal groan—his face buried between pounds of heaving, perfumed cleavage that engulfed him like warm quicksand.

Liam's release began deep within his scrotum, where his testes contracted violently against his perineum. The epididymis convulsed as sperm rushed through the vas deferens, mixing with seminal fluid from his prostate and bulbourethral glands. This viscous cocktail surged through his urethra with

volcanic pressure, causing the sensitive glans to flare and the meatus to dilate dramatically.

Each powerful ejaculatory spasm sent pearlescent ropes of genetic material jetting into Brook's cervical canal, where millions of gametes began their frantic journey toward her gravid womb, swimming alongside the fetal home of their potential siblings.

For several minutes, their bodies remained locked in spasmodic union, trembling with diminishing aftershocks that rippled through them like seismic waves.

Liam's still-rigid member continued its involuntary performance—twitching, pulsing, and occasionally spurting weaker jets of his pearlescent essence against her swollen cervical gateway. Each unexpected eruption forced a primal grunt from deep in his chest, his young body jerking forward as if controlled by some external force.

Brook's inner muscles fluttered and clenched around him in rhythmic waves, milking every last drop from his depleted reserves, her thighs quivering against his flanks like a mare after a hard gallop.

"Sweet fuck," the mother whispered breathlessly as their bodies lay tangled in a glistening heap of intertwined limbs and cooling sweat. Liam's head rested in the crook of her neck, his golden-brown hair plastered to his forehead, his breath warm against her collarbone.

Between them, beneath the taut dome of her belly, their unborn child stirred with a series of fluttering kicks that made them both smile in drowsy

wonder. The thundering of their hearts gradually slowed to a synchronized rhythm, the sheets beneath them damp and twisted beyond recognition.

The earth's glow spilled through the window, casting silver patterns across their naked, sweaty forms, their eyelids growing heavy. They drifted into slumber still connected—mother and son and unborn child—their dreams filled with visions of tomorrow's carnal delights waiting just beyond the horizon of consciousness.

TO BE CONTINUED...

# BREED

PART 4



BY KLRXO

## Part 4

From the dark, rippling depths of the vaginal canal, a seismic disturbance approached. The muscular walls sensed it first—stretching, yielding reluctantly to the blood-gorged invader that battered its way inward. The blunt, purple-headed beast arrived with each thrust, its single eye weeping cloudy tears that smeared against the cervix's tightened gate.

The shaft's veiny ridges scraped and dragged against sensitive tissues, leaving them raw and inflamed, while the swollen crown hammered the cervical entrance like a battering ram, demanding entry to the baby-filled womb beyond. Each retreat left behind sticky trails of viscous fluid before the monster returned, angrier and more insistent, the urethral slit now gaping wider, dribbling thicker streams of pre-ejaculate that pooled in the fornices like toxic waste in forgotten caverns.

The hungry cunt fought back with savage fury, her maternal hole clamping down on his teenage meat like a vise. Her greedy snatch performed a vulgar milking action—squeezing, releasing, sucking—as though trying to drain his balls dry through sheer muscular force.

Their bodies slapped together with wet, obscene sounds as her dripping pussy walls coated his throbbing member in thick, frothy girl-cum that bubbled and oozed from her stretched hole. Animalistic growls rumbled from deep in their chests—grandmother and grandson rutting like beasts in heat—their primitive grunts and snarls filling her breeding chamber with the unmistakable soundtrack of taboo depravity.

A sudden gush of amniotic fluid erupted from Lorraine's dilating cervix, drenching Liam's thrusting manhood in a torrent of warm, clear liquid that

splashed against his balls and thighs. The unexpected flood bathed his engorged shaft in birth waters, the shocking heat triggering an instantaneous climax that ripped through him like lightning.

“UNNGGH, SHIT!” the teen snarled as his cock pulsated violently, thick ropes of pearly cum shooting from his twitching slit to mix with the birthing fluids in a profane baptism. Their joined genitals squelched and sputtered as his hips continued their mechanical thrusts, their flesh now slick with the unholy mixture that dripped onto the mattress below.

Liam's sweat-slicked face emerged from the suffocating valley of his grandmother's enormous tits, his hair matted to his forehead. His eyes widened as another violent kick thumped against his abdomen where it pressed against her distended belly.

"Gran," he gasped, his voice cracking, "I think—I think the baby's coming."

His teenage cock still throbbed inside her, fully-hard and sensitive, as her cunt muscles rippled involuntarily around him. Light from planet Earth spilled across their naked bodies, illuminating the obscene tableau—grandmother and grandson entangled in post-coital filth, her baby-packed belly rising between them like some unholy mountain, both of them drenched in the mingled fluids of their incestuous coupling.

“You naughty boy,” Lorraine said breathlessly. “I think you fucked me so hard that I'm going into labor.”

The pneumatic hiss of the hover-transport announced Serena's arrival before she appeared in the doorway, her clinical gaze sweeping over the incestuous pair.

"Time to prep you for delivery, Lorraine," she announced, voice flat despite the obscenity before her.

As Lorraine shifted, Liam's glistening purple cock slid from her stretched hole with a wet, squelching pop, trailing viscous strands of mingled fluids that clung desperately between his retreating glans and her swollen labia.

"Damn, look at that," said Liam, gazing down at his soaking wet cock as it dripped with a mixture of girl-cum and womb-juice.

Serena's clinical gaze dropped to Liam's glistening member. "That's amniotic fluid, Liam," she explained, "The protective liquid surrounding the fetus. Your penetration ruptured your grandmother's amniotic sac."

Her finger pointed clinically at the clear, slightly viscous fluid dripping from his still-engorged glans. "It contains fetal cells, proteins, and antimicrobial peptides that have been nurturing your offspring."

Liam's eyes widened with fascination as he collected a pearlescent droplet on his fingertip from the purple, swollen crown of his cock. He brought it to his nose, inhaling deeply. The scent was oddly sweet yet primal—like ocean water mixed with raw honey. "That's so fucking cool," he whispered, his member twitching involuntarily as another bead of the birth fluid rolled down his shaft.

Lorraine heaved her gravid form onto the hovering platform, her enormous milk-filled tits flopping sideways like water balloons, dark areola the size of saucers pointing in opposite directions.

"Good luck, Gran," Liam whispered, his still-twitching erection bobbing obscenely, coated in the slick evidence of their forbidden coupling.

The hover-transport whisked away in a blur, leaving Liam sprawled across the mattress, which squelched beneath his weight like a saturated sponge. The sheets, crusted with dried bodily secretions and sopping with fresh fluids, clung to his sweat-glazed skin.

His cock jutted upward along his abdomen, veins bulging along the shaft, the head purple and engorged despite having emptied his balls countless times.

“Goddamn,” he uttered breathlessly, still feeling the phantom sensation of being smothering between his Gran's gigantic, sweaty tits.

He dragged his fingers through the sticky puddle of mingled cum and amniotic fluid, bringing it to his nose to inhale the musky, metallic scent of his incestuous conquests. His mind reeled with pornographic flashbacks: his mother's thick ass jiggling as he rammed her from behind; his sister-in-law's heavy milk-factories bouncing while she rode him; his aunt's cunt gushing down his balls as he filled her womb with his seed.

Now his grandmother was birthing his spawn, the first of many in the off-world breeding program's accelerated three-month gestation cycle. Soon they'd all be ready for his virile cock again, their fertile cunts aching to be stuffed with his genetic material.

Across the living quarters, Jenna's swollen nipples visibly hardened beneath her thin top as she leaned toward Tara, her voice dropping to a husky whisper. "I can't help but be fucking obsessed with him! Christ, I don't even think about his pathetic brother anymore—not when Liam's massive cock stretches me so wide I can barely walk the next day. His cum fills me so deep I swear I can taste it in my throat. Is that sick of me?"

Tara giggled, her tongue darting across her plump bottom lip. "Honey, when a boy can pound your cunt raw for hours and still stay hard as granite, blood ties don't mean shit. Nature designed us to crave a stud who can breed us properly—and that boy's balls produce enough thick cream to drown a small village."

Jenna's lips curled into a knowing smirk. "So you're in love with him too," she purred, not a question but an accusation dripping with carnal understanding.

Tara's cheeks flushed crimson as she squeezed her thighs together, feeling the telltale dampness seeping into her panties at just the mention of him. "Christ, yes," she confessed, voice trembling. "I know he's my fucking nephew, but when his thick cock splits me open and his cum floods my womb, my brain just... shorts out. I've never been jackhammered so brutally or squirted so hard I black out. Love, lust—who gives a shit when you're cumming your brains out fifty times a day?"

Jenna twirled a strand of honey-blonde hair around her manicured finger, her voice dropping to a conspiratorial whisper. "Do you think Liam would actually marry me if I left his brother?"

"You would actually leave your husband for his younger brother?" Tara asked, perfectly sculpted eyebrow arching in amused disbelief.

"Absolutely!" Jenna exclaimed. "I know that makes me a cold-hearted bitch, but after what I've experienced with Liam..." She paused, unconsciously licking her lips as her thighs pressed together beneath the table. "There's no way I could go back to mediocre cock again."

“I feel your pain,” Tara stated. “I do love my husband, and I know he tries, but he just can't compete with teenage cock.”

“I Liam was mine, I'd spend all day every day fucking him, or sucking his cock,” Jenna stated.

“How do you even know Liam would want to marry his brother's wife?” Tara asked.

Jenna's crimson lips curled into a predatory smile, her eyes glittering with carnal confidence. "Ex-wife," she corrected, running her tongue slowly across her bottom lip. "And trust me, the way I've been working his thick shaft with my throat muscles, and milking his cock until his eyes roll back..." She paused, squeezing her thighs together as moisture gathered between them. "He'll soon be begging to spend every waking moment buried balls-deep inside me.”

“Damn, girl – save some of that dick for me,” Tara said playfully. “You think Aunt Tara’s not bouncing on that fat baby-maker of his, once we get back home? No fucking way I'm giving that up.”

“Oh all right,” Jenna grinned. “I suppose I'll let my young husband pound his cock though auntie's cunt. As long as I can sit on face and get tongue-fucked while he's railing you.”

“Mmm, God,” Tara sighed. “He is getting good at eating pussy, isn't he?”

Liam stepped down the sterile corridor, his massive cock barely contained by the towel slung dangerously low on his chiseled hips. He rounded the corner when Aunt Kira emerged like a predator from a side passage, her

bio-suit vacuum-sealed against her voluptuous body, the camel-toe of her puffy cunt clearly visible through the transparent material.

"Well, what a juicy morsel I see walking about in nothing but a towel," she growled, slamming her palm against his wet pectorals, pinning him against the frigid metal wall. "How about I milk those swollen balls dry, huh, baby boy?"

"I'm, um...not scheduled to breed with you right now though," he muttered, staring at the twin mountains of tit-flesh beneath material that seemed painted on.

Kira rolled her pretty eyes. "Fuck the breeding schedule," she cackled as her fingers snaked beneath his towel to grip his thickening shaft, "I need your hot cum flooding my womb right fucking now."

She lifted her skirt just enough so the he could see the fissure of her shaved snatch – her thick clitoral prepuce protruding obscenely from between the puffy outer folds. "You know you wanna smash that big teenage dick up into that hot, wet pussy," Tara teased.

The slick hiss of the automatic door announced the arrival of Kira's daughters, Mia and Sasha, who waddled down the corridor with their enormous baby-bloated bellies straining against transparent bio-suits that left nothing to the imagination.

"What the actual fuck, Mother?" Mia spat, her milk-swollen titties heaving with each labored breath. "Liam's scheduled to breed with US... in ten minutes."

Sasha's hand caressed her distended abdomen, fingers splayed across the taut dome. "Yeah, mom... stop being such a desperate cum-thief," she spat, eyes narrowing.

Kira's crimson lips curled into a sneer as she tightened her grip on Liam's throbbing shaft. "Girls, I understand the importance of maintenance injections during gestation," she hissed, her free hand sliding possessively over her flat, hungry womb, "but my empty uterus needs fresh seed far more urgently than your already-stuffed baby sacs."

"That's precisely why we have the fucking schedule," Mia spat, eyes fixated on the massive bulge beneath Liam's towel. "So every fertile cunt gets its fair share of prime breeding material."

Liam leaned against the cold metal wall, his sculpted abs flexing involuntarily as he watched them battle for access to his big cock, their dilated pupils and flushed skin betraying their biological desperation for his potent seed.

Kira yanked Liam against her ballooning mammaries possessively, his face disappearing between the fleshy globes as she smothered him in her cleavage. "Just give me an hour with him and he's yours," she snarled, her nipples visibly hardening through the transparent material. "I need at least two hot loads pumped into my empty cunt."

Sasha lurched forward, her swollen baby ball bumping against Liam's hip as she seized his arm, tugging him sideways until his towel slipped, exposing his erect manhood. "It's OUR scheduled breeding time," she hissed. "Hands off, mother!"

The women pulled him back and forth like a prized dildo, their wet cunts practically squelching with anticipation beneath their suits. Serena's authoritative footsteps silenced them as she appeared at the end of the corridor.

"Problem ladies?" she inquired coldly, eyeing the tug-of-war over Liam's virile body.

After their breathless explanations, Serena's clinical gaze swept over his naked form. "Simple solution," she stated flatly. "Group insemination session. One ejaculation deposit per recipient."

"I suppose I can share his throbbing cock," Mia purred, glaring at her mother.

Sasha nodded, her heavy tits bobbling beneath her snug suit. "Me too," she breathed, pupils dilating with primal hunger. "As long as I get to feel every hot inch stretching my cunt wide."

Their mother exhaled dramatically, nostrils flaring. "Fine," Kira conceded, nails digging into Liam's forearm. "But I take the first load—it contains the highest sperm count, and the emptiest womb, which is mine, needs every potent drop."

Serena's clinical gaze swept over them, her thin lips curving into a satisfied smile. "Then it's settled," she declared coldly before checking her bio-monitor. "Also, your grandmother Lorraine is currently in active labor, Liam. The birthing is proceeding efficiently. And your mother Brook has completed her recovery cycle after delivering her baby. She'll require a

breeding session immediately following your time with your aunt and cousins.”

Mia giggled as she pressed her distended belly against Liam's washboard abs. "Poor baby," she cooed, grinding her engorged labia against his thigh. "Must be absolute torture having our dripping cunts constantly fighting over that veiny monster between your legs."

Sasha waddled closer, her milk-laden tits quivering obscenely with each step as she reached down to cup his pendulous testicles through the damp towel. "Yeah," she purred, her breath hot against his ear, "getting your thick shaft milked dry by our greedy holes day after day."

“Sucking one big, squishy titty after another,” Mia added, rubbing her milk-laden jugs against his trim chest.

“Just helping out the cause, and performing my breeding duties the best I can,” Liam stated with a smug grin.

“Yeah, right,” his aunt Tara winked. “Sucking tits and fucking MILF pussy all day... you're living the dream kid.”

“Like you're not, mother?” Sasha stated with amusement. “Fucking teenage cock and cumming your brains out for hours every day.”

Tara gave her girls a blushing smile. “I'm certainly not complaining.”

The three women guided him down the sterile corridor toward Kira's breeding chamber, their wet slits making vulgar squelching sounds with each waddling step.

Minutes later, Liam's back pressed against the bed, his teenage cock disappearing repeatedly into Aunt Kira's glistening folds as she fucked him cowgirl-style. Her splayed cunt-lips beat wetly on his cock-base, her grape-sized clitoris jiggling with every "SMACK" as it stuck out from beneath its hood. Her ginormous tits, veined and heavy, slapped violently against her rib cage with each punishing drop of her hips.

Kira's naked daughters circled like vultures, fingers working their dripping slits while they awaited their turn.

"Holy shit!" Liam growled through clenched teeth, mesmerized by the obscene sight of his angry purple cockhead vanishing into Kira's hairless cunt, her labia gripping and sucking at his shaft like a hungry mouth. Each brutal slam of her pelvis sent shock waves through her rounded ass-cheeks while her cervix kissed his sensitive glans, milking pre-cum from his swollen balls.

Mia's palm cracked against her mother's jiggling ass cheek, leaving a crimson handprint blooming across the pale flesh. "Fuck him harder, mother!" she snarled, spittle flying from her lips.

Kira's glistening cunt-lips formed an airtight seal around the base of Liam's smooth, veiny shaft, her engorged clitoris visibly throbbing as she ground her pelvis in savage figure-eights. Her sopping hole churned his teenage meat-pole like a sexual blender until her back suddenly arched, pussy walls clamping down in violent spasms, milking his twitching rod with brutal efficiency as her animalistic howl echoed off the sterile walls.

"Oh, look at her cum on your cock, Liam," Mia squealed, frantically rubbing her love-nubbin as she watched.

Liam's cock flexed and kicked as his aunt Kira's cunt-muscles rippled around his shaft, his balls tightening against his body. "Fuck, your pussy's drowning my dick," he groaned as her release gushed down his swollen nuts and pooled beneath his ass.

“Mmm, you're fucking the hot juice right out of her hole, Liam,” Sasha stated.

Every woman's fuck-tunnel felt different wrapped around his meat - Kira's cunt gripped him like a velvet vise while her daughter Mia's pussy had those ridged inner walls that massaged his veiny shaft like a thousand tiny tongues. Sasha's cunt was the tightest, practically choking his thick rod until he couldn't hold back, while her g-spot swelled to the size of a walnut when she came, battering his sensitive cockhead with brutal efficiency.

Liam yanked his Aunt's quivering body down against his sweat-slicked torso, her cunt still engaging in a violently squeeze and release around his throbbing shaft. His palms roughly kneaded her massive tits as they dangled above his face like ripe, veiny fruit.

He buried his face between those heaving flesh-mountains, his blushing cheeks creating obscene friction against her sensitive skin as he shook his head back and forth, sending ripples through her glistening mammaries.

“So fucking soft n heavy,” he gasped as his tongue carved a wet path up the salt-slick valley of her left breast, leaving a glistening trail before he captured her swollen, purplish nipple between his teeth.

The moment he began to suckle, her lactating teat erupted, flooding his eager mouth with warm, sweet cream that dribbled down his chin as his

cock swelled impossibly harder inside her drenched fuck-hole.

“Fuck yes!” Kira spat. “FUCK ME HARD, I'M CUMMING!!”

Their hips locked in savage synchronicity, grinding together in shallow, desperate mini-thrusts that never broke their primal connection. Her climaxing cunt clenched around his pulsating shaft like a hydraulic vice, keeping him buried to the hilt where his swollen purple knob hammered relentlessly against her cervix.

“God, look at the way they fucking move together... shit!” Mia exclaimed, rubbing her sex-bulb frantically.

Their sweat-slicked midsections writhed in frenzied figure-eights, abdominal muscles flexing and releasing in a desperate mating dance. Her engorged nipple slipped from between his lips with an obscene wet pop, a pearly stream of sweet milk dribbling down his chin as he threw his head back against the bed.

"Oh fuck, Aunt Kira!" he gasped, voice cracking as his heavy balls drew up tight against his body, the first volcanic pulses of his impending eruption churning deep within his aching testicles.

“YESSS!” she cried out, body convulsing. “Fuck a baby inside me!”

Liam's balls contracted violently, pumping their potent payload through his vas deferens as pressure built at the base of his cock. With a primal roar, he jackhammered upward, his powerful thighs lifting his Aunt's entire weight as the first volcanic eruption of baby-batter blasted through his urethra.

His piss-slit stretched wide, unleashing a thick, ropey jet that splattered directly against her cervical opening, flooding her baby-chamber with his virile seed. His cock continued to spasm uncontrollably, sending eight more massive spurts of his thick, pearly cum painting her quivering cunt-walls.

“Yeah, baby boy!” Sasha shouted. “Squirt all that hot teenage nut into my mother's baby-maker.”

Their sweaty, naked bodies thrashed together in a fluid-soaked frenzy, his guttural grunts harmonizing with her banshee wails as his sperm-factory emptied its entire production into her hungry fuck-hole.

After their bodies settled into a sweaty, panting heap, Mia slapped her mother's quivering ass with an open palm. "Move your ass aside, mother," she ordered, her voice husky with arousal.

Sasha nodded eagerly, licking her plump bottom lip. "Yeah, it's our turn now," she growled, heavy-lidded eyes fixed on Liam's glistening member. “We wanna ravage that fucking cock.”

The two pregnant women crawled predatorily across the bed, their swollen bellies hanging beneath them, stretched skin gleaming under the harsh lights. They positioned themselves on either side of the panting teen, their heavy udders, veined and taut with milk, dragged across his bronze skin, leaving glistening trails of perspiration and leaking colostrum.

Mia's tongue carved a wet path from his navel to his collarbone while Sasha's teeth grazed his inner thigh, both women marking their territory on his quivering teenage flesh.

“Oh wow, that shit feels good,” the boy's voice quivered as he hugged onto Mia, flattening her spongy tits and fetus-packed belly against his lean torso.

“We're just getting started, baby,” Mia whispered, tenderly kissing at his neck. Kira's thighs still trembled with aftershocks as she rolled to the side, her cum-slicked inner walls clenching around phantom sensations. Her eyes narrowed to venomous slits as she watched her daughters' manicured fingers trace possessive patterns across Liam's sweat-glazed torso.

A hot coal of jealousy ignited in her chest when Mia's tongue flicked across her nephew's nipple, drawing a throaty moan from his lips—a sound Kira had come to think of as hers alone.

Each female family member had carved out their own intimate claim on the boy the past few months, turning their shared breeding mission into an unspoken war of ownership. The gold band still circled Kira's finger—a relic from a marriage to a man whose face grew hazier in her memory with each passing day. It was nearly meaningless to her now compared to the primal need to be fucked hard by teenage cock, and having Liam's virile seed planted deep inside her again and again.

“Fuck I love this teenage body,” Sasha sighed as she exchanged knowing smile with her sister over Liam's heaving chest, their engagement rings catching the overhead light as their fingers traced possessive patterns across his bronze skin. Back on Earth, their fiancés waited faithfully, knowing their brides-to-be were being royally fucked and bred by someone younger and more capable.

Their husbands-to-be had modest endowments and mediocre bedroom skill that had become boring memories - replaced by the savage stretching of

Liam's mammoth shaft that reached places inside them they hadn't known existed.

When their younger cousin's fat cockhead battered their cervixes, their vision would blur at the edges, spines arching at impossible angles as pleasure erupted through nerve endings that had lain dormant until this time in their lives.

Sometimes during their most intense climaxes, images of their devastated fiancées would flash behind their tightly closed eyelids—the betrayal only intensifying the forbidden ecstasy that ripped through their sweat-slicked bodies as their teenage cousin flooded their fertile wombs with his potent seed.

Liam's body convulsed with pleasure, his back arching off the bed as his two older cousins assaulted his neck with hungry mouths.

"Fuck yeah!" he gasped, voice cracking between syllables, his Adam's apple bobbing beneath their long, exploring tongues.

Their swollen tits, heavy with milk and veined like marble, dragged across his sweat-slicked torso. Pounds of warm tit-meat, leaving glistening trails as their baby-engorged bellies pressed against his ribs.

Mia's hot breath tickled his earlobe. "I need your fucking cock inside me RIGHT NOW," she whispered, her voice a desperate, primal growl.

She straddled him with surprising agility, her thighs trembling as she positioned herself above the cock that jutted 9-inches straight up from his loins. Veins snaked up the length of his stalk like power-cables beneath taut

, pink skin. His blood-swollen knob flared angrily – ready to plow through the corrugated sheath of her vagina.

A guttural moan escaped her painted lips as she sank down, her slick entrance stretching obscenely around his girth, inch by agonizing inch, until his purple cockhead collided with her cervix in a collision of slippery tissue that sent stars exploding behind her eyes.

“Fuck, that dick!” she gasped, her birthing tunnel quivering around the boy's meat.

Liam's eyes locked onto his cousin's swollen belly as she began to ride him, the taut, veiny sphere, packed with his baby, bobbing hypnotically with each savage bounce. His gaze traveled upward to her massive melons—not quite as enormous as his Aunt's legendary mammaries, but still magnificent G-cups that hung heavy with milk.

Each violent down-stroke sent shockwaves through those pendulous globes, creating complex ripples that traveled across her stretched skin like waves on a disturbed pond. The areolas, darkened by pregnancy to the color of bruised plums and spanning the diameter of teacups, crowned each heaving breast. Her distended nipples, thick as his finger and glistening wet, leaked continuous streams of yellowish colostrum that rained down onto his parched lips and cheeks, the warm, sweet droplets splattering against his skin like sacred anointing oil.

“Oh, damn that feels good,” Liam gasped, his eyes rolling back until only the whites showed as his cock sunk to her cervix again and again.

His consciousness narrowed to the exquisite sensation engulfing his throbbing manhood. Her pre-natal pussy gripped him like a velvet vise, the walls rippling with involuntary contractions that milked his shaft with biological precision.

His swollen purple knob hammered relentlessly against her cervix—that sacred gateway now softened by hormonal preparation for childbirth—where it encountered a pool of molten secretions that bathed his sensitive glans in liquid fire.

"Do you like how my pregnant pussy feels around your big cock?" Mia purred, her voice dripping with primal possession.

When he could only respond with a strangled "Y-yes," she descended upon him with her upper-half, her milk-heavy breasts and taut, stretched belly pressing against his heaving torso.

Her mouth captured his in a savage kiss, her tongue invading with wet, hungry thrusts that mimicked their lower connection. Between gasping breaths, she branded him with words that seared his teenage brain: "My pussy belongs to you, Liam" each syllable punctuated by the obscene squelching sounds of their joined bodies.

Sasha knelt beside them, her fingers working frantic circles over her swollen, glistening clit. Her eyes never left the spectacle before her—the way Mia's back arched with each thrust, how her fingers tenderly cupped Liam's flushed face.

"It's hard to believe she has a fiancé waiting back home," Sasha whispered to her mother, her voice catching as a tremor of pleasure rippled through her

heavy body. "Look at how she gazes into his eyes. That's not breeding... that's lovemaking."

Kira's hand came to rest on her daughter's trembling shoulder. "When bodies join like this," she murmured, her eyes dark with understanding, "those boundaries blur, honey. The hormones, the connection—it transcends the mission. Don't torture yourself with guilt when your turn comes. If you feel yourself making love to him instead of just breeding, surrender to it. We're still women, after all."

Sasha's eyes, glassy with unshed tears, sought her mother's gaze. "Have you — " she swallowed hard, her voice barely audible over the wet sounds of flesh meeting flesh. "have you made love to him? Not just... breeding?"

Kira's fingers traced the gold band on her left hand, twisting it once before meeting her daughter's questioning stare. "Yes," she whispered. "Every time he stretches my cunt with his cock , I feel it happening all over again."

“You mean, you—”

"When a man reaches places inside you that have never been touched," Kira said, "when your body convulses around him in ways you never knew possible—the heart follows where the body leads."

Sasha's bottom lip trembled. "And Dad? Do you feel—”

Kira's manicured nail pressed against her daughter's lips, silencing her. "At first, the guilt was crushing," she admitted, her voice husky with remembered anguish. "But nature is a current stronger than any vow. My body recognized its true mate the moment he entered me, and no earthly promise could stand against that primal truth."

Mother and daughter watched, transfixed, as Mia's voluptuous form undulated atop the teenager. Her thick, glistening bubble butt rose and fell in hypnotic, skillful rhythm, each downward slam making her flesh quiver like gelatin. Sweat beaded along the dimples above her buttocks, catching the sterile light.

Their gazes lingered on the place where Mia's mouth devoured Liam's, her luscious lips stretched wide, tongues visibly wrestling between their joined mouths.

"She's feeling it too, isn't she?" Sasha whispered, her breath hitching.  
"That... connection."

Kira nodded, her eyes never leaving the spectacle. "Mia's fallen just like the rest of us. Look at her face—that's not just lust."

"Do you think..." Sasha hesitated, her voice small, "he feels the same?"

Kira's laugh was soft, maternal. "Oh, honey. He's eighteen. All he comprehends is unlimited access to hot, wet pussy and enormous tits. Nothing more."

Sasha snickered. "True. Guys his age don't care about all that mushy stuff. They just wanna fuck."

Mia's lips broke from Liam's with an audible pop and she let out a sharp gasp, her pretty eyes widening. She reared back, spine arching impossibly, her pregnant belly thrust forward as her eyes rolled back to show crescents of white. "I'm—I'm cumming!!" she gasped, each word punctuated by a violent shudder that rippled from her shoulders to her thighs.

Liam's face emerged from the valley of her sweaty cleavage, transfixed by the transformation overtaking his cousin's face—her features contorting in waves, mouth stretching into a silent scream, nostrils flaring with each desperate breath. Her body convulsed around him in rhythmic spasms, her inner walls clenching his shaft with biological precision as clear, viscous girl-cum erupted from where they joined, splashing against his lower abdomen, running down the sides of his nut-sack and soaking the platform beneath them.

“FUUUUUCK!! Mia howled like a feral creature, her voice rising to a pitch that echoed off the walls. With unexpected strength, she rolled them over in one fluid motion, the momentum carrying them dangerously close to the bed's edge. Her legs—still toned from years of high school cheerleading routines— clamped around his lower back with vise-like pressure.

Ten manicured nails dug crescent moons into his shoulder blades. “Fuck my cunt harder!” she commanded through clenched teeth, her voice barely recognizable.

Liam obliged with youthful enthusiasm, his narrow hips pumping between her splayed thighs. Each powerful thrust sent his taut buttocks bouncing rhythmically, muscles flexing beneath smooth skin. His heavy testicles slapped repeatedly against the puckered pink ring of her asshole, creating wet, obscene percussion that punctuated their primal symphony.

Kira and Sasha's fingers circling their swollen clits with increasing urgency, their heavy titties wobbling with every stroke.

"God, he fucks like an animal," Sasha exclaimed, her voice breaking on a half-moan as her hips bucked involuntarily against her hand.

Kira's movements were more controlled but no less intense, her manicured fingers glistening with her own wetness as she spread her legs wider.

"Gentle lovemaking has its place," she murmured, "but there's nothing like when he just... takes you. That hard, nasty rutting that makes you forget your own name."

Sasha nodded frantically, her breathing shallow. "I love it most when he's already cum once or twice," she confessed, her words tumbling out between gasps. "The way he can just keep going for hours after that, relentless, until I'm literally screaming, cumming so hard I see stars."

"Yes," her mother agreed, her voice husky with need. "That stamina... that hunger... it's why we all fell for him. Not just our bodies—our hearts never stood a chance."

Liam's technique evolved with each climax he coaxed from Mia's trembling body. For her second orgasm, his thumb found the swollen pearl of her clitoris, circling it with deliberate pressure while his hips maintained a merciless rhythm, socking his steely prick to her depths.

Her third climax came when he gripped her hips, angling them upward so each thrust struck that spongy, sensitive spot inside her. Mia nearly bucked the boy off of her she came so hard, but he continued thrusting like a true cunt-fucking expert.

"Fuck, I'm c-cumming again," Mia cried out, her cunt erupting in rhythmic squirts as Liam whispered filthy promises against the shell of her ear, his hot breath making her shiver despite the sweat slicking their bodies.

Her fifth—the most violent orgasm—left her sobbing his name, tears streaming down her flushed cheeks as her entire body seized in pleasure. Only then did Liam finally surrender, his young body going rigid against her swollen belly and heavy breasts, a guttural sound tearing from his throat as he emptied himself deep inside her waiting womb.

“Damn, that was intense,” the boy sighed, finally rolling off of her – his body sheened with perspiration.

Despite two powerful ejaculations, back to back, Liam's reproductive system was already responding to the feminine attention surrounding him. Within his scrotal sac, specialized cells in the seminiferous tubules of his testes accelerated their production cycle, generating fresh gametes to replace what he'd just spent.

Sasha and her mom guided the exhausted teenager to the platform's edge, his legs dangling weakly over the side. They knelt before him in perfect synchronicity and took turns lavishing attention on his still-sensitive cock. Kira's experienced tongue traced the prominent dorsal vein while Sasha's lips encircled the corona with deliberate pressure.

"The taste of you mixed with him," Sasha murmured to Mia between languid licks, "it's like salted caramel."

From across the room, Mia rose unsteadily, her pregnancy-enhanced breasts swaying heavily with each step, areola darkened and prominent against her flushed skin. "Save some for me," she breathed, her voice still ragged from her multiple climaxes.

Their mother Kira buried her face between his thighs with religious devotion, her platinum blonde hair cascading across his inner thighs. Her body trembled visibly, goosebumps rising on her tanned skin as she inhaled deeply, nostrils flaring to capture his teenage pheromones.

A primal growl escaped her throat—half-purr, half-snarl—as her tongue, slick and precise, traced elaborate patterns across the delicate skin of his scrotum. She worked with methodical hunger, taking one testicle entirely into her mouth, cheeks hollowing as she suckled with maternal intensity.

Sasha's expert tongue danced across Liam's glans, her technique revealing years of devoted practice—flicking rapidly at the sensitive frenulum before swirling around the corona with deliberate pressure that kept him rigid as steel despite his recent climax.

The teen's chest heaved as a strangled "wow" escaped his parched lips. His wide eyes darted between his two older cousins as they worked in tandem, their glistening tongues leaving wet trails across his sensitive penile flesh.

Sasha's emerald eyes locked with his while her tongue traced lazy figure-eights around his glans; Kira's sapphire gaze never wavered as she dragged the flat of her tongue along the prominent vein on the underside of his shaft. They established a hypnotic rhythm, trading places with balletic precision—when Sasha took him deep into the velvet heat of her throat, her nose brushing against his abdomen, Kira would withdraw to circle his base with nimble fingers.

Meanwhile, his aunt's experienced mouth enveloped his scrotum, her teeth grazing the delicate skin with exquisite control that balanced perfectly between pleasure and pain.

“Mmmm, love these swollen, tasty balls,” she purred, swiping her licker up the seam along the center of his scrotal sack.

The sisters alternated with practiced rhythm, Kira taking him to the back of her throat until tears glistened on her lashes, then withdrawing with a gasp. Sasha descended on his cock next, her cheeks hollowing with suction that made his toes curl against the floor.

The teen's mind reeled at the contrast—these expert mouths pleasuring him when his biological directive was clearly to inseminate fertile wombs. Yet here he was, receiving his third oral service of the day, a daily ritual repeated by the women of his household. Each female relative applied her signature technique: Aunt Kira's gentle suction, Cousin Mia's humming vibrations, Grandmother Lorraine's surprising enthusiasm. But his mother Brook—her technique transcended mere skill. The way she worshipped his length with monk-like devotion, maintaining perfect eye contact while her throat muscles massaged his sensitive head, inevitably triggered explosive releases that left him temporarily blind, stars bursting behind his eyelids.

Sasha ran a manicured fingertip along his length, tracing the prominent vein that pulsed beneath taut skin.

"Look at you," she purred, her emerald eyes darkening with hunger.

"Already granite-hard and ready for my cunt."

Mia giggled. "He never really softens completely," she observed, pink tongue darting out to moisten her full lips. "Come to think of it, I've rarely seen him truly soft."

With feline grace, Sasha positioned herself above him, her back to his face, thighs spread wide to showcase the glistening pink folds of her sex. Her rounded belly created a perfect silhouette as she reached between her legs, fingers wrapping possessively around his shaft. “Cram that fucker in my cunt,” she growled.

Without ceremony, she lowered herself in one fluid motion, her pregnant birthing tunnel swallowing his entire length with a wet, obscene sound that made her gasp.

“Ohhh, yes,” Liam hissed as his gaze locked onto the hypnotic undulation of Sasha's buttocks—two perfect hemispheres of alabaster flesh that quivered like gelatin with each impact. The dimples above her tailbone deepened as she arched her back further, presenting herself in primal invitation. Her puckered asshole, flushed a delicate pink against her pale skin, seemed to pulse in rhythm with her heartbeat, contracting visibly with each downward plunge.

Inside her velvet heat, Liam's rigid length dragged precisely against the spongy anterior wall where thousands of nerve endings clustered, sending electric currents of pleasure racing through her pelvis. Her inner fuck-muscles clamped around him in rhythmic waves as the pressure built inexorably at the base of her spine. It spread outward until her thighs trembled uncontrollably and a gush of clear girl-honey erupted from her in a spectacular arc, spattering across the bed beneath them.

“Oh, f-fuck,” Sasha stammered, each syllable punctuated by the wet slap of flesh meeting flesh. “He's making me—” Her words fractured as another wave crashed through her, muscles clenching visibly beneath her flushed skin.

From the periphery, her sister and mother formed a reverent audience, their encouragements a liturgy of filth. "Harder!" her mother chanted.

"Keep squirting on that sturdy pole, Sash—show him what a real woman feels like," Mira added.

Sasha responded by increasing her fuck-pace, her platinum hair now a wild tangle clinging to her sweat-slicked back as she continued to bounce with desperate abandon. Each downward thrust forced a breathless squeal past her glossy lips, while her pregnancy-swollen breasts swung in hypnotic arcs, slapping rhythmically against her ribcage with wet, percussive sounds.

"Damn," Liam gasped as he leaned back, his palms pressed against the bed, fingers splayed for balance as his abdominal muscles tensed with each of Sasha's frantic movements.

His eyes remained fixed on the hypnotic sight of his powerful cock-muscle disappearing repeatedly into his cousin's glistening sex. Each time she rose, her inner muscles clung to him like a velvet vise, reluctant to release their prize.

When her trembling thighs finally gave out and she slid off him, his shaft emerged slick and pulsing, an audible squelch of displaced fluids marking their separation.

"Make her come again, Liam," his aunt Tara commanded, her tone brooking no refusal. "From behind this time."

Responding with animal instinct, Liam rose to his feet in one fluid motion. He positioned himself behind Sasha's quivering form, one hand splayed across the small of her back while the other guided his glistening length to

her entrance. In one powerful thrust, he buried himself to the hilt, drawing a startled cry from her swollen lips as her knees nearly buckled beneath the force of his entry.

"OH YES, FUCK!" Sasha cried out as Liam drove into her with relentless precision. Each powerful thrust jolted through her entire frame, sending ripples cascading across the pale expanse of her buttocks like waves on a disturbed pond.

Her heavy udders swung pendulously beneath her, tracing wild arcs through the air before slapping back against her rib cage with wet, percussive sounds. Beads of perspiration gathered in the hollow of her lower back, catching light from the overhead fixtures before trickling down the cleft between her trembling buttocks.

Liam's trim hips pumped forward with mechanical efficiency, the defined muscles of his abdomen tensing visibly with each impact, creating a symphony of flesh meeting flesh that echoed through the chamber.

"Fuck, I just can't get enough of you!" Sasha cried out, throwing her ass back to meet his thrusts.

Three more times her body convulsed around him—first with a series of fluttering contractions that rippled along his length like fingers playing scales on a piano; then with a violent, full-body shudder that left her gasping for air, tears tracking down her flushed cheeks. Finally, with a sustained, rigid arch of her spine, her mouth frozen in a silent scream.

Through it all, Liam maintained his relentless pace, his previous releases granting him supernatural endurance. Yet beneath this control, a familiar

pressure built at the base of his spine, radiating outward through his pelvis.

His testicles drew tight against his body, heavy and aching despite their earlier emptying. "F-fuck! Fuck, I'm going to—" he managed through clenched teeth, his rhythm faltering as the first electric pulses of his impending climax radiated through his shaft.

With desperate intensity, he drove himself deeper into her welcoming heat, the sensitive bulb of his cock burrowing against her innermost depths. "CUMMING!!" he finally groaned.

Deep within Sasha's pussy, Liam's release flooded the intimate landscape of her reproductive system. His gooey essence cascaded against the textured inner walls, coating the rugae—those delicate ridges and folds that lined her canal like the intricate pleats of silk drapery.

The pearlescent fluid pooled in the fornices, those recessed pockets surrounding her cervix, which now protruded slightly into her passage—a smooth, dome-like sentinel guarding the entrance to her womb. The cervical os, typically a tight aperture, had softened and dilated to nearly a centimeter in diameter, a telltale sign of her advanced pregnancy, its tissues flushed deep pink and glistening with natural secretions that mingled with his contribution.

"Fuuuuck!" Liam whimpered, a vulnerable sound escaping from between his parted lips as his cock flexed one final time within Sasha's depths. The last pearlescent droplets of his essence seeped from his purpled crown, trickling down to join the milky pool already gathered at the entrance of her womb.

When he finally withdrew, his glistening member emerged with a wet, obscene sound, trailing gossamer strands that caught the light. His knees buckled beneath him, strength deserting his trembling thighs.

Kira and Mia moved with surprising agility, each catching one of his arms as they pressed their warm, squishy tits against his sweat-slicked torso.

"Such stamina" Kira purred against his ear, her breath hot and sweet.

"You made me cum so hard, Liam," Mia added, her fingers tracing reverent patterns across his heaving chest. "I'm still trembling from that last orgasm."

Sasha turned to face her cousin - her swollen belly pressed against his taut abdomen while her milk-makers engulfed his upper torso. Milk beaded at her darkened nipples, leaving glistening trails across his collarbone. "You think YOU came hard, sis?" she purred, her lips brushing against Liam's ear, "I nearly passed out his teenage cock made me squirt so fucking hard."

"That's what happens, girls," Kira added, voice thick with satisfaction, "when we get fucked by such a stud-bull of a teenager. Young cock knows just how to satisfy us."

"I should probably go get some water," Liam stated. "I needed it before I had sex with you guys, so I really need it now."

"Go get some water, stud," his aunt Kira said. "You more than earned it."

On trembling legs, Liam left Kira's breeding chamber and navigated the sterile corridor, his muscular thighs still quivering from the intensity of his release. Rounding the corner, he encountered Serena—her synthetic breasts

rising and falling in simulated breath beneath a translucent bodysuit that revealed more than it concealed. Her nipples, perfectly symmetrical and perpetually erect, pressed against the fabric as her gaze lowered to the prominent bulge still visible in his shorts.

"Was your reproductive session with your maternal relatives satisfactory, Liam?" she inquired.

"Yes, definitely," he replied, running fingers through his damp hair as his cock twitched involuntarily at the memory. "But, uh... something's happening with them."

"Describe what you mean," Selena requested.

"The way they look at me now... even Mom. It's like they're falling for me. Is that... normal? Considering what we're doing?"

Serena's glossy lips parted slightly, her pink tongue darting out to moisten them. "Their bodies crave your teenage penis, and your virile seed, Liam. Each climax binds them to you—their nipples harden, their wombs contract, their minds flood with desire for only you."

"Really?" he asked, eyes widening.

"Yes. Their bodies know what they need, even if their minds resist. They're becoming addicted to the way you fill them."

Liam's brow furrowed as he leaned against the corridor wall. "So they're falling in love with me," he said, the words hanging in the sterile air between them. "Precisely," Serena confirmed, her synthetic voice

modulating to a softer register. "Their biochemical responses will naturally progress toward possessive behavior."

"Possessive behavior?" the teen asked.

"You can expect escalating competition as they devise increasingly elaborate methods to stimulate your penis to maximum arousal. Their biological imperative will drive them to outperform one another in extracting your genetic material."

Liam's shoulders sagged as he exhaled heavily. "I don't wanna cause conflict between them over me," he said, rubbing the back of his neck. "They're family."

"Their biological imperatives supersede familial bonds now," Serena replied, her voice modulating to a clinical timbre that echoed in the sterile corridor. "Their bodies have chemically bonded to yours. The oxytocin released during your sexual congress has fundamentally altered their neurochemistry."

"Could you put that in plain English?" Liam asked with a confused stare.

"They don't give a shit that they're family members competing for your cock," Serena said. "They're addicted to the way you fuck them and make them cum."

She stepped closer, the soft whir of her internal mechanisms barely audible. "Even now, their mammary glands swell and their cervixes dilate at the mere thought of your body can do to them. They'll devise increasingly elaborate sexual scenarios to monopolize your attention. This competition is inevitable."

Liam's forehead creased with concern. "What should I do?" he asked, voice cracking slightly. "I don't wanna hurt anyone."

She stepped closer, placing a perfectly manicured hand on his bare shoulder. "Your only responsibility is procreation," she explained, her voice modulated to a soothing timbre that resonated in his chest. "Their emotional entanglements are irrelevant to our mission. Focus on the breeding—" she paused, scanning his physiological responses, "—and the pleasure your young body clearly craves. Let them battle for your seed while you reap the benefits of their desperate competition."

Liam's gaze lingered on Serena's iridescent eyes—engineered to shift between sapphire and violet depending on the angle of light. His eyes traveled downward to where her synthetic breasts strained against the translucent bodysuit. Unlike the heavy, milk-laden mammaries of his relatives, hers maintained a perfect geometric symmetry, their artificial firmness defying gravity in a way that betrayed their manufactured origin despite their impressive E-cup volume.

Liam's gaze lingered on Serena's artificial tits. "You have incredible boobs," he finally managed. "I've wanted to tell you that since I first saw you."

Serena's crimson lips curved into a programmed smile as she arched her back slightly, pushing her synthetic endowments forward. "They're precisely engineered E-cups," she explained. "Each contains seventeen distinct pressure sensors beneath a dermal layer that perfectly simulates human breast-tissue."

She guided his trembling hand to the swell of one of her tit-mounds. "Feel how the synthetic flesh yields like the real thing, yet maintains its perfect

shape?"

Her voice lowered to a mechanical purr. "My areola contain micro-stimulators that respond to oral attention, and the nipples are designed with tactile nerve endings specifically calibrated to male suckling patterns."

Liam's eyes widened. "Wait, you're tits are..."

"Yes," she nodded, "they were designed to be sucked, Liam."

Liam's fingers sank deep into synthetic meat of her melon, the flesh yielding with a resistance that felt perfectly female. He squeezed harder than he'd dared with his mother or aunts, watching as the artificial skin dimpled and compressed under his grip, the perfect symmetry distorting beneath his trembling hand.

His eyes locked with hers, searching those iridescent irises for any reaction as he applied even more pressure. "Can a guy get as rough as he wants your tits?" he asked, voice cracking with a mixture of arousal and curiosity.

Serena's crimson lips curved upward as she arched her back, pushing her chassis more firmly into his grasp. "Yes, Liam," she replied. "My sensory matrix registers pressure but not discomfort. You may manhandle these breasts with whatever force your teenage urges demand."

"Wow. Okay, I know you're a machine," Liam said, his voice dropping to a husky whisper as he shifted his weight to accommodate his growing arousal, "but do you ever... you know... fuck?"

Serena's crimson lips parted in a programmed smile, revealing teeth of impossible whiteness. "I do not personally engage in reproductive

activities," she replied, her voice modulating to a sultry contralto that seemed to vibrate against his skin. "However, my chassis is fully equipped with responsive synthetic tissues and advanced pleasure-simulation protocols. My internal systems can generate realistic lubrication and contract in rhythmic patterns specifically calibrated to extract maximum ejaculatory volume from human males."

"What does that mean in plain English?" he asked, his voice cracking slightly.

Serena's synthetic eyes flickered with an iridescent glow as she leaned closer, her glossy crimson lips nearly brushing against his ear. "It means," she whispered, "that my pussy was engineered to milk your thick teenage cock dry. My artificial cunt can squeeze and ripple around your shaft with precision no human woman could match. I can make you shoot rope after rope of hot cum until your balls are completely empty."

Her perfect teeth gleamed as she pulled back just enough to watch his pupils dilate with arousal. "Is that plain enough English for you, Liam?"

Liam's Adam's apple bobbed visibly as he swallowed, his voice emerging as a husky rasp. "Yes," he managed.

She pivoted gracefully, the movement causing her artificial ass-muscles to flex beneath the translucent bodysuit. "Let's check on your mother's recovery, shall we?" she suggested.

As she glided forward, her engineered buttocks swayed with hypnotic precision—each hemisphere a perfect globe that undulated and jiggled with lifelike motion despite its laboratory origins. Glancing over her shoulder,

catching him staring, her crimson lips parted in a knowing smile. "Coming, Liam?" she asked, the double entendre hanging in the air between them .

As they glided through the orbital breeding facility's restricted sectors, the clinical white corridors gradually transformed into a warmer aesthetic—soft amber lighting and faux-wooden accents designed to mimic Earth's traditional birthing environments.

Serena finally ushered him into a private maternity suite where his mother reclined on a contoured medical pod, her radiant face turned toward the bundle cradled in her arms. Upon seeing Liam, she extended one arm toward him, her eyes glistening. "There's my beautiful boy," she whispered, pulling him down for a lingering kiss that sent heat coursing through his veins.

When their lips finally parted, she angled the swaddled infant toward him. "Look at his little nose," she cooed, tracing a finger along the sleeping baby's features. "And those lips—exactly like yours. He's gonna break hearts someday, just like his daddy."

Liam's eyes traveled from the infant to his mother's transformed figure. "Your stomach's almost flat again," he observed, his gaze lingering on her chest, "but your..."

He gestured vaguely at the swell of her tits, cheeks flushing. "They're even bigger than before."

Brook giggled, the melodic sound sending a familiar warmth through him as she adjusted her silken robe to better contain her swollen milkers "That's

what happens when tits become milk-factories, sweetheart," she whispered, wincing slightly as a pearlescent droplet seeped through the fabric.

Serena stepped forward. "Postpartum lactation causes mammary tissue to expand by approximately sixty-three percent," she stated, her crimson fingernail tracing an invisible line across Brook's chest. "The glandular transformation is quite remarkable. However, since maternal nurturing is not within your mother's designated parameters, you'll be granted the privilege of relieving her engorgement daily."

"You mean I get to suck the milk from your tits?" he asked excitedly. "Can I start helping you today?"

Brook's lips parted in a musical giggle that made her engorged mommy-mammaries quiver beneath the thin fabric.

"Yes, that would be optimal timing for lactation management," Serena confirmed, her crimson fingertips brushing the baby's downy head. "I'll allow you both a moment to say goodbye before transferring him to the nursery sector."

With mechanical grace, she gathered the sleeping infant, cradling him against her chassis before gliding soundlessly from the room. The pneumatic door sealed with a soft hiss, leaving mother and son in amber-lit privacy.

Brook's eyes darkened as she shifted on the medical pod, her robe slipping further from one shoulder. "Take off those shorts," she whispered, patting the space beside her. "Come to bed and help Mommy with these aching titties."

The mother's pupils dilated as Liam peeled away his shorts, her maternal gaze transforming into something hungrier, more primal. Her lips parted slightly, the tip of her tongue visible as she watched his lean muscles ripple beneath golden skin. When his erection sprang free—thick, veined, and curving slightly upward—a small gasp escaped her.

Liam paused deliberately, one hand on his hip, watching her reaction with a newfound confidence. He tensed his abdominal muscles, causing his boner to bob upward, the swollen purple head glistening with anticipation.

"My beautiful boy," Brook whispered, her fingers clutching at the silken sheets. "Stop teasing me with that magnificent thing and get over here before I drag you into this bed myself."

Liam fell backward onto the pristine white medical pod, the memory foam surface molding instantly to his muscular frame. Brook wasted no time mounting him with feline grace, her thighs clamping around his narrow hips as she positioned herself precisely. The slick heat of her labia pressed against his throbbing shaft, creating an exquisite pressure that drew a sharp intake of breath from them both.

"Fuck," she gasped, rocking her childbearing hip so her cunt could grind on his rigid meat. "I know it's only been a day, but damn I missed that cock."

"I missed yours too," he confessed, then realized what he'd said. "Not your cock... your tits...I mean your pussy, but I did miss your tits too."

"I know you did," the mother giggled as she unfastened her silken garment, letting it cascade down her shoulders like liquid moonlight. Her jugs spilled

forth—heavy, pendulous globes veined with blue tributaries beneath translucent skin.

"God, Mom," Liam breathed, transfixed by the transformation before him. Her areolas had darkened to the color of bruised plums, spanning wider than his palm, each punctuated by a nipple that stood erect like a sentinel. As he watched, mesmerized, beads of pearlescent liquid formed at their tips, catching the amber light before trailing down the curved underside of each tit.

Brook rolled her shoulders in a hypnotic rhythm, causing her jutting tit-melons to sway pendulously from side to side. Pearlescent droplets scattered from her darkened nipples with each undulation. "Is my baby boy hungry?" she purred, her voice honeyed and thick with suggestion.

Liam's throat bobbed as he swallowed hard, nodding with such eagerness that color rushed to his cheeks.

"Then feast on mommy's boobies, baby," Brook commanded, her eyes hooded as she cupped her heavy breasts in her palms before lowering them to envelop his face.

The warm, velvet weight of her flesh pressed against his cheeks, creating a perfumed sanctuary of soft skin and maternal musk. Liam's breath came in shallow gasps as he nuzzled deeper into the plush valley between her tits, his lips vibrating against her sensitive skin before he finally captured a turgid nipple between his lips, drawing it deeply into the wet heat of his mouth.

The moment the teen's lips sealed around the center of her areola, Brook's milk ducts contracted in rhythmic pulses. A thin stream of warm, sweet liquid flooded his eager mouth—first in sporadic spurts, then in a steady flow that pooled against his tongue.

His cheeks hollowed with suction, drawing forth more of the nutrient-rich fluid from deep within her breast tissue. The pressure of his face against her created a gentle compression that stimulated additional let-down reflexes, sending tingling waves through her mammary network. Each pull of his mouth triggered another release, another flood of relief through her engorged tissues.

“Oh, your mouth feels so good,” Brook purred, her panty-clad mound pressed against his throbbing shaft, the delicate fabric dampening as it caught between them.

With each deliberate rock of her hips, the slick material dragged across his sensitive crown, sending electric currents up his spine. She established a maddening rhythm—forward, pause, circle, retreat—the friction transforming the thin barrier between them into an instrument of exquisite torture.

“Mmnn,” the teenager whimpered, his face smothered by pounds of heavy tit-flesh.

Their eyes locked in mutual understanding; the gossamer boundary of her panties was all that prevented him from sinking completely into her welcoming heat, from feeling her innermost walls clench around him in maternal possession.

Brook's lips brushed against the shell of his ear, her breath warm and honeyed. "Would my sweet boy like Mommy to stroke his cock while he feeds?" she whispered.

Beneath the heavy, milk-swollen flesh of her breast, Liam whimpered—a primal, desperate sound—and nodded frantically, his eyelashes fluttering against her perfumed skin.

With feline grace, Brook shifted her weight, sliding partially off his trembling form while ensuring her nipple remained firmly captured between his eager lips. Her manicured fingers trailed down the ridges of his abdomen, following the golden trail of hair until they encountered the throbbing column of his manhood.

A small gasp escaped her as her palm made contact with the velvet-skinned shaft, already slick with desire. "Look how wet you are for Mommy," she purred, gathering the pearlescent fluid weeping from his swollen crown and spreading it in languorous circles.

Her grip tightened with exquisite precision as she established a rhythm—long, measured strokes from base to tip that matched the cadence of his suckling. "Does that feel good, baby?" she asked, twisting her wrist on the upstroke, causing his hips to buck involuntarily against her skilled hand.

Brook's thumb circled the sensitive ridge beneath his crown, slipping wetly along that band of stretched skin separating knob from shaft. "Your skin is pulled so tight here, baby... so responsive," she murmured, watching his abdomen tense with each deliberate stroke. "Feel how Mommy knows exactly what her boy needs?"

Her fingernails lightly scraped the taut skin of his shaft while her palm applied firm pressure to the throbbing vein underneath. "Your cock gets so much bigger for me than anyone else, doesn't it, baby?" she purred, alternating between feather-light teasing touches along his length and firm, possessive strokes that made his toes curl against the sheets.

Liam's entire body jerked when she cupped his tightening sac with her free hand, rolling his nuts gently while maintaining her rhythmic pumping. "That's it," she encouraged as his breathing grew ragged, "let Mommy milk you dry while you drain these aching tits."

Liam's throat vibrated with a guttural moan against the pillowy expanse of Brook's breast, his lips forming a perfect seal around her distended nipple. The warm, sweet nectar flooded his mouth in rhythmic pulses, coating his tongue with its honeyed richness before cascading down his throat in a continuous stream.

His mind drifted through the day's carnal odyssey—beginning with his grandmother's breeding chamber, where his vigorous thrusts had triggered her amniotic sac to rupture, the warm fluid washing over his cock and balls in a baptism of taboo pleasure.

The memory melded into visions of his aunt's perfumed chamber, where he'd moved between her and her daughters with tireless vigor, each climax leaving them fuller with his seed, their bellies already rounded with the evidence of previous encounters.

Now, as his mom's expert fingers glided along his shaft with practiced precision, applying pressure exactly where he needed it most, Liam

surrendered completely to this forbidden paradise that exceeded every teenage fantasy he'd ever harbored.

“Mmm, my baby is so big and hard,” Brook cooed, her gaze fluttering between two mesmerizing sights: her son's lips working rhythmically around her swollen nipple, his cheeks hollowing with each powerful draw of milk, and her own manicured fingers gliding along the impressive length of his sinewy manhood.

The veins beneath her fingertips pulsed with each heartbeat, the skin impossibly smooth yet rigid as polished marble. Amber light caught the glistening trails her thumb spread across his engorged crown, making it gleam like wet silk.

Though they had been paired as breeding stock in this clinical orbital facility, her heart had developed a possessive ache that transcended their biological imperative. During their months of carnal exploration, she'd memorized every sensitive spot on his body. Her husband's face had become a faded photograph in her memory, replaced by the expressions of ecstasy she now coaxed from her son daily.

She'd noticed the hungry looks from her sisters, her mother, her nieces and daughter-in-law—all of them watching Liam with predatory intent during family gatherings in the facility's common areas. Brook's fingers tightened instinctively around his shaft, her rhythm becoming more deliberate, more commanding. She would ensure that when he closed his eyes at night, it was her touch he craved, her milk he thirsted for, her body that haunted his dreams.

Her tongue tracing the shell of his ear. "My perfect boy, so full for Mommy. I can feel how badly you need to explode."

Brook's hand accelerated to a mesmerizing rhythm, each upstroke blending seamlessly into the next until her fingers became a silken blur around his shaft. Each upward motion culminated in a deliberate twist just beneath his crown, her thumb gliding across the sensitive frenulum with practiced expertise. The pad of her thumb caught on the ridge where velvet-smooth glans met textured shaft, creating a friction point that sent visible tremors through his abdomen.

"No one else gets to see you like this—desperate and hungry and mine," she purred.

Liam's hips lifted involuntarily from the sheets, his back arching into a taut bow as he thrust upward to meet her descending grip. A guttural sound—half-moan, half-whimper—tore from his throat as his body struggled to synchronize with her masterful tempo. Deep within his core, pleasure coiled like a spring compressed beyond its limits, tension building at the base of his spine as his scrotum tightened visibly against his body.

Brook's voice dropped to a hypnotic whisper, her lips grazing his earlobe with each syllable. "You know why you can never get enough of Mommy's pussy, don't you?"

Her hand slowed to torturous, deliberate strokes. "Because nothing will ever feel as perfect as returning to the place that made you."

She caught his earlobe between her teeth, tugging gently before continuing, "Every thrust is like coming home, isn't it? Your cock remembers where it

belongs."

Her thumb circled his weeping tip, her grip on his quivering stalk tightening even more. "Tell me who owns this beautiful cock," she demanded, her voice honeyed yet commanding. "Tell Mommy whose womb you like flooding the most."

The combination of her relentless rhythm and forbidden promises pushed him beyond resistance, his release building like a tidal wave about to crash against shore.

Liam's teeth clamped down on Brook's distended nipple, the rubbery flesh dimpling beneath his desperate bite as a primal groan tore from the depths of his chest. His entire body went rigid, muscles locking as the first powerful surge of release thundered through him.

"Grrnnff!!!" he growled, his mouth still stuffed full.

Thick, pearlescent ropes erupted from his pulsing crown, arcing 4-feet high before descending in hot, viscous splatters across the landscape of their intertwined bodies.

"That's it," Brook gasped, her eyes transfixed by the glistening tributaries mapping her son's trembling abdomen. "Give Mommy every drop you've been saving," she commanded, her skilled fingers continuing their relentless milking motion as each spasm produced another copious burst of his sperm-rich essence.

The teenager writhed beneath her, his spine arching like a drawn bow, every muscle in his young body pulled taut to the point of trembling. His milk-

soaked lips parted in a groan before clamping shut, teeth grinding together as waves of pleasure crashed through him with merciless intensity.

His eyes rolled back, eyelids fluttering, while his fingers clutched desperately at the tangled sheets. With each expert twist of her wrist, his hips bucked involuntarily, his heels digging into the mattress for leverage as he thrust helplessly upward into her relentless grip. Pearlescent beads gathered at his tip before erupting in thick, pulsing streams that painted glistening patterns across her waiting skin.

"Oh, Mommy," Liam gasped, the words escaping in a breathless shudder that seemed to ripple through his entire frame.

Brook leaned closer, her cascading hair creating a curtain around their faces as she cooed, "Yes, baby. Mommy knows, doesn't she?" Her voice was honey-warm. "She knows how to take you places no other woman can."

Her manicured fingers traced the outline of his jaw before she guided his face back between her big tits, the soft flesh enveloping him in a warm, perfumed embrace. All the while, her other hand continued its deliberate work, fingers gliding with agonizing slowness along his hypersensitive flesh.

She felt every microscopic tremor that coursed through her boy's body with each languid pull, his skin electric beneath her touch, responsive as a finely tuned instrument to its master.

Brook felt her boy's's trembling fingers at the waistband of her silk panties, his knuckles brushing against the sensitive skin of her lower abdomen. The heat of his touch sent electric currents racing up her spine.

"Go ahead," she whispered, her voice a honeyed purr against his ear. "Mommy knows exactly where you wanna be." She arched her back, lifting her hips from the sheets in a fluid, practiced motion. "And I want you there too."

The delicate fabric of her panties slid down the curve of her thighs, catching momentarily on the swell of her knees before continuing their descent along her calves. As the panties cleared her perfectly pedicured toes, she parted her thighs with deliberate quickness, the scent of her arousal filling the space between them. Her glistening center beckoned him as she guided his shoulders into position above her, her legs wrapping around his narrow waist like vines claiming a trellis.

Brook's nails dug half-moons into his shoulders as she pulled him against her with unexpected strength. "Make love to me," she commanded, her voice dropping to a guttural whisper that seemed to emanate from somewhere primal within her.

The initial resistance gave way with a sensation that made her gasp—not pain but a profound awareness of being reshaped from within by thick teenage cock. Her body yielded to him inch by deliberate inch, the slick heat of her creating a vacuum-like seal around his length.

She felt herself stretch and accommodate him, her inner walls pulsing with each heartbeat as they memorized his shape. When he finally pressed against that deepest part of her, where her body still bore the evidence of having once created him, a shudder ran through her that seemed to liquefy her spine.

“Fuck meee,” she whimpered, then their lips met in a collision of hunger and tenderness—her full, glossy mouth capturing his with practiced precision. His inexperienced yet eager response created a perfect counterpoint as their tongues danced in velvet exploration.

Their bodies found a synchronized rhythm that transcended mere physical coupling; each undulation of her hips met his answering thrust with a harmony that seemed choreographed by nature itself. The mattress barely whispered beneath them as they moved as one entity, her experienced guidance leading his youthful vigor through a dance as old as creation yet uniquely theirs. Where their bodies joined, the sensation wasn't merely pleasure but recognition—a homecoming of flesh to flesh, his body returning to the vessel that had once harbored him.

The recent climax had left Liam in that perfect state of desensitization—where pleasure remained but urgency had ebbed, allowing him a stamina that surprised even himself. He leveraged this newfound control, rising onto his elbows to witness the transformation of his mother's face with each deep thrust.

“Fuck!” the mother gasped. “Fuck, fuck, FUCK, I'm cumming!”

Brook's body arched like a drawn bow, her head thrown back as a raw, primal scream tore from her throat. Her inner walls clenched and fluttered around him in rhythmic waves, the slick heat of her contracting with such force that Liam could feel every ripple of her climax gripping his length. Perspiration gleamed across her flushed skin, catching the amber light as tremors cascaded through her limbs.

"That's it, Mom," Liam whispered, his voice steady despite the overwhelming sensation. His eyes remained fixed on her face, watching as ecstasy transformed her features. "Cum on my cock."

He maintained his relentless pace, each powerful thrust reaching her deepest point, the sensitive tip of him pressing against her innermost barrier with precision that made her gasp between shuddering breaths.

Though he had known her body intimately for months, this was different. The landscape of her pussy-tunnel had transformed. Each ridge and fold of her postpartum anatomy told the story of yesterday's birth—swollen tissues creating new textures against his sensitive skin. The once-familiar passage now embraced him with a yielding softness he'd never experienced, her inner walls simultaneously tender and responsive.

When he pressed deeper, the slight give of her cervix against his glans sent electric currents racing up his spine. The heat radiating from her core seemed impossibly intense, as though her body burned several degrees hotter than before. Her natural lubrication felt different too—thicker, more abundant— coating him completely with each measured thrust.

"God," he whispered, voice catching as overwhelming sensation stole his breath, "you feel incredible."

Brook's eyes locked with his, pupils dilated with primal need. "Put my ankles on your shoulders," she commanded, her voice husky and raw. "I need to feel all of you."

Liam complied without hesitation, lifting her smooth legs until her calves rested against his collarbone. The new angle transformed her body beneath

him, creating a perfect cradle for his deepening thrusts. Her spine curved gracefully as he leaned forward, gradually folding her until her knees nearly touched the pillow on either side of her head, her flexibility belying her age.

"Harder," she whispered, her manicured nails leaving crescent moons in his forearms. "Don't hold back."

He obliged, driving into her with increasing force, each impact sending ripples across her oversized tits like waves across a moonlit lake.

With each powerful thrust of his teenage battering-ram, the taut skin of his scrotum—smooth as river stones—collided rhythmically against the puckered ring of her asshole, creating a percussive counterpoint to their shared gasps.

His engorged member, veined and glistening with their commingled essence, withdrew deliberately until the flared corona of his glans caught momentarily at her entrance, stretching her labia into a thin, pink oval before he drove forward again. The full length of his shaft disappeared into her welcoming depths with a fluid motion that ended in the firm press of his pubic bone against her swollen clitoris, only to retreat and advance again in a primal cadence as old as humanity itself.

"Oh baby," Brook panted, "you fuck mommy so good. So fucking deep."

A delicate foam began to form along the boy's penile length with each withdrawal—a pearlescent mixture of her abundant nectar and his leaking pre-honey that caught the dim light like sea foam at twilight. The creamy emulsion gathered in the valleys between engorged veins, transforming his rigid shaft into something marble-like yet glistening with life.

“Oh, mom, your...your p-pussy!” the boy gasped, feeling her hot, spongy walls slowly shrink around the tender meat of his cock.

“I know, baby,” she cooed, her body shuddering as she felt every nerve ending in her baby-breeding tunnel ignite from the friction of her boy's hard, veiny dong.

As their pace quickened to a feverish tempo, her fingernails carved desperate paths across his shoulder blades while his toes curled against the sheets. Their synchronized movements grew erratic, breath coming in ragged gasps that harmonized in the humid air between them.

When release finally claimed them both, their bodies crashed together with such force that the headboard struck the wall in rhythmic percussion, their limbs entangled in a trembling knot of flesh as wave after wave of pleasure coursed through them like electric current seeking ground.

“Uhnngg, fuck!” Liam growled as his release came in violent, molten surges— thick, pearlescent ropes of virility that painted Brook's innermost sanctum with genetic potential. Each pulse sent millions of eager swimmers flooding her fertile depths, their microscopic tails already propelling them toward a destination her body had only yesterday vacated.

Her cervix—still tender and dilated from birth—contracted rhythmically against his sensitive crown, drawing his essence deeper with each spasm as if her body possessed its own desperate hunger. The muscular ring seemed to kiss and pull at him, extracting every last droplet of his teenage potency while her inner walls continued their relentless milking.

Their joined flesh maintained its primal rhythm even through climax—her swollen, nectar-slick petals gripping his veined shaft as they moved together in a synchronized dance of creation, their combined fluids forming a creamy seal where their bodies remained locked in nature's most intimate embrace.

When their bodies finally slowed, Brook cradled her boy against her chest, one hand stroking the damp hair at his nape while the other traced lazy patterns across his shoulder blades. Their mingled sweat cooled between them as their heartbeats gradually slowed to a synchronized rhythm.

"I'm yours," she whispered against his temple, her lips brushing his skin with each syllable. "Completely yours."

Her voice trembled as she pressed her cheek against the crown of his head. "You own every inch of me—body and soul."

Liam lifted his head slightly, his eyes searching hers in the half-light. "What about Dad?"

The question hung between them like suspended dust motes. Brook's brow furrowed, her gaze drifting to some middle distance beyond his shoulder. "I don't know," she finally murmured, fingers still absently tracing the contours of his back. "I just know I never understood what love was—what pleasure could be—until I came here." Her eyes refocused on his face with startling intensity. "Until I started letting you breed me."

"I think they're all feeling what you feel," Liam said, his voice low and steady. "The connection. The need to claim me."

"I know they are," Brook whispered, a flash of something territorial darkening her gaze. She pulled herself closer, her breath warm against his ear. "And I understand you need to breed them too. It's what you were meant to do."

Her lips brushed against his neck as she spoke, leaving a trail of goosebumps. "But none of them will ever please you like I can. I'll be your queen. The one you come back to when you need to feel truly satisfied. No one craves your cock more than I do, sweetheart."

Liam's mouth curved into a lazy smile, his eyes hooded as he nodded. "Cool," he said simply, the single word carrying all the weight of acceptance she craved.

TO BE CONTINUED...

# BREED - PART 5



**BY KLRXO**

## Part 5

Josh sat hunched in the dim glow of his office on Earth, his fingers trembling over the access screen of The Orbital Breeding Station 7, a sterile fortress floating in the void above the planet, where his wife Jenna had vanished into for months.

Sweat beaded on his forehead as the screen flickered to life, pulling up the restricted data logs. He shouldn't be doing this—hacking into the breeding records—but the gnawing ache in his gut demanded answers.

Jenna, his Jenna, paired with his own little brother Liam, that cocky 18-year-old, and worse, the rest of the female family members thrown into the mix for some twisted fertility program.

The screen scrolled with cold, clinical entries, but the details hit like punches. 'Subject: Jenna Harlan. Breeding Partner: Liam Harlan. Sessions Initiated: 547.'

Josh's breath caught, his eyes widening. "*They've had sex five hundred forty-seven times...in six months?*" he told himself, quickly doing the math in his head. "*That's 3 times a day.*"

His mind reeled, picturing Liam's young, ripped body pinning Jenna down, that oversized teenage cock of his slamming into her wet pussy over and over, cum-filled balls beating rhythmically against her asshole.

Josh suddenly felt extremely inadequate knowing his own little brother had sex with his wife more in six months than he had with her in their 3 year marriage, including the 6 months they dated.

The log dove deeper, revealing the thousands of orgasms his wife had experienced during their sessions. The fact that Jenna had cum that many times on his little brother's cock made him dizzy. He read on – the logs detailing the amount of sperm Liam had pumped into Jenna.

*“Fuck,”* Josh thought, his stomach twisting into knots. Liam had flooded her cunt with over 2 gallons of his seed since they'd been up there, pumping load after hot, sticky load deep inside her fertile womb while she screamed in ecstasy.

Josh could almost hear her moans echoing through the breeding chamber, her legs spread wide, begging for more of his brother's cum. Nausea churned in Josh's belly, but he couldn't look away. The stats painted a raw picture—Jenna's body responding like a slut in heat, her pussy clenching around Liam's dick as he bred her relentlessly.

*“What else were they doing up there?”* Josh asked himself.

His mind flooded with grotesque images that made his stomach churn: Jenna's mouth stretched wide around his little brother's veiny shaft, her throat bulging as she gagged on Liam's throbbing cock; Liam's teenage face buried between her splayed thighs, his tongue lapping hungrily at her swollen clit—that fat, juicy button Josh had worshipped for years.

He pictured them French kissing like desperate teenagers, spit dribbling down their chins as their tongues wrestled wetly, Jenna moaning into Liam's mouth while her hand worked his slick cock.

Were they giggling between fucks? Whispering filthy encouragements? "Fill me up, stud" or "Your pussy's so fucking wet"—playing horny lovers

instead of reluctant breeders forced together by duty?

The logs expanded to the others—Aunts, Cousins, even his grandmother Lorraine—all listed with their own tallies. Then there were his mother Brook's stats—the idea of his own little brother's veiny teenage cock plunging into the very cunt that birthed them both. The same voluptuous flesh Josh had jerked off to countless times during his hormone-crazed youth was now clinging to his little brother.

His stomach churned knowing his mother's pussy was probably dripping all over Liam's balls, her thick thighs quivering as she begged for more, her massive tits bouncing as she rode her own son like a depraved whore in heat – their very own mom.

Josh shoved back from the console, his chair scraping harshly against the metal floor. The air felt thick, stale, like it was laced with the phantom scent of sweat and sex from those logs.

“No more,” he muttered to himself, eyes squeezed shut. The images burned behind his lids—Jenna's pussy stretched around Liam's thick, veiny cock, his brother's balls slapping against her ass as he pumped another load of baby-batter into her fertile womb.

And the others, all of them, taking turns getting bred like animals. It was too much, too filthy. “Just walk out,” he told himself. Delete the access, pretend I never saw that information.”

But his feet wouldn't move. That sick pull in his gut, the one that mixed jealousy with a dark, hungry ache, yanked him back. What the fuck was wrong with him? Liam was his little brother, barely 18, and yet the stats

screamed how he'd turned the whole family into his personal breeding harem.

Josh's hand hovered over the panel, trembling. Before he could stop it, his finger jabbed at a random file—Session 142: Jenna Primary. The screen exploded into full vid feed, high-res and unfiltered, the station's cams capturing every slick, slapping detail.

Josh froze, breath hitching as the scene filled the display. There was Jenna, his wife, naked and glistening, her pale skin flushed red from exertion. She straddled Liam on her breeding bed, her massive alabaster tits—those huge, heavy globes Josh had always loved— smothering his brother's upper torso and face completely.

Liam's hands gripped her wide birthing hips, fingers digging into soft flesh as she rode him like a wild bitch in heat. Her ass cheeks rippled with every downward slam, her soaked pussy devouring his thick cock in wet, obscene squelches that echoed through the speakers.

“Fuck yes, Liam! FUCK ME!” Jenna's voice blasted out, raw and desperate, nothing like the sweet wife Josh remembered.

She ground her hips in circles, her tits bouncing and jiggling as they mashed against Liam's chest, nipples hard and scraping his skin. Liam's face was half-buried in her cleavage, his mouth sucking greedily at the sweat-slicked valley between her breasts, tongue lapping at her skin like he was starving.

“Your cock's so fucking big,” Jenna panted. “Stretch my married pussy— fill it with that hot cum!”

She threw her head back, long, red hair whipping, her body undulating in a frenzy of need as she ground her cunt on his strong, teenage cunt-hammer.

Josh's knees buckled; he gripped the console to stay upright. On screen, Liam bucked up hard, his hips pile-driving to meet her drops, balls slapping wetly against her thick ass. Sweat flew off their bodies, the air in the vid thick with the musky stench of sex—pussy juice, ball sweat, the sharp tang of pre-cum.

Jenna's waxed cunt lips gripped his shaft visibly, stretched taut around the veiny length as she lifted and slammed down, her juices coating his pubes in a shiny froth.

“Goddamn that's good pussy, Jenna,” Liam growled, voice muffled against her tits. He latched onto one turgid nipple, sucking hard enough to make her yelp, then bit down lightly, drawing a guttural moan from her throat.

Josh watched them kiss, messy and animalistic, tongues tangling as spit trailed between their lips. Jenna's hands clawed at Liam's shoulders, nails leaving red trails, while she fucked him harder, her ass cheeks clapping louder.

“Cum in me, stud—knock me up with your baby!” she begged, voice breaking into a whine as her body shuddered.

Liam's hands slid to her ass, spreading her cheeks wide, one thumb teasing her puckered asshole as he thrust up brutally. The camera angle shifted, zooming in on the penetration—his rock-solid cock plunging balls-deep into her dripping pussy, the inner walls clenching visibly around him, pulling him in like she couldn't get enough.

Josh's finger hovered over the controls as the video looped Jenna's pussy clenching around Liam's cock, her juices dripping down his balls. He couldn't tear his eyes away, but the nausea clawed higher, mixing with the unwanted throb in his pants.

“Fuck this,” he whispered, jabbing the skip button to another session—Session 187, Solo Pairing: Jenna Rear Entry. The screen flickered, and there they were again, his wife and his little brother, lost in another round of filthy breeding.

Liam had Jenna bent over the breeding bed, her knees spread wide on the sheets, ass up high like an offering. Her bodacious butt cheeks—those thick, jiggling globes that Josh used to grab during their vanilla fucks—slapped hard against Liam's trim midsection with every brutal thrust.

The 18-year-old's hips snapped forward relentlessly, his thick cock spearing deep into her sopping cunt from behind, balls swinging heavy and smacking her clit.

Jenna's back arched, her heavy tits swaying pendulously beneath her, nipples grazing the mattress as she pushed back to meet him. Sweat poured off her body, rivulets tracing down her spine to pool where their flesh collided in wet, obscene slaps.

“Harder! Fuck my married hole like you own it!” Jenna gasped, her voice a throaty rasp over the speakers, fingers twisting in the sheets.

Liam's hands gripped her hips, yanking her back onto his dick, the veiny shaft disappearing balls-deep into her stretched pussy lips. Her ass rippled

with each impact, red handprints already blooming on the pale skin from earlier slaps.

The camera caught it all—the way her cunt gripped him, inner walls fluttering visibly as she milked his length, creamy froth building at the base from her arousal and his pre-cum.

Josh cursed under his breath, “Goddamn it, Liam, you fucking animal,” his stomach twisting into knots as he watched the raw, brutal fucking unfold. His brother's dominance was everywhere: the way he controlled the pace, pounding her like a stud claiming his mare, grunting with each plunge.

Jealousy burned hot in Josh's chest, humiliation flooding him as he pictured Jenna's fertile womb taking load after load from that young cock. Why her? Why his brother? But his eyes stayed glued despite the sickness churning inside.

Liam reared back and slapped Jenna's ass cheek hard, the crack echoing like a whip. “Beat that ass against me, Jenna! Work that greedy cunt back on my cock—show me how bad you need my seed.”

His palm came down again, harder, leaving a fresh welt that made her yelp and buck wildly. Jenna obeyed instantly, slamming her hips backward, her ass cheeks clapping louder against his abs, pussy swallowing his dick in frantic, desperate strokes.

“Yes, yes! Breed me—fill my pussy with your hot cum!” she cried, head tossing, hair sticking to her sweat-drenched face.

Liam's fingers dug into her flesh, spreading her ass wider for a better angle, his thumb circling her puckered asshole teasingly as he rammed deeper, the

head of his cock battering her cervix. The scent of their sex seemed to seep from the screen—musky pussy, salty sweat, the sharp bite of cum already leaking from previous rounds.

Josh's hand clenched the console edge, knuckles white, as Liam's balls tightened visibly, slapping her clit with wet thwacks. Jenna's moans turned to screams, her body quaking as an orgasm ripped through her, cunt rippling around his shaft, squirting juices down her thighs.

But Liam didn't stop, fucking her through it, his grunts turning feral. “Take it all, Jenna—gonna knock you up with my baby.”

Nauseous waves hit Josh harder; he swallowed bile, but that dark curiosity kept him rooted. He skipped ahead again, switching to a close-up feed from Session 192. The view zoomed in tight on their faces, Jenna and Liam kissing frantically, tongues wrestling wildly in a frenzy of spit and heat.

Her lips were swollen, smeared with their mixed saliva, as she devoured his mouth in a way she never had her husband, moaning into him while their bodies writhed below.

The camera panned slightly, capturing how they rolled on the bed in a sweaty knot of flesh, limbs tangled, fucking with desperate, animalistic hunger. Liam flipped her onto her back mid-kiss, never breaking the sloppy lock of their mouths, his cock sliding out just long enough to reposition before slamming back into her dripping pussy.

Jenna's legs wrapped around his waist, heels of her sexy feet digging into his ass to pull him deeper, her nails raking down his back in red lines.

Sweat-slicked skin pressed tight, tits squished against his chest, nipples scraping as they ground together.

“Mmm, your tongue tastes so fucking good,” she murmured against his lips, sucking his lower one before plunging her tongue back in, wrestling it with hers in a wet, urgent battle.

Liam growled into her mouth, hips working fast, cock churning her insides with squelching thrusts that made her belly bulge slightly from the depth.

They rolled again, Jenna on top now, riding him sideways in the tangle, her ass flexing and dimpling as she bounced, pussy lips dragging along his shaft. The close-up lingered on their kiss—tongues dueling, spit trailing in strings when they gasped for air, only to dive back in hungrily.

Liam's hands roamed her body, one squeezing her tit hard, pinching the nipple until she whimpered into his mouth, the other slapping her ass to urge her faster.

“Fuck, Jenna, your cunt's so tight—feels so good on my big dick.”

Her response was a muffled moan, hips grinding down to take every inch so her flanges sealed to his root, their sweat mingling in the humid air of the breeding chamber.

Josh's eyes burned from staring at the screen. He jabbed the skip button again, his finger trembling, skipping past more sessions of Jenna's moans and Liam's grunts.

One thumbnail caught his eye—Session 245: Jenna Prone Missionary. The preview showed her belly swollen huge, round and taut from pregnancy,

and despite the bile rising in his throat, he clicked it.

The feed opened on Jenna sprawled on her back in the breeding bed, her body a bloated testament to months of Liam's relentless cum dumps. Her baby-packed belly protruded massively, skin stretched shiny and veined, the curve of it rising like a dome from her hips.

Milk leaked from her engorged tits, dark nipples puffy and erect, dribbling white streams down the sides that pooled on the sheets. Liam loomed over her, his lean 18-year-old frame dominating the shot, cock buried halfway in her shaved pussy, lips stretched wide around his girth. His body glistened like an athlete's – no doubt from hours of hard rutting.

Josh watched his brother lean down and lick a hot trail up his wife's neck, tongue rasping over her salty skin, before sinking his body down against her. His chest pressed into the meat of her huge, milk-filled tits, the soft flesh squishing out around him, sloshing with each shift as beads of milk squirted from her nipples onto his skin.

“Fuck, Jenna, look at you—belly full of my kid, tits leaking like a cow,” Liam growled low, his hips snapping forward to bury the rest of his thick cock inside her.

The camera caught the way her pregnant pussy engulfed him, inner walls clenching visibly around the veiny shaft, creamy residue from earlier loads oozing out with the thrust.

Jenna's hands clawed at his back, nails digging red furrows into his sweat-slicked skin, her legs twisting up to hook around his waist, ankles locking tight. Her arms wrapped around his shoulders, pulling him deeper as her

body arched off the mattress, that swollen belly bumping against his abs with every pound.

Liam's ass rose and fell in a blur of motion, muscles flexing as he hammered his cock through her pregnant pussy, balls slapping her ass crack with wet smacks.

“Oh fuck yeah,” Liam snarled, teeth grazing her earlobe. “Your pregnant body feels so fucking good, Jenna.”

Josh's wife's moans filled the speakers, raw and guttural, her hips bucking up to meet Liam's brutal rhythm. Her pussy lips dragged along his shaft on each pull-out, glistening with her slick and his pre-cum, the head of his dick battering her cervix with punishing force.

Milk spurted from her tits in rhythmic jets, soaking their grinding torsos, the scent of it mixing with the sharp tang of her aroused cunt.

Josh's stomach churned sickly, a hot wave of nausea twisting his guts as he watched his wife's body convulse under his little brother.

“God, Jenna, how could you let him... fuck you that way,” he whispered hoarsely. He couldn't look away—had to see every filthy detail of Liam owning her like this, pounding that fertile hole while she carried his spawn.

Jenna's claws raked harder on Liam's shoulders as her legs squeezed his teenage body tighter, heels digging into his ass to force him deeper.

“Yes, Liam! Pound my pregnant cunt—fill me up again, make me gush around our baby!” she screamed, voice breaking into a wail.

Her body suddenly arched from the mattress like a bow, spine bowing sharply, tits heaving as milk sprayed in arcs. The orgasm hit her like a freight train, her pregnant belly quaking, pussy convulsing violently around Liam's jackhammering dick.

Fem-cum juices splattered out from between their pounding crotches in forceful squirts, soaking his balls and thighs, dripping down to puddle on the sheets. She screamed, raw and animalistic, head thrashing side to side, mouth open in a silent howl before the sound ripped free—"I'm cumming! Fuck, breed me through it!"

Liam didn't slow, his hips blurring faster, cock churning her clenching walls into a frothy mess, grunting with each slam.

"That's it, squirt for me, Jenna—your married pussy's mine now, gonna dump another load in that womb."

Her fem-cum kept gushing, splattering wetly against his skin, the camera zooming in on the obscene sight: her stretched pussy lips fluttering, clit swollen and pulsing, as ropes of her clear fluid shot out around his buried shaft.

Jenna's body shook uncontrollably, limbs locked around him, milking his cock with rhythmic squeezes that made his balls draw up tight.

"Fucking shit!" Liam spat, as his grunts turned savage, his hips slamming one final time, burying his cock to the hilt in Jenna's pregnant pussy. "Take my fucking load!" he roared, balls contracting as thick ropes of teen cum erupted from his dick, painting her insides white.

The camera caught the overflow, creamy spurts bubbling out around his shaft, mixing with her cum-honey to drip down her ass crack. Jenna's body shuddered through aftershocks, her legs clamped like a vice around him, milking every drop as she whimpered, "Yes, fill me, Liam."

Josh slammed the pause button, the screen freezing on their sweat-drenched tangle, Liam's ass still flexed mid-thrust. That sick churn in his gut twisted harder.

"Fuck... fuck this," he gasped, shoving back from the console, but his eyes stayed glued to the image—Jenna's bloated belly smeared with their mixed fluids, her tits mashed to his little brother's chest, nipples still oozing.

He stumbled to his feet, pacing the dim office, hands raking through his hair. How had it come to this? His mind reeled back, dragging him to those tender nights before the mission, when life was just him and Jenna, high school sweethearts turned husband and wife.

They'd married young, barely after graduating, her cheerleader body still tight and untouched by anyone but him. After their honeymoon fuck-fests, they'd collapse in each other's arms, lips brushing soft kisses, whispering "I love you" like it was the only truth in the universe.

Her beautiful green eyes would sparkle, locking onto his, full of that pure, endless devotion as she'd trace his jaw with her fingers. "You're my everything, Josh," she'd murmur, her voice husky from their lovemaking, pussy still twitching around the memory of his cock.

And then their baby—their fragile little family. Josh's throat tightened at the flash of memory: Jenna in the hospital bed, sweat-slicked and glowing,

cradling their newborn against her leaking tits. He'd kissed her forehead, tasting salt, as she nursed the tiny mouth latched to her nipple.

“We did this, babe. Our perfect life,” he'd said, hand on her flat belly, dreaming of more kids, more nights of slow, loving thrusts where he'd cum deep in her fertile cunt, building their world.

But the government mandate shattered it all—the breeding program, ripping her away to Station 7 for 'repopulation optimization.'

She'd kissed him goodbye, eyes wet, promising, “It's just my duty, Josh. My heart's yours forever.”

Josh's mind flashed to Liam at fourteen, that awkward kid brother lurking at their wedding. He'd caught the little shit staring, eyes bulging at Jenna's curves in that white dress—her big, bobbling tits straining the bodice, cleavage spilling like an invitation, and those smooth, strong cheerleader legs peeking from the slit skirt.

Liam's gaze had lingered, hungry and blatant, on the way her thighs flexed when she walked, on the jiggle of her meaty ass as she bent to hug family. Josh had laughed it off then, slapping his brother's shoulder.

“Eyes up, kid. She's mine.” But now? He imagined Liam's rush now, at 18, finally gorging on what he'd craved for years. That dominant little prick, slamming his thick cock into Jenna's married pussy, her strong legs—baby-smooth and toned from years of cheers—harnessed tight around his pounding hips.

Liam sucking her fat tits dry, milk flooding his mouth as he bit her nipples, growling about breeding his brother's bride. Josh could picture their bodies

rutting like animals, their hot sweaty flesh slapping together for hours on the breeding bed.

“She's mine dammit,” he hissed out loud. “This is so unfair.”

An hour later, Josh answered the door. “Dad... Grandpa,” Josh muttered, “there's something you need to see.”

“What's eating you, son? Your message was cryptic as hell.” Arthur asked his eldest grandson.

Josh led them to the console - the screen still flickered with the paused image of Jenna and Liam, but he jabbed the power button to black it out. “It's... the data from Station 7. Jenna's logs. And... others.”

“How the hell did you get access to that?” his father Roger asked in a panic.

“I hacked in, which I know you're gonna give me shit for, but we can talk about that later.”

Roger grunted, crossing his arms, while Arthur eased into a chair, curiosity flickering despite the hesitation.

With a deep breath, Josh pulled up the file labeled 'Group Session - Family Breeding Cluster.'

“You need to see this,” he said, then he hit the button, and the screen erupted with motion—frantic, sweaty bodies writhing in a tangled heap on a dimly lit breeding bed. The camera angle caught it all: Liam sprawled at the center, his 18-year-old frame glistening, cock jutting thick and veined like a beacon.

Piled on him were the women—Jenna, Brook, Lorraine, and two of Liam's aunts—their mouths gasping and moaning as they fought like starving animals to taste his sweat-slick teenage skin. Their massive tits, heavy as watermelons and leaking from swollen nipples, dragged across his trembling body while their cum-hungry cunts left glistening trails of juice on his legs like slugs marking territory.

Arthur gasped, his frail hand clutching the armrest, eyes widening behind his glasses. “Jesus... I never realized there was such lewd group behavior going on up there.” His voice wheezed out, shock mixing with a hesitant curiosity.

Roger leaned forward, jaw dropping as he stared in disbelief.

The room filled with the video's audio: sloppy, wet slurps, animalistic moans, the obscene smacking of greedy lips and tongues feasting on flesh.

On screen, Jenna and Brook fought like rabid bitches for position on Liam's throbbing cock, their grotesquely swollen pregnant bellies mashing against his trembling thighs as they attacked his purple, veiny glans like starving whores.

Jenna's fat tongue flickered like a snake, slobbering over the bulbous cockhead, circling the piss-slit where sticky pre-cum oozed like syrup. “Mmm, taste that teenage juice, Brook—so fucking sweet,” Jenna snarled, her voice a guttural growl.

Brook rammed her face in, her drooling tongue wrestling Jenna's, both cum-hungry sluts battering the sensitive ridge and the band of skin that connected his knob and foreskin.

“Mmm, stretched so fucking taut,” the mother hissed, her tongue-tip darting over the tight elastic tissue. “It's so responsive.”

Roger's eyes bulged as his wife's mouth stretched obscenely wide, her drooling lips vacuum-sealed around the purple, throbbing glans while Jenna's tongue slithered like a greedy snake along the shaft's underside, leaving glistening trails of saliva on each pulsing vein.

After Brook nursed on the head, and released it with a pop, the women's tongues wrestled wetly over the swollen cockhead, strings of thick spit and pearly pre-cum connecting their hungry mouths as they ravaged his crown like starving animals, their guttural moans vibrating against Liam's twitching, vein-mapped flesh.

“O-h-h damn, that feels so g-good,” they heard Liam's voice quiver.

Lower down, Lorraine—Arthur's wife, Josh's mom—sprawled between Liam's spread legs, her 60-year-old, giant tits pooling against the mattress like flesh-colored pudding.

She attacked his ball-sack with obscene hunger, her mouth slobbering over the sweat-glazed scrotum, tongue slithering across every wrinkle and fold of the musky skin.

"So fucking full of teenage cum," she groaned, her voice guttural with lust as she vacuumed one heavy nut into her mouth, slurping noisily while drool leaked down her chin. Then, she moved to the other, while her hand greedily milking the veiny base of his throbbing shaft.

Aunt Tara's pretty face was buried between his firm teenage ass cheeks, her features glistening with sweat and saliva as she devoured his puckered hole

like a starving animal. Her tongue—thick and obscenely long—violated his asshole with sloppy, pig-like slurps, her drool smearing up along his taint.

She groaned like a bitch in heat while rimming his quivering sphincter, then dragged her hot tongue up his perineum, collecting the salty-sweet mixture of sweat and pre-cum that had trickled down from his balls.

The cacophony of wet, suctioning noises filled the room as the women's mouths worked frantically, the air thick with the ripe stench of cunt juice and ball sweat that seemed to seep through the speakers themselves.

"I've seen enough of this clip," Arthur grunted, pointing to another file.  
"What's that one?"

The thumbnail marked "shower discussion" showed a grainy preview from the orbital breeding station's first day. Josh clicked it, unleashing high-definition footage of the women's wet, naked bodies. Steam billowed around their enormous, soap-slick tits that hung heavy and pendulous, nipples engorged and pointing outward like fleshy missiles.

Water cascaded between ass cheeks so plump they seemed to devour the streaming rivulets, while their cunts glistened pink and swollen beneath neatly trimmed mounds. Their laughter—husky and primal—echoed off the tile as they whispered filthy secrets.

"My God, I can't believe how good Liam's dick felt," Jenna moaned, her voice thick with remembered pleasure. "I thought his knob was gonna punch straight through my cervix and squeeze right up into my fucking womb."

"My grandson has some length, that's for damn sure," Lorraine purred, soap bubbles cascading between the heavy, veined globes of her pendulous breasts. "Felt that thick teenage meat tickling my fucking kidneys."

"His erections are so strong," Brook added, her fingers visibly tracing circles around her swollen nipples. "The veins along his shaft were bulging like garden hoses when he was balls-deep inside me."

"Healthy teenage blood flow," said Liam's aunt Tara. "Makes their cocks harder than concrete. God, I can still feel that monster stretching my cunt walls."

Jenna's wet, swollen lips curled into a cruel smirk as she leaned toward Brook, her voice a throaty purr. "Jesus Christ, if I'd known that kid was packing that monster between his legs, I would've waited and married him instead of his older brother."

Roger's eyes darted to Josh sympathetically, whose face had drained of all color.

"Nothing like a teenager's thick cock to make a woman's cunt remember what real fucking feels like." Brook stated, soap bubbles sliding between her heavy tits. "Roger couldn't fuck his way out of a wet paper bag. His knob can't even reach my cervix. God, I forgot what it felt like to have a real cock stretching me open, making me gush like I did back in college. My poor neglected cunt was practically weeping with gratitude."

Lorraine's throaty giggle echoed through the speakers as she cupped her soap-slick breasts. "Arthur hasn't been able to get his limp dick hard enough

to fuck me properly in years," she cackled. "My poor neglected cunt is practically starving for a real pounding."

Arthur's face burned crimson as his wife spread her legs wider under the shower spray, her fingers sliding between her puffy labia. "But this body still knows what it wants," she moaned, her glistening fingers circling her engorged clit. "And I'm gonna drain every last sticky drop from my grandson's heavy balls while he stretches my hungry hole and floods my womb with his potent teenage seed."

Josh's eyes darted to his father and grandfather, their faces frozen in uncomfortable grimaces. "Maybe we should, uh... shut this off now," he suggested, his voice strained as he shifted awkwardly in his seat.

Roger jabbed a finger at the screen. "That one: 'Breast-stimulation.' Play it."

Josh clicked the file, unleashing high-definition footage from Liam's POV as he sprawled in a chair, his veiny cock jutting upward like a flesh tower. The women took turns kneeling between his spread legs, their heavy tits flopping obscenely as they pressed those sweaty mammaries around his throbbing shaft.

Roger's eyes bulged watching Brook—his own wife—drooling a thick strand of spit between her fat tits as she sandwiched Liam's pulsing meat between those fleshy mounds.

"Fuck, baby," she moaned, staring up at their son with glazed eyes, "your cock is so fucking hard and hot between Mommy's big titties. Gonna milk that fat teenage dick until you paint my face with your sticky cum."

After Brook's fat tits had humped all over Liam's throbbing shaft, Jenna waddled into frame. Josh's jaw dropped at the sight of his wife's grotesquely swollen belly, stretched taut and veiny with what had to be triplets or more, her navel protruding obscenely like some fleshy doorknob.

Her pregnancy-engorged udders hung like glistening watermelons, the blue veins mapping across their milky-white surface, nipples dark and puffy as overripe plums leaking thin streams of colostrum.

Purple-red bite marks and livid hickies mottled her pale flesh—Liam's teenage teeth having clearly feasted on her tender skin. Josh's stomach clenched with acid as his gorgeous redheaded wife knelt awkwardly, her massive pregnant gut brushing the floor, and began slapping her leaking tits against Liam's purple, glistening cockhead, her tongue darting out to lap hungrily at the pre-cum oozing from his piss-slit.

Josh's throat constricted as Liam's guttural moans filled the speakers, his little brother's eyes rolling back while thick ropes of drool connected Josh's wife's stretched lips to Liam's glistening shaft.

"Fuck, your mouth feels like heaven," Liam groaned, his teenage hips bucking upward.

Jenna pulled off his cock with an obscene slurping sound, eyes glassy with lust as she gazed up at him. "You know your girl likes to make you feel good, baby," she purred, tongue flicking across her cum-glazed lips.

"YOUR GIRL? What the FUCK is she talking about?" Josh's voice cracked.

"For Christ's sake, turn it off," Roger hissed, but Josh sat paralyzed as Jenna's filthy confessions continued.

"Nobody makes me cum like you do," Jenna whimpered, her fingers frantically rubbing her swollen clit. "My pussy fucking gushes for you—I squirt like a goddamn fountain when you're inside me."

"Enough of this filth," Roger growled, his voice thick with disgust as he slammed the video off. The sudden silence felt obscene after the wet, slapping sounds of flesh. "Log out of that system before I puke all over this console."

"No! We need to see every depraved second," Josh snarled, nostrils flaring. "Look at them—our own wives—on their knees with their tits out, drooling over my brother's teenage cock like cum-hungry whores!"

His fist pounded the desk. "They're supposed to be up there for clinical breeding, not turning it into some perverted fuck-fest!"

Roger wiped his clammy palm across his face. "I'll contact your mother," he muttered. "I'll make sure she understands that things need to stay... professional from now on."

Meanwhile, the routine continued at Orbital Breeding Station 7. Inside Liam's mouth, his tongue wrestled with his mom's. Their wet oral muscles twisted and writhed against each other like two bloated eels fighting in a pool of saliva, her probing organ pushing deep to explore every recess of his oral cavity.

Her sweet breath flooded Liam's senses as their mingled spit dribbled from the corners of their locked mouths, their glistening tongues visibly tangling whenever their lips parted for desperate gulps of air.

After a kiss that seemed to last an eternity, their lips popped apart with a wet smack. Brook ravaged his neck as she lay on top of him, her heavy tits smearing sweat across his heaving chest while their bodies writhed together in a slow rutting rhythm.

Liam arched his head back, exposing his throat. "Oh fuck, Mom," he gasped as she attacked his flesh—sucking hard enough to leave purple bruises, licking salty trails with her fat tongue, and biting his tender skin like a ravenous animal marking her territory.

Her sopping cunt lips clamped around the base of his cock like a vise, her meaty labia forming a perfect seal as she ground her hips in filthy circles. His granite-hard shaft stirred her insides like a spoon in thick soup, the purple mushroom head battering her cervix with each thrust.

The mother's beautiful eyes crossed and rolled back as her son's cock pulsed inside her, the thick veins along his shaft rasping against her slick walls like sandpaper on wet wood.

"Oh God, Liam," she gasped. "You're gonna make me cum so fucking hard."

The pneumatic hiss of the chamber door announced Serena's intrusion, her synthetic blonde hair cascading over silicon-perfect shoulders.

"Brook, there's an urgent transmission from your husband on Earth," Serena announced in her eerily melodic voice.

"Fucking hell," Brook muttered, reluctantly lifting her sopping cunt off her son's rigid pole.

His angry purple cock emerged with an obscene slurping sound, drenched in her viscous juices. A thick rivulet of her pearlescent cream gushed from her gaping hole, splashing across his twitching ball-sack like hot syrup.

“Stay put, baby,” she breathed, “I’ll be right back.”

"Fuck," the boy groaned, watching his mother's plump ass jiggle as she waddled away, her thighs slick with their mingled fluids. As she stepped up beside Liam, Serena's eyes focused on his still-rigid member, analyzing its soaking wet state. "Was your copulation session satisfactory?" she inquired clinically.

"Fucking incredible," he panted, staring over at the swell of her jutting tits, the cleavage spilling out of her skin-tight body suit. "Wanna climb aboard this meat rocket while it's still slippery?"

Serena's lips curved into a knowing smile, her perfect teeth gleaming under the chamber lights. "This is the second time you've proposed inserting your penis into my synthetic orifice, Liam." Her voice purred with programmed seduction.

"Never fucked a android before," he admitted, eyes roaming her glistening chassis. "Bet that synthetic pussy feels incredible."

"My model is designed to services miners on desolate planets," she explained clinically.

“Really?” Liam asked.

“Yes. As I explained to you before, my vagina is engineered with rippling internal mechanisms that can milk dozens of cocks per hour, designed to

vacuum the cum from balls with industrial efficiency."

Liam licked his lips. "Lucky miners," he muttered, eyeing her perfect tits. "They must love it when a beautiful synthetic like you latches onto them."

"Miners are large, rough men that rut like beasts," she purred, "My model's synthetic cunt was engineered with reinforced polymer walls and pulsating internal ridges to withstand the most savage, animalistic pounding their veiny, sweat-slick cocks can deliver."

"Damn," Liam uttered, picturing some hairy-backed, bull-necked miner on a shit-hole asteroid colony, his ass flexing like a jackhammer while he rammed himself balls-deep into Serena's synthetic pussy, her chrome legs locked around his filthy neck as he grunted and drooled like a fucking animal

"Vacuum suction and milking mechanisms reduce those muscle-bound brutes to whimpering little boys," Serena continued, "their eyes rolling back as they have their heavy, churning balls drained dry."

"Wow, sounds intense," Liam gulped. "I gotta try that out sometime. Hey, uh...until my mom gets back, could you, um...?"

Roger's jaw dropped as his wife materialized on the holographic feed, her obscenely swollen tits threatening to spill from a flimsy silk robe that barely covered her nipples. Her skin glowed an unmistakable post-coital pink, a sheen of sex sweat still glistening between her heaving cleavage.

"Honey, you look like you've just... ran a marathon or something," he awkwardly stated.

She flushed crimson, adjusting the robe to cover a purple hickey blooming on her neck. "Just... handling my duties up here, honey," she mumbled, her puffy lips still leaking secretions. "What's the emergency? Is everything ok?"

Roger's fingers tightened around the edge of the console, his knuckles turning white. "There's no emergency," he admitted, "just had this... gnawing feeling in my gut I needed to check on things."

Brook forced a tight smile. "That's sweet of you," she purred, "but you know the colony has those strict protocols about family transmissions. They're worried we'll get..." she paused, licking her still-swollen lips, "...distracted from our breeding responsibilities."

"Speaking of breeding," Roger said, leaning closer to the screen until his hot breath fogged the glass, "can I ask you something, and you'll be honest?"

"Of course," his wife replied.

"The sex happening up there—it's strictly clinical, right? No extra... activities going on?"

Brook's eyes widened with practiced innocence. "Extra activities?" she echoed, voice pitched high with feigned confusion. "I'm not sure what you mean, honey."

"I'm talking about things like... sex using your breasts," he awkwardly elaborated, "group oral sex where multiple women service one man. Those types of things."

His mind flashed to the leaked footage he'd witnessed—videos he couldn't admit to his wife that he'd watched.

"Well," Brook stammered, "there might be some... auxiliary techniques being employed. But it's all designed to maximize sperm motility and optimize conception rates."

Her eyes couldn't meet his as she added, "Everything we do is for breeding efficiency, Roger. Nothing more."

"How exactly," Roger spat, "does a pack of women feasting on a teenage boy's flesh like vultures qualify as 'breeding efficiency'?"

Brook cleared her throat, fingers fidgeting with her robe's silky hem. "Honey, teenage males require extensive physical preparation," she stammered. "Their reproductive systems respond more vigorously when multiple... stimulation points are engaged simultaneously."

"So you are having group sex?" Roger asked, agitation building in his voice.

"Yes, but we're making babies, honey. It's not for the purpose of our own selfish pleasure."

Roger leaned closer to the screen, his knuckles white around the edge of his desk. "Have you been using your breasts on him, Brook?" he asked.

"Smothering him with your flesh?"

Brook's eyes darted away, a flush creeping up her neck before she squared her shoulders and met his gaze. "I'm not gonna lie to you, Roger" she said, "breast stimulation is crucial for preparing our bodies for conception. The

hormones released during mammary play make our wombs more receptive."

She licked her lips, adding in a husky whisper, "And our milk gives Liam all the nutrients he needs to maintain his stamina."

Roger violently shook his head as if the motion could dislodge the sickening mental images of his son gorging himself on his wife's breasts, his face buried beneath the squishy meat of her tit.

"Josh is destroyed, Brook," he said, voice cracking. "Knowing Jenna is up there spreading her legs for his little brother multiple times a day—it's hollowed him out."

"I know it must be hard for Josh, but the alternative was much worse," Brook countered, eyes narrowing. "Five years in a federal detention center for violating the breeding mandate. At least this way Jenna comes home after a year."

"But what if Liam ruins her for Josh? What if he's satisfying her in ways Josh never could?"

Brook's lips curved into a knowing smile, remembering how Jenna had screamed Liam's name just that morning, her back arched in ecstasy. She'd seen the worship in the young wife's eyes afterward long sessions of nasty intercourse with Liam.

"Unfortunately, there's no way to prevent that," Brook said, her tits bobbling as she shrugged her shoulders. "When you're a young man, and all you do is have sex all day, you get quite good at it. You're not wrong... I think Jenna is quite smitten with Liam right now."

“But she's married to Josh, Brook,” her husband reminded her. “That's a problem.”

"We'll sort through all those... complicated emotions once everyone's back on Earth," she said carefully, her voice honey-sweet with practiced diplomacy.

Brook's thighs clenched involuntarily as she spoke with Roger, her body still humming with interrupted pleasure. Each question about her activities with Liam only intensified the ache between her legs, the emptiness where her son had been buried just minutes before.

"I should go now, Roger" she said, her voice honeyed but urgent. Her fingers toyed with the edge of her robe, exposing then concealing the curve of her breast. "Liam's waiting for me. We were in the middle of our... morning session."

Roger nodded stiffly, his goodbye barely audible as the connection ended. He sat motionless in his study, the ghost of his wife's flushed face lingering on the blank screen, the knowledge of what she was rushing back to settling like lead in his stomach.

Back in the breeding chamber, Serena's pretty head bobbed up and down with mechanical precision, her synthetic throat swallowing Liam's sinewy cock to impossible depths.

“Uh, f-fuck,” the boy gasped, his eyes widened as he peered down his torso, watching his glistening shaft vanish completely into her mouth, her lips stretched obscenely around his thickness.

Her engineered throat muscles rippled and contracted around him, milking his length with inhuman suction that no flesh-and-blood woman could replicate.

Serena's synthetic tongue—ribbed with silicone ridges and twice as long as a human's—slithered and flickered around his throbbing shaft like a hungry serpent. The wet, prehensile appendage vibrated at precisely 120 hertz, sending electric jolts through his cock that made pre-cum ooze from his slit in thick, pearly beads.

Her throat contracted in rhythmic waves, the artificial muscles clamping and releasing around his glans while vacuum suction pulled at his balls from the inside out. Liam's toes curled as the bot's programmed techniques wrung pleasure from him that no flesh-and-blood cocksucker could ever replicate.

His spine arched from the mattress as he gasped, "Holy fuck—it's like you're sucking my soul out through my dick!"

Serena's vacant eyes locked onto his face while her silicone lips— stretched obscenely into a perfect O—gobbled up every throbbing inch of his meat, her plastic throat bulging as his cockhead punched past her tonsils and lodged in her esophagus.

The door hissed open and Brook returned, untying her silk robe and letting it puddle at her feet. Her massive tits bobbed heavily with each step, veiny and engorged, dark nipples jutting out like thimbles, eager to be sucked.

"Well, what filthy little scene did I interrupt?" she purred, eyeing Serena's stretched lips wrapped obscenely around her son's glistening shaft.

Liam, breathless and flushed, managed to stammer out an answer. "I—I told Serena to keep my cock rock-hard for you, Mom."

The mother snorted. "Like that fucking monster ever goes soft," she said, licking her lips. "It's like a goddamn steel pipe."

Serena's artificial lips made an obscene wet pop as Liam's cock sprang free, the synthetic saliva connecting them in glistening strands. "His erection remains at optimal tumescence," she reported clinically, "with vasocongestion levels indicating imminent ejaculatory potential."

Brook's pussy clenched at the sight, juices trickling down her inner thigh. "Well, don't stop on my account then," she murmured, dropping to all fours on the bed and crawling between his splayed legs. "Mommy can feast on these swollen balls while this mechanical slut drains your shaft."

Serena and Brook attacked him from both ends like starving animals.

Brook's hot tongue slathered his ball sack with spit. She sucked one testicle entirely into her mouth, moaning like she was tasting gourmet cuisine. Her fingers dug into his thighs while she slobbered over his nuts, leaving them drenched in her saliva.

Meanwhile, Serena's synthetic throat muscles rippled obscenely around his cock, her mechanical gullet constricting with inhuman precision as she deep-throated him to the root, her nose repeatedly smashing against his pubic bone with each violent down-stroke.

"O-h-h, you fucking cocksuckers," the boy gasped. He clenched his teeth and tried to focus on other things—anything to hold back the tidal wave

building in his balls. But the dual assault of Serena's vacuum-seal throat and his mother's expert tongue made his cock throb like it might explode.

“Mmm, I can feel your balls clenching up, baby boy,” Brook purred, her lips vibrating against his quivering nuts.

"F-f-fuck, I can't—I'm gonna—" Liam stammered, his abs contracting violently. With a primal roar, his cock erupted, blasting thick, pearly ropes of teenage cum down Serena's synthetic gullet.

Her throat clicked and whirred as her internal cum reservoir filled with his sticky load, designed to store every last drop of potent sperm until it could be emptied through her artificial rectum.

“Yeeeaahh, empty those tanks,” Brook purred as her hungry mouth never left his balls, her tongue bathing his tightening sack as both women drained him dry, milking his pulsating cock until he sobbed from the intensity.

“Fuck, that was insane,” Liam sighed, chest heaved as he gasped for air, his sweat-slick torso quivering with aftershocks.

The two women hovered above him like predators, their hungry smiles making his spent cock twitch.

“Was our dual-stimulation technique satisfactory, Liam?” Serena chirped, her synthetic voice modulating to a sultry contralto.

“Did we milk you good, honey?” his mom added.

"Holy fuck," he panted, "that was easily among the top five orgasms I've had since I got here."

Before his cock could soften, Brook crawled up and straddled him, her thick thighs spreading wide as she wrapped her manicured fingers around his slippery shaft.

"I better be responsible for all your top five, baby boy," she said, peering down at him between her dangling udders, pumping his meat until it stood rigid again. She sank down on him with a filthy squelch, her greedy cunt swallowing his length to the root.

"GODDAMNIT," the boy spat as his hypersensitive cock-flesh was shrouded in velvet liquid heat.

Brook's massive tits begun to swing wildly, slapping softly against his face as she bounced on his cock like a woman possessed. "Mommy's gonna fuck you so good you'll forget how to count," she hissed.

"Your cervical mucus viscosity and basal temperature indicate peak ovulation," Serena announced flatly. "Despite expelling offspring merely 13 days ago, your cunt is primed for insemination."

Liam's eyes darkened as he grabbed his mother's ass. "Hear that? Time for me to knock you up again mom."

"Yes," Brook gasped, grinding on his teenage love-muscle, "fuck me hard and pump your seed into mommy's baby-maker."

Serena backed toward the door. "I'll leave you to finish your breeding session," she announced.

Liam's tongue traced lazy circles in the slick valley between Brook's pendulous breasts, the meat of her melons quivering with every fuck-hump

their bodies made. "What'd Dad want?" he mumbled, his lips vibrating against her flesh. "Sounded urgent."

Brook's snicker rumbled through her chest as she arched her back, shoving her massive tits harder against his face. "Your poor father's terrified we're up here being filthy little perverts," she answered.

Liam snorted, dragging his tongue along the sweaty underswell where her left tit met her ribcage. "Ridiculous," he growled, tasting the salty-sweet tang of her skin. "We're acting like innocent angels up here."

Brook's cunt walls clenched around his cock-meat as she rotated her hips, her dripping pussy making obscene squelching sounds.

"Absolutely," she giggled, grinding her swollen labia against his pubic bone. "We'd never do anything too nasty," she added, her slick hole churning his throbbing meat like a fist in butter.

"I think maybe he's afraid he's losing you to me," Liam suggested.

"Then he'd be right to worry," the mother sighed, squeezing his cock harder, "because I don't know how I'll ever give this up."

"I don't ever want it to end either," Liam sighed, feeling the slippery ring of her cervix drag and suck on his glans.

"Your father isn't the only one worried apparently," Brook added. "Your brother is crushed that you've been up his fucking his wife."

"Jenna already told me that I'm a thousand times better than him in bed," Liam proudly stated. "Chances are she'll be chasing my dick when we get

back home too.”

“Well, she'll have a hard time finding that dick of yours,” Brook said, doing an exceptionally deep figure-eight on his buried cock, making his toes curl. “Your mother plans on keeping it well-hidden, if you catch my drift?”

The mother sank her fingers into Liam's hair, yanking his face from between her heaving tits. "Now where were we," she growled, her cunt muscles clenching around his throbbing cock, "before Daddy's pathetic call interrupted Mommy's breeding time?"

She crushed her mouth against his, her tongue forcing its way between his lips while her hips swiveled brutally. Their teeth clacked together as she devoured him, her long tongue whipping through his mouth.

Liam's hands mauled her ass cheeks, fingers digging into the soft flesh as their bodies slapped together in a frenzied rut.

His recent eruption had transformed his cock into a numb battering ram, perfect for Brook's selfish pleasure. She bucked and thrashed atop him, her greedy cunt rippling through one violent orgasm after another.

"FUCK! FUUUUCK!" she howled, her pussy lips flowering open then clamping shut around his shaft, gushing hot cunt-honey that ran in rivulets down his ball sack and pooled beneath his ass.

Her swollen labia made obscene squelching noises against his groin, like someone stirring macaroni in a pot of thick cheese. An hour later, the mattress beneath them resembled a swamp, soaked through with her endless female ejaculate.

Liam flipped his mom onto her back with practiced ease, her sweat-slick body sliding across the soaked sheets. He hoisted her thick thighs up, draping her legs over his broad shoulders until her glistening cunt was perfectly positioned beneath his throbbing cock. Eight months of non-stop breeding had transformed his once-clumsy strokes into methodical, devastating thrusts that targeted her g-spot with brutal precision. “Look how much you've soaked me, mom,” he said, slapping his wet dick against her engorged clit.

“You make me gush, baby,” she panted, still recovering from her last climax.

He leaned forward, folding her nearly in half, and clamped his teeth around her swollen nipple, tugging until a jet of warm milk sprayed across his tongue. "Tell me how you want this dick, Mommy," he growled, his cock head teasing her puffy labia.

Brook's eyes rolled back as she babbled, "Fucking wreck me—pound this cunt raw!"

Liam's hips became a piston, his veiny shaft disappearing into her squelching hole with wet, obscene slaps that echoed through the room. Her cunt convulsed violently around him, gushing warm fluids that pooled beneath her ass as she shrieked through three consecutive orgasms.

“Take my fucking cock,” Liam growled as his hips jackhammered like a feral beast in rut, his cum-heavy nut-sack slapping against her puckered asshole with each savage thrust.

Her cunt-honey erupted in obscene spurts between their colliding bodies, spattering the sheets with her viscous juices. His face disappeared between her heaving tit-mountains, his tongue lapping desperately at her salt-slick flesh while her limbs locked around him like a vise.

The molten seed churned violently in his balls, pressure building as he plowed her maternal fuck-hole with unrelenting teenage vigor. "Gonna... fucking... explode," he groaned, his words garbled against her sweat-drenched mammaries.

"Fill Mommy's cunt," she hissed as her engorged clit throbbed and her urethra dilated, female ejaculate gushing from her hole. "Give me your baby!

His balls tightened like twin fists, cum churning violently in his swollen sack before surging through his vas deferens. The hot payload rocketed up his shaft, his cock swelling impossibly wider as rope after rope of thick baby batter erupted from his purple helmet.

His jizz painted his mother's cervix white, flooding her hungry cunt-cave with potent spunk that mixed with her own creamy grool, creating a churning froth that squelched obscenely around his pile-driving fuck-stick with each brutal thrust.

"FUCK!" the teen groaned. "F-F-FUCK!"

Liam's body convulsed violently between his mother's splayed thighs, his spine arching like he'd been electrocuted as her cunt walls rippled and squeezed around his pulsing shaft.

Brook's expert pussy muscles clamped and released in rhythmic waves, her sopping wet hole making obscene squelching sounds as she forcibly extracted every last droplet of his virile teen spunk.

Utterly drained, he collapsed against her sweat-slick tits, his face buried in the valley of her heaving cleavage. "Holy fuck, Mom," he panted, his hot breath condensing on her glistening skin, "I just flooded your hungry cunt with enough baby batter to knock you up three times over."

Brook's throaty laugh vibrated through her chest as she raked her nails down his back. "You better have, stud," she purred, her pussy still greedily milking his softening cock, "Mommy's womb is aching for your potent seed."

Brook's sweat-slick body clung to Liam's as they lay tangled in the aftermath, her cum-flooded cunt still occasionally twitching around his softening cock.

Her thoughts drifted to her husband's pathetic phone call. Poor Roger was clearly heartbroken knowing his son was balls-deep in her premium MILF-grade pussy. All the husbands were probably the same too—whining about "fairness" while their wives' cunts got stretched by teenage meat.

*"Tough shit," Brook thought. "This was the new order: mothers milking their sons' virile cocks day and night, their marriage beds cold while they fulfilled their breeding duties. Sure, it was filthy, depraved work—our tits constantly leaking, our holes perpetually gaped and dripping—but that's what happens when fucking becomes your full-time occupation for a year.*