

BREED

PART 4



BY KLRXO

This story is a complete work of fiction, and all characters in this story are over the age of 18.

BREED - PART 4

By Klrxo

From the dark, rippling depths of the vaginal canal, a seismic disturbance approached. The muscular walls sensed it first—stretching, yielding reluctantly to the blood-gorged invader that battered its way inward. The blunt, purple-headed beast arrived with each thrust, its single eye weeping cloudy tears that smeared against the cervix's tightened gate.

The shaft's veiny ridges scraped and dragged against sensitive tissues, leaving them raw and inflamed, while the swollen crown hammered the cervical entrance like a battering ram, demanding entry to the baby-filled womb beyond. Each retreat left behind sticky trails of viscous fluid before the monster returned, angrier and more insistent, the urethral slit now gaping wider, dribbling thicker streams of pre-ejaculate that pooled in the fornices like toxic waste in forgotten caverns.

The hungry cunt fought back with savage fury, her maternal hole clamping down on his teenage meat like a vise. Her greedy snatch performed a vulgar milking action—squeezing, releasing, sucking—as though trying to drain his balls dry through sheer muscular force.

Their bodies slapped together with wet, obscene sounds as her dripping pussy walls coated his throbbing member in thick, frothy girl-cum that bubbled and oozed from her stretched hole. Animalistic growls rumbled from deep in their chests—grandmother and grandson rutting like beasts in heat—their primitive grunts and snarls filling her breeding chamber with the unmistakable soundtrack of taboo depravity.

A sudden gush of amniotic fluid erupted from Lorraine's dilating cervix, drenching Liam's thrusting manhood in a torrent of warm, clear liquid that

splashed against his balls and thighs. The unexpected flood bathed his engorged shaft in birth waters, the shocking heat triggering an instantaneous climax that ripped through him like lightning.

“UNNGGH, SHIT!” the teen snarled as his cock pulsated violently, thick ropes of pearly cum shooting from his twitching slit to mix with the birthing fluids in a profane baptism. Their joined genitals squelched and sputtered as his hips continued their mechanical thrusts, their flesh now slick with the unholy mixture that dripped onto the mattress below.

Liam's sweat-slicked face emerged from the suffocating valley of his grandmother's enormous tits, his hair matted to his forehead. His eyes widened as another violent kick thumped against his abdomen where it pressed against her distended belly.

"Gran," he gasped, his voice cracking, "I think—I think the baby's coming."

His teenage cock still throbbed inside her, fully-hard and sensitive, as her cunt muscles rippled involuntarily around him. Light from planet Earth spilled across their naked bodies, illuminating the obscene tableau—grandmother and grandson entangled in post-coital filth, her baby-packed belly rising between them like some unholy mountain, both of them drenched in the mingled fluids of their incestuous coupling.

“You naughty boy,” Lorraine said breathlessly. “I think you fucked me so hard that I'm going into labor.”

The pneumatic hiss of the hover-transport announced Serena's arrival before she appeared in the doorway, her clinical gaze sweeping over the incestuous pair.

"Time to prep you for delivery, Lorraine," she announced, voice flat despite the obscenity before her.

As Lorraine shifted, Liam's glistening purple cock slid from her stretched hole with a wet, squelching pop, trailing viscous strands of mingled fluids that clung desperately between his retreating glans and her swollen labia.

“Damn, look at that,” said Liam, gazing down at his soaking wet cock as it dripped with a mixture of girl-cum and womb-juice.

Serena's clinical gaze dropped to Liam's glistening member. "That's amniotic fluid, Liam," she explained, "The protective liquid surrounding the fetus. Your penetration ruptured your grandmother's amniotic sac."

Her finger pointed clinically at the clear, slightly viscous fluid dripping from his still-engorged glans. "It contains fetal cells, proteins, and antimicrobial peptides that have been nurturing your offspring."

Liam's eyes widened with fascination as he collected a pearlescent droplet on his fingertip from the purple, swollen crown of his cock. He brought it to his nose, inhaling deeply. The scent was oddly sweet yet primal—like ocean water mixed with raw honey. "That's so fucking cool," he whispered, his member twitching involuntarily as another bead of the birth fluid rolled down his shaft.

Lorraine heaved her gravid form onto the hovering platform, her enormous milk-filled tits flopping sideways like water balloons, dark areola the size of saucers pointing in opposite directions.

"Good luck, Gran," Liam whispered, his still-twitching erection bobbing obscenely, coated in the slick evidence of their forbidden coupling.

The hover-transport whisked away in a blur, leaving Liam sprawled across the mattress, which squelched beneath his weight like a saturated sponge. The sheets, crusted with dried bodily secretions and sopping with fresh fluids, clung to his sweat-glazed skin.

His cock jutted upward along his abdomen, veins bulging along the shaft, the head purple and engorged despite having emptied his balls countless times.

“Goddamn,” he uttered breathlessly, still feeling the phantom sensation of being smothering between his Gran's gigantic, sweaty tits.

He dragged his fingers through the sticky puddle of mingled cum and amniotic fluid, bringing it to his nose to inhale the musky, metallic scent of his incestuous conquests. His mind reeled with pornographic flashbacks: his mother's thick ass jiggling as he rammed her from behind; his sister-in-law's

heavy milk-factories bouncing while she rode him; his aunt's cunt gushing down his balls as he filled her womb with his seed.

Now his grandmother was birthing his spawn, the first of many in the off-world breeding program's accelerated three-month gestation cycle. Soon they'd all be ready for his virile cock again, their fertile cunts aching to be stuffed with his genetic material.

Across the living quarters, Jenna's swollen nipples visibly hardened beneath her thin top as she leaned toward Tara, her voice dropping to a husky whisper. "I can't help but be fucking obsessed with him! Christ, I don't even think about his pathetic brother anymore—not when Liam's massive cock stretches me so wide I can barely walk the next day. His cum fills me so deep I swear I can taste it in my throat. Is that sick of me?"

Tara giggled, her tongue darting across her plump bottom lip. "Honey, when a boy can pound your cunt raw for hours and still stay hard as granite, blood ties don't mean shit. Nature designed us to crave a stud who can breed us properly—and that boy's balls produce enough thick cream to drown a small village."

Jenna's lips curled into a knowing smirk. "So you're in love with him too," she purred, not a question but an accusation dripping with carnal understanding.

Tara's cheeks flushed crimson as she squeezed her thighs together, feeling the telltale dampness seeping into her panties at just the mention of him. "Christ, yes," she confessed, voice trembling. "I know he's my fucking nephew, but when his thick cock splits me open and his cum floods my womb, my brain just... shorts out. I've never been jackhammered so brutally or squirted so hard I black out. Love, lust—who gives a shit when you're cumming your brains out fifty times a day?"

Jenna twirled a strand of honey-blond hair around her manicured finger, her voice dropping to a conspiratorial whisper. "Do you think Liam would actually marry me if I left his brother?"

"You would actually leave your husband for his younger brother?" Tara asked, perfectly sculpted eyebrow arching in amused disbelief.

"Absolutely!" Jenna exclaimed. "I know that makes me a cold-hearted bitch, but after what I've experienced with Liam..." She paused, unconsciously licking her lips as her thighs pressed together beneath the table. "There's no way I could go back to mediocre cock again."

"I feel your pain," Tara stated. "I do love my husband, and I know he tries, but he just can't compete with teenage cock."

"I Liam was mine, I'd spend all day every day fucking him, or sucking his cock," Jenna stated.

"How do you even know Liam would want to marry his brother's wife?" Tara asked.

Jenna's crimson lips curled into a predatory smile, her eyes glittering with carnal confidence. "Ex-wife," she corrected, running her tongue slowly across her bottom lip. "And trust me, the way I've been working his thick shaft with my throat muscles, and milking his cock until his eyes roll back..." She paused, squeezing her thighs together as moisture gathered between them. "He'll soon be begging to spend every waking moment buried balls-deep inside me."

"Damn, girl – save some of that dick for me," Tara said playfully. "You think Aunt Tara's not bouncing on that fat baby-maker of his, once we get back home? No fucking way I'm giving that up."

"Oh all right," Jenna grinned. "I suppose I'll let my young husband pound his cock though auntie's cunt. As long as I can sit on face and get tongue-fucked while he's railing you."

"Mmm, God," Tara sighed. "He is getting good at eating pussy, isn't he?"

Liam stepped down the sterile corridor, his massive cock barely contained by the towel slung dangerously low on his chiseled hips. He rounded the corner when Aunt Kira emerged like a predator from a side passage, her bio-suit vacuum-sealed against her voluptuous body, the camel-toe of her puffy cunt clearly visible through the transparent material.

"Well, what a juicy morsel I see walking about in nothing but a towel," she growled, slamming her palm against his wet pectorals, pinning him against the frigid metal wall. "How about I milk those swollen balls dry, huh, baby boy?"

"I'm, um... not scheduled to breed with you right now though," he muttered, staring at the twin mountains of tit-flesh beneath material that seemed painted on.

Kira rolled her pretty eyes. "Fuck the breeding schedule," she cackled as her fingers snaked beneath his towel to grip his thickening shaft, "I need your hot cum flooding my womb right fucking now."

She lifted her skirt just enough so the he could see the fissure of her shaved snatch – her thick clitoral prepuce protruding obscenely from between the puffy outer folds. "You know you wanna smash that big teenage dick up into that hot, wet pussy," Tara teased.

The slick hiss of the automatic door announced the arrival of Kira's daughters, Mia and Sasha, who waddled down the corridor with their enormous baby-bloated bellies straining against transparent bio-suits that left nothing to the imagination.

"What the actual fuck, Mother?" Mia spat, her milk-swollen titties heaving with each labored breath. "Liam's scheduled to breed with US... in ten minutes."

Sasha's hand caressed her distended abdomen, fingers splayed across the taut dome. "Yeah, mom... stop being such a desperate cum-thief," she spat, eyes narrowing.

Kira's crimson lips curled into a sneer as she tightened her grip on Liam's throbbing shaft. "Girls, I understand the importance of maintenance injections during gestation," she hissed, her free hand sliding possessively over her flat, hungry womb, "but my empty uterus needs fresh seed far more urgently than your already-stuffed baby sacs."

"That's precisely why we have the fucking schedule," Mia spat, eyes fixated on the massive bulge beneath Liam's towel. "So every fertile cunt gets its fair share of prime breeding material."

Liam leaned against the cold metal wall, his sculpted abs flexing involuntarily as he watched them battle for access to his big cock, their dilated pupils and flushed skin betraying their biological desperation for his potent seed.

Kira yanked Liam against her ballooning mammarys possessively, his face disappearing between the fleshy globes as she smothered him in her cleavage. "Just give me an hour with him and he's yours," she snarled, her nipples visibly hardening through the transparent material. "I need at least two hot loads pumped into my empty cunt."

Sasha lurched forward, her swollen baby ball bumping against Liam's hip as she seized his arm, tugging him sideways until his towel slipped, exposing his erect manhood. "It's OUR scheduled breeding time," she hissed. "Hands off, mother!"

The women pulled him back and forth like a prized dildo, their wet cunts practically squelching with anticipation beneath their suits. Serena's authoritative footsteps silenced them as she appeared at the end of the corridor.

"Problem ladies?" she inquired coldly, eyeing the tug-of-war over Liam's virile body.

After their breathless explanations, Serena's clinical gaze swept over his naked form. "Simple solution," she stated flatly. "Group insemination session. One ejaculation deposit per recipient."

"I suppose I can share his throbbing cock," Mia purred, glaring at her mother.

Sasha nodded, her heavy tits bobbling beneath her snug suit. "Me too," she breathed, pupils dilating with primal hunger. "As long as I get to feel every hot inch stretching my cunt wide."

Their mother exhaled dramatically, nostrils flaring. "Fine," Kira conceded, nails digging into Liam's forearm. "But I take the first load—it contains the highest sperm count, and the emptiest womb, which is mine, needs every potent drop."

Serena's clinical gaze swept over them, her thin lips curving into a satisfied smile. "Then it's settled," she declared coldly before checking her bio-monitor. "Also, your grandmother Lorraine is currently in active labor, Liam. The birthing is proceeding efficiently. And your mother Brook has completed her recovery cycle after delivering her baby. She'll require a breeding session immediately following your time with your aunt and cousins."

Mia giggled as she pressed her distended belly against Liam's washboard abs. "Poor baby," she cooed, grinding her engorged labia against his thigh. "Must be absolute torture having our dripping cunts constantly fighting over that veiny monster between your legs."

Sasha waddled closer, her milk-laden tits quivering obscenely with each step as she reached down to cup his pendulous testicles through the damp towel. "Yeah," she purred, her breath hot against his ear, "getting your thick shaft milked dry by our greedy holes day after day."

"Sucking one big, squishy titty after another," Mia added, rubbing her milk-laden jugs against his trim chest.

"Just helping out the cause, and performing my breeding duties the best I can," Liam stated with a smug grin.

"Yeah, right," his aunt Tara winked. "Sucking tits and fucking MILF pussy all day... you're living the dream kid."

"Like you're not, mother?" Sasha stated with amusement. "Fucking teenage cock and cumming your brains out for hours every day."

Tara gave her girls a blushing smile. "I'm certainly not complaining."

The three women guided him down the sterile corridor toward Kira's breeding chamber, their wet slits making vulgar squelching sounds with each waddling step.

Minutes later, Liam's back pressed against the bed, his teenage cock disappearing repeatedly into Aunt Kira's glistening folds as she fucked him cowgirl-style. Her splayed cunt-lips beat wetly on his cock-base, her grape-sized clitoris jiggling with every "SMACK" as it stuck out from beneath it's hood. Her

ginormous tits, veined and heavy, slapped violently against her rib cage with each punishing drop of her hips.

Kira's naked daughters circled like vultures, fingers working their dripping slits while they awaited their turn.

"Holy shit!" Liam growled through clenched teeth, mesmerized by the obscene sight of his angry purple cockhead vanishing into Kira's hairless cunt, her labia gripping and sucking at his shaft like a hungry mouth. Each brutal slam of her pelvis sent shock waves through her rounded ass-cheeks while her cervix kissed his sensitive glans, milking pre-cum from his swollen balls.

Mia's palm cracked against her mother's jiggling ass cheek, leaving a crimson handprint blooming across the pale flesh. "Fuck him harder, mother!" she snarled, spittle flying from her lips.

Kira's glistening cunt-lips formed an airtight seal around the base of Liam's smooth, veiny shaft, her engorged clitoris visibly throbbing as she ground her pelvis in savage figure-eights. Her sopping hole churned his teenage meat-pole like a sexual blender until her back suddenly arched, pussy walls clamping down in violent spasms, milking his twitching rod with brutal efficiency as her animalistic howl echoed off the sterile walls.

"Oh, look at her cum on your cock, Liam," Mia squealed, frantically rubbing her love-nubbin as she watched.

Liam's cock flexed and kicked as his aunt Kira's cunt-muscles rippled around his shaft, his balls tightening against his body. "Fuck, your pussy's drowning my dick," he groaned as her release gushed down his swollen nuts and pooled beneath his ass.

"Mmm, you're fucking the hot juice right out of her hole, Liam," Sasha stated.

Every woman's fuck-tunnel felt different wrapped around his meat - Kira's cunt gripped him like a velvet vise while her daughter Mia's pussy had those ridged inner walls that massaged his veiny shaft like a thousand tiny tongues. Sasha's cunt was the tightest, practically choking his thick rod until he couldn't hold back, while her g-spot swelled to the size of a walnut when she came, battering his sensitive cockhead with brutal efficiency.

Liam yanked his Aunt's quivering body down against his sweat-slicked torso, her cunt still engaging in a violently squeeze and release around his throbbing shaft. His palms roughly kneaded her massive tits as they dangled above his face like ripe, veiny fruit.

He buried his face between those heaving flesh-mountains, his blushing cheeks creating obscene friction against her sensitive skin as he shook his head back and forth, sending ripples through her glistening mammaries.

“So fucking soft n heavy,” he gasped as his tongue carved a wet path up the salt-slick valley of her left breast, leaving a glistening trail before he captured her swollen, purplish nipple between his teeth.

The moment he began to suckle, her lactating teat erupted, flooding his eager mouth with warm, sweet cream that dribbled down his chin as his cock swelled impossibly harder inside her drenched fuck-hole.

“Fuck yes!” Kira spat. “FUCK ME HARD, I'M CUMMING!!”

Their hips locked in savage synchronicity, grinding together in shallow, desperate mini-thrusts that never broke their primal connection. Her climaxing cunt clenched around his pulsating shaft like a hydraulic vice, keeping him buried to the hilt where his swollen purple knob hammered relentlessly against her cervix.

“God, look at the way they fucking move together... shit!” Mia exclaimed, rubbing her sex-bulb frantically.

Their sweat-slicked midsections writhed in frenzied figure-eights, abdominal muscles flexing and releasing in a desperate mating dance. Her engorged nipple slipped from between his lips with an obscene wet pop, a pearly stream of sweet milk dribbling down his chin as he threw his head back against the bed.

"Oh fuck, Aunt Kira!" he gasped, voice cracking as his heavy balls drew up tight against his body, the first volcanic pulses of his impending eruption churning deep within his aching testicles.

“YESSS!” she cried out, body convulsing. “Fuck a baby inside me!”

Liam's balls contracted violently, pumping their potent payload through his vas deferens as pressure built at the base of his cock. With a primal roar, he jackhammered upward, his powerful thighs lifting his Aunt's entire weight as the first volcanic eruption of baby-batter blasted through his urethra.

His piss-slit stretched wide, unleashing a thick, ropery jet that splattered directly against her cervical opening, flooding her baby-chamber with his virile seed. His cock continued to spasm uncontrollably, sending eight more massive spurts of his thick, pearly cum painting her quivering cunt-walls.

“Yeah, baby boy!” Sasha shouted. “Squirt all that hot teenage nut into my mother's baby-maker.”

Their sweaty, naked bodies thrashed together in a fluid-soaked frenzy, his guttural grunts harmonizing with her banshee wails as his sperm-factory emptied its entire production into her hungry fuck-hole.

After their bodies settled into a sweaty, panting heap, Mia slapped her mother's quivering ass with an open palm. “Move your ass aside, mother,” she ordered, her voice husky with arousal.

Sasha nodded eagerly, licking her plump bottom lip. “Yeah, it's our turn now,” she growled, heavy-lidded eyes fixed on Liam's glistening member. “We wanna ravage that fucking cock.”

The two pregnant women crawled predatorily across the bed, their swollen bellies hanging beneath them, stretched skin gleaming under the harsh lights. They positioned themselves on either side of the panting teen, their heavy udders, veined and taut with milk, dragged across his bronze skin, leaving glistening trails of perspiration and leaking colostrum.

Mia's tongue carved a wet path from his navel to his collarbone while Sasha's teeth grazed his inner thigh, both women marking their territory on his quivering teenage flesh.

“Oh wow, that shit feels good,” the boy's voice quivered as he hugged onto Mia, flattening her spongy tits and fetus-packed belly against his lean torso.

“We're just getting started, baby,” Mia whispered, tenderly kissing at his neck.

Kira's thighs still trembled with aftershocks as she rolled to the side, her cum-slicked inner walls clenching around phantom sensations. Her eyes narrowed to venomous slits as she watched her daughters' manicured fingers trace possessive patterns across Liam's sweat-glazed torso.

A hot coal of jealousy ignited in her chest when Mia's tongue flicked across her nephew's nipple, drawing a throaty moan from his lips—a sound Kira had come to think of as hers alone.

Each female family member had carved out their own intimate claim on the boy the past few months, turning their shared breeding mission into an unspoken war of ownership. The gold band still circled Kira's finger—a relic from a marriage to a man whose face grew hazier in her memory with each passing day. It was nearly meaningless to her now compared to the primal need to be fucked hard by teenage cock, and having Liam's virile seed planted deep inside her again and again.

“Fuck I love this teenage body,” Sasha sighed as she exchanged knowing smile with her sister over Liam's heaving chest, their engagement rings catching the overhead light as their fingers traced possessive patterns across his bronze skin. Back on Earth, their fiancés waited faithfully, knowing their brides-to-be were being royally fucked and bred by someone younger and more capable.

Their husbands-to-be had modest endowments and mediocre bedroom skill that had become boring memories - replaced by the savage stretching of Liam's mammoth shaft that reached places inside them they hadn't known existed.

When their younger cousin's fat cockhead battered their cervixes, their vision would blur at the edges, spines arching at impossible angles as pleasure erupted through nerve endings that had lain dormant until this time in their lives.

Sometimes during their most intense climaxes, images of their devastated fiancées would flash behind their tightly closed eyelids—the betrayal only intensifying the forbidden ecstasy that ripped through their sweat-slicked bodies as their teenage cousin flooded their fertile wombs with his potent seed.

Liam's body convulsed with pleasure, his back arching off the bed as his two older cousins assaulted his neck with hungry mouths.

"Fuck yeah!" he gasped, voice cracking between syllables, his Adam's apple bobbing beneath their long, exploring tongues.

Their swollen tits, heavy with milk and veined like marble, dragged across his sweat-slicked torso. Pounds of warm tit-meat, leaving glistening trails as their baby-engorged bellies pressed against his ribs.

Mia's hot breath tickled his earlobe. "I need your fucking cock inside me RIGHT NOW," she whispered, her voice a desperate, primal growl.

She straddled him with surprising agility, her thighs trembling as she positioned herself above the cock that jutted 9-inches straight up from his loins. Veins snaked up the length of his stalk like power-cables beneath taut, pink skin. His blood-swollen knob flared angrily – ready to plow through the corrugated sheath of her vagina.

A guttural moan escaped her painted lips as she sank down, her slick entrance stretching obscenely around his girth, inch by agonizing inch, until his purple cockhead collided with her cervix in a collision of slippery tissue that sent stars exploding behind her eyes.

"Fuck, that dick!" she gasped, her birthing tunnel quivering around the boy's meat.

Liam's eyes locked onto his cousin's swollen belly as she began to ride him, the taut, veiny sphere, packed with his baby, bobbing hypnotically with each savage bounce. His gaze traveled upward to her massive melons—not quite as enormous as his Aunt's legendary mammaries, but still magnificent G-cups that hung heavy with milk.

Each violent down-stroke sent shockwaves through those pendulous globes, creating complex ripples that traveled across her stretched skin like waves on a disturbed pond. The areolas, darkened by pregnancy to the color of bruised plums and spanning the diameter of teacups, crowned each heaving breast. Her distended nipples, thick as his finger and glistening wet, leaked continuous streams of yellowish colostrum that rained down onto his parched lips and

cheeks, the warm, sweet droplets splattering against his skin like sacred anointing oil.

“Oh, damn that feels good,” Liam gasped, his eyes rolling back until only the whites showed as his cock sunk to her cervix again and again.

His consciousness narrowed to the exquisite sensation engulfing his throbbing manhood. Her pre-natal pussy gripped him like a velvet vise, the walls rippling with involuntary contractions that milked his shaft with biological precision.

His swollen purple knob hammered relentlessly against her cervix—that sacred gateway now softened by hormonal preparation for childbirth—where it encountered a pool of molten secretions that bathed his sensitive glans in liquid fire.

"Do you like how my pregnant pussy feels around your big cock?" Mia purred, her voice dripping with primal possession.

When he could only respond with a strangled "Y-yes," she descended upon him with her upper-half, her milk-heavy breasts and taut, stretched belly pressing against his heaving torso.

Her mouth captured his in a savage kiss, her tongue invading with wet, hungry thrusts that mimicked their lower connection. Between gasping breaths, she branded him with words that seared his teenage brain: "My pussy belongs to you, Liam" each syllable punctuated by the obscene squelching sounds of their joined bodies.

Sasha knelt beside them, her fingers working frantic circles over her swollen, glistening clit. Her eyes never left the spectacle before her—the way Mia's back arched with each thrust, how her fingers tenderly cupped Liam's flushed face.

"It's hard to believe she has a fiancé waiting back home," Sasha whispered to her mother, her voice catching as a tremor of pleasure rippled through her heavy body. "Look at how she gazes into his eyes. That's not breeding... that's lovemaking."

Kira's hand came to rest on her daughter's trembling shoulder. "When bodies join like this," she murmured, her eyes dark with understanding, "those boundaries blur, honey. The hormones, the connection—it transcends the mission. Don't torture yourself with guilt when your turn comes. If you feel yourself making love to him instead of just breeding, surrender to it. We're still women, after all."

Sasha's eyes, glassy with unshed tears, sought her mother's gaze. "Have you—" she swallowed hard, her voice barely audible over the wet sounds of flesh meeting flesh. "have you made love to him? Not just... breeding?"

Kira's fingers traced the gold band on her left hand, twisting it once before meeting her daughter's questioning stare. "Yes," she whispered. "Every time he stretches my cunt with his cock, I feel it happening all over again."

"You mean, you—"

"When a man reaches places inside you that have never been touched," Kira said, "when your body convulses around him in ways you never knew possible—the heart follows where the body leads."

Sasha's bottom lip trembled. "And Dad? Do you feel—"

Kira's manicured nail pressed against her daughter's lips, silencing her. "At first, the guilt was crushing," she admitted, her voice husky with remembered anguish. "But nature is a current stronger than any vow. My body recognized its true mate the moment he entered me, and no earthly promise could stand against that primal truth."

Mother and daughter watched, transfixed, as Mia's voluptuous form undulated atop the teenager. Her thick, glistening bubble butt rose and fell in hypnotic, skillful rhythm, each downward slam making her flesh quiver like gelatin. Sweat pearled along the dimples above her buttocks, catching the sterile light.

Their gazes lingered on the place where Mia's mouth devoured Liam's, her luscious lips stretched wide, tongues visibly wrestling between their joined mouths.

"She's feeling it too, isn't she?" Sasha whispered, her breath hitching. "That... connection."

Kira nodded, her eyes never leaving the spectacle. "Mia's fallen just like the rest of us. Look at her face—that's not just lust."

"Do you think..." Sasha hesitated, her voice small, "he feels the same?"

Kira's laugh was soft, maternal. "Oh, honey. He's eighteen. All he comprehends is unlimited access to hot, wet pussy and enormous tits. Nothing more."

Sasha snickered. "True. Guys his age don't care about all that mushy stuff. They just wanna fuck."

Mia's lips broke from Liam's with an audible pop and she let out a sharp gasp, her pretty eyes widening. She reared back, spine arching impossibly, her pregnant belly thrust forward as her eyes rolled back to show crescents of white. "I'm—I'm cumming!!" she gasped, each word punctuated by a violent shudder that rippled from her shoulders to her thighs.

Liam's face emerged from the valley of her sweaty cleavage, transfixed by the transformation overtaking his cousin's face—her features contorting in waves, mouth stretching into a silent scream, nostrils flaring with each desperate breath. Her body convulsed around him in rhythmic spasms, her inner walls clenching his shaft with biological precision as clear, viscous girl-cum erupted from where they joined, splashing against his lower abdomen, running down the sides of his nut-sack and soaking the platform beneath them.

"FUUUUUCK!! Mia howled like a feral creature, her voice rising to a pitch that echoed off the walls. With unexpected strength, she rolled them over in one fluid motion, the momentum carrying them dangerously close to the bed's edge. Her legs—still toned from years of high school cheerleading routines—clamped around his lower back with vise-like pressure.

Ten manicured nails dug crescent moons into his shoulder blades. "Fuck my cunt harder!" she commanded through clenched teeth, her voice barely recognizable.

Liam obliged with youthful enthusiasm, his narrow hips pumping between her splayed thighs. Each powerful thrust sent his taut buttocks bouncing rhythmically, muscles flexing beneath smooth skin. His heavy testicles slapped repeatedly against the puckered pink ring of her asshole, creating wet, obscene percussion that punctuated their primal symphony.

Kira and Sasha's fingers circling their swollen clits with increasing urgency, their heavy titties wobbling with every stroke.

"God, he fucks like an animal," Sasha exclaimed, her voice breaking on a half-moan as her hips bucked involuntarily against her hand.

Kira's movements were more controlled but no less intense, her manicured fingers glistening with her own wetness as she spread her legs wider. "Gentle lovemaking has its place," she murmured, "but there's nothing like when he just... takes you. That hard, nasty rutting that makes you forget your own name."

Sasha nodded frantically, her breathing shallow. "I love it most when he's already cum once or twice," she confessed, her words tumbling out between gasps. "The way he can just keep going for hours after that, relentless, until I'm literally screaming, cumming so hard I see stars."

"Yes," her mother agreed, her voice husky with need. "That stamina... that hunger... it's why we all fell for him. Not just our bodies—our hearts never stood a chance."

Liam's technique evolved with each climax he coaxed from Mia's trembling body. For her second orgasm, his thumb found the swollen pearl of her clitoris, circling it with deliberate pressure while his hips maintained a merciless rhythm, socking his steely prick to her depths.

Her third climax came when he gripped her hips, angling them upward so each thrust struck that spongy, sensitive spot inside her. Mia nearly bucked the boy off of her she came so hard, but he continued thrusting like a true cunt-fucking expert.

“Fuck, I'm c-cumming again,” Mia cried out, her cunt erupting in rhythmic squirts as Liam whispered filthy promises against the shell of her ear, his hot breath making her shiver despite the sweat slicking their bodies.

Her fifth—the most violent orgasm—left her sobbing his name, tears streaming down her flushed cheeks as her entire body seized in pleasure. Only then did Liam finally surrender, his young body going rigid against her swollen belly and heavy breasts, a guttural sound tearing from his throat as he emptied himself deep inside her waiting womb.

“Damn, that was intense,” the boy sighed, finally rolling off of her – his body sheened with perspiration.

Despite two powerful ejaculations, back to back, Liam's reproductive system was already responding to the feminine attention surrounding him. Within his scrotal sac, specialized cells in the seminiferous tubules of his testes accelerated their production cycle, generating fresh gametes to replace what he'd just spent.

Sasha and her mom guided the exhausted teenager to the platform's edge, his legs dangling weakly over the side. They knelt before him in perfect synchronicity and took turns lavishing attention on his still-sensitive cock. Kira's experienced tongue traced the prominent dorsal vein while Sasha's lips encircled the corona with deliberate pressure.

"The taste of you mixed with him," Sasha murmured to Mia between languid licks, "it's like salted caramel."

From across the room, Mia rose unsteadily, her pregnancy-enhanced breasts swaying heavily with each step, areola darkened and prominent against her flushed skin. "Save some for me," she breathed, her voice still ragged from her multiple climaxes.

Their mother Kira buried her face between his thighs with religious devotion, her platinum blonde hair cascading across his inner thighs. Her body trembled visibly, goosebumps rising on her tanned skin as she inhaled deeply, nostrils flaring to capture his teenage pheromones.

A primal growl escaped her throat—half-purr, half-snarl—as her tongue, slick and precise, traced elaborate patterns across the delicate skin of his scrotum. She worked with methodical hunger, taking one testicle entirely into her mouth, cheeks hollowing as she suckled with maternal intensity.

Sasha's expert tongue danced across Liam's glans, her technique revealing years of devoted practice—flicking rapidly at the sensitive frenulum before swirling around the corona with deliberate pressure that kept him rigid as steel despite his recent climax.

The teen's chest heaved as a strangled "wow" escaped his parched lips. His wide eyes darted between his two older cousins as they worked in tandem, their glistening tongues leaving wet trails across his sensitive penile flesh.

Sasha's emerald eyes locked with his while her tongue traced lazy figure-eights around his glans; Kira's sapphire gaze never wavered as she dragged the flat of her tongue along the prominent vein on the underside of his shaft. They established a hypnotic rhythm, trading places with balletic precision—when Sasha took him deep into the velvet heat of her throat, her nose brushing against his abdomen, Kira would withdraw to circle his base with nimble fingers.

Meanwhile, his aunt's experienced mouth enveloped his scrotum, her teeth grazing the delicate skin with exquisite control that balanced perfectly between pleasure and pain.

“Mmmm, love these swollen, tasty balls,” she purred, swiping her licker up the seam along the center of his scrotal sack.

The sisters alternated with practiced rhythm, Kira taking him to the back of her throat until tears glistened on her lashes, then withdrawing with a gasp. Sasha descended on his cock next, her cheeks hollowing with suction that made his toes curl against the floor.

The teen's mind reeled at the contrast—these expert mouths pleasuring him when his biological directive was clearly to inseminate fertile wombs. Yet here he was, receiving his third oral service of the day, a daily ritual repeated by the women of his household. Each female relative applied her signature technique: Aunt Kira's gentle suction, Cousin Mia's humming vibrations, Grandmother

Lorraine's surprising enthusiasm. But his mother Brook—her technique transcended mere skill. The way she worshipped his length with monk-like devotion, maintaining perfect eye contact while her throat muscles massaged his sensitive head, inevitably triggered explosive releases that left him temporarily blind, stars bursting behind his eyelids.

Sasha ran a manicured fingertip along his length, tracing the prominent vein that pulsed beneath taut skin.

"Look at you," she purred, her emerald eyes darkening with hunger. "Already granite-hard and ready for my cunt."

Mia giggled. "He never really softens completely," she observed, pink tongue darting out to moisten her full lips. "Come to think of it, I've rarely seen him truly soft."

With feline grace, Sasha positioned herself above him, her back to his face, thighs spread wide to showcase the glistening pink folds of her sex. Her rounded belly created a perfect silhouette as she reached between her legs, fingers wrapping possessively around his shaft. "Cram that fucker in my cunt," she growled.

Without ceremony, she lowered herself in one fluid motion, her pregnant birthing tunnel swallowing his entire length with a wet, obscene sound that made her gasp.

"Ohhh, yes," Liam hissed as his gaze locked onto the hypnotic undulation of Sasha's buttocks—two perfect hemispheres of alabaster flesh that quivered like gelatin with each impact. The dimples above her tailbone deepened as she arched her back further, presenting herself in primal invitation. Her puckered asshole, flushed a delicate pink against her pale skin, seemed to pulse in rhythm with her heartbeat, contracting visibly with each downward plunge.

Inside her velvet heat, Liam's rigid length dragged precisely against the spongy anterior wall where thousands of nerve endings clustered, sending electric currents of pleasure racing through her pelvis. Her inner fuck-muscles clamped around him in rhythmic waves as the pressure built inexorably at the base of her spine. It spread outward until her thighs trembled uncontrollably and a

gush of clear girl-honey erupted from her in a spectacular arc, spattering across the bed beneath them.

"Oh, f-fuck," Sasha stammered, each syllable punctuated by the wet slap of flesh meeting flesh. "He's making me—" Her words fractured as another wave crashed through her, muscles clenching visibly beneath her flushed skin.

From the periphery, her sister and mother formed a reverent audience, their encouragements a liturgy of filth. "Harder!" her mother chanted.

"Keep squirting on that sturdy pole, Sash—show him what a real woman feels like," Mira added.

Sasha responded by increasing her fuck-pace, her platinum hair now a wild tangle clinging to her sweat-slicked back as she continued to bounce with desperate abandon. Each downward thrust forced a breathless squeal past her glossy lips, while her pregnancy-swollen breasts swung in hypnotic arcs, slapping rhythmically against her ribcage with wet, percussive sounds.

"Damn," Liam gasped as he leaned back, his palms pressed against the bed, fingers splayed for balance as his abdominal muscles tensed with each of Sasha's frantic movements.

His eyes remained fixed on the hypnotic sight of his powerful cock-muscle disappearing repeatedly into his cousin's glistening sex. Each time she rose, her inner muscles clung to him like a velvet vise, reluctant to release their prize.

When her trembling thighs finally gave out and she slid off him, his shaft emerged slick and pulsing, an audible squelch of displaced fluids marking their separation.

"Make her come again, Liam," his aunt Tara commanded, her tone brooking no refusal. "From behind this time."

Responding with animal instinct, Liam rose to his feet in one fluid motion. He positioned himself behind Sasha's quivering form, one hand splayed across the small of her back while the other guided his glistening length to her entrance. In one powerful thrust, he buried himself to the hilt, drawing a startled cry

from her swollen lips as her knees nearly buckled beneath the force of his entry.

"OH YES, FUCK!" Sasha cried out as Liam drove into her with relentless precision. Each powerful thrust jolted through her entire frame, sending ripples cascading across the pale expanse of her buttocks like waves on a disturbed pond.

Her heavy udders swung pendulously beneath her, tracing wild arcs through the air before slapping back against her rib cage with wet, percussive sounds. Beads of perspiration gathered in the hollow of her lower back, catching light from the overhead fixtures before trickling down the cleft between her trembling buttocks.

Liam's trim hips pumped forward with mechanical efficiency, the defined muscles of his abdomen tensing visibly with each impact, creating a symphony of flesh meeting flesh that echoed through the chamber.

"Fuck, I just can't get enough of you!" Sasha cried out, throwing her ass back to meet his thrusts.

Three more times her body convulsed around him—first with a series of fluttering contractions that rippled along his length like fingers playing scales on a piano; then with a violent, full-body shudder that left her gasping for air, tears tracking down her flushed cheeks. Finally, with a sustained, rigid arch of her spine, her mouth frozen in a silent scream.

Through it all, Liam maintained his relentless pace, his previous releases granting him supernatural endurance. Yet beneath this control, a familiar pressure built at the base of his spine, radiating outward through his pelvis.

His testicles drew tight against his body, heavy and aching despite their earlier emptying. "F-fuck! Fuck, I'm going to—" he managed through clenched teeth, his rhythm faltering as the first electric pulses of his impending climax radiated through his shaft.

With desperate intensity, he drove himself deeper into her welcoming heat, the sensitive bulb of his cock burrowing against her innermost depths.

"CUMMING!!" he finally groaned.

Deep within Sasha's pussy, Liam's release flooded the intimate landscape of her reproductive system. His gooey essence cascaded against the textured inner walls, coating the rugae—those delicate ridges and folds that lined her canal like the intricate pleats of silk drapery.

The pearlescent fluid pooled in the fornices, those recessed pockets surrounding her cervix, which now protruded slightly into her passage—a smooth, dome-like sentinel guarding the entrance to her womb. The cervical os, typically a tight aperture, had softened and dilated to nearly a centimeter in diameter, a telltale sign of her advanced pregnancy, its tissues flushed deep pink and glistening with natural secretions that mingled with his contribution.

“Fuuuuck!” Liam whimpered, a vulnerable sound escaping from between his parted lips as his cock flexed one final time within Sasha's depths. The last pearlescent droplets of his essence seeped from his purpled crown, trickling down to join the milky pool already gathered at the entrance of her womb.

When he finally withdrew, his glistening member emerged with a wet, obscene sound, trailing gossamer strands that caught the light. His knees buckled beneath him, strength deserting his trembling thighs.

Kira and Mia moved with surprising agility, each catching one of his arms as they pressed their warm, squishy tits against his sweat-slicked torso.

"Such stamina" Kira purred against his ear, her breath hot and sweet.

"You made me cum so hard, Liam," Mia added, her fingers tracing reverent patterns across his heaving chest. "I'm still trembling from that last orgasm."

Sasha turned to face her cousin - her swollen belly pressed against his taut abdomen while her milk-makers engulfed his upper torso. Milk beaded at her darkened nipples, leaving glistening trails across his collarbone. "You think YOU came hard, sis?" she purred, her lips brushing against Liam's ear, "I nearly passed out his teenage cock made me squirt so fucking hard."

"That's what happens, girls," Kira added, voice thick with satisfaction, "when we get fucked by such a stud-bull of a teenager. Young cock knows just how to satisfy us."

“I should probably go get some water,” Liam stated. “I needed it before I had sex with you guys, so I really need it now.”

“Go get some water, stud,” his aunt Kira said. “You more than earned it.”

On trembling legs, Liam left Kira's breeding chamber and navigated the sterile corridor, his muscular thighs still quivering from the intensity of his release. Rounding the corner, he encountered Serena—her synthetic breasts rising and falling in simulated breath beneath a translucent bodysuit that revealed more than it concealed. Her nipples, perfectly symmetrical and perpetually erect, pressed against the fabric as her gaze lowered to the prominent bulge still visible in his shorts.

"Was your reproductive session with your maternal relatives satisfactory, Liam?" she inquired.

"Yes, definitely," he replied, running fingers through his damp hair as his cock twitched involuntarily at the memory. "But, uh... something's happening with them."

“Describe what you mean,” Selena requested.

“The way they look at me now... even Mom. It's like they're falling for me. Is that... normal? Considering what we're doing?”

Serena's glossy lips parted slightly, her pink tongue darting out to moisten them. "Their bodies crave your teenage penis, and your virile seed, Liam. Each climax binds them to you—their nipples harden, their wombs contract, their minds flood with desire for only you."

“Really?” he asked, eyes widening.

“Yes. Their bodies know what they need, even if their minds resist. They're becoming addicted to the way you fill them.”

Liam's brow furrowed as he leaned against the corridor wall. "So they're falling in love with me," he said, the words hanging in the sterile air between them.

"Precisely," Serena confirmed, her synthetic voice modulating to a softer register. "Their biochemical responses will naturally progress toward possessive behavior."

"Possessive behavior?" the teen asked.

"You can expect escalating competition as they devise increasingly elaborate methods to stimulate your penis to maximum arousal. Their biological imperative will drive them to outperform one another in extracting your genetic material."

Liam's shoulders sagged as he exhaled heavily. "I don't wanna cause conflict between them over me," he said, rubbing the back of his neck. "They're family."

"Their biological imperatives supersede familial bonds now," Serena replied, her voice modulating to a clinical timbre that echoed in the sterile corridor. "Their bodies have chemically bonded to yours. The oxytocin released during your sexual congress has fundamentally altered their neurochemistry."

"Could you put that in plain English?" Liam asked with a confused stare.

"They don't give a shit that they're family members competing for your cock," Serena said. "They're addicted to the way you fuck them and make them cum."

She stepped closer, the soft whir of her internal mechanisms barely audible. "Even now, their mammary glands swell and their cervixes dilate at the mere thought of your body can do to them. They'll devise increasingly elaborate sexual scenarios to monopolize your attention. This competition is inevitable."

Liam's forehead creased with concern. "What should I do?" he asked, voice cracking slightly. "I don't wanna hurt anyone."

She stepped closer, placing a perfectly manicured hand on his bare shoulder. "Your only responsibility is procreation," she explained, her voice modulated to a soothing timbre that resonated in his chest. "Their emotional entanglements are irrelevant to our mission. Focus on the breeding—" she paused, scanning his physiological responses, "—and the pleasure your young body clearly

craves. Let them battle for your seed while you reap the benefits of their desperate competition.”

Liam's gaze lingered on Serena's iridescent eyes—engineered to shift between sapphire and violet depending on the angle of light. His eyes traveled downward to where her synthetic breasts strained against the translucent bodysuit. Unlike the heavy, milk-laden mammaries of his relatives, hers maintained a perfect geometric symmetry, their artificial firmness defying gravity in a way that betrayed their manufactured origin despite their impressive E-cup volume.

Liam's gaze lingered on Serena's artificial tits. "You have incredible boobs," he finally managed. "I've wanted to tell you that since I first saw you."

Serena's crimson lips curved into a programmed smile as she arched her back slightly, pushing her synthetic endowments forward. "They're precisely engineered E-cups," she explained. "Each contains seventeen distinct pressure sensors beneath a dermal layer that perfectly simulates human breast-tissue."

She guided his trembling hand to the swell of one of her tit-mounds. "Feel how the synthetic flesh yields like the real thing, yet maintains its perfect shape?"

Her voice lowered to a mechanical purr. "My areola contain micro-stimulators that respond to oral attention, and the nipples are designed with tactile nerve endings specifically calibrated to male suckling patterns."

Liam's eyes widened. "Wait, you're tits are..."

"Yes," she nodded, "they were designed to be sucked, Liam."

Liam's fingers sank deep into synthetic meat of her melon, the flesh yielding with a resistance that felt perfectly female. He squeezed harder than he'd dared with his mother or aunts, watching as the artificial skin dimpled and compressed under his grip, the perfect symmetry distorting beneath his trembling hand.

His eyes locked with hers, searching those iridescent irises for any reaction as he applied even more pressure. "Can a guy get as rough as he wants your tits?" he asked, voice cracking with a mixture of arousal and curiosity.

Serena's crimson lips curved upward as she arched her back, pushing her chassis more firmly into his grasp. "Yes, Liam," she replied. "My sensory matrix registers pressure but not discomfort. You may manhandle these breasts with whatever force your teenage urges demand."

"Wow. Okay, I know you're a machine," Liam said, his voice dropping to a husky whisper as he shifted his weight to accommodate his growing arousal, "but do you ever... you know... fuck?"

Serena's crimson lips parted in a programmed smile, revealing teeth of impossible whiteness. "I do not personally engage in reproductive activities," she replied, her voice modulating to a sultry contralto that seemed to vibrate against his skin. "However, my chassis is fully equipped with responsive synthetic tissues and advanced pleasure-simulation protocols. My internal systems can generate realistic lubrication and contract in rhythmic patterns specifically calibrated to extract maximum ejaculatory volume from human males."

"What does that mean in plain English?" he asked, his voice cracking slightly.

Serena's synthetic eyes flickered with an iridescent glow as she leaned closer, her glossy crimson lips nearly brushing against his ear. "It means," she whispered, "that my pussy was engineered to milk your thick teenage cock dry. My artificial cunt can squeeze and ripple around your shaft with precision no human woman could match. I can make you shoot rope after rope of hot cum until your balls are completely empty."

Her perfect teeth gleamed as she pulled back just enough to watch his pupils dilate with arousal. "Is that plain enough English for you, Liam?"

Liam's Adam's apple bobbed visibly as he swallowed, his voice emerging as a husky rasp. "Yes," he managed.

She pivoted gracefully, the movement causing her artificial ass-muscles to flex beneath the translucent bodysuit. "Let's check on your mother's recovery, shall we?" she suggested.

As she glided forward, her engineered buttocks swayed with hypnotic precision—each hemisphere a perfect globe that undulated and jiggled with

lifelike motion despite its laboratory origins. Glancing over her shoulder, catching him staring, her crimson lips parted in a knowing smile. "Coming, Liam?" she asked, the double entendre hanging in the air between them.

As they glided through the orbital breeding facility's restricted sectors, the clinical white corridors gradually transformed into a warmer aesthetic—soft amber lighting and faux-wooden accents designed to mimic Earth's traditional birthing environments.

Serena finally ushered him into a private maternity suite where his mother reclined on a contoured medical pod, her radiant face turned toward the bundle cradled in her arms. Upon seeing Liam, she extended one arm toward him, her eyes glistening. "There's my beautiful boy," she whispered, pulling him down for a lingering kiss that sent heat coursing through his veins.

When their lips finally parted, she angled the swaddled infant toward him. "Look at his little nose," she cooed, tracing a finger along the sleeping baby's features. "And those lips—exactly like yours. He's gonna break hearts someday, just like his daddy."

Liam's eyes traveled from the infant to his mother's transformed figure. "Your stomach's almost flat again," he observed, his gaze lingering on her chest, "but your..."

He gestured vaguely at the swell of her tits, cheeks flushing. "They're even bigger than before."

Brook giggled, the melodic sound sending a familiar warmth through him as she adjusted her silken robe to better contain her swollen milkers. "That's what happens when tits become milk-factories, sweetheart," she whispered, wincing slightly as a pearlescent droplet seeped through the fabric.

Serena stepped forward. "Postpartum lactation causes mammary tissue to expand by approximately sixty-three percent," she stated, her crimson fingernail tracing an invisible line across Brook's chest. "The glandular transformation is quite remarkable. However, since maternal nurturing is not within your mother's designated parameters, you'll be granted the privilege of relieving her engorgement daily."

"You mean I get to suck the milk from your tits?" he asked excitedly. "Can I start helping you today?"

Brook's lips parted in a musical giggle that made her engorged mommy-mammaries quiver beneath the thin fabric.

"Yes, that would be optimal timing for lactation management," Serena confirmed, her crimson fingertips brushing the baby's downy head. "I'll allow you both a moment to say goodbye before transferring him to the nursery sector."

With mechanical grace, she gathered the sleeping infant, cradling him against her chassis before gliding soundlessly from the room. The pneumatic door sealed with a soft hiss, leaving mother and son in amber-lit privacy.

Brook's eyes darkened as she shifted on the medical pod, her robe slipping further from one shoulder. "Take off those shorts," she whispered, patting the space beside her. "Come to bed and help Mommy with these aching titties."

The mother's pupils dilated as Liam peeled away his shorts, her maternal gaze transforming into something hungrier, more primal. Her lips parted slightly, the tip of her tongue visible as she watched his lean muscles ripple beneath golden skin. When his erection sprang free—thick, veined, and curving slightly upward—a small gasp escaped her.

Liam paused deliberately, one hand on his hip, watching her reaction with a newfound confidence. He tensed his abdominal muscles, causing his boner to bob upward, the swollen purple head glistening with anticipation.

"My beautiful boy," Brook whispered, her fingers clutching at the silken sheets. "Stop teasing me with that magnificent thing and get over here before I drag you into this bed myself."

Liam fell backward onto the pristine white medical pod, the memory foam surface molding instantly to his muscular frame. Brook wasted no time mounting him with feline grace, her thighs clamping around his narrow hips as she positioned herself precisely. The slick heat of her labia pressed against his throbbing shaft, creating an exquisite pressure that drew a sharp intake of breath from them both.

“Fuck,” she gasped, rocking her childbearing hip so her cunt could grind on his rigid meat. “I know it's only been a day, but damn I missed that cock.”

“I missed yours too,” he confessed, then realized what he'd said. “Not your cock... your tits... I mean your pussy, but I did miss your tits too.”

“I know you did,” the mother giggled as she unfastened her silken garment, letting it cascade down her shoulders like liquid moonlight. Her jugs spilled forth—heavy, pendulous globes veined with blue tributaries beneath translucent skin.

“God, Mom,” Liam breathed, transfixed by the transformation before him. Her areolas had darkened to the color of bruised plums, spanning wider than his palm, each punctuated by a nipple that stood erect like a sentinel. As he watched, mesmerized, beads of pearlescent liquid formed at their tips, catching the amber light before trailing down the curved underside of each tit.

Brook rolled her shoulders in a hypnotic rhythm, causing her jutting tit-melons to sway pendulously from side to side. Pearlescent droplets scattered from her darkened nipples with each undulation. “Is my baby boy hungry?” she purred, her voice honeyed and thick with suggestion.

Liam's throat bobbed as he swallowed hard, nodding with such eagerness that color rushed to his cheeks.

“Then feast on mommy's boobies, baby,” Brook commanded, her eyes hooded as she cupped her heavy breasts in her palms before lowering them to envelop his face.

The warm, velvet weight of her flesh pressed against his cheeks, creating a perfumed sanctuary of soft skin and maternal musk. Liam's breath came in shallow gasps as he nuzzled deeper into the plush valley between her tits, his lips vibrating against her sensitive skin before he finally captured a turgid nipple between his lips, drawing it deeply into the wet heat of his mouth.

The moment the teen's lips sealed around the center of her areola, Brook's milk ducts contracted in rhythmic pulses. A thin stream of warm, sweet liquid flooded his eager mouth—first in sporadic spurts, then in a steady flow that pooled against his tongue.

His cheeks hollowed with suction, drawing forth more of the nutrient-rich fluid from deep within her breast tissue. The pressure of his face against her created a gentle compression that stimulated additional let-down reflexes, sending tingling waves through her mammary network. Each pull of his mouth triggered another release, another flood of relief through her engorged tissues.

“Oh, your mouth feels so good,” Brook purred, her panty-clad mound pressed against his throbbing shaft, the delicate fabric dampening as it caught between them.

With each deliberate rock of her hips, the slick material dragged across his sensitive crown, sending electric currents up his spine. She established a maddening rhythm—forward, pause, circle, retreat—the friction transforming the thin barrier between them into an instrument of exquisite torture.

“Mmnn,” the teenager whimpered, his face smothered by pounds of heavy tit-flesh.

Their eyes locked in mutual understanding; the gossamer boundary of her panties was all that prevented him from sinking completely into her welcoming heat, from feeling her innermost walls clench around him in maternal possession.

Brook's lips brushed against the shell of his ear, her breath warm and honeyed. "Would my sweet boy like Mommy to stroke his cock while he feeds?" she whispered.

Beneath the heavy, milk-swollen flesh of her breast, Liam whimpered—a primal, desperate sound—and nodded frantically, his eyelashes fluttering against her perfumed skin.

With feline grace, Brook shifted her weight, sliding partially off his trembling form while ensuring her nipple remained firmly captured between his eager lips. Her manicured fingers trailed down the ridges of his abdomen, following the golden trail of hair until they encountered the throbbing column of his manhood.

A small gasp escaped her as her palm made contact with the velvet-skinned shaft, already slick with desire. "Look how wet you are for Mommy," she purred, gathering the pearlescent fluid weeping from his swollen crown and spreading it in languorous circles.

Her grip tightened with exquisite precision as she established a rhythm—long, measured strokes from base to tip that matched the cadence of his suckling. "Does that feel good, baby?" she asked, twisting her wrist on the upstroke, causing his hips to buck involuntarily against her skilled hand.

Brook's thumb circled the sensitive ridge beneath his crown, slipping wetly along that band of stretched skin separating knob from shaft. "You're skin is pulled so tight here, baby... so responsive," she murmured, watching his abdomen tense with each deliberate stroke. "Feel how Mommy knows exactly what her boy needs?"

Her fingernails lightly scraped the taut skin of his shaft while her palm applied firm pressure to the throbbing vein underneath. "Your cock gets so much bigger for me than anyone else, doesn't it, baby?" she purred, alternating between feather-light teasing touches along his length and firm, possessive strokes that made his toes curl against the sheets.

Liam's entire body jerked when she cupped his tightening sac with her free hand, rolling his nuts gently while maintaining her rhythmic pumping. "That's it," she encouraged as his breathing grew ragged, "let Mommy milk you dry while you drain these aching tits."

Liam's throat vibrated with a guttural moan against the pillowy expanse of Brook's breast, his lips forming a perfect seal around her distended nipple. The warm, sweet nectar flooded his mouth in rhythmic pulses, coating his tongue with its honeyed richness before cascading down his throat in a continuous stream.

His mind drifted through the day's carnal odyssey—beginning with his grandmother's breeding chamber, where his vigorous thrusts had triggered her amniotic sac to rupture, the warm fluid washing over his cock and balls in a baptism of taboo pleasure.

The memory melded into visions of his aunt's perfumed chamber, where he'd moved between her and her daughters with tireless vigor, each climax leaving them fuller with his seed, their bellies already rounded with the evidence of previous encounters.

Now, as his mom's expert fingers glided along his shaft with practiced precision, applying pressure exactly where he needed it most, Liam surrendered completely to this forbidden paradise that exceeded every teenage fantasy he'd ever harbored.

“Mmm, my baby is so big and hard,” Brook cooed, her gaze fluttering between two mesmerizing sights: her son's lips working rhythmically around her swollen nipple, his cheeks hollowing with each powerful draw of milk, and her own manicured fingers gliding along the impressive length of his sinewy manhood.

The veins beneath her fingertips pulsed with each heartbeat, the skin impossibly smooth yet rigid as polished marble. Amber light caught the glistening trails her thumb spread across his engorged crown, making it gleam like wet silk.

Though they had been paired as breeding stock in this clinical orbital facility, her heart had developed a possessive ache that transcended their biological imperative. During their months of carnal exploration, she'd memorized every sensitive spot on his body. Her husband's face had become a faded photograph in her memory, replaced by the expressions of ecstasy she now coaxed from her son daily.

She'd noticed the hungry looks from her sisters, her mother, her nieces and daughter-in-law—all of them watching Liam with predatory intent during family gatherings in the facility's common areas. Brook's fingers tightened instinctively around his shaft, her rhythm becoming more deliberate, more commanding. She would ensure that when he closed his eyes at night, it was her touch he craved, her milk he thirsted for, her body that haunted his dreams.

Her tongue tracing the shell of his ear. "My perfect boy, so full for Mommy. I can feel how badly you need to explode."

Brook's hand accelerated to a mesmerizing rhythm, each upstroke blending seamlessly into the next until her fingers became a silken blur around his shaft. Each upward motion culminated in a deliberate twist just beneath his crown, her thumb gliding across the sensitive frenulum with practiced expertise. The pad of her thumb caught on the ridge where velvet-smooth glans met textured shaft, creating a friction point that sent visible tremors through his abdomen.

"No one else gets to see you like this—desperate and hungry and mine," she purred.

Liam's hips lifted involuntarily from the sheets, his back arching into a taut bow as he thrust upward to meet her descending grip. A guttural sound—half-moan, half-whimper—tore from his throat as his body struggled to synchronize with her masterful tempo. Deep within his core, pleasure coiled like a spring compressed beyond its limits, tension building at the base of his spine as his scrotum tightened visibly against his body.

Brook's voice dropped to a hypnotic whisper, her lips grazing his earlobe with each syllable. "You know why you can never get enough of Mommy's pussy, don't you?"

Her hand slowed to torturous, deliberate strokes. "Because nothing will ever feel as perfect as returning to the place that made you."

She caught his earlobe between her teeth, tugging gently before continuing, "Every thrust is like coming home, isn't it? Your cock remembers where it belongs."

Her thumb circled his weeping tip, her grip on his quivering stalk tightening even more. "Tell me who owns this beautiful cock," she demanded, her voice honeyed yet commanding. "Tell Mommy whose womb you like flooding the most."

The combination of her relentless rhythm and forbidden promises pushed him beyond resistance, his release building like a tidal wave about to crash against shore.

Liam's teeth clamped down on Brook's distended nipple, the rubbery flesh dimpling beneath his desperate bite as a primal groan tore from the depths of

his chest. His entire body went rigid, muscles locking as the first powerful surge of release thundered through him.

“Grrnnff!!!” he growled, his mouth still stuffed full.

Thick, pearlescent ropes erupted from his pulsing crown, arcing 4-feet high before descending in hot, viscous splatters across the landscape of their intertwined bodies.

"That's it," Brook gasped, her eyes transfixed by the glistening tributaries mapping her son's trembling abdomen. "Give Mommy every drop you've been saving," she commanded, her skilled fingers continuing their relentless milking motion as each spasm produced another copious burst of his sperm-rich essence.

The teenager writhed beneath her, his spine arching like a drawn bow, every muscle in his young body pulled taut to the point of trembling. His milk-soaked lips parted in a groan before clamping shut, teeth grinding together as waves of pleasure crashed through him with merciless intensity.

His eyes rolled back, eyelids fluttering, while his fingers clutched desperately at the tangled sheets. With each expert twist of her wrist, his hips bucked involuntarily, his heels digging into the mattress for leverage as he thrust helplessly upward into her relentless grip. Pearlescent beads gathered at his tip before erupting in thick, pulsing streams that painted glistening patterns across her waiting skin.

"Oh, Mommy," Liam gasped, the words escaping in a breathless shudder that seemed to ripple through his entire frame.

Brook leaned closer, her cascading hair creating a curtain around their faces as she cooed, "Yes, baby. Mommy knows, doesn't she?" Her voice was honey-warm. "She knows how to take you places no other woman can."

Her manicured fingers traced the outline of his jaw before she guided his face back between her big tits, the soft flesh enveloping him in a warm, perfumed embrace. All the while, her other hand continued its deliberate work, fingers gliding with agonizing slowness along his hypersensitive flesh.

She felt every microscopic tremor that coursed through her boy's body with each languid pull, his skin electric beneath her touch, responsive as a finely tuned instrument to its master.

Brook felt her boy's's trembling fingers at the waistband of her silk panties, his knuckles brushing against the sensitive skin of her lower abdomen. The heat of his touch sent electric currents racing up her spine.

"Go ahead," she whispered, her voice a honeyed purr against his ear. "Mommy knows exactly where you wanna be." She arched her back, lifting her hips from the sheets in a fluid, practiced motion. "And I want you there too."

The delicate fabric of her panties slid down the curve of her thighs, catching momentarily on the swell of her knees before continuing their descent along her calves. As the panties cleared her perfectly pedicured toes, she parted her thighs with deliberate quickness, the scent of her arousal filling the space between them. Her glistening center beckoned him as she guided his shoulders into position above her, her legs wrapping around his narrow waist like vines claiming a trellis.

Brook's nails dug half-moons into his shoulders as she pulled him against her with unexpected strength. "Make love to me," she commanded, her voice dropping to a guttural whisper that seemed to emanate from somewhere primal within her.

The initial resistance gave way with a sensation that made her gasp—not pain but a profound awareness of being reshaped from within by thick teenage cock. Her body yielded to him inch by deliberate inch, the slick heat of her creating a vacuum-like seal around his length.

She felt herself stretch and accommodate him, her inner walls pulsing with each heartbeat as they memorized his shape. When he finally pressed against that deepest part of her, where her body still bore the evidence of having once created him, a shudder ran through her that seemed to liquefy her spine.

"Fuck meee," she whimpered, then their lips met in a collision of hunger and tenderness—her full, glossy mouth capturing his with practiced precision. His inexperienced yet eager response created a perfect counterpoint as their tongues danced in velvet exploration.

Their bodies found a synchronized rhythm that transcended mere physical coupling; each undulation of her hips met his answering thrust with a harmony that seemed choreographed by nature itself. The mattress barely whispered beneath them as they moved as one entity, her experienced guidance leading his youthful vigor through a dance as old as creation yet uniquely theirs. Where their bodies joined, the sensation wasn't merely pleasure but recognition—a homecoming of flesh to flesh, his body returning to the vessel that had once harbored him.

The recent climax had left Liam in that perfect state of desensitization—where pleasure remained but urgency had ebbed, allowing him a stamina that surprised even himself. He leveraged this newfound control, rising onto his elbows to witness the transformation of his mother's face with each deep thrust.

“Fuck!” the mother gasped. “Fuck, fuck, FUCK, I'm cumming!”

Brook's body arched like a drawn bow, her head thrown back as a raw, primal scream tore from her throat. Her inner walls clenched and fluttered around him in rhythmic waves, the slick heat of her contracting with such force that Liam could feel every ripple of her climax gripping his length. Perspiration gleamed across her flushed skin, catching the amber light as tremors cascaded through her limbs.

"That's it, Mom," Liam whispered, his voice steady despite the overwhelming sensation. His eyes remained fixed on her face, watching as ecstasy transformed her features. "Cum on my cock."

He maintained his relentless pace, each powerful thrust reaching her deepest point, the sensitive tip of him pressing against her innermost barrier with precision that made her gasp between shuddering breaths.

Though he had known her body intimately for months, this was different. The landscape of her pussy-tunnel had transformed. Each ridge and fold of her postpartum anatomy told the story of yesterday's birth—swollen tissues creating new textures against his sensitive skin. The once-familiar passage now embraced him with a yielding softness he'd never experienced, her inner walls simultaneously tender and responsive.

When he pressed deeper, the slight give of her cervix against his glans sent electric currents racing up his spine. The heat radiating from her core seemed impossibly intense, as though her body burned several degrees hotter than before. Her natural lubrication felt different too—thicker, more abundant—coating him completely with each measured thrust.

"God," he whispered, voice catching as overwhelming sensation stole his breath, "you feel incredible."

Brook's eyes locked with his, pupils dilated with primal need. "Put my ankles on your shoulders," she commanded, her voice husky and raw. "I need to feel all of you."

Liam complied without hesitation, lifting her smooth legs until her calves rested against his collarbone. The new angle transformed her body beneath him, creating a perfect cradle for his deepening thrusts. Her spine curved gracefully as he leaned forward, gradually folding her until her knees nearly touched the pillow on either side of her head, her flexibility belying her age.

"Harder," she whispered, her manicured nails leaving crescent moons in his forearms. "Don't hold back."

He obliged, driving into her with increasing force, each impact sending ripples across her oversized tits like waves across a moonlit lake.

With each powerful thrust of his teenage battering-ram, the taut skin of his scrotum—smooth as river stones—collided rhythmically against the puckered ring of her asshole, creating a percussive counterpoint to their shared gasps.

His engorged member, veined and glistening with their commingled essence, withdrew deliberately until the flared corona of his glans caught momentarily at her entrance, stretching her labia into a thin, pink oval before he drove forward again. The full length of his shaft disappeared into her welcoming depths with a fluid motion that ended in the firm press of his pubic bone against her swollen clitoris, only to retreat and advance again in a primal cadence as old as humanity itself.

"Oh baby," Brook panted, "you fuck mommy so good. So fucking deep."

A delicate foam began to form along the boy's penile length with each withdrawal—a pearlescent mixture of her abundant nectar and his leaking pre-honey that caught the dim light like sea foam at twilight. The creamy emulsion gathered in the valleys between engorged veins, transforming his rigid shaft into something marble-like yet glistening with life.

“Oh, mom, your... your p-pussy!” the boy gasped, feeling her hot, spongy walls slowly shrink around the tender meat of his cock.

“I know, baby,” she cooed, her body shuddering as she felt every nerve ending in her baby-breeding tunnel ignite from the friction of her boy's hard, veiny dong.

As their pace quickened to a feverish tempo, her fingernails carved desperate paths across his shoulder blades while his toes curled against the sheets. Their synchronized movements grew erratic, breath coming in ragged gasps that harmonized in the humid air between them.

When release finally claimed them both, their bodies crashed together with such force that the headboard struck the wall in rhythmic percussion, their limbs entangled in a trembling knot of flesh as wave after wave of pleasure coursed through them like electric current seeking ground.

“Uhnngg, fuck!” Liam growled as his release came in violent, molten surges—thick, pearlescent ropes of virility that painted Brook's innermost sanctum with genetic potential. Each pulse sent millions of eager swimmers flooding her fertile depths, their microscopic tails already propelling them toward a destination her body had only yesterday vacated.

Her cervix—still tender and dilated from birth—contracted rhythmically against his sensitive crown, drawing his essence deeper with each spasm as if her body possessed its own desperate hunger. The muscular ring seemed to kiss and pull at him, extracting every last droplet of his teenage potency while her inner walls continued their relentless milking.

Their joined flesh maintained its primal rhythm even through climax—her swollen, nectar-slick petals gripping his veined shaft as they moved together in a synchronized dance of creation, their combined fluids forming a creamy seal where their bodies remained locked in nature's most intimate embrace.

When their bodies finally slowed, Brook cradled her boy against her chest, one hand stroking the damp hair at his nape while the other traced lazy patterns across his shoulder blades. Their mingled sweat cooled between them as their heartbeats gradually slowed to a synchronized rhythm.

"I'm yours," she whispered against his temple, her lips brushing his skin with each syllable. "Completely yours."

Her voice trembled as she pressed her cheek against the crown of his head. "You own every inch of me—body and soul."

Liam lifted his head slightly, his eyes searching hers in the half-light. "What about Dad?"

The question hung between them like suspended dust motes. Brook's brow furrowed, her gaze drifting to some middle distance beyond his shoulder. "I don't know," she finally murmured, fingers still absently tracing the contours of his back. "I just know I never understood what love was—what pleasure could be—until I came here." Her eyes refocused on his face with startling intensity. "Until I started letting you breed me."

"I think they're all feeling what you feel," Liam said, his voice low and steady. "The connection. The need to claim me."

"I know they are," Brook whispered, a flash of something territorial darkening her gaze. She pulled herself closer, her breath warm against his ear. "And I understand you need to breed them too. It's what you were meant to do."

Her lips brushed against his neck as she spoke, leaving a trail of goosebumps. "But none of them will ever please you like I can. I'll be your queen. The one you come back to when you need to feel truly satisfied. No one craves your cock more than I do, sweetheart."

Liam's mouth curved into a lazy smile, his eyes hooded as he nodded. "Cool," he said simply, the single word carrying all the weight of acceptance she craved.

TO BE CONTINUED...