



BREED – PART 1

By Klrxo

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, claspings 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 primed 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 scantily 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 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 fucking."

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-glans 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 pulsated 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 peccs 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 clasp 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...