

BREED - PART 5



BY KLRXO

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Josh sat hunched in the dim glow of his office on Earth, his fingers trembling over the access screen of The Orbital Breeding Station 7, a sterile fortress floating in the void above the planet, where his wife Jenna had vanished into for months.

Sweat beaded on his forehead as the screen flickered to life, pulling up the restricted data logs. He shouldn't be doing this—hacking into the breeding records—but the gnawing ache in his gut demanded answers.

Jenna, his Jenna, paired with his own little brother Liam, that cocky 18-year-old, and worse, the rest of the female family members thrown into the mix for some twisted fertility program.

The screen scrolled with cold, clinical entries, but the details hit like punches. 'Subject: Jenna Harlan. Breeding Partner: Liam Harlan. Sessions Initiated: 547.'

Josh's breath caught, his eyes widening. *“They’ve had sex five hundred forty-seven times... in six months?”* he told himself, quickly doing the math in his head. *“That's 3 times a day.”*

His mind reeled, picturing Liam's young, ripped body pinning Jenna down, that oversized teenage cock of his slamming into her wet pussy over and over, cum-filled balls beating rhythmically against her asshole.

Josh suddenly felt extremely inadequate knowing his own little brother had sex with his wife more in six months than he had with her in their 3 year marriage, including the 6 months they dated.

The log dove deeper, revealing the thousands of orgasms his wife had experienced during their sessions. The fact that Jenna had cum that many times on his little brother's cock made him dizzy. He read on – the logs detailing the amount of sperm Liam had pumped into Jenna.

“*Fuck,*” Josh thought, his stomach twisting into knots. Liam had flooded her cunt with over 2 gallons of his seed since they'd been up there, pumping load after hot, sticky load deep inside her fertile womb while she screamed in ecstasy.

Josh could almost hear her moans echoing through the breeding chamber, her legs spread wide, begging for more of his brother's cum. Nausea churned in Josh's belly, but he couldn't look away. The stats painted a raw picture—Jenna's body responding like a slut in heat, her pussy clenching around Liam's dick as he bred her relentlessly.

“*What else were they doing up there?*” Josh asked himself.

His mind flooded with grotesque images that made his stomach churn: Jenna's mouth stretched wide around his little brother's veiny shaft, her throat bulging as she gagged on Liam's throbbing cock; Liam's teenage face buried between her splayed thighs, his tongue lapping hungrily at her swollen clit—that fat, juicy button Josh had worshipped for years.

He pictured them French kissing like desperate teenagers, spit dribbling down their chins as their tongues wrestled wetly, Jenna moaning into Liam's mouth while her hand worked his slick cock.

Were they giggling between fucks? Whispering filthy encouragements? “Fill me up, stud” or “Your pussy's so fucking wet”—playing horny lovers instead of reluctant breeders forced together by duty?

The logs expanded to the others—Aunts, Cousins, even his grandmother Lorraine—all listed with their own tallies.

Then there were his mother Brook's stats—the idea of his own little brother's veiny teenage cock plunging into the very cunt that birthed them both. The same voluptuous flesh Josh had jerked off to countless times during his hormone-crazed youth was now clinging to his little brother.

His stomach churned knowing his mother's pussy was probably dripping all over Liam's balls, her thick thighs quivering as she begged for more, her massive tits bouncing as she rode her own son like a depraved whore in heat – their very own mom.

Josh shoved back from the console, his chair scraping harshly against the metal floor. The air felt thick, stale, like it was laced with the phantom scent of sweat and sex from those logs.

“No more,” he muttered to himself, eyes squeezed shut. The images burned behind his lids—Jenna's pussy stretched around Liam's thick, veiny cock, his brother's balls slapping against her ass as he pumped another load of baby-batter into her fertile womb.

And the others, all of them, taking turns getting bred like animals. It was too much, too filthy. “Just walk out,” he told himself. Delete the access, pretend I never saw that information.”

But his feet wouldn't move. That sick pull in his gut, the one that mixed jealousy with a dark, hungry ache, yanked him back. What the fuck was wrong with him? Liam was his little brother, barely 18, and yet the stats screamed how he'd turned the whole family into his personal breeding harem.

Josh's hand hovered over the panel, trembling. Before he could stop it, his finger jabbed at a random file—Session 142: Jenna Primary. The

screen exploded into full vid feed, high-res and unfiltered, the station's cams capturing every slick, slapping detail.

Josh froze, breath hitching as the scene filled the display. There was Jenna, his wife, naked and glistening, her pale skin flushed red from exertion. She straddled Liam on her breeding bed, her massive alabaster tits—those huge, heavy globes Josh had always loved—smothering his brother's upper torso and face completely.

Liam's hands gripped her wide birthing hips, fingers digging into soft flesh as she rode him like a wild bitch in heat. Her ass cheeks rippled with every downward slam, her soaked pussy devouring his thick cock in wet, obscene squelches that echoed through the speakers.

“Fuck yes, Liam! FUCK ME!” Jenna's voice blasted out, raw and desperate, nothing like the sweet wife Josh remembered.

She ground her hips in circles, her tits bouncing and jiggling as they mashed against Liam's chest, nipples hard and scraping his skin. Liam's face was half-buried in her cleavage, his mouth sucking greedily at the sweat-slicked valley between her breasts, tongue lapping at her skin like he was starving.

“Your cock's so fucking big,” Jenna panted. “Stretch my married pussy—fill it with that hot cum!”

She threw her head back, long, red hair whipping, her body undulating in a frenzy of need as she ground her cunt on his strong, teenage cunt-hammer.

Josh's knees buckled; he gripped the console to stay upright. On screen, Liam bucked up hard, his hips pile-driving to meet her drops, balls slapping wetly against her thick ass. Sweat flew off their bodies,

the air in the vid thick with the musky stench of sex—pussy juice, ball sweat, the sharp tang of pre-cum.

Jenna's waxed cunt lips gripped his shaft visibly, stretched taut around the veiny length as she lifted and slammed down, her juices coating his pubes in a shiny froth.

“Goddamn that's good pussy, Jenna,” Liam growled, voice muffled against her tits. He latched onto one turgid nipple, sucking hard enough to make her yelp, then bit down lightly, drawing a guttural moan from her throat.

Josh watched them kiss, messy and animalistic, tongues tangling as spit trailed between their lips. Jenna's hands clawed at Liam's shoulders, nails leaving red trails, while she fucked him harder, her ass cheeks clapping louder.

“Cum in me, stud—knock me up with your baby!” she begged, voice breaking into a whine as her body shuddered.

Liam's hands slid to her ass, spreading her cheeks wide, one thumb teasing her puckered asshole as he thrust up brutally. The camera angle shifted, zooming in on the penetration—his rock-solid cock plunging balls-deep into her dripping pussy, the inner walls clenching visibly around him, pulling him in like she couldn't get enough.

Josh's finger hovered over the controls as the video looped Jenna's pussy clenching around Liam's cock, her juices dripping down his balls. He couldn't tear his eyes away, but the nausea clawed higher, mixing with the unwanted throb in his pants.

“Fuck this,” he whispered, jabbing the skip button to another session—Session 187, Solo Pairing: Jenna Rear Entry. The screen

flickered, and there they were again, his wife and his little brother, lost in another round of filthy breeding.

Liam had Jenna bent over the breeding bed, her knees spread wide on the sheets, ass up high like an offering. Her bodacious butt cheeks—those thick, jiggling globes that Josh used to grab during their vanilla fucks—slapped hard against Liam's trim midsection with every brutal thrust.

The 18-year-old's hips snapped forward relentlessly, his thick cock spearing deep into her sopping cunt from behind, balls swinging heavy and smacking her clit.

Jenna's back arched, her heavy tits swaying pendulously beneath her, nipples grazing the mattress as she pushed back to meet him. Sweat poured off her body, rivulets tracing down her spine to pool where their flesh collided in wet, obscene slaps.

“Harder! Fuck my married hole like you own it!” Jenna gasped, her voice a throaty rasp over the speakers, fingers twisting in the sheets.

Liam's hands gripped her hips, yanking her back onto his dick, the veiny shaft disappearing balls-deep into her stretched pussy lips. Her ass rippled with each impact, red handprints already blooming on the pale skin from earlier slaps.

The camera caught it all—the way her cunt gripped him, inner walls fluttering visibly as she milked his length, creamy froth building at the base from her arousal and his pre-cum.

Josh cursed under his breath, “Goddamn it, Liam, you fucking animal,” his stomach twisting into knots as he watched the raw, brutal fucking unfold. His brother's dominance was everywhere: the

way he controlled the pace, pounding her like a stud claiming his mare, grunting with each plunge.

Jealousy burned hot in Josh's chest, humiliation flooding him as he pictured Jenna's fertile womb taking load after load from that young cock. Why her? Why his brother? But his eyes stayed glued despite the sickness churning inside.

Liam reared back and slapped Jenna's ass cheek hard, the crack echoing like a whip. “Beat that ass against me, Jenna! Work that greedy cunt back on my cock—show me how bad you need my seed.”

His palm came down again, harder, leaving a fresh welt that made her yelp and buck wildly. Jenna obeyed instantly, slamming her hips backward, her ass cheeks clapping louder against his abs, pussy swallowing his dick in frantic, desperate strokes.

“Yes, yes! Breed me—fill my pussy with your hot cum!” she cried, head tossing, hair sticking to her sweat-drenched face.

Liam's fingers dug into her flesh, spreading her ass wider for a better angle, his thumb circling her puckered asshole teasingly as he rammed deeper, the head of his cock battering her cervix. The scent of their sex seemed to seep from the screen—musky pussy, salty sweat, the sharp bite of cum already leaking from previous rounds.

Josh's hand clenched the console edge, knuckles white, as Liam's balls tightened visibly, slapping her clit with wet thwacks. Jenna's moans turned to screams, her body quaking as an orgasm ripped through her, cunt rippling around his shaft, squirting juices down her thighs.

But Liam didn't stop, fucking her through it, his grunts turning feral. "Take it all, Jenna—gonna knock you up with my baby."

Nauseous waves hit Josh harder; he swallowed bile, but that dark curiosity kept him rooted. He skipped ahead again, switching to a close-up feed from Session 192. The view zoomed in tight on their faces, Jenna and Liam kissing frantically, tongues wrestling wildly in a frenzy of spit and heat.

Her lips were swollen, smeared with their mixed saliva, as she devoured his mouth in a way she never had her husband, moaning into him while their bodies writhed below.

The camera panned slightly, capturing how they rolled on the bed in a sweaty knot of flesh, limbs tangled, fucking with desperate, animalistic hunger. Liam flipped her onto her back mid-kiss, never breaking the sloppy lock of their mouths, his cock sliding out just long enough to reposition before slamming back into her dripping pussy.

Jenna's legs wrapped around his waist, heels of her sexy feet digging into his ass to pull him deeper, her nails raking down his back in red lines. Sweat-slicked skin pressed tight, tits squished against his chest, nipples scraping as they ground together.

"Mmm, your tongue tastes so fucking good," she murmured against his lips, sucking his lower one before plunging her tongue back in, wrestling it with hers in a wet, urgent battle.

Liam growled into her mouth, hips working fast, cock churning her insides with squelching thrusts that made her belly bulge slightly from the depth.

They rolled again, Jenna on top now, riding him sideways in the tangle, her ass flexing and dimpling as she bounced, pussy lips dragging along his shaft. The close-up lingered on their kiss—tongues dueling, spit trailing in strings when they gasped for air, only to dive back in hungrily.

Liam's hands roamed her body, one squeezing her tit hard, pinching the nipple until she whimpered into his mouth, the other slapping her ass to urge her faster.

“Fuck, Jenna, your cunt's so tight—feels so good on my big dick.”

Her response was a muffled moan, hips grinding down to take every inch so her flanges sealed to his root, their sweat mingling in the humid air of the breeding chamber.

Josh's eyes burned from staring at the screen. He jabbed the skip button again, his finger trembling, skipping past more sessions of Jenna's moans and Liam's grunts.

One thumbnail caught his eye—Session 245: Jenna Prone Missionary. The preview showed her belly swollen huge, round and taut from pregnancy, and despite the bile rising in his throat, he clicked it.

The feed opened on Jenna sprawled on her back in the breeding bed, her body a bloated testament to months of Liam's relentless cum dumps. Her baby-packed belly protruded massively, skin stretched shiny and veined, the curve of it rising like a dome from her hips.

Milk leaked from her engorged tits, dark nipples puffy and erect, dribbling white streams down the sides that pooled on the sheets.

Liam loomed over her, his lean 18-year-old frame dominating the shot, cock buried halfway in her shaved pussy, lips stretched wide around his girth. His body glistened like an athlete's – no doubt from hours of hard rutting.

Josh watched his brother lean down and lick a hot trail up his wife's neck, tongue rasping over her salty skin, before sinking his body down against her. His chest pressed into the meat of her huge, milk-filled tits, the soft flesh squishing out around him, sloshing with each shift as beads of milk squirted from her nipples onto his skin.

“Fuck, Jenna, look at you—belly full of my kid, tits leaking like a cow,” Liam growled low, his hips snapping forward to bury the rest of his thick cock inside her.

The camera caught the way her pregnant pussy engulfed him, inner walls clenching visibly around the veiny shaft, creamy residue from earlier loads oozing out with the thrust.

Jenna's hands clawed at his back, nails digging red furrows into his sweat-slicked skin, her legs twisting up to hook around his waist, ankles locking tight. Her arms wrapped around his shoulders, pulling him deeper as her body arched off the mattress, that swollen belly bumping against his abs with every pound.

Liam's ass rose and fell in a blur of motion, muscles flexing as he hammered his cock through her pregnant pussy, balls slapping her ass crack with wet smacks.

“Oh fuck yeah,” Liam snarled, teeth grazing her earlobe. “Your pregnant body feels so fucking good, Jenna.”

Josh's wife's moans filled the speakers, raw and guttural, her hips bucking up to meet Liam's brutal rhythm. Her pussy lips dragged along his shaft on each pull-out, glistening with her slick and his precum, the head of his dick battering her cervix with punishing force.

Milk spurted from her tits in rhythmic jets, soaking their grinding torsos, the scent of it mixing with the sharp tang of her aroused cunt.

Josh's stomach churned sickly, a hot wave of nausea twisting his guts as he watched his wife's body convulse under his little brother.

“God, Jenna, how could you let him... fuck you that way,” he whispered hoarsely. He couldn't look away—had to see every filthy detail of Liam owning her like this, pounding that fertile hole while she carried his spawn.

Jenna's claws raked harder on Liam's shoulders as her legs squeezed his teenage body tighter, heels digging into his ass to force him deeper.

“Yes, Liam! Pound my pregnant cunt—fill me up again, make me gush around our baby!” she screamed, voice breaking into a wail.

Her body suddenly arched from the mattress like a bow, spine bowing sharply, tits heaving as milk sprayed in arcs. The orgasm hit her like a freight train, her pregnant belly quaking, pussy convulsing violently around Liam's jackhammering dick.

Fem-cum juices splattered out from between their pounding crotches in forceful squirts, soaking his balls and thighs, dripping down to puddle on the sheets. She screamed, raw and animalistic, head thrashing side to side, mouth open in a silent howl before the sound ripped free—“I'm cumming! Fuck, breed me through it!”

Liam didn't slow, his hips blurring faster, cock churning her clenching walls into a frothy mess, grunting with each slam.

“That's it, squirt for me, Jenna—your married pussy's mine now, gonna dump another load in that womb.”

Her fem-cum kept gushing, splattering wetly against his skin, the camera zooming in on the obscene sight: her stretched pussy lips fluttering, clit swollen and pulsing, as ropes of her clear fluid shot out around his buried shaft.

Jenna's body shook uncontrollably, limbs locked around him, milking his cock with rhythmic squeezes that made his balls draw up tight.

“Fucking shit!” Liam spat, as his grunts turned savage, his hips slamming one final time, burying his cock to the hilt in Jenna's pregnant pussy. “Take my fucking load!” he roared, balls contracting as thick ropes of teen cum erupted from his dick, painting her insides white.

The camera caught the overflow, creamy spurts bubbling out around his shaft, mixing with her cum-honey to drip down her ass crack. Jenna's body shuddered through aftershocks, her legs clamped like a vice around him, milking every drop as she whimpered, “Yes, fill me, Liam.”

Josh slammed the pause button, the screen freezing on their sweat-drenched tangle, Liam's ass still flexed mid-thrust. That sick churn in his gut twisted harder.

“Fuck... fuck this,” he gasped, shoving back from the console, but his eyes stayed glued to the image—Jenna's bloated belly smeared with

their mixed fluids, her tits mashed to his little brother's chest, nipples still oozing.

He stumbled to his feet, pacing the dim office, hands raking through his hair. How had it come to this? His mind reeled back, dragging him to those tender nights before the mission, when life was just him and Jenna, high school sweethearts turned husband and wife.

They'd married young, barely after graduating, her cheerleader body still tight and untouched by anyone but him. After their honeymoon fuck-fests, they'd collapse in each other's arms, lips brushing soft kisses, whispering "I love you" like it was the only truth in the universe.

Her beautiful green eyes would sparkle, locking onto his, full of that pure, endless devotion as she'd trace his jaw with her fingers. "You're my everything, Josh," she'd murmur, her voice husky from their lovemaking, pussy still twitching around the memory of his cock.

And then their baby—their fragile little family. Josh's throat tightened at the flash of memory: Jenna in the hospital bed, sweat-slicked and glowing, cradling their newborn against her leaking tits. He'd kissed her forehead, tasting salt, as she nursed the tiny mouth latched to her nipple.

"We did this, babe. Our perfect life," he'd said, hand on her flat belly, dreaming of more kids, more nights of slow, loving thrusts where he'd cum deep in her fertile cunt, building their world.

But the government mandate shattered it all—the breeding program, ripping her away to Station 7 for 'repopulation optimization.'

She'd kissed him goodbye, eyes wet, promising, “It's just my duty, Josh. My heart's yours forever.”

Josh's mind flashed to Liam at fourteen, that awkward kid brother lurking at their wedding. He'd caught the little shit staring, eyes bulging at Jenna's curves in that white dress—her big, bobbling tits straining the bodice, cleavage spilling like an invitation, and those smooth, strong cheerleader legs peeking from the slit skirt.

Liam's gaze had lingered, hungry and blatant, on the way her thighs flexed when she walked, on the jiggle of her meaty ass as she bent to hug family. Josh had laughed it off then, slapping his brother's shoulder.

“Eyes up, kid. She's mine.” But now? He imagined Liam's rush now, at 18, finally gorging on what he'd craved for years. That dominant little prick, slamming his thick cock into Jenna's married pussy, her strong legs—baby-smooth and toned from years of cheers—harnessed tight around his pounding hips.

Liam sucking her fat tits dry, milk flooding his mouth as he bit her nipples, growling about breeding his brother's bride. Josh could picture their bodies rutting like animals, their hot sweaty flesh slapping together for hours on the breeding bed.

“She's mine dammit,” he hissed out loud. “This is so unfair.”



An hour later, Josh answered the door. “Dad... Grandpa,” Josh muttered, “there's something you need to see.”

“What's eating you, son? Your message was cryptic as hell.” Arthur asked his eldest grandson.

Josh led them to the console - the screen still flickered with the paused image of Jenna and Liam, but he jabbed the power button to black it out. “It's... the data from Station 7. Jenna's logs. And... others.”

“How the hell did you get access to that?” his father Roger asked in a panic.

“I hacked in, which I know you're gonna give me shit for, but we can talk about that later.”

Roger grunted, crossing his arms, while Arthur eased into a chair, curiosity flickering despite the hesitation.

With a deep breath, Josh pulled up the file labeled 'Group Session - Family Breeding Cluster.'

“You need to see this,” he said, then he hit the button, and the screen erupted with motion—frantic, sweaty bodies writhing in a tangled heap on a dimly lit breeding bed. The camera angle caught it all: Liam sprawled at the center, his 18-year-old frame glistening, cock jutting thick and veined like a beacon.

Piled on him were the women—Jenna, Brook, Lorraine, and two of Liam's aunts—their mouths gasping and moaning as they fought like starving animals to taste his sweat-slick teenage skin. Their massive tits, heavy as watermelons and leaking from swollen nipples, dragged across his trembling body while their cum-hungry cunts left glistening trails of juice on his legs like slugs marking territory.

Arthur gasped, his frail hand clutching the armrest, eyes widening behind his glasses. “Jesus... I never realized there was such lewd group behavior going on up there.” His voice wheezed out, shock mixing with a hesitant curiosity.

Roger leaned forward, jaw dropping as he stared in disbelief.

The room filled with the video's audio: sloppy, wet slurps, animalistic moans, the obscene smacking of greedy lips and tongues feasting on flesh.

On screen, Jenna and Brook fought like rabid bitches for position on Liam's throbbing cock, their grotesquely swollen pregnant bellies

mashing against his trembling thighs as they attacked his purple, veiny glans like starving whores.

Jenna's fat tongue flickered like a snake, slobbering over the bulbous cockhead, circling the piss-slit where sticky pre-cum oozed like syrup. "Mmm, taste that teenage juice, Brook—so fucking sweet," Jenna snarled, her voice a guttural growl.

Brook rammed her face in, her drooling tongue wrestling Jenna's, both cum-hungry sluts battering the sensitive ridge and the band of skin that connected his knob and foreskin.

"Mmm, stretched so fucking taut," the mother hissed, her tongue-tip darting over the tight elastic tissue. "It's so responsive."

Roger's eyes bulged as his wife's mouth stretched obscenely wide, her drooling lips vacuum-sealed around the purple, throbbing glans while Jenna's tongue slithered like a greedy snake along the shaft's underside, leaving glistening trails of saliva on each pulsing vein.

After Brook nursed on the head, and released it with a pop, the women's tongues wrestled wetly over the swollen cockhead, strings of thick spit and pearly pre-cum connecting their hungry mouths as they ravaged his crown like starving animals, their guttural moans vibrating against Liam's twitching, vein-mapped flesh.

"O-h-h damn, that feels so g-good," they heard Liam's voice quiver.

Lower down, Lorraine—Arthur's wife, Josh's mom—sprawled between Liam's spread legs, her 60-year-old, giant tits pooling against the mattress like flesh-colored pudding.

She attacked his ball-sack with obscene hunger, her mouth slobbering over the sweat-glazed scrotum, tongue slithering across every wrinkle and fold of the musky skin.

"So fucking full of teenage cum," she groaned, her voice guttural with lust as she vacuumed one heavy nut into her mouth, slurping noisily while drool leaked down her chin. Then, she moved to the other, while her hand greedily milking the veiny base of his throbbing shaft.

Aunt Tara's pretty face was buried between his firm teenage ass cheeks, her features glistening with sweat and saliva as she devoured his puckered hole like a starving animal. Her tongue—thick and obscenely long—violated his asshole with sloppy, pig-like slurps, her drool smearing up along his taint.

She groaned like a bitch in heat while rimming his quivering sphincter, then dragged her hot tongue up his perineum, collecting the salty-sweet mixture of sweat and pre-cum that had trickled down from his balls.

The cacophony of wet, suctioning noises filled the room as the women's mouths worked frantically, the air thick with the ripe stench of cunt juice and ball sweat that seemed to seep through the speakers themselves.

"I've seen enough of this clip," Arthur grunted, pointing to another file. "What's that one?"

The thumbnail marked "shower discussion" showed a grainy preview from the orbital breeding station's first day. Josh clicked it, unleashing high-definition footage of the women's wet, naked

bodies. Steam billowed around their enormous, soap-slick tits that hung heavy and pendulous, nipples engorged and pointing outward like fleshy missiles.

Water cascaded between ass cheeks so plump they seemed to devour the streaming rivulets, while their cunts glistened pink and swollen beneath neatly trimmed mounds. Their laughter—husky and primal—echoed off the tile as they whispered filthy secrets.

"My God, I can't believe how good Liam's dick felt," Jenna moaned, her voice thick with remembered pleasure. "I thought his knob was gonna punch straight through my cervix and squeeze right up into my fucking womb."

"My grandson has some length, that's for damn sure," Lorraine purred, soap bubbles cascading between the heavy, veined globes of her pendulous breasts. "Felt that thick teenage meat tickling my fucking kidneys."

"His erections are so strong," Brook added, her fingers visibly tracing circles around her swollen nipples. "The veins along his shaft were bulging like garden hoses when he was balls-deep inside me."

"Healthy teenage blood flow," said Liam's aunt Tara. "Makes their cocks harder than concrete. God, I can still feel that monster stretching my cunt walls."

Jenna's wet, swollen lips curled into a cruel smirk as she leaned toward Brook, her voice a throaty purr. "Jesus Christ, if I'd known that kid was packing that monster between his legs, I would've waited and married him instead of his older brother."

Roger's eyes darted to Josh sympathetically, whose face had drained of all color.

"Nothing like a teenager's thick cock to make a woman's cunt remember what real fucking feels like." Brook stated, soap bubbles sliding between her heavy tits. "Roger couldn't fuck his way out of a wet paper bag. His knob can't even reach my cervix. God, I forgot what it felt like to have a real cock stretching me open, making me gush like I did back in college. My poor neglected cunt was practically weeping with gratitude."

Lorraine's throaty giggle echoed through the speakers as she cupped her soap-slick breasts. "Arthur hasn't been able to get his limp dick hard enough to fuck me properly in years," she cackled. "My poor neglected cunt is practically starving for a real pounding."

Arthur's face burned crimson as his wife spread her legs wider under the shower spray, her fingers sliding between her puffy labia. "But this body still knows what it wants," she moaned, her glistening fingers circling her engorged clit. "And I'm gonna drain every last sticky drop from my grandson's heavy balls while he stretches my hungry hole and floods my womb with his potent teenage seed."

Josh's eyes darted to his father and grandfather, their faces frozen in uncomfortable grimaces. "Maybe we should, uh... shut this off now," he suggested, his voice strained as he shifted awkwardly in his seat.

Roger jabbed a finger at the screen. "That one: 'Breast-stimulation.' Play it."

Josh clicked the file, unleashing high-definition footage from Liam's POV as he sprawled in a chair, his veiny cock jutting upward like a flesh tower. The women took turns kneeling between his spread legs, their heavy tits flopping obscenely as they pressed those sweaty mammaries around his throbbing shaft.

Roger's eyes bulged watching Brook—his own wife—drooling a thick strand of spit between her fat tits as she sandwiched Liam's pulsing meat between those fleshy mounds.

"Fuck, baby," she moaned, staring up at their son with glazed eyes, "your cock is so fucking hard and hot between Mommy's big titties. Gonna milk that fat teenage dick until you paint my face with your sticky cum."

After Brook's fat tits had humped all over Liam's throbbing shaft, Jenna waddled into frame. Josh's jaw dropped at the sight of his wife's grotesquely swollen belly, stretched taut and veiny with what had to be triplets or more, her navel protruding obscenely like some fleshy doorknob.

Her pregnancy-engorged udders hung like glistening watermelons, the blue veins mapping across their milky-white surface, nipples dark and puffy as overripe plums leaking thin streams of colostrum.

Purple-red bite marks and livid hickies mottled her pale flesh—Liam's teenage teeth having clearly feasted on her tender skin. Josh's stomach clenched with acid as his gorgeous redheaded wife knelt awkwardly, her massive pregnant gut brushing the floor, and began slapping her leaking tits against Liam's purple, glistening cockhead, her tongue darting out to lap hungrily at the pre-cum oozing from his piss-slit.

Josh's throat constricted as Liam's guttural moans filled the speakers, his little brother's eyes rolling back while thick ropes of drool connected Josh's wife's stretched lips to Liam's glistening shaft.

"Fuck, your mouth feels like heaven," Liam groaned, his teenage hips bucking upward.

Jenna pulled off his cock with an obscene slurping sound, eyes glassy with lust as she gazed up at him. "You know your girl likes to make you feel good, baby," she purred, tongue flicking across her cum-glazed lips.

"YOUR GIRL? What the FUCK is she talking about?" Josh's voice cracked.

"For Christ's sake, turn it off," Roger hissed, but Josh sat paralyzed as Jenna's filthy confessions continued.

"Nobody makes me cum like you do," Jenna whimpered, her fingers frantically rubbing her swollen clit. "My pussy fucking gushes for you—I squirt like a goddamn fountain when you're inside me."

"Enough of this filth," Roger growled, his voice thick with disgust as he slammed the video off. The sudden silence felt obscene after the wet, slapping sounds of flesh. "Log out of that system before I puke all over this console."

"No! We need to see every depraved second," Josh snarled, nostrils flaring. "Look at them—our own wives—on their knees with their tits out, drooling over my brother's teenage cock like cum-hungry whores!"

His fist pounded the desk. "They're supposed to be up there for clinical breeding, not turning it into some perverted fuck-fest!"

Roger wiped his clammy palm across his face. "I'll contact your mother," he muttered. "I'll make sure she understands that things need to stay... professional from now on."

Meanwhile, the routine continued at Orbital Breeding Station 7. Inside Liam's mouth, his tongue wrestled with his mom's. Their wet oral muscles twisted and writhed against each other like two bloated eels fighting in a pool of saliva, her probing organ pushing deep to explore every recess of his oral cavity.

Her sweet breath flooded Liam's senses as their mingled spit dribbled from the corners of their locked mouths, their glistening tongues visibly tangling whenever their lips parted for desperate gulps of air.

After a kiss that seemed to last an eternity, their lips popped apart with a wet smack. Brook ravaged his neck as she lay on top of him, her heavy tits smearing sweat across his heaving chest while their bodies writhed together in a slow rutting rhythm.

Liam arched his head back, exposing his throat. "Oh fuck, Mom," he gasped as she attacked his flesh—sucking hard enough to leave purple bruises, licking salty trails with her fat tongue, and biting his tender skin like a ravenous animal marking her territory.

Her sopping cunt lips clamped around the base of his cock like a vise, her meaty labia forming a perfect seal as she ground her hips in filthy circles. His granite-hard shaft stirred her insides like a spoon in thick soup, the purple mushroom head battering her cervix with each thrust.

The mother's beautiful eyes crossed and rolled back as her son's cock pulsed inside her, the thick veins along his shaft rasping against her slick walls like sandpaper on wet wood.

“Oh God, Liam,” she gasped. “You're gonna make me cum so fucking hard.”



The pneumatic hiss of the chamber door announced Serena's intrusion, her synthetic blonde hair cascading over silicon-perfect shoulders.

"Brook, there's an urgent transmission from your husband on Earth," Serena announced in her eerily melodic voice.

"Fucking hell," Brook muttered, reluctantly lifting her sopping cunt off her son's rigid pole.

His angry purple cock emerged with an obscene slurping sound, drenched in her viscous juices. A thick rivulet of her pearlescent cream gushed from her gaping hole, splashing across his twitching ball-sack like hot syrup.

"Stay put, baby," she breathed, "I'll be right back."

"Fuck," the boy groaned, watching his mother's plump ass jiggle as she waddled away, her thighs slick with their mingled fluids.

As she stepped up beside Liam, Serena's eyes focused on his still-rigid member, analyzing its soaking wet state. "Was your copulation session satisfactory?" she inquired clinically.

"Fucking incredible," he panted, staring over at the swell of her jutting tits, the cleavage spilling out of her skin-tight body suit. "Wanna climb aboard this meat rocket while it's still slippery?"

Serena's lips curved into a knowing smile, her perfect teeth gleaming under the chamber lights. "This is the second time you've proposed inserting your penis into my synthetic orifice, Liam." Her voice purred with programmed seduction.

"Never fucked a android before," he admitted, eyes roaming her glistening chassis. "Bet that synthetic pussy feels incredible."

"My model is designed to services miners on desolate planets," she explained clinically.

"Really?" Liam asked.

"Yes. As I explained to you before, my vagina is engineered with rippling internal mechanisms that can milk dozens of cocks per hour, designed to vacuum the cum from balls with industrial efficiency."

Liam licked his lips. "Lucky miners," he muttered, eyeing her perfect tits. "They must love it when a beautiful synthetic like you latches onto them."

"Miners are large, rough men that rut like beasts," she purred, "My model's synthetic cunt was engineered with reinforced polymer walls and pulsating internal ridges to withstand the most savage, animalistic pounding their veiny, sweat-slick cocks can deliver."



“Damn,” Liam uttered, picturing some hairy-backed, bull-necked miner on a shit-hole asteroid colony, his ass flexing like a jackhammer while he rammed himself balls-deep into Serena's synthetic pussy, her chrome legs locked around his filthy neck as he grunted and drooled like a fucking animal

“Vacuum suction and milking mechanisms reduce those muscle-bound brutes to whimpering little boys,” Serena continued, “their eyes rolling back as they have their heavy, churning balls drained dry.”

“Wow, sounds intense,” Liam gulped. “I gotta try that out sometime. Hey, uh... until my mom gets back, could you, um...?”

Roger's jaw dropped as his wife materialized on the holographic feed, her obscenely swollen tits threatening to spill from a flimsy silk robe that barely covered her nipples. Her skin glowed an unmistakable post-coital pink, a sheen of sex sweat still glistening between her heaving cleavage.

"Honey, you look like you've just... ran a marathon or something," he awkwardly stated.

She flushed crimson, adjusting the robe to cover a purple hickey blooming on her neck. "Just... handling my duties up here, honey," she mumbled, her puffy lips still leaking secretions. "What's the emergency? Is everything ok?"

Roger's fingers tightened around the edge of the console, his knuckles turning white. "There's no emergency," he admitted, "just had this... gnawing feeling in my gut I needed to check on things."

Brook forced a tight smile. "That's sweet of you," she purred, "but you know the colony has those strict protocols about family

transmissions. They're worried we'll get..." she paused, licking her still-swollen lips, "...distracted from our breeding responsibilities."

"Speaking of breeding," Roger said, leaning closer to the screen until his hot breath fogged the glass, "can I ask you something, and you'll be honest?"

"Of course," his wife replied.

"The sex happening up there—it's strictly clinical, right? No extra... activities going on?"

Brook's eyes widened with practiced innocence. "Extra activities?" she echoed, voice pitched high with feigned confusion. "I'm not sure what you mean, honey."

"I'm talking about things like... sex using your breasts," he awkwardly elaborated, "group oral sex where multiple women service one man. Those types of things."

His mind flashed to the leaked footage he'd witnessed—videos he couldn't admit to his wife that he'd watched.

"Well," Brook stammered, "there might be some... auxiliary techniques being employed. But it's all designed to maximize sperm motility and optimize conception rates."

Her eyes couldn't meet his as she added, "Everything we do is for breeding efficiency, Roger. Nothing more."

"How exactly," Roger spat, "does a pack of women feasting on a teenage boy's flesh like vultures qualify as 'breeding efficiency'?"

Brook cleared her throat, fingers fidgeting with her robe's silky hem. "Honey, teenage males require extensive physical preparation," she

stammered. "Their reproductive systems respond more vigorously when multiple... stimulation points are engaged simultaneously."

"So you are having group sex?" Roger asked, agitation building in his voice.

"Yes, but we're making babies, honey. It's not for the purpose of our own selfish pleasure."

Roger leaned closer to the screen, his knuckles white around the edge of his desk. "Have you been using your breasts on him, Brook?" he asked. "Smothering him with your flesh?"

Brook's eyes darted away, a flush creeping up her neck before she squared her shoulders and met his gaze. "I'm not gonna lie to you, Roger" she said, "breast stimulation is crucial for preparing our bodies for conception. The hormones released during mammary play make our wombs more receptive."

She licked her lips, adding in a husky whisper, "And our milk gives Liam all the nutrients he needs to maintain his stamina."

Roger violently shook his head as if the motion could dislodge the sickening mental images of his son gorging himself on his wife's breasts, his face buried beneath the squishy meat of her tit.

"Josh is destroyed, Brook," he said, voice cracking. "Knowing Jenna is up there spreading her legs for his little brother multiple times a day—it's hollowed him out."

"I know it must be hard for Josh, but the alternative was much worse," Brook countered, eyes narrowing. "Five years in a federal detention center for violating the breeding mandate. At least this way Jenna comes home after a year."

"But what if Liam ruins her for Josh? What if he's satisfying her in ways Josh never could?"

Brook's lips curved into a knowing smile, remembering how Jenna had screamed Liam's name just that morning, her back arched in ecstasy. She'd seen the worship in the young wife's eyes afterward long sessions of nasty intercourse with Liam.

"Unfortunately, there's no way to prevent that," Brook said, her tits bobbling as she shrugged her shoulders. "When you're a young man, and all you do is have sex all day, you get quite good at it. You're not wrong... I think Jenna is quite smitten with Liam right now."

"But she's married to Josh, Brook," her husband reminded her. "That's a problem."

"We'll sort through all those... complicated emotions once everyone's back on Earth," she said carefully, her voice honey-sweet with practiced diplomacy.

Brook's thighs clenched involuntarily as she spoke with Roger, her body still humming with interrupted pleasure. Each question about her activities with Liam only intensified the ache between her legs, the emptiness where her son had been buried just minutes before.

"I should go now, Roger" she said, her voice honeyed but urgent. Her fingers toyed with the edge of her robe, exposing then concealing the curve of her breast. "Liam's waiting for me. We were in the middle of our... morning session."

Roger nodded stiffly, his goodbye barely audible as the connection ended. He sat motionless in his study, the ghost of his wife's flushed face lingering on the blank screen, the knowledge of what she was rushing back to settling like lead in his stomach.

Back in the breeding chamber, Serena's pretty head bobbed up and down with mechanical precision, her synthetic throat swallowing Liam's sinewy cock to impossible depths.

“Uh, f-fuck,” the boy gasped, his eyes widened as he peered down his torso, watching his glistening shaft vanish completely into her mouth, her lips stretched obscenely around his thickness.

Her engineered throat muscles rippled and contracted around him, milking his length with inhuman suction that no flesh-and-blood woman could replicate.

Serena's synthetic tongue—ribbed with silicone ridges and twice as long as a human's—slithered and flickered around his throbbing shaft like a hungry serpent. The wet, prehensile appendage vibrated at precisely 120 hertz, sending electric jolts through his cock that made pre-cum ooze from his slit in thick, pearly beads.

Her throat contracted in rhythmic waves, the artificial muscles clamping and releasing around his glans while vacuum suction pulled at his balls from the inside out. Liam's toes curled as the bot's programmed techniques wrung pleasure from him that no flesh-and-blood cocksucker could ever replicate.

His spine arched from the mattress as he gasped, "Holy fuck—it's like you're sucking my soul out through my dick!"

Serena's vacant eyes locked onto his face while her silicone lips—stretched obscenely into a perfect O—gobbled up every throbbing inch of his meat, her plastic throat bulging as his cockhead punched past her tonsils and lodged in her esophagus.

The door hissed open and Brook returned, untying her silk robe and letting it puddle at her feet. Her massive tits bobbed heavily with each step, veiny and engorged, dark nipples jutting out like thimbles, eager to be sucked.

"Well, what filthy little scene did I interrupt?" she purred, eyeing Serena's stretched lips wrapped obscenely around her son's glistening shaft.

Liam, breathless and flushed, managed to stammer out an answer. "I—I told Serena to keep my cock rock-hard for you, Mom."

The mother snorted. "Like that fucking monster ever goes soft," she said, licking her lips. "It's like a goddamn steel pipe."

Serena's artificial lips made an obscene wet pop as Liam's cock sprang free, the synthetic saliva connecting them in glistening strands. "His erection remains at optimal tumescence," she reported clinically, "with vaso-congestion levels indicating imminent ejaculatory potential."

Brook's pussy clenched at the sight, juices trickling down her inner thigh. "Well, don't stop on my account then," she murmured, dropping to all fours on the bed and crawling between his splayed legs. "Mommy can feast on these swollen balls while this mechanical slut drains your shaft."

Serena and Brook attacked him from both ends like starving animals. Brook's hot tongue slathered his ball sack with spit. She sucked one testicle entirely into her mouth, moaning like she was tasting gourmet cuisine. Her fingers dug into his thighs while she slobbered over his nuts, leaving them drenched in her saliva.

Meanwhile, Serena's synthetic throat muscles rippled obscenely around his cock, her mechanical gullet constricting with inhuman

precision as she deep-throated him to the root, her nose repeatedly smashing against his pubic bone with each violent down-stroke.

“O-h-h, you fucking cocksuckers,” the boy gasped. He clenched his teeth and tried to focus on other things—anything to hold back the tidal wave building in his balls. But the dual assault of Serena's vacuum-seal throat and his mother's expert tongue made his cock throb like it might explode.

“Mmm, I can feel your balls clenching up, baby boy,” Brook purred, her lips vibrating against his quivering nuts.

“F-f-fuck, I can't—I'm gonna—” Liam stammered, his abs contracting violently. With a primal roar, his cock erupted, blasting thick, pearly ropes of teenage cum down Serena's synthetic gullet.

Her throat clicked and whirred as her internal cum reservoir filled with his sticky load, designed to store every last drop of potent sperm until it could be emptied through her artificial rectum.

“Yeeeaahh, empty those tanks,” Brook purred as her hungry mouth never left his balls, her tongue bathing his tightening sack as both women drained him dry, milking his pulsating cock until he sobbed from the intensity.

“Fuck, that was insane,” Liam sighed, chest heaved as he gasped for air, his sweat-slick torso quivering with aftershocks.

The two women hovered above him like predators, their hungry smiles making his spent cock twitch.

“Was our dual-stimulation technique satisfactory, Liam?” Serena chirped, her synthetic voice modulating to a sultry contralto.

“Did we milk you good, honey?” his mom added.

"Holy fuck," he panted, "that was easily among the top five orgasms I've had since I got here."

Before his cock could soften, Brook crawled up and straddled him, her thick thighs spreading wide as she wrapped her manicured fingers around his slippery shaft.

"I better be responsible for all your top five, baby boy," she said, peering down at him between her dangling udders, pumping his meat until it stood rigid again. She sank down on him with a filthy squelch, her greedy cunt swallowing his length to the root.

"GODDAMNIT," the boy spat as his hypersensitive cock-flesh was shrouded in velvet liquid heat.

Brook's massive tits begun to swing wildly, slapping softly against his face as she bounced on his cock like a woman possessed. "Mommy's gonna fuck you so good you'll forget how to count," she hissed.

"Your cervical mucus viscosity and basal temperature indicate peak ovulation," Serena announced flatly. "Despite expelling offspring merely 13 days ago, your cunt is primed for insemination."

Liam's eyes darkened as he grabbed his mother's ass. "Hear that? Time for me to knock you up again mom."

"Yes," Brook gasped, grinding on his teenage love-muscle, "fuck me hard and pump your seed into mommy's baby-maker."

Serena backed toward the door. "I'll leave you to finish your breeding session," she announced.

Liam's tongue traced lazy circles in the slick valley between Brook's pendulous breasts, the meat of her melons quivering with every fuck-

hump their bodies made. "What'd Dad want?" he mumbled, his lips vibrating against her flesh. "Sounded urgent."

Brook's snicker rumbled through her chest as she arched her back, shoving her massive tits harder against his face. "Your poor father's terrified we're up here being filthy little perverts," she answered.

Liam snorted, dragging his tongue along the sweaty underswell where her left tit met her ribcage. "Ridiculous," he growled, tasting the salty-sweet tang of her skin. "We're acting like innocent angels up here."

Brook's cunt walls clenched around his cock-meat as she rotated her hips, her dripping pussy making obscene squelching sounds.

"Absolutely," she giggled, grinding her swollen labia against his pubic bone. "We'd never do anything too nasty," she added, her slick hole churning his throbbing meat like a fist in butter.

"I think maybe he's afraid he's losing you to me," Liam suggested.

"Then he'd be right to worry," the mother sighed, squeezing his cock harder, "because I don't know how I'll ever give this up."

"I don't ever want it to end either," Liam sighed, feeling the slippery ring of her cervix drag and suck on his glans.

"Your father isn't the only one worried apparently," Brook added. "Your brother is crushed that you've been up his fucking his wife."

"Jenna already told me that I'm a thousand times better than him in bed," Liam proudly stated. "Chances are she'll be chasing my dick when we get back home too."

"Well, she'll have a hard time finding that dick of yours," Brook said, doing an exceptionally deep figure-eight on his buried cock, making

his toes curl. "Your mother plans on keeping it well-hidden, if you catch my drift?"

The mother sank her fingers into Liam's hair, yanking his face from between her heaving tits. "Now where were we," she growled, her cunt muscles clenching around his throbbing cock, "before Daddy's pathetic call interrupted Mommy's breeding time?"

She crushed her mouth against his, her tongue forcing its way between his lips while her hips swiveled brutally. Their teeth clacked together as she devoured him, her long tongue whipping through his mouth.

Liam's hands mauled her ass cheeks, fingers digging into the soft flesh as their bodies slapped together in a frenzied rut.

His recent eruption had transformed his cock into a numb battering ram, perfect for Brook's selfish pleasure. She bucked and thrashed atop him, her greedy cunt rippling through one violent orgasm after another.

"FUCK! FUUUUCK!" she howled, her pussy lips flowering open then clamping shut around his shaft, gushing hot cunt-honey that ran in rivulets down his ball sack and pooled beneath his ass.

Her swollen labia made obscene squelching noises against his groin, like someone stirring macaroni in a pot of thick cheese. An hour later, the mattress beneath them resembled a swamp, soaked through with her endless female ejaculate.

Liam flipped his mom onto her back with practiced ease, her sweat-slick body sliding across the soaked sheets. He hoisted her thick thighs up, draping her legs over his broad shoulders until her glistening cunt was perfectly positioned beneath his throbbing cock.

Eight months of non-stop breeding had transformed his once-clumsy strokes into methodical, devastating thrusts that targeted her g-spot with brutal precision. “Look how much you've soaked me, mom,” he said, slapping his wet dick against her engorged clit.

“You make me gush, baby,” she panted, still recovering from her last climax.

He leaned forward, folding her nearly in half, and clamped his teeth around her swollen nipple, tugging until a jet of warm milk sprayed across his tongue. "Tell me how you want this dick, Mommy," he growled, his cock head teasing her puffy labia.

Brook's eyes rolled back as she babbled, "Fucking wreck me—pound this cunt raw!"

Liam's hips became a piston, his veiny shaft disappearing into her squelching hole with wet, obscene slaps that echoed through the room. Her cunt convulsed violently around him, gushing warm fluids that pooled beneath her ass as she shrieked through three consecutive orgasms.

“Take my fucking cock,” Liam growled as his hips jackhammered like a feral beast in rut, his cum-heavy nut-sack slapping against her puckered asshole with each savage thrust.

Her cunt-honey erupted in obscene spurts between their colliding bodies, splattering the sheets with her viscous juices. His face disappeared between her heaving tit-mountains, his tongue lapping desperately at her salt-slick flesh while her limbs locked around him like a vise.

The molten seed churned violently in his balls, pressure building as he plowed her maternal fuck-hole with unrelenting teenage vigor.

"Gonna... fucking... explode," he groaned, his words garbled against her sweat-drenched mammaries.

"Fill Mommy's cunt," she hissed as her engorged clit throbbed and her urethra dilated, female ejaculate gushing from her hole. "Give me your baby!"

His balls tightened like twin fists, cum churning violently in his swollen sack before surging through his vas deferens. The hot payload rocketed up his shaft, his cock swelling impossibly wider as rope after rope of thick baby batter erupted from his purple helmet.

His jizz painted his mother's cervix white, flooding her hungry cunt-cave with potent spunk that mixed with her own creamy grool, creating a churning froth that squelched obscenely around his pile-driving fuck-stick with each brutal thrust.

"FUCK!" the teen groaned. "F-F-FUCK!"

Liam's body convulsed violently between his mother's splayed thighs, his spine arching like he'd been electrocuted as her cunt walls rippled and squeezed around his pulsing shaft.

Brook's expert pussy muscles clamped and released in rhythmic waves, her sopping wet hole making obscene squelching sounds as she forcibly extracted every last droplet of his virile teen spunk.

Utterly drained, he collapsed against her sweat-slick tits, his face buried in the valley of her heaving cleavage. "Holy fuck, Mom," he panted, his hot breath condensing on her glistening skin, "I just flooded your hungry cunt with enough baby batter to knock you up three times over."

Brook's throaty laugh vibrated through her chest as she raked her nails down his back. "You better have, stud," she purred, her pussy

still greedily milking his softening cock, "Mommy's womb is aching for your potent seed."

Brook's sweat-slick body clung to Liam's as they lay tangled in the aftermath, her cum-flooded cunt still occasionally twitching around his softening cock.

Her thoughts drifted to her husband's pathetic phone call. Poor Roger was clearly heartbroken knowing his son was balls-deep in her premium MILF-grade pussy. All the husbands were probably the same too—whining about "fairness" while their wives' cunts got stretched by teenage meat.

"Tough shit," Brook thought. "This was the new order: mothers milking their sons' virile cocks day and night, their marriage beds cold while they fulfilled their breeding duties. Sure, it was filthy, depraved work—our tits constantly leaking, our holes perpetually gaped and dripping—but that's what happens when fucking becomes your full-time occupation for a year.