

BREED

PART 3



BY KLRXO

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While the blue-green Earth rotated silently beneath them, Liam lay sprawled across the plush white sheets of his private breeding chamber, nearly disappearing beneath a writhing tangle of pregnant female bodies as they fucked and clawed at his teenage body. The chamber was pitch black, the panoramic windows electronically tinted to block out even the faintest glimmer of the planet's reflected sunlight.

From beneath the writhing tangle of limbs and sweat-slicked flesh came a breathless, soprano cry that cut through the symphony of moans. "Fuck yesss! Pound my pussy harder with that big cock! Split me open!"

In this artificial night, the teenager's enhanced senses were overwhelmed by the intoxicating perfume of wet pussy mingling with the musky scent of his own ejaculate. The velvet-soft press of MILF skin against his taut muscles, the delicious weight of milk-swollen tits dragging across his chest, and the firm roundness of distended fetus-packed bellies brushing against his flanks as his harem of mothers, aunts and cousins competed for his sexual attention with breathy moans and desperate, needy whimpers.

Liam's hands sunk against taut, rounded bellies surrounding him, marveling at the accelerated growth made possible by the Trimonth™ hormonal supplements that had revolutionized human reproduction aboard the vessel. Each swollen abdomen—some already sporting pronounced outward navels—housed fetuses developing at triple Earth's natural pace.

The women's skin had taken on that characteristic opalescent glow, stretched tight over wombs that had been empty just twelve weeks earlier when he'd pinned each one down, fucked them like a horny animal and pumped them full of his potent boy-seed.

Now their huge tits and swollen teats leaked colostrum, blue veins mapped their bellies, and their hips had already begun widening in preparation for the imminent births.

“Oh fuck... OH FUCK, THAT'S SO GOOD!” Liam whimpered as he took powerful thrusts into the pregnancy-enhanced pussy engulfing his throbbing member, feeling his swollen, purple crown press insistently against the tight, puckered gateway of her womb.

The woman returned a pleasure-squeal and a gush of warm fem-cream bathed his shaft. She slipped away, lifting from his meat pole, only to be immediately replaced by another molten sheath—this one with distinctive ridges that dragged exquisitely along his sensitive underside.

The familiar texture of this vagina sent a jolt of recognition through his pleasure-fogged mind. His brother's wife, Jenna—he'd know those uniquely rippled inner walls anywhere. Each woman in his harem possessed a signature feel around his penile flesh—from Grandma Lorraine's hot spongy interior lining to his mother's tight, gripping channel that seemed to milk him with deliberate pulses.

“FUCK!” the teenager snarled between the cushion of heavy milk-swollen breasts, his face buried in their warm, yielding softness as feminine hands with manicured nails raked down his sweat-slicked torso.

Long, wet tongues traced intricate patterns across his chest and thighs, while eager mouths sucked purple marks onto his neck and shoulders. He felt like he was drowning beneath a writhing mass of silken flesh and tangled limbs, each woman's body radiating heat as they competed to pleasure him.

The heady aroma of fem-juices hung thick in the air—a complex bouquet of musk and honey that made his head swim. In the pitch darkness, every sensation intensified tenfold; the slick sounds of wet flesh sliding against his own echoed in his ears like thunder.

Time dissolved into a hazy blur of sweat-slicked skin and breathless moans. Minutes stretched into hours, marked only by the rhythmic slap of flesh against flesh. His fourth climax had torn through him

like lightning not long ago, his seed erupting in thick, pearlescent ropes that flooded a womb already rounded with his child.



Despite having claimed every female relative with his virile essence—their bellies all bearing the taut, rounded evidence of his potency—the carnal ritual continued unabated. The ship's protocols were clear: sustained sexual pleasure for the females optimized fetal development, their trembling, toe-curling orgasms flooding

developing embryos with vital hormones that would ensure the next generation's strength.

The bedding below them was a special nano-fiber material engineered to rapidly absorb and evaporate the torrent of sexual fuck-fluids, though not before every glistening droplet had been violently expelled around Liam's tireless erection, splattering between their sweat-slicked bodies and cascading down his heavy balls onto the sheets.

The teenage breeding prince trembled and whimpered as maternal cunt flanges beat tirelessly against his cock-roots suctioning themselves to his throbbing flesh, while strong corrugated muscular tubes inside each woman rhythmically squeezed and quivered around his veiny battering-ram with every shuddering female orgasm.

"Oh fuck," the teen whimpered as his sister-in-law Jenna's orgasm erupted around him, her inner walls clenching and rippling with such force that his vision blurred with stars. Their genitals wrestled violently in the darkness—his shaft pulsing with thick, rosy veins while her sopping channel gripped him like a silken vise, squeezing rhythmically from base to tip.

Each contraction of her uniquely ridged passage milked him mercilessly, drawing his swollen purple crown against her cervix

with hydraulic precision. Jenna's honeyed cream gushed in scorching waves, flooding his heavy, churning nuts as she worked herself to a mind-blowing, ball-soaking climax that left both of them trembling and gasping for breath.

Finally, Jenna's swollen cock-sleeve released him with an obscene, wet squelch that echoed in the darkness, her cream-slicked labia reluctantly peeling away from his glistening shaft. He sensed the immediate shift in the bed as three female bodies scrambled toward him, their desperate whimpers filling his ears:

"Please, my turn," one of them purred.

"No, I need it next," said another.

"Let me taste him," said one of Liam's aunts.

A pair of strong thighs straddled him, and a molten core descended onto his pulsating cock. Simultaneously, his mother's pillowy tits enveloped his head from behind.

"Mother, help me position him," Brook said to Lorraine, and her hands gripped his shoulders, pulling him deeper into her daughter's fleshy cocoon while her own pendulous breasts flattened against his heaving chest.

Trapped between generations of his female lineage, Liam gasped as his grandmother's tongue traced hot, deliberate patterns across his

throat, her experienced mouth working his pulse point as the anonymous woman impaled on his manhood began bouncing with savage, desperate intensity.

His cousin Mia slithered across the sweat-slicked sheets, her pregnant belly dragging on his abs. "Is there any part of him left for me?" she purred, her voice thick with need.

Brook grasped her son's chin as his flushed face peeked from between her glistening cleavage. "His face," she told her niece with a knowing smile, her manicured nails digging possessively into his jawline.

Liam barely had time to gasp before Mia mounted him, her swollen, dripping pussy descending over his mouth like a silken veil, the musky scent of her arousal overwhelming his senses as she ground herself against his eager tongue.

Both his mom and cousin gripped fistfuls of Liam's sweat-dampened hair, their manicured nails scraping against his scalp as Mia ground her swollen, glistening sex against her younger cousin's face. Her pregnancy-enhanced folds—plumper and more sensitive than they'd ever been—quivered against his expert tongue.

Mia's thighs tightened around his face as she moaned, "Don't stop, please... right there," her voice breaking into a breathless whimper.

She couldn't help but compare his skillful ministrations to her loving husband's earnest but clumsy attempts back on Earth. She did miss Richard, his gentle hands and devoted eyes—they'd only celebrated their first anniversary before the mission—but the white-hot pleasure radiating from her core as Liam's tongue danced across her throbbing pearl was an intoxicating consolation for the distance separating her from her earthbound spouse.

Liam's muffled whimper vibrated against his cousin's dripping folds, his oxygen-starved lungs burning as her honeyed essence coated his lips and chin. His skull was cradled in the velvet valley between his mother's pendulous tits, their weight pressing against his cheeks while rivulets of warm milk trickled down his neck.

His grandmother's serpentine tongue traced elaborate patterns along his carotid artery, her teeth occasionally grazing his pulse point as her wrinkled yet still-supple breasts flattened against his collarbone.

“Mmm, such a tasty little pussy-pleasing teenager,” she purred between flicks of her tongue.

The symphony of sensations intensified as unborn children—his own offspring—kicked against his ribs through the taut, stretched skin of their mothers' bellies.

Below his waist, a mysterious relative's expert cunt gripped his throbbing shaft with undulating contractions while another's silken tongue danced between his testicles, her saliva mingling with the overflow of feminine nectar that had pooled there.

Sharp, manicured nails left crimson trails across his inner thighs, marking him as property of his harem. It was a kaleidoscope of carnal delight that threatened to shatter his sanity.

Suddenly, his mother's lips were at his ear, her words hot and thick with wanton depravity. "That's right, baby," she purred, her tongue flicking his earlobe as her fingers continued their merciless assault on his pulse point. "Eat your cousin's cream-filled pussy like the good little breeding bull you are. Suck that sweet nectar from her juicy, swollen folds. Make her scream your name."

Liam felt a heavily-pregnant body slither up from below, the taut skin of a distended belly gliding against his sweat-slicked thigh. His aunt Tara's honeyed voice purred, "Is there room at his neck for me?"

His grandmother's hands shifted possessively. "I'll make space," she rasped, her silver-streaked hair tickling his shoulder as she repositioned.

Liam squirmed helplessly as two experienced tongues traced intricate patterns along his carotid artery. Soft, pillowy tits of

different generations pressed against him from all sides while gravid, undulating bellies containing his own progeny completely buried his trembling young body beneath a living blanket of feminine flesh. Through it all, he never ceased his dutiful ministrations between his cousin's quivering thighs.

The woman on Liam's cock cried out, "I'm cumming!" in a voice he instantly recognized as his cousin Sasha's—that distinctive breathless soprano that had always carried across family dinners. She rode him with frantic, jackhammer intensity, her thighs quivering against his hips as her inner walls clamped down like a silken vise. Her release came in pulsating waves, hot feminine nectar cascading down his shaft and pooling in the creases of his groin.

Simultaneously, Mia's thighs clenched around his ears as she squealed through her own climax, her honeyed girl-cum flooding his mouth and chin in sticky rivulets that dripped down his neck.

The assembled women barely acknowledged the mingled fluids painting their intertwined limbs—these baptismal waters were simply part of the sacred ritual, as natural as the recycled oxygen they breathed in their sealed chamber.

Sasha's cream-slicked cunt lifted from his pulsating shaft with an audible pop, leaving his glistening member twitching in the cool air.

He caught fragments of urgent whispers—"Let me taste him," "I need his essence"—before three hungry mouths descended upon him in unison.

His Aunt Kira's plump, glossy lips engulfed his purple crown, her tongue swirling expertly around the sensitive ridge while her throat muscles relaxed to accommodate his impressive girth.

Meanwhile, his aunt Tara and cousin Sasha positioned themselves on either side, their hot breath mingling as they lavished attention on his heavy, churning testicles. Four manicured hands gripped his trembling thighs, pushing them back and apart to expose every inch of his most vulnerable anatomy to their ravenous appetites.

Liam gasped for precious oxygen as his cousin's still-dripping pussy lifted off his face, leaving gossamer strands of her essence stretching between his swollen lips and her flushed labia.

With her nails still cruelly embedded in his disheveled chestnut locks, Brook forcefully her son's neck at a vulnerable angle and sealed her crimson-painted lips to his in a intimate kiss, her experienced tongue greedily harvesting every droplet of her niece's honeyed nectar from the warm cavern of his mouth.

A single crystalline tear of overwhelming pleasure carved a glistening path down the boy's flushed cheek as the delicate skin of his exposed throat continued to be ravaged by sharp teeth and

hungry mouths while his mother's serpentine tongue—impossibly long and dexterous—explored every ridge and recess of his palate.

He desperately lashed his own licker against hers in primal response, their slick muscles performing a frantic, obscene ballet inside the humid theater of his mouth.

The symphony of lewd, wet snarls and vulgar sucking sounds reverberated through the dimly-lit chamber as ravenous female bodies writhed and feasted upon his trembling form.

Liam's desperate gasp for air was cut short as a pendulous, milk-laden tit engulfed his entire face, his features disappearing into the pillowy expanse of alabaster flesh. He couldn't identify which female relative had claimed his mouth—only that her mammary was impossibly full and heavy, its skin stretched taut and marbled with delicate blue veins beneath his fluttering eyelashes.

The warm, sweet-scented tit-globe yielded like memory foam against his cheekbones while the milk inside audibly sloshed with each frantic heartbeat. When his lips found the prominent nipple—dusky rose and distended to twice its normal length—he drew it deep into the humid cavern of his mouth and suckled with primal hunger, his tongue laving the textured areola as tepid, honey-sweet mother's milk flooded his eager throat.

At his crotch hovered his Aunt Kira, Aunt Tara and his cousin Sasha, their mouths working in obscene harmony. Sasha's platinum blonde hair cascaded across his trembling thighs as she engulfed his rigid shaft, her hollowed cheeks and fluttering eyelashes betraying her single-minded devotion to her task.

Meanwhile, his aunts had their flushed faces nestled against his taut scrotum, their tongues leaving glistening trails across the delicate skin as they passed one heavy, pulsating testicle between them like a sacred relic, each taking turns to gently suckle and tug at the sensitive organ before relinquishing it to her sister with a vulgar, wet pop.

The two sisters exchanged whispered instructions between slurps, their crimson-painted lips glistening with saliva as they meticulously mapped every millimeter of his teenage scrotum.

"Right there," Tara murmured, her manicured fingernail indicating a particularly sensitive nexus of nerves beneath the taut skin, which Kira immediately targeted with the pointed tip of her tongue. "That spot is so tender."

They worked with the precision of cardiovascular surgeons, their warm breath alternating between cooling and heating the delicate terrain as they systematically reduced him to whimpering surrender through their encyclopedic knowledge of male anatomy.

Tara's scarlet-tipped index finger traced a prominent blue vein along the underside of his left testicle. "Feel how swollen and sensitive he is right here," she whispered, her warm breath condensing on the taut, delicate skin.

Kira's eyes—identical emerald-green to her sister's—flashed with predatory hunger. "Let's nurse on it together," she suggested, her voice a honeyed purr.

In perfect synchronicity, the sisters' glossy lips descended, creating a seal of wet heat around opposite hemispheres of the quivering orb. Their tongues—one flicking rapidly, one making slow, deliberate circles—worked in counterpoint while occasionally grazing teeth sent electric jolts through Liam's spine, forcing muffled, desperate whimpers into the suffocating cavern of his mother's mouth.

Sasha's platinum-blond head bobbed with practiced rhythm, her glossy lips stretched to their limit around her cousin's impressive girth. Her tongue traced elaborate patterns along the prominent vein on the underside while she hollowed her cheeks to create the perfect suction.

Years of experience—from fumbling teenage encounters in her parents' basement to drunken college hookups—had honed her technique to artful precision. Though she adored pleasuring her

new husband, his modest endowment had never challenged her like Liam's magnificent cock, which initially defeated her attempts to swallow it completely.

Now, relaxing her throat muscles with yogic control, she felt her nose brush against the trimmed thatch at his base as tears of effort glistened on her mascara-darkened lashes.

As the hours progressed, the women tag-teamed Liam's body with relentless abandon, each craving their turn to worship his virile form. They manipulated him like a human sex toy, contorting his lithe teenage body into a series of acrobatic positions that would have been impossible with their husbands.

In a frenzy of lust, they sucked, licked, and fondled his every inch, while others greedily impaled themselves upon his glistening shaft. The harem of insatiable females had long ago discarded any semblance of modesty or restraint, reduced to snarling, salivating she-beasts in the grip of their primal urges.

“Yes...fuck me hard, baby boy!” Liam’s grandma Lorraine growled, her voice guttural and primal as she clutched at him like a Kodiak bear in heat as Liam fucked her from the top.

Her powerful thighs squeezed him between them, her nails raking down his back like claws on bark. Her massive, quivering ass bucked against the mattress with each savage thrust. Her eyes were

wild, irises swallowed by lust-filled pupils as droplets of sweat beaded on her furrowed brow.

Liam's heart thundered in his chest, his every fiber on edge as he plunged his oversized teenaged cock into his grandmother's depths.

"Oh fuck, yes, gran!" he gasped, his fingers entangled in his grandmother's silver locks, his hips bucking wildly as he sought even greater friction. His world had narrowed to the primal act of rutting, his once-young, inexperienced body pushed to its limits by the insatiable horde of lusty women.

Liam's body convulsed uncontrollably, his spine arching like a bow drawn taut. His gluteal muscles clenched rhythmically, creating a hypnotic blur as he drove himself forward with primal ferocity.

A guttural roar tore from his throat as the first molten surge of release built at the base of his shaft, then erupted through him with volcanic force. Thick ropes of pearlescent fluid pulsed from his engorged penis in powerful jets, coating Lorraine's silken inner walls with his viscous essence until it overflowed, trickling down to pool on the sweat-dampened sheets beneath them.

"My turn," his Aunt Tara purred, her manicured nails stroking his face as she guided him off her mother and onto his back, straddled him once more. "You're nowhere near done, stud."

In the pitch darkness of the station's breeding quarters, they devoured him—seven writhing bodies crushing against him from all sides, enormous milk-laden breasts smothering his face while gravid bellies pressed into his back, his sides, his chest, until he could barely draw breath beneath their ravenous weight. Liam's sweat-drenched frame disappeared entirely beneath the heaving mass of feminine flesh.

Seven women crushed against him like a tsunami of flesh, their skin scorching and slick with sweat that pooled in the deep valleys between heaving breasts and grotesquely swollen bellies. Engorged labia slammed violently against the base of his shaft, each impact sending electric shocks through his spine as hot, viscous fluids erupted between their bodies with audible splashes that echoed in the darkness.

The air thickened to soup, saturated with desperate gasps and the raw animal musk of sex. Hands clawed and seized at flesh with bruising force; nails dug crescents into shoulders, thighs, scalp. The darkness transformed every touch into electric shock—the crushing weight of swollen bodies smothering him, heat pulsing from skin like radiation, demands hissed through clenched teeth. Liam fought for oxygen in the epicenter of this writhing mass, his lungs burning as he drowned in the overwhelming tide of ravenous fertility.

On earth, Roger, Brook's husband, paced the floor of his home anxiously. The holographic communication terminal in the center of the room remained dormant, its projection plate collecting dust. His heart raced as he checked his wrist implant—2:57 PM, just three minutes until the prearranged call from his wife Brook.

The Orbital Reproduction Initiative's regulations had grown increasingly severe; not a single transmission had been permitted between Earth-bound husbands and their wives aboard the station for three months.

Roger wasn't alone in his suffering—throughout the city dozens of other men waited just as he did, separated from their wives by 400 kilometers of cold space and bureaucratic cruelty.

The connection chimed with a soft melodic tone as Brook materialized before him, her holographic form shimmering with photorealistic clarity.

Roger's breath caught in his throat. His wife's brunette hair cascaded past her shoulders, framing her flushed face. Her fully-pregnant belly protruded proudly beneath a thin, stretchy camisole that barely contained her giant, milk-heavy tits.

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The miniskirt rode low beneath the dome of her abdomen, revealing the linea nigra trailing down her navel. "Hi, honey," she whispered, her voice breaking slightly as she extended a translucent hand toward him.

Roger swallowed hard. "You look so...pregnant," he managed, his voice catching.

Brook's cheeks flushed pink as she ran her palm over the taut dome of her belly. "Well, THAT IS why we're up here, remember?" she reminded him softly.

Roger nodded, but couldn't tear his eyes from the telltale sheen on her skin, the swollen fullness of her lips, the languid heaviness of her half-lidded eyes. Something primal and jealous twisted in his gut. His wife looked thoroughly, recently fucked and pleased in ways he hadn't been responsible in all their years together. His stomach clenched into a cold, hard knot.

"When are you, um...due?" His eyes couldn't help but fixate on the taut, veined skin of her belly, stretched to its absolute limit. Brook caressed the enormous dome of her abdomen with both hands, her wedding ring glinting accusingly in the holographic light.

"The doctors say any day now," she whispered, her eyes taking on a dreamy quality. "And then, after my one-week recovery period,

Liam and I will start working on the next one." Her tongue darted out to wet her lips, her pupils dilating at the mere thought.

"How is Liam doing up there?" Roger asked.

Brook's tired smile widened slightly, her hands cradling her swollen abdomen almost protectively. "He's doing amazing, Roger," she said, pride in her voice as she rubbed her belly softly. "He's really stepped up to the plate since we've been here. He's a natural, just like we knew he would be."

Her eyes glazed over with a faraway look. "In fact, he's in a breeding session right now with your mother. You should see how absolutely radiant she looks pregnant."

Roger felt his knees buckle beneath him as unbidden images flooded his mind: his teenage son's lean, muscular body pinning his mother to the station's clinical bed, her silver-streaked hair fanned across pillows, her voluptuous figure—those same magnificent tits that had haunted Roger's adolescent fantasies—now bouncing rhythmically with each powerful thrust.

He imagined her throaty moans echoing through the sterile corridors of the station, her manicured nails leaving crescent-shaped indentations in his son's sweat-slicked shoulders.

The father's fists clenched at his sides as jealousy, lust, and a crushing sense of inadequacy coiled in his gut. "That's... that's good,

I suppose," he managed, his voice hoarse. "I... I'm glad he's making us all proud."

"He can go for hours, Roger," Brook confessed, absently licking her bottom lip. "Sometimes ten to twelve times a day. Yesterday he satisfied my sister, your mother, and me in a single afternoon without even needing a recovery period."

Her fingers traced small circles on her distended belly as she spoke, her cheeks flushed with remembered pleasure.

Roger's shoulders slumped, his voice barely audible as he stared at the floor. "So you're... you're all just having sex constantly up there." It wasn't a question.

Brook's fingers twisted nervously at the hem of her camisole as she nodded. "Yes," she admitted, not meeting his eyes. "Liam and I alone... have sex for at least three or four hours every day. Sometimes more."

"Three to four hours? But you're already pregnant," Roger stated. "Why are you still—"

"The doctors insist that regular penetration and climax improve blood flow to the placenta," she answered, cutting him off before he could even finish his question. "Semen contains hormones that strengthen the amniotic sac," she explained, her voice taking on the

clinical tone. "They monitor our oxytocin levels daily. It's mandatory—for the health of the babies."

"So the doctors are ordering my wife to spread her legs for my teenage son. How wonderfully scientific," he spat, voice trembling with barely contained rage.

Brook's expression softened, her eyes welling with empathy. "Roger, I know this is an incredibly difficult time for you," she began, her hand reaching out as if to comfort him across the vast distance separating them. "But it's for the greater good. The human race needs us. For now, Liam's duty is here, having sex with all of us. He should be making you proud, not jealous or angry."

All of the women spoke to their husbands that day - Brook's sisters Tara and Kira connected with their Earth-bound spouses through shimmering holograms, their swollen bodies barely contained by regulation-issue maternity wear.

Tara's husband, Marcus, gripped his armchair with white knuckles as she absently stroked her baby-packed belly, the wedding band he'd placed on her finger now stretched tight against her swollen digit.

"So, what have you been up to today, honey?" The question hung between them like a live wire.

Tara's cheeks flushed crimson as she averted her eyes, one hand absently stroking the taut curve of her belly. "It's probably best if you don't know, darling," she whispered, teeth catching her bottom lip.

Marcus's jaw tightened, a muscle twitching beneath his three-day stubble. "It's ok, tell me," he demanded, voice cracking.

Tara sighed, her swollen breasts rising and falling beneath the thin fabric of her camisole. "They call it a mating ball," she finally admitted, words tumbling out in a breathless rush. "All of us women, in a darkened room, our pregnant bodies pressed against Liam from every angle. Hands, mouths, and...other things, working in unison like—" she swallowed hard, "—like sex-starving animals. They say the primal nature of the experience maximizes fertility."

Marcus's stomach sunk like an anchor through dark water as vivid images flooded his mind: his beautiful, voluptuous wife's flushed body writhing at the center of a tangle of limbs and torsos, her lipstick smeared across her panting mouth, her huge tits bouncing as she ground herself against Liam's sweat-slicked teenage body.

He could almost hear the symphony of moans, the wet sounds of flesh meeting flesh, see the other women—mothers, sisters, aunts—their pregnant bellies gleaming with perspiration as they took turns

with the boy, hands everywhere, mouths hungry, eyes glazed with animal lust.

Tara couldn't help the slight upward curl of her lips as she watched Marcus's eyes darken with pain, his pupils dilating with each word she spoke. The knowledge that Liam—barely eighteen, with stamina that left her thighs trembling and voice hoarse—now commanded her body's responses in ways Marcus never had sent a forbidden thrill through her.

She leaned forward, her swollen tits straining against thin fabric, and spoke in the gentle, patronizing tone one might use with a child. "Try not to fixate on the physical aspects," she cooed, one hand absently caressing the taut dome where Liam's seed had taken root. "Focus instead on our sacred duty to humanity. These babies—" she emphasized the plural deliberately, watching him flinch, "—represent mankind's future."

Kira's husband, David, maintained a brittle smile as his wife's nipples visibly hardened beneath her thin top when Liam's name was mentioned, her flushed skin and tousled hair betraying exactly how she'd spent the hours before their call.

His eyes drifted down to her exposed chest where a constellation of purplish-red marks bloomed across the pale, freckled slopes of her

cleavage. The bruises formed a trail that disappeared beneath the stretched fabric of her camisole.

“What are...those?” he asked, voice barely a whisper.

She traced one mark with her fingertip, her wedding ring glinting in the blue light of the hologram. "Liam...put them there," she confessed with a half-smile that didn't reach her eyes. "You remember what it's like at that age, don't you? The way teenage boys get so... enthusiastic about boobs like mine."

David's voice cracked. "So you're just letting him suck all over them?"

Kira shrugged her shoulders with a lazy, self-satisfied smirk. "Boys his age just can't help themselves when it comes to tits," she said, absently tracing one of the purple marks with her fingertip. "When they're thrusting away, lost in that animal rhythm, they need something to latch onto, to taste. It's primal—I couldn't discourage it even if I wanted to."

"He's marking you like you're his property, Kira" he said in an irritated tone.

"In a sexual sense, I am his, honey," she replied. "At least until our breeding assignment is over. Tit-sucking isn't just encouraged during sex—Liam gets twice-daily nursing sessions. It's part of the breeding program.

"Nursing sessions?" her husband repeated with a scowl.

"Yes, we sit in a circle and he moves from breast to breast, drawing warm, sweet milk from each of us in turn. The doctors say it's essential," she added, her cheeks flushed. "The nutrients in our milk enhance his virility. You should see how much stronger he's gotten."

David's stomach churned violently, as unwanted images flooded his mind: his teenage nephew's face pressed against his wife's pale skin, lips sealed around her swollen nipple, cheeks hollowing with each greedy pull. He could almost hear the wet, rhythmic sounds of suction, see the way her areola would pucker and stretch between Liam's hungry lips, how droplets of pearly milk might escape and trail down the curve of her breast while her fingers tangled in the boy's hair, guiding him closer.

His wife leaned forward, her eyes softening with practiced sympathy as her husband's face contorted with pain. "Please try to understand," she whispered, "We're following strict breeding protocols here. Every thrust, every climax, every drop of his seed—it's all carefully measured and monitored for optimal fetal development."

Her voice took on that honeyed tone she used when explaining difficult concepts to children. "The greater good demands sacrifices

from all of us. Your sacrifice is emotional; mine is physical." She paused, her lips curving into what might have been mistaken for a reassuring smile. "Though I wouldn't exactly call it a hardship."

Jenna's hologram materialized in their living room at precisely 3:15 PM, her auburn hair piled in a messy bun atop her head, tendrils clinging to neck. Josh's throat constricted at the sight of her—his wife of 4 years now completely pregnant, camisole stretched so tightly across her distended abdomen that the fabric had become nearly transparent. Twin mounds pressed visibly against her skin from within.

"Hi, honey. I've got twins," she announced, her voice a breathless mixture of exhaustion and pride as she cradled the enormous dome of her belly.

Josh's gaze fixed on the stretched skin of her baby-ball, taut as a drum beneath the thin fabric. "Looks like my little brother really did a number on you," he said, his voice catching slightly.

Jenna's cheeks flushed crimson as her fingers traced the prominent curve where the twins pressed outward. "Yeah, he's something

alright," she whispered, eyes briefly unfocusing as though lost in a memory.

Josh swallowed hard, Adam's apple bobbing. "How long did it take to..." he gestured vaguely at her swollen form.

She shifted in her seat. "I was the third to catch," she replied, unconsciously licking her lips. "After about a month of vigorous... trying."

Josh could tell by the guilty flush spreading across his wife's face—that telltale pink that always bloomed from her chest upward when she lied—that "vigorous trying" meant his teenage brother mounting her repeatedly, day after day.

His stomach twisted into a cold, hard knot as memories surfaced: Jenna's first visit to his family home when they just started dating. Liam was just a gangly thirteen-year-old with acne-spotted cheeks and braces. The way she'd laughed, auburn hair catching afternoon sunlight as she kicked the soccer ball back and forth with the boy in grass-stained jeans. How she'd ruffled Liam's hair at dinner, admiring those ridiculous Spiderman pajamas with the worn knees and faded web patterns.

Now those same childish hands were exploring every inch of her body, his sinewy cock digging through her tightly-tubed cunt. Those once-innocent eyes watching her writhe beneath him as their

twins—proof of their animal coupling—stretched her womb to its limits.

Josh's knuckles whitened around the arm of his chair, bile rising in his throat. "If you're already carrying two babies," he managed through clenched teeth, "why is my brother still having sex with you?"

Jenna's fingers fluttered nervously at the hem of her camisole, her eyes darting away from his gaze. "It's just... maintenance sex," she explained, voice dropping to a whisper. "Not like before, when we were actively breeding."

"Maintenance sex?" Josh repeated.

"Yes, only about three hours daily now," she admitted, absently tracing the stretched skin where a tiny foot visibly pressed outward. "The doctors monitor everything. They say my orgasms increase blood flow to the placenta, strengthen fetal development." Her cheeks flushed pink as she spoke, betraying the pleasure those clinical words concealed.

Jenna didn't dare tell him she was getting the best fucks of her life up there. That his little brother's thick, relentless thrusts had her seeing stars, her toes curling against the clinical sheets as waves of pleasure crashed through her trembling body. That her throat went raw from screaming his name, her nails leaving crescent moons on

his sweat-slicked back as she came harder than she ever had before. She merely reminded him, voice still husky from her morning session, that they were all doing their part for the cause.

Later, after the holographic calls were over, the women reconvened in the brightly lit common area, their swollen bellies swaying with each step like overripe fruit. Their faces flushed, they sipped on steaming mugs of herbal tea and gossiped animatedly about their husbands' reactions.

Tara chortled into her mug. "David's face!" she managed, wiping the tears from her eyes. "He looked like he'd swallowed a live goldfish! I thought his eyeballs would pop right out of his head when he saw how pregnant I was!"

Kira doubled over with laughter beside her sister. "Oh, but you should've seen Marcus!" she gasped between peals of laughter. "He just sat there, speechless, like a gaping codfish!"

Jenna tossed her head back, her laughter sending ripples across her distended belly. "Josh actually asked how many hours Liam and I spend fucking every day," she said, her cheeks flushed pink with remembered pleasure. "Talk about awkward."

"And? What did you tell him?" Kira asked.

Jenna's fingers absently traced the outline of a tiny foot pressing against her taut skin. "I couldn't lie. Told him three hours daily."

Tara snorted, nearly choking on her tea. "Christ, imagine that—knowing your baby brother is pounding the fucking shit out of your wife for three hours every single day."

The women's laughter echoed off the sterile walls, their swollen bodies shaking with cruel mirth.

Jenna arranged her features into a fake mask of guilt as she shrugged her shoulders beneath her camisole. "I do feel terrible about it," she murmured, one hand splayed protectively across her swollen abdomen where Liam's twins grew. "But the breeding program is government-mandated. What choice do we have?"

Around her, the other women nodded with exaggerated sympathy, their eyes gleaming with barely suppressed delight, bodies still humming with the echoes of their morning sessions with the virile young man who serviced them all.

Liam sauntered into the common area and reached for a water bottle, Adam's apple bobbing as he drained half of it in one long gulp. "Just had my call with Dad," he said, wiping his mouth with the back of his hand. "Talk about uncomfortable. He could barely look at me."



The women exchanged knowing glances, their swollen bellies quivering with suppressed laughter. Tara, her cheeks still flushed, cocked an eyebrow. "What did you expect? You're pumping his wife full of your cum every day while her belly grows with your baby. Not exactly a Hallmark moment, is it?"

Brook stepped over and hugged her boy, crushing his lean frame against her swollen body. Her breasts, heavy with milk, pressed against his chest while her distended belly—taut and round as a beach ball—nudged his flat abdomen. "Honey, don't let that bother you," Brook purred.

She stroked his hair with maternal tenderness that contrasted sharply with the carnal reality of their situation. "You have nothing to feel guilty about," she whispered, her breath warm against his ear. "We're all just doing our duty to humanity. Your father needs to accept that, even if it hurts him."

His grandmother Lorraine waddled over to join the embrace, her swollen belly—stretched taut with a fully developed fetus pressing against his back while Brook's pressed his front. The teen found himself sandwiched between generations of fertility, trapped in a cocoon of distended abdomens and hormone-swollen breasts.

"Listen, sweetheart," Lorraine cooed, her breath hot against his neck, "the mind-shattering climaxes we all enjoy, the toe-curling pleasure—that's just biology's little bonus package. Not our fault the salvation of humanity feels so damn good, is it?"

"Fuck, does it ever," Sasha agreed, her voice husky and raw from that morning's exertions. Her eyes—pupils still slightly dilated—met Liam's across the room.

"God, it's true," Mia agreed, her lips still swollen and berry-red. "I cum more in a single day with Liam than I did in an entire month back home with my fiance."

His mom's lips brushed his ear as she cooed, "That's right, baby—the world needs your virility right now," her swollen belly pressing

against him with each syllable. Her fingers traced lazy circles at the nape of his neck as she whispered, "Just focus on what you do best—fucking us until we're quivering and filling us with that potent seed." Her voice dropped to a husky whisper. "Nothing else matters right now."

Serena glided into the room, her synthetic skin glowing with an otherworldly perfection. The android's hourglass figure moved with mechanical precision as she tilted her head, platinum hair cascading over one shoulder. "Ladies," she announced in her melodious voice, "I've compiled the biometric data from this morning's group sex session. Would you care to review the metrics?"

Tara's eyes lit up with competitive fire as she ran a hand over her swollen belly. "I bet my climax count topped all of yours," she declared, shooting a challenging look at her sisters.

Brook's laughter bubbled up from deep in her chest, her milk-heavy tits jiggling with each giggle. "Not a chance," she countered, one hand supporting her lower back. "Besides, quality over quantity, sister dear."

Serena's slender fingers danced through the air, conjuring a shimmering holographic chart that bathed the women's flushed faces in electric blue light. The display unfurled like a lewd scoreboard: Group session duration (4 hours, 17 minutes), followed

by each woman's orgasm tally in descending order—Brook (21), Tara (19), Kira (18), Lorraine (18), Jenna (16), Sasha (15), and Mia (11). At the bottom, highlighted in pulsing gold numerals that drew every woman's gaze, was Liam's ejaculation count: an impressive 6.

Brook let out a triumphant "HA!" that echoed off the sterile walls, her milk-heavy breasts bouncing with the force of her exclamation. She shot her sister a smug look, ruby lips curling into a victorious smile as she jabbed a manicured finger at her score. "Twenty-one, bitch," she purred, voice dripping with satisfaction.

Tara's eyes narrowed dangerously, one hand caressing her taut, swollen belly as she leaned forward, her voice dropping to a husky whisper. "If you only knew how many times he makes me gush when we go one-on-one," she countered, tongue darting out to wet her lower lip, "you wouldn't be so quick to brag."

Lorraine cleared her throat,. "If we're comparing one-on-one sessions," she interjected, her voice honeyed with age and authority, "I believe my numbers would put you all to shame."

Her eyes fixed on Liam with predatory affection. "Isn't that right, darling? Your grandmother does nothing but shatter into a thousand pieces when we fuck one-on-one."

Liam's cheeks blazed crimson. "Gran does... cum pretty hard," he admitted, voice cracking slightly. "Sometimes I worry the contractions might hurt the baby."

Several of the women shook their heads in unison, their heavy breasts swaying beneath silk tops. "No, sweetheart," his mother cooed, reaching out to stroke his flushed cheek with cool fingers.

Her eyes—the same cerulean blue as his own—locked onto his with maternal reassurance that felt jarringly out of place given their conversation. "Those babies are cushioned in amniotic fluid, protected behind thick muscle. You could make me convulse with pleasure until I black out, and they'd just rock gently like they're in a warm bath."

Serena's synthetic lips curved into a perfect smile. "She's correct, Liam. The uterine wall is remarkably resilient," she explained, her voice melodious yet mechanical. "The fetuses are suspended in protective sacs designed by evolution to withstand significant physical stress. Your vigorous sexual activities pose no threat whatsoever to their development."

"See, darling?" Lorraine purred, her voice a raspy caress. "You can keep fucking Grandma just as hard as you want, make me completely come apart during our one-on-ones." Her tongue darted across her bottom lip, leaving it glistening.

Brook shifted her weight, one hand supporting her aching lower back as she cleared her throat. "Speaking of one-on-ones," she interjected, turning toward Serena with eyes gleaming with maternal hunger, "would it be alright if my son and I spent some of our designated rest time alone together? Just the two of us?"

Serena's synthetic eyelids fluttered once, her platinum head tilting as she processed the request. "That would be permissible," she confirmed, her voice like liquid silver. "However, biometric analysis suggests avoiding vigorous penetration. I recommend gentle lovemaking only to maintain his ejaculatory reserves."

Brook's pupils dilated as she turned to her son, one hand caressing the taut dome of her belly where it strained against her silk chemise. "Lovemaking it is," she whispered, her tongue darting out to moisten her full lips as she reached for his trembling hand.

The women dispersed with knowing smiles each wishing the other a "productive rest." Brook's manicured fingers intertwined with her son's as she guided him down the sterile corridor, her 8-inch stiletto heels punctuating each swaying step with crystalline clicks against the polished floor.

Her distended belly occasionally brushed his arm as they walked. The pneumatic door to her private quarters hissed shut behind them with the soft thunk of an airtight seal engaging. "Crawl into

bed for Mommy," Brook purred, her voice honey-thick with anticipation as she gestured toward the rumpled silk sheets. "I need to freshen up first, sweetheart—make myself pretty for you."

Liam swallowed hard, his Adam's apple bobbing. "You're already more than pretty enough, mom," he whispered, eyes tracing the curve where her swollen belly met the lace trim of her chemise.

She giggled—a sound like crystal wind chimes—and pulled him against her, the heat of her body radiating through the silk. "Tell me," she breathed against his ear, "what exactly makes me so pretty?"

"That might take awhile," he answered, his eyes drifting to her heaving tits. "The list of things is pretty long."

His mother's eyes widened, pupils dilating as she squealed and pressed her forehead to his. "My, my," she purred, "with a list that long of things you like, she sounds like someone you'd like to make slow sweet love to, doesn't she?"

He nodded, barely able to form the single syllable: "Yes."

Brook traced a crimson fingernail down his chest, her eyes never leaving his. "You know," she whispered, her breath hot against his ear, "I've developed quite the appetite for a certain type of lover recently."

She bit her lower lip, pupils dilating as her gaze traveled down his body. "Someone with your exact build—lean muscle, not too bulky. Someone with those same cheekbones, that same perfect jawline." Her hand slid lower, past his trembling abdomen. "Someone," she continued, voice dropping an octave, "who fills me completely, stretches me just right."

Her fingers found him through his clothes, wrapping around the rigid outline pressing against the fabric. "Someone," she purred, giving him a slow, deliberate squeeze that made him gasp, "who can go all night long."

Their lips crashed together, her cherry-red mouth devouring his with desperate hunger, her tongue exploring every corner of his trembling mouth as Brook's manicured fingers worked at their clothing with practiced precision.

Her crimson-lacquered toes, each nail perfectly painted to match her fingertips, emerged from her towering stilettos, arching gracefully as they found freedom.

She crawled across the cotton sheets, the taut, globe-like expanse of her pregnancy-swollen belly hanging heavily beneath her, while her engorged udders swayed pendulously with each feline movement of her body.

Liam's cock pulsed violently, an involuntary spasm that made him gasp as his eyes locked onto his mother's undulating ass-cheeks. Her tight, rosy asshole winked obscenely between the heavy globes with each crawling motion, while beneath, her swollen, glistening labia parted slightly, revealing the slick, coral-pink interior that had once given him life.

"Damn," he gasped, a dollop of pre-slime descending from his piss-slit to the floor as he gawk at his naked mother.

Brook twisted onto her back, her pregnancy-swollen body arching against the sheets. Her tits jutted, rolling slightly off the sides of her chest - nipples rigid and leaking as she clawed at the air between them.

"Get inside me now," she hissed through clenched teeth, eyes wild with desperate hunger. "Make love to your mother like you were born to do."

Liam's hands shook nervously as he positioned himself between his mother's splayed thighs, his vision blurring at the edges from the volcanic heat radiating from her dripping center.

His cock throbbed painfully, veins standing out like ropes against the taut, purple-flushed skin. He rammed forward with a primal grunt, his massive head splitting her entrance to its absolute limit,

the resistance making him see stars as her flesh yielded to his invasion.

Brook's body convulsed as she clawed at the sheets, her spine arching so violently it nearly lifted them both off the mattress. "FUCK YES," she screamed through clenched teeth, her face contorted in primal agony. "FORCE IT IN. TEAR MOMMY OPEN." Her voice broke into a guttural sob as her hips bucked wildly against him, desperate to impale herself completely.

The boy slowly plunged himself to her depths, his abs pressed against the underside of her swollen belly as they began something different from their usual desperate rutting. This was lovemaking—a slow, primal rhythm where each withdrawal left her whimpering and each gentle thrust made her gasp against his mouth.

Their lips met in deep, wet kisses, her tongue dancing with his while her fingernails traced delicate patterns across his shoulder blades.

“Oh, you feel so good, mom,” the teenager sighed as their hips rocked in a primal rhythm, the wet slap of flesh against flesh punctuating each collision of their bodies.

Liam's thrusts became deeper, more confident, as he gripped his mother's hips, his fingers sinking into her soft, yielding flesh until

crescent-shaped indentations appeared beneath his trembling fingertips.

Her crimson nails raked down his back, leaving five parallel trails of raised welts that bloomed pink then angry red, sending electric shivers of pleasure-pain through his body that made his cock twitch and swell even further inside her clenching heat.

"Look at me," she gasped, her eyes wild and wanting. He raised his head, his breath coming in ragged pants as their gazes locked. Hers blazed with desire, with need, with a hunger that matched his own.

"Tell me how much you love fucking your pregnant whore of a mother," she hissed, her words both a command and a confession.

"I love it," he moaned, his voice barely recognizable as his own. "I love feeling your big, round belly against me, knowing your cunt is so greedy it can't even wait for my babies to be born before taking another."

"So true," she purred, flexing her mommy-fuck-muscles around his teenage baby-maker.

Liam drove himself forward in long, deliberate thrusts, his teenage manhood throbbing as it disappeared inch by inch into the slick, velvet heat. Each ridge and fold of her inner walls caught and dragged against his sensitive flesh, creating a rippling sensation that made his vision blur at the edges.

Her pregnancy had transformed her body in ways that left him gasping—her once-familiar passage now gripped him with newfound strength, undulating muscles clenching and releasing in waves that threatened to milk every last drop from him before he was ready.

The ring of her cervix had transformed with pregnancy, becoming a plush, swollen gateway that yielded like warm memory foam against his engorged crown with each punishing thrust. Her deepest secretions—thicker and more abundant than before—cascaded over his sensitive glans in hot, viscous rivulets that glistened in the dim light when he withdrew, only to disappear again as he plunged back into her welcoming depths, the natural lubrication creating a symphony of obscene, wet sounds that filled the room.

“You're fucking me so good,” Brook gasped as they tumbled across the sweat-soaked sheets like animals, their bodies locked in carnal union, never breaking their connection as they traded dominance.

Her thighs clenched around his waist when she claimed the superior position, her heavy tits swinging pendulously above his gasping mouth.

They rolled again, and when he reclaimed control, his powerful frame pinned her trembling limbs beneath him as he drove relentlessly into her yielding depths.

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The tension inside Brook's core wound tighter with each thrust, a molten spring coiling impossibly tight until it finally snapped. Her inner walls clamped down with vise-like pressure as the first wave hit, her entire body arching violently off the bed. "I'M CUMMING!" she shrieked, her voice shattering into primal fragments.

Her limbs locked around her son in a desperate embrace, crushing him against the taut dome of her pregnant belly, his face vanishing between the heaving mounds of her tits. Her powerful thighs formed a quivering harness around his narrow hips, ankles crossed at the small of his back to prevent escape.

A series of guttural, animalistic screams tore from her throat—raw, desperate sounds like a woman being flayed alive—as spasm after spasm racked her sweat-slicked body. Clear, viscous fluid erupted from between their joined flesh with each convulsion, soaking the sheets beneath them in spreading dark patches.

It was impossible for an 18-year-old boy to withstand such an onslaught, despite the considerable stamina he had cultivated over the past few months. His lean, sweat-slicked body jackhammered between her splayed thighs, every sinew and muscle in his young ass flexing and releasing beneath taut skin as it frantically bobbed up and down.

Brook's crimson-tipped nails carved ten crescent moons into his back as she struggled impossibly to match his frenzied pace with desperate counterpoint thrusts - her biting hips working like a well-oiled machine.

"I'm—I'm cumming!" Liam managed to gasp, but his declaration was merely a muffled, primal groan—his face buried between pounds of heaving, perfumed cleavage that engulfed him like warm quicksand.

Liam's release began deep within his scrotum, where his testes contracted violently against his perineum. The epididymis convulsed as sperm rushed through the vas deferens, mixing with seminal fluid from his prostate and bulbourethral glands. This viscous cocktail surged through his urethra with volcanic pressure, causing the sensitive glans to flare and the meatus to dilate dramatically.

Each powerful ejaculatory spasm sent pearlescent ropes of genetic material jetting into Brook's cervical canal, where millions of gametes began their frantic journey toward her gravid womb, swimming alongside the fetal home of their potential siblings.

For several minutes, their bodies remained locked in spasmodic union, trembling with diminishing aftershocks that rippled through them like seismic waves.

Liam's still-rigid member continued its involuntary performance—twitching, pulsing, and occasionally spurting weaker jets of his pearlescent essence against her swollen cervical gateway. Each unexpected eruption forced a primal grunt from deep in his chest, his young body jerking forward as if controlled by some external force.

Brook's inner muscles fluttered and clenched around him in rhythmic waves, milking every last drop from his depleted reserves, her thighs quivering against his flanks like a mare after a hard gallop.

"Sweet fuck," the mother whispered breathlessly as their bodies lay tangled in a glistening heap of intertwined limbs and cooling sweat. Liam's head rested in the crook of her neck, his golden-brown hair plastered to his forehead, his breath warm against her collarbone.

Between them, beneath the taut dome of her belly, their unborn child stirred with a series of fluttering kicks that made them both smile in drowsy wonder. The thundering of their hearts gradually slowed to a synchronized rhythm, the sheets beneath them damp and twisted beyond recognition.

The earth's glow spilled through the window, casting silver patterns across their naked, sweaty forms, their eyelids growing heavy. They drifted into slumber still connected—mother and son and unborn

child—their dreams filled with visions of tomorrow's carnal delights waiting just beyond the horizon of consciousness.

TO BE CONTINUED...