

BREEDING MY MOM IN OUTER SPACE

ChloeKendall

Abducted, Mom and Son must demonstrate how humans breed.

Incest/Taboo

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Author's note:

Hello all! Before you begin this story, I would like to preface it by saying that it contains some light sci-fi themes. Nothing too crazy, but definitely different than some of my previous work. I kept it as mild as I could, but if you want a story that takes place on Earth, this is not that story.

Thank you to everyone who clicked, I sincerely hope you enjoy.

-CK

"Where am I?"

That might be one of the worst things that one can think upon waking up. It's a thought that usually lasts for only a second or two, but sometimes - in the worst situations - it lingers for much longer.

"Where the *fuck* am I?" I cursed.

I did not usually sleep in a curled-up position, and it was even less frequent that I found myself locked inside a large, metal cage, but that morning, I experienced both.

I kicked my legs outward as soon as I was conscious in an attempt to stretch out my tired limbs, but my feet slammed into a wall of steel bars. I lashed out with my feet as hard as I could, trying to bend the metal pillars, but found no success.

I took a second to absorb my surroundings for the first time. That was when, to my horror, I saw my own mother asleep in the cage next to me. She was curled up in the same manner that I had been. Even with hair covering her face, I knew it was her.

I kicked the bars to get her attention. "Mom! Wake up!"

She did not stir.

Mom was wearing an outfit I had never seen before. She usually dressed quite modestly, offering not even a hint of the body beneath her clothing.

The only thing covering her breasts was a strip of cloth that was barely enough material to fit around her large breasts. The white cloth was pulled so tightly to her body that her nipples — each a firm, tiny peak — poked noticeably through the fabric.

It struck me at that moment that I'd never once thought about where, precisely, my mother's nipples were located upon her breasts; as I said, I'd never been given the slightest hint. Having received my very first one, I found it impossible to stop myself from conjuring to mind the image of

her naked breasts — one that was frighteningly accurate, given how much of them I could already see.

An equally scant portion of cloth covered Mom's lower half. Without having to bend my neck, it was clear that she was not wearing any underwear. The swell of her pussy lips were white and puffy, like a plump hotdog bun, poking out from between her thighs.

I chastised myself for even noticing. That shame arrived in my stomach alongside the guilt when I realized how thoroughly turned on I was, all thanks to Mom's vulva.

My mom was no slouch. She was not some fantasy runway model, but when compared with any other woman her age—or half her age, for that matter—I found her positively incomparable.

Huge breasts, a plump ass, and a slightly chubby belly — they had all become the gold standard by which I had judged any woman I'd met, and none of them had held a candle to my mom.

In my adolescence, her long, vivacious blonde hair had set the stage for me to fall in love with one type of woman: blondes. Even when I had turned eighteen and entered university, I sought only golden-haired bombshells that had reminded me of home, and what - or whom - I'd been missing.

I called out to Mom again, that time provoking a small stir. I shouted a second time, even louder, and she finally lifted her head.

She wiped drool from the corner of her mouth. "W-where are we?"

Just as I had, Mom went through the realization process, and came to terms with our predicament. She kicked at the door to her cage in protest - like mother, like son. She succeeded in rattling the lock, but nothing more. We were trapped, with nothing left to do but to take in our surroundings.

Considering the primitive cages - their owners apparently keen to treat us like animals — the room was surprisingly tidy. There was no smell — not even that of a familiar cleaning agent, whose lingering aroma might have implied some nefarious purpose that needed to be washed away and covered up. Instead, the complete lack of any detectable aroma made our surroundings feel all the more foreign. Even the panic-induced sweat forming across my hairline lacked the pungent, salty scent that I ought to have been able to smell.

The room was deadly silent, with the exception of Mom and my frantic breathing. The whole room was suspended in a void; nothing outside existed. There were no windows, no pictures, and no clock.

I could not spot a single pot light, lamp, or lantern illuminating the room, yet I could see everything with perfect clarity. It was as though the very essence of light was being emitted from every atom in the room, replacing conventional lighting techniques with something that was, in a word, impossible.

Mom read my mind. "What is this place?"

"The last thing I remember was bringing you a towel by the pool. It was nighttime, I think, and then there was this—"

We chimed, in unison, "Bright light."

Mom's eyes were riddled with horror. "Honey..."

"I know, Mom. Where the fuck *are* we?"

A voice spoke calmly over the apparently invisible loudspeakers in the room. It said, "*You are safe.*" The sound came from everywhere at once, as though it was being streamlined directly into my brain.

"Safe is not a place," I countered.

"You are *safe*," the voice repeated more definitively. It was neither male nor female.

From straight through the wall opposite us, where I could see no door or entrance of any kind, a humanoid figure simply floated. The wall remained intact — it did not crumble or break — but it allowed the being to phase through it as though it were nothing more than a projection.

The figure was a man, about six feet tall, wearing nothing more than a white smock that additionally covered his hands and feet. At least, that's what my eyes told me. My brain—my instincts, my gut feeling—told me that he — it — was anything but. That suspicion drove my first question.

"What are you?" I did not bother to ask 'who.'

I readied myself for that same freakishly ambiguous voice to come out of its mouth, but was disarmed to find that The Man spoke with a tone and cadence that made it sound like he came from a human resources department in Connecticut. First, he turned his entire body to face me, and lean forward as he said, "Hello, good morning."

Then, he did the same to Mom - quite literally. He rotated his body about fifteen degrees so he could face her cage, and bowed to greet her. "Hello, good morning."

"It's morning? What time is it?" I intentionally made my voice sound foggy and confused, but I was on the hunt for answers.

"I do not know," The Man responded with a charming smile. "It is simply a greeting that I thought you may be familiar with." His answer was haunting, but his grin was so sincere that a little piece of me could not help but buy into it.

"You have been taken," he continued. "You are ours."

"Ours?" Mom whimpered fearfully.

"Yes. You are now a member of the..." The Man's eyes fluttered around the room for a couple of seconds, like a computer processing information before it spat out something useful. "... The Covenant, yes. I apologize for the delay; I am still in the process of translating your language."

"English?" I asked.

"Human," The Man corrected me cheerfully.

My heart sank. "You aren't human?"

He shook his head.

"But you speak English?"

The Man nodded proudly. "As of sixty-six minutes ago, yes. It is a tricky language. I worked through the Scandinavian and Eastern European languages in thirty-four minutes, and have focused on English since then."

My mind was racing. "But we only speak English."

The Man sported a flimsy smile. "Correct."

Mom ignored the implication that we might not be the only humans that were being experimented on. "But that means... how long *have* we been here?"

"One hundred and thirty-two minutes. That was when we took *you*. One hundred and thirty-two minutes ago we selected one breeding-age male, and one breeding-age female, from North America, with similar gene structures, and brought them on board. You are those humans."

My heart had sunk into my stomach before, but with that sentence it just about fell out of my ass.

"You don't know what time it is, because we aren't on Earth anymore?"

The Man nodded his head again. "Precisely! Earth is gone. You are here now. Furthermore, you—"

"Why did you say *breeding age*?" Mom interjected.

The Man seemed annoyed, but quickly regained his composure to explain that they—he did not explain who 'they' were—did not wish to study our young. They wanted to study how they were made.

Mom struggled with the implication. "You abducted us so that you could study how we give birth?"

"Abducted?" The Man repeated, like he was trying to memorize the new word for future use. "You were... abducted, yes, so that we may learn how it is that your species procreates. We understand many of your internal systems, but reproduction has not yet been studied in depth."

"He is my son. Back on Earth, as a mother and son, we don't do this."

"He cannot breed you?" The Man inquired earnestly.

Mom was brought up short by the question. "Well, no, it's just that he... um, he..."

"I'm not going to," I asserted defiantly.

"Then you will die." There was no malice — not even any real threat — behind The Man's words. "Human-targeted aphrodisiac has been pumping into this room for forty-seven minutes to encourage fornication. Should it prove inadequate, we will up the dosage until you are in a sufficient state to commence the breeding process."

Silence hung heavy in the air for a moment. Content with his sparse, revealing introduction, The Man offered us a sickly imitation of a human smile. "Debriefing complete; introductions successful. The Doctor will be in to see you shortly. Please remain calm until then." The Man turned to leave, walking straight forward towards the white wall.

Before he vanished through it, Mom asked, "What do you really look like?"

The Man froze in place. He did not turn around. "Previous studies have revealed that, without disguise, human subjects will be too alarmed to complete the study. The facade is for your safety. Please do not inquire further."

With that, he vanished into the wall. The deafening silence returned to the room. It was so quiet that, along with my rapid heartbeat, I could hear the blood moving through my veins.

"I just want to go home." Mom sounded defeated.

I buried my head in my hands. "I know. I do, too. I don't know if this is even real. It sure *feels* like a nightmare."

Mom chuckled to herself. "Do you want me to sing 'Soft Kitty' to you, like when you were a kid?"

I joined in her momentary denial, happy to feel something for a second that was not abject misery. "It might work. That always used to make me feel better when I was little."

"You still *are* little to me, honey. You'll always be my little boy, and I'm always gonna know how to make you feel better." I could hear that her spirits bolstered, but knew it would only last for as long as she was allowed to live in that memory.

"So, in your professional opinion, you think 'Soft Kitty' is what I need most right now?"

Mom held a finger to her chin. "I don't think it would hurt. If you remember, I am a *very* good singer."

I chortled. "I *do* remember feeling like whenever you sang that song and rubbed my back, everything was going to be okay."

Mom swallowed nervously, but put on a brave face for my sake. "It *will be* okay, as long as we're together."

The two of us were not left alone for very long. It could have been only a couple of minutes, but time did not feel the same in that place.

With no warning, The Doctor phased through the wall just as his predecessor had, and must have left his bedside manor on the other side of it. "I need a semen sample." He placed a cup on the floor of my cage and slid it closer to me using his foot.

I winced, both from the cringe-inducing demand, and due to having been ripped from my walk down memory lane with Mom. "You need... uh, okay. That might be a bit tricky."

The Doctor's upper lip curled in contempt. "Explain."

"I probably won't even be able to get hard, much less orgasm, in a place like this."

He narrowed his eyes at me. "Humans require stimulation? In what form?"

I scoffed. "I don't know! Usually a naked woman!"

The Doctor pointed at my mother, who was one short striptease away from being just as naked as I had requested.

"No. Not her."

The Doctor nodded in Mom's direction. "Yes. Her. There is no one else."

I scowled. "Fine, but you have to leave."

The Doctor bowed slightly, then walked backwards until he was near the wall. Just before he walked through it, he reminded us, "We are watching. Do not waste time."

Mom stuck her arm through the bars of her cage to reach into my cell, searching for my hand. I clung onto her like I was a child at a grocery store, finally reunited with their parent after wandering around lost. The safety she gave me — the strength and support — would be the only things that would get me through that night.

Neither of us knew where to begin, but Mom was not keen to disobey directed orders given by someone who held our lives in their hands.

"Just tell me what to do. Okay?" Mom tried to lift my spirits with the warmest smile she could muster.

On the outside, I cringed. On the inside, my conscience was riddled with guilt over how ravenously excited I was to see my mother naked. "Mom, this is—"

She shushed me with a finger on her lips. "They said not to waste time. This is weird, I know, but we don't have a choice. Tell me what to do, honey."

I should have been more delicate, but the offering was so exciting that, when given an inch, I took a mile. "Um, I guess I want to see your tits."

Mom grimaced and covered her chest with her arms, shamefully hiding her body from me, even though her intimate bits were still covered. "Please, honey, don't call them that. Breasts, or boobs, if you really want. I don't have *tits*."

I apologized, but the sincerity of the gesture was dampened by the fact that I was stroking my dick while I said it. I was already half-erect before Mom had taken off a single layer, excited to my core by the anticipation alone. I had wondered, for my entire life, what her breasts looked like. The impending reveal put a lump in my throat, and it was the size of a fist.

Mom was not fully satisfied with my apology, but knew that it was the best she was going to get, given the circumstances. She committed to her reluctant striptease while I eagerly massaged my cock.

Mom gripped the bottom of her bandeau, the hem of which was buried underneath the swell of her massive breasts, and tugged it upwards. The cloth band was so tight that, when she pulled it like so, her boobs were lifted in the air as well.

Mom took their weight into her arms and lifted the heavy udders as they would go—close enough to her face that I wondered if she ever worried about suffocating in her sleep. Doing so revealed the tender, milky-white flesh that lay hidden below, like moving a boulder to find soft, untouched earth beneath it. I soaked in the sight for as long as she would let me.

The heavy piles of blubber came crashing down. Their momentum almost made Mom topple over, but she managed to stay upright despite being thrown forward by the sudden shift in weight distribution.

Her breasts fell from their hammock and slapped against her tummy. They jiggled variously, making ripples in her flesh, like they were made of vanilla pudding. When they collided together, the loud, lecherous clap they created was a gunshot that rang in my ears.

Mom's breasts, which had fed me for my first year of life, finally stopped bouncing around. It seemed as though it took a full minute, at least, for them to stop flopping about. I watched intently, committing to memory the detail of every delicious wobble.

I was fully erect and entirely speechless. All I could do was gawk in stunned wonder at the gorgeous, topless woman presenting her breasts to me like I had won them at an auction.

"Is that... g-good?" The final word got caught in Mom's throat, and she had to spit it out so that it was not swallowed entirely.

"Fuck, yeah," I growled hungrily.

Mom's cheeks were beet red, flushed with blood from overwhelming embarrassment. Very few boys used their own mother as jerkoff material, and even fewer of those mothers knew about it. My mom, through no fault of her own, was experiencing that incestuous exception in real time, and - out of fear, granted — actively encouraging it.

Mom's arms hung lamely at her sides. "Should I, um, *say* anything?"

"Like what?"

Mom scrunched her nose for a second. "Like... uh, I could tell you how big and beautiful your cock is."

My dick flexed immediately, instinctively reacting to Mom's praise like a dog whistle.

Mom clapped a hand over her mouth, but failed to hide her enthusiasm behind her fingers. "Jesus, honey! Okay, so... I guess, you like when I talk like that?"

"Yes, Mommy," I grunted, using a title that had not passed through my lips in almost a decade.

"O-oh, my goodness," Mom said with both a gulp and a wide-eyed stare. "You haven't called me that in a long, long time."

I do not know what had come over me. Every reminder that it was my own mother stripping in front of me — not some random hookup — made my dick throb with excitement. I wanted it to be *her*, and, for all the shame on her face, she seemed to be as intoxicated with lust as I was.

I feigned a playful pout. "Is that okay, Mommy?"

Mom sucked in a sharp breath. "Does that make it easier for you to... you know?"

Had my dick not been roaring in my hand, I would have succumbed to the guilt that was, at that moment, nothing more than a faint whisper in the back of my mind.

"I think so," I replied. "Is that too weird?"

I could not imagine how hard it was for her to push aside her nerves in order to encourage me like that, but she was all in, even if it made her a little skittish. Thanks to the powerful effects of the aphrodisiac running through her veins, Mom was ready to play ball.

Mom's face was as red as a stop sign, but she did not let that embarrassment keep her from fulfilling my request. "It's not weird, honey. If you want me to— er, if you want *Mommy* to tell you what a huge, fat cock you have, then she can do that."

My dick surged with blood like never before, flooding my entire shaft with such vigor that my own cock was unrecognizable in my hands. A hurricane of dopamine rained down over my brain, each droplet bathing my receptors in the heavenly ambrosia typically reserved for adrenaline junkies on a cliff edge.

Her already wide eyes doubled in size. "Oh, honey. Mommy can tell how much you liked that."

Mom marveled at the slowly inflating helmet as it grew. She could have looked away, or closed her eyes, but she did not. The hinges of her jaw had been broken, leaving her mouth to hang wide open like she was waiting for me to shove my dick into it. Had it not been for the cages keeping us apart, I would have tried to do just that.

"Do you want me to play with my boobs or something?" I assumed she knew the answer, and was only asking as a formality, but on reflection it seemed as though Mom was truly unsure of what she could do to turn me on. If only she'd known how easy it was!

I nodded — so hard that I almost broke my neck. My enthusiasm made Mom giggle, but she quickly returned to her role as a temptress—too far out of reach to be touched. Despite how far things had gone already, I did not think I would get away with asking her to actually touch my dick herself.

Mom lifted one of her gigantic breasts in each hand. It was a miracle that she could support them on her own without having arms like a bodybuilder, and the way her arms quivered slightly when faced with the full weight of her generous bosom was evidence of the burden she carried every day.

Supple flesh spilled over the sides of Mom's hands, her palms literally overflowing with an abundance of soft dough. She would have needed at least two more hands to fully contain them, and without that extra help, she needed to dig her fingers into her flesh. They formed long, thin creases in her skin when she did.

Mom made her breasts clap together, filling the silent air with the salacious sound of her flesh slapping against itself. Her entire body lurched this way and that each time they collided in the center of her chest. They were tidal waves, and Mom was a small life raft adrift at sea, being pushed to and fro by the powerful current.

"I remember how much you used to love my boobs. Do you, honey?" she sang to me with a voice like caramel.

I almost bit through my tongue. "Fucking hell. Yeah, I do."

Mom cocked her head to the side, like a curious puppy. "What else do you remember about me?"

"I wish I could remember being inside of you." My brain was on autopilot, focused more on beating my dick than making polite conversation. The words came spilling out of me, seemingly out of nowhere, but could not be taken back once my mother had heard them.

Mom was astonished for a brief flash, but it did not linger. She knew right away what she had to do next, and did not mince words when she asked me, "Do you want me to show you my vagina, honey?"

"Oh god, please." I was happy to reduce myself to begging if it would get me what I wanted.

"Please let me see your pussy, Mom."

The juxtaposition of the request, and to whom I was directing it, snapped me back to reality like a hit of smelling salts, but the damage had been done. Given her reaction to the word 'tits,' I assumed 'pussy' would be too far.

To my surprise, Mom giggled when she saw how flustered I got at the mere mention of laying eyes upon her most sacred place. I had not seen it myself in over twenty years, and eagerly wanted to return to the warm, cozy chamber I had once called home.

"My *pussy*, hmm?" she teased.

"Sorry, Mom. I meant—"

"I don't mind. You can call it that." Mom blushed again, her rosy cheeks making their second appearance of the night.

The Man's previous mention of an aphrodisiac specifically designed for use on humans tickled the back of my brain. I did not know if it had started to take effect — or, if it had, how directly it was driving my decision making. I had never seen that side of Mom before—usually any mention of sex would send her into another room—so I could not help but wonder if she was under the effects of the mystery gas we had allegedly been breathing for the past hour.

Mom sat down, using her butt as a cushion. The cold, unyielding floor of the metal cage was no match for the plumpness of her fat caboose. Even her chubby thighs—which, when flattened against the floor, bulged out like pancakes—provided some serious padding to keep her comfortable.

Considering how uncomfortable the whole situation was — or rather, should have been — I did not blame her. I did not want to make assumptions about how Mom was feeling, but *I* was practically giddy. I hoped the look on my face did not reveal how excited I was.

Mom scooted to the back wall of her cage. She hooked her thumbs into the cloth band around her hips, and braced her spine against the bars behind her so that she could lift her ass off of the ground and slip off her underwear.

It had barely been effective to begin with - the bare minimum, you might say. Once Mom was fully naked in front of me, I realized how a simple piece of cloth could make all the difference.

There was something uniquely magical about seeing her *completely* naked, exposed to my prying eyes. Parts of her that I had never favored on a woman became, suddenly, parts that I cherished. It was not just her nudity, but rather her entire aura, laid bare for me to relish. I was the luckiest man in the world.

Mom's knees were tucked up against her chest, hiding her pussy in the shadows made by her legs. She slowly spread them apart, allowing light to seep through the cracks. The reveal was slow, each precious second bringing more of her nudity into view. The insides of her thighs were stuck together, but gradually peeled themselves open to reveal, nestled between the pudgy curtains, the vagina that I had been pushed out of so many years ago.

My heart pounded against the inside of my ribcage, rattling my skeleton with each thunderous wallop. My darling mother — the kindest, gentlest woman I had ever known — presented herself to

me with the passion of a devoted housewife, ready to please her husband. In that moment, with her legs spread open as far as her cage would allow, I did not recognize her.

Mom's pussy wore a crown of dense, dark brown fur that had been shaped into a wide triangle. It was roughly the width of three fingers, and stretched from the top of her pudgy mound all the way to the crest of her pink slit, pointing towards her pussy.

I figured she had shaped it that way to avoid errant hairs from poking out of her underwear, though I considered it more likely that she did it for Dad—a thought I did not want to focus on any longer than I had to.

Mom's vagina was so pink that it looked as though someone had painted it on her. The contrast of her juicy, vibrant peach against the drab, inoffensive atmosphere of the white room made it a breathtaking display of beauty from which I could not look away.

Mom reached towards her pussy with her outstretched finger, priming the butterflies in my stomach to take flight the moment she spread herself open. Her lips stretched apart, wafting the pungent aroma of her juices towards me.

The once-tiny slit had blossomed into a succulent tunnel of rosy flesh whose invigorated clenching was a desperate plea; it wanted something to squeeze around. Mom was tightening and then relaxing her pussy to create a hypnotic kaleidoscope.

The luscious crease between her legs was glistening unmistakably. I gave her the benefit of the doubt and assumed it was from the aphrodisiac, but could no longer tell the difference between my sober thoughts and my ramped-up hormones.

Mom winked seductively and gestured towards her vagina with her nose. "Wanna go back inside?"

My throat was bone-dry. "Jesus, Mom. I can't even fucking think straight."

Mom nodded calmly. "I know, sweetheart. Mommy can feel it, too."

"You can?"

Mom nodded shyly. "My brain is... unfamiliar right now."

We each knew exactly what the other was experiencing, then: the unbridled, unprecedented horniness that made me feel like I would climb Mount Everest if it meant I could spend one more second staring at Mom's pussy. I was not in control, and once I recognized that, I succumbed to the desire.

My cock throbbed in my clenched fist. "Mom, I'm gonna—"

She cut me off. "Shh. Just enjoy it."

I hated having to close my eyes, thereby wasting time that could have been spent staring at Mom's delicious spread, but the orgasm that ripped through me rivaled any I had given myself before. I was the only one that actually touched my dick, but it still felt as though Mom had helped me to achieve that mind-melting bliss in a profoundly intimate way - something that went beyond merely showing off her naked body.

At the last second, I grabbed the cup given to us by The Doctor and dumped into it. I tried not to spill anything, but the way my body was shaking made it hard to keep everything in one place. I did not want to upset our captors by failing.

In an instant, The Doctor floated through the wall before the final dribbles had spilled out. I was not even given time to enjoy the afterglow, and was thrust back into the cold, clinical reality that I had successfully avoided thinking about for a few minutes.

"Excellent work," he said. "Thank you for your participation."

I was panting heavily, but still found time to be sarcastic. "It's better than dying, I guess."

"If this sample is viable," he said, "the two of you will be moved to housing quarters — cohabitation — for the remainder of your time here."

"And if it isn't?" I was afraid to ask, but I had to know.

"You will released." There was no emotion and no threat in his voice whatsoever, yet his words were menacing. As far as I knew, their version of 'release' might look awfully similar to what we called 'death.'

Mom immediately covered herself and slunk away to the farthest corner of the cage. It wasn't my fault, but I still felt the burden of guilt weighing on me. I had used her body like she was a pornstar, reducing my wonderful, loving mother to nothing more than an aid - an admittedly powerful one - for making myself cum.

"What if I don't pass?" I asked softly.

Mom, tucked away in the corner of her cell, rubbed her own shoulders reassuringly. "What if you *do* pass? Are you ready to be a father?"

"I don't want to die, Mom. If we have to do this to survive—"

"Then we will — but this is all so fucked up that I can't even believe it's real! Are they going to keep us here for the duration of my entire pregnancy? Nine whole months?"

"I don't know how long we'll be here." I rattled the bars on the cage. "At least it sounds like we'll be somewhere more comfortable than a metal box."

There were a million different things to worry about, but I figured we should only focus on one of them at a time - or even none, if we could.

The Doctor returned to the room, with my semen sample in hand.

"Excellent news. Your virile potency has us extremely excited to commence the experiment!"

The genuine enthusiasm The Doctor displayed toward the apparently imminent endeavor worried me greatly. I tried to think on my feet. "Uh, wait!" I said, filling my voice with some mixture of worry and panic. "Not today! We can't do it today!"

The Doctor was thoroughly displeased. "Why not?"

"Er, well, you see, males from Earth can only ejaculate once a day. Didn't you know that?"

He was clearly disappointed. "I did not. Very well, we will move you to your accommodations and begin the exercise tomorrow morning."

I had bought us some time, but I did not know what we would do with it. Our situation seemed inescapable, and if it was, all I was doing was delaying the inevitable - prolonging it, even, depending upon how long they intended on holding us. Still, it felt necessary to give Mom some time to recover from the trauma that had already been inflicted on her.

The following day would bring with it a cacophony of woes and worries, but we had the rest of the night to mentally prepare for it. It was not nearly enough time for one to contemplate performing such a lewd act with their own mother, but it was better than nothing.

The Doctor let us out of our cages and gestured towards the wall — the same one we had seen him walk through — assuring that it would take us where we were supposed to go. I expected to stumble into some sort of experiment, rather than the rest we were promised, so I was pleasantly surprised to find that those mysterious beings were, at the very least, true to their word.

On the other side of the wall was a white, well-lit bedroom with mostly silver furnishings. A gigantic bed, comparable to a California king, sat at the far end of the room, flanked by two side tables.

There was no shower; nor was there a television, books, or any source of entertainment or external stimulation of any kind. It was as blank and boring as an empty canvas. The difference was that a canvas waited to become something beautiful, whereas that room felt specifically designed to be as drab and inoffensive as possible.

It looked like a cartoonish mockery of a futuristic house on Earth — our captors were trying their best to make us feel at home so we would produce favorable results, but just didn't get it.

"It's nice." Mom's voice was hollow and airy, reflecting her uncertainty. The enthusiastic vigor from before had subsided - it had for me as well, I noted — leaving a vacancy that was suffocating. Her arms were folded across her chest, trying their hardest to protect herself from the influx of anxiety. It had been easy to get carried away earlier, but sobriety, like winter, apparently always came eventually - and with it, rumination.

I hugged Mom as tight as I could. "We'll get through this together, I promise."

Mom dropped her guard and hugged me back, securely wrapping her arms around my midsection. "I know honey. It's just that... I've only given birth once. You were supposed to be my baby boy, and instead *I'm* helping you become a father. For Christ sake, you'd be an older brother... to your *own* little brother or sister. How fucked up is that?"

"It is very fucked up." It was also made worse by the fact that it started to make my dick hard.

Mom noticed right away. "Did that... Jesus, honey. Don't tell me—"

"I'm scared too, okay? I can't control the way my body responds. I'm sorry!"

Mom nodded erratically while she chewed on her bottom lip, mulling over the unique feeling of disgust with which she was rapidly becoming familiar. She had watched me jerk off to her naked body, and had felt firsthand how inexplicably excited my dick became at the thought of breeding her. For someone who had always taken such pride in motherhood, I could not imagine how difficult our situation - hers, really, since they weren't *exactly* the same — was for her to accept.

Mom tried to take it in stride, but I could tell she was extremely put off by my display of renewed ardor. "Can we just go to bed? I don't remember the last time I ate, but I have absolutely no appetite."

I felt the same. I did not feel hunger, thirst, or even a hint of fatigue, but the idea of putting my head down on the bed gave me hope that, when I woke, I would be free of that nightmare.

I finally understood why pet rodents like to run in their wheels, aimlessly sprinting in the same spot day after day. It was better than nothing, and at least it gave you the illusion that you were moving forward. We were, however, entirely trapped in that white, well-lit tomb with nothing but each other for comfort — though if I'd had to pick one person to be trapped there with, it would have been Mom.

Laying side by side with my mom on the bed, staring up at the polished silver ceiling over our heads, I found myself missing the way the fan in my bedroom would rattle from time to time. It's funny, isn't it? That damn thing had always driven me crazy, and there I was, pining for it. If I hadn't had Mom there with me, I do not know how I would have made it through.

"Chelsea is gonna be so pissed," I groaned. I thought about how my girlfriend would have flipped out if she'd known that I was slated to impregnate my own mother. *I mean, if she knew that much, she'd know about being abducted by aliens, though. That would have to count for something.*

"David is..." Mom never used Dad's full name unless it was serious. "... He's going to hate me after this."

"No, Mom. He isn't." I wrapped an arm under her head and pulled her onto my chest. We had never cuddled like that before, but given everything that had happened, and everything we feared would happen the next day, a snuggle was the least of our worries.

Mom lamented, and I listened. "We've been together since we were very, very young. You have to understand that. If he even saw me *kiss* another man, he would lose his mind, trust me. I don't know how he's going to stomach knowing that his high school sweetheart is carrying another man's baby."

I tried to find the silver lining. "Maybe he won't see it at all. I mean, if we're here until you give birth, which is an assumption in itself, he won't even see you while you're actually pregnant."

"Then I come back to Earth almost a year after disappearing—with a *new baby*? This is insane! What the hell am I supposed to do? Oh my god I don't want to be a new mother again. I'm forty! Either I go home pregnant, or I show up with a new baby. He's going to lose his fucking mind, and it's all my fault."

"None of this is our fault, Mom — none of it."

"Maybe, maybe not. I guess I can just blame that stuff that they're pumping into the air, but it doesn't feel fair."

"Blame it for what?"

Mom sighed. "I was so horny, honey. I couldn't believe it. All I could think about was your dick! I said and did things that have never crossed my mind before."

"And now?"

Mom shrugged, dejected by her own lack of enthusiasm. "Maybe they aren't pumping the gas in this room."

"I guess not." That was the last thing we said to each other that night.

I, too, could tell that my hormones had returned to some baseline level. Back in the cage, I would have eaten through the bars just to get myself an inch closer to Mom's pussy. To my surprise, the idea still put an excited flutter in the pit of my stomach, but without the drug lowering my inhibitions, a wave of guilt pushed back against it.

I wondered if the gas was not directly altering how horny we were, but rather simply removing our inhibitions so we might act in accordance with our deepest, darkest desires. I could not be sure, but either possibility was a frightening one.

I could feel Mom shaking, fighting back the urge to spill forth a deluge of well-earned tears. She was continuing to put on a brave face for me — remaining strong so that I could lean on her for support, rather than the other way around. Her quivering, and the occasional drip of a salty droplet on my chest, stopped after a little while. I was left to contemplate the future on my own until sleep eventually took me, too.

I did not dream.

I closed my eyes, and then, suddenly, I was awake. It sounds like a conventional description of slumber, but it felt like anything but. I had never specifically *felt* time pass while I'd slept, but I sure noticed the difference was there was one.

We awoke on the same bed, naked, but the room around us had completely changed. It seemed like a room a surgeon might operate in — clean and organized to the point of sterility. Our large bed was smack-dab in the center of the room so that anybody watching could walk circles around us.

Dozens of 'people' scurried busily around the room carrying all sorts of unrecognizable tools and gadgets. Clearly, they had all donned their disguises to make us more comfortable, but the idea of having sex with an audience of that size was daunting, no matter what species they were.

There were shapes on placards around the room that matched the ones being scribbled down on the various clipboards that surrounded our bed on all sides. If it was their language, I did not understand a lick.

That time I felt it: the surge of adrenaline and the intoxication that had driven us to act like animals the night before. The aphrodisiac was in full effect, and it was only a matter of time before Mom felt it, too.

Mom pinched the back of my arm to get my attention. "Did you sleep?"

My eyes darted between the various figures populating the room, but I could not get a read on any of them. "I don't know. I'm not tired, but if that was a whole night, I should be hungry by now, right? I don't feel *anything*."

Mom deflated with a sigh. "I feel *one* thing."

I felt it, too. The synapses in my brain were soaking in the rich fumes of the aphrodisiac being pumped into the room, flooding my senses with its chemical curse.

The Man, who had served as our initial introduction to that fucked-up reality, stepped forward. The scattered conversations around us fell quiet, and all eyes focused on him.

He looked at me, then at my mother, with what came across to me as a bizarre fondness. Perhaps he was excited to see the mating ritual firsthand, or perhaps he had not yet gotten the hang of wearing his human skin.

"Begin when you are ready," he instructed.

"What are we supposed to do?" Mom complained.

"Procreate as you would on Earth," he said sharply.

"It doesn't work like that! This is my *son*, okay? Humans have different kinds of sex. Doing it with a stranger is different than doing it with someone you love." Her last ditch effort for mercy fell on deaf ears.

"Do you love your son?" The Man inquired.

"Of course I do!" Mom insisted. "But I have a husband." Desperation filled her voice.

"Then pretend *he* is your husband, and mate with your son — the same way you did when you originally created him." Their commands left no room to maneuver. They were unwilling to compromise.

Mom chewed on the inside of her cheek, her brow tensely furrowed. "Wh-when I... oh, okay, then."

"Just pretend I'm Dad," I said. I wanted to help somehow, but in spite of the number that the airborne aphrodisiac was doing on my body and mind, I was still sympathetic enough to fill my voice with that resigned, defeated, "*let's make the best of a bad situation*" tone.

"Easier said than done," Mom fired back, disinclined to give my heroic effort any credit. "Are you going to pretend I'm Chelsea?"

I stared at Mom's naked body, admiring all the little pieces of her that rendered her bitterly sarcastic suggestion impossible. I could not pretend Mom was Chelsea — or anybody else, for that matter. Mom was blessed in a way that none of my previous girlfriends had been, and I was not immune to her breathtaking curvature.

My dick tingled with energy, coaxed from its slumber by something more than just alien chemicals. "I don't think I can pretend."

"Me neither," Mom said, gulping dryly, "but if you *aren't* pretending, then why is your dick getting hard?"

"I can't help it!"

"Does that mean all *that* is for... me?" Mom smiled briefly but wiped the proud grin from her face as quickly as it had appeared.

I nodded shamefully. No matter how many lies I spun, my body gave me away. I supposed that honesty was the best way forward. "You look really good, Mom. I would be an idiot if I didn't find you beautiful."

Mom rolled her eyes. "Oh, hush. You don't need to butter me up."

"I'm being serious!" I was, and I wanted her to know.

Someone stepped forward out of the crowd—a tall, slender woman with a shaved head. She presented us with a plate, upon which were two pills. One was white, and one was black.

She looked at Mom. "For fertility."

Then she looked at me. "For vigor."

Whatever was in them, I had little doubt it was going to help us get where we needed to go. There was no point in asking what we were about to ingest, as it would surely be a concoction that was—quite literally—alien.

Mom and I each swallowed our respective pill in one gulp. Thankfully, they were small enough so that we didn't need water. The experience reminded me that I hadn't felt any thirst whatsoever since I'd awoken aboard that strange ship. My mouth had not run dry - at least not in a literal sense — and I hadn't felt hungry, either.

I breathed out until my lungs were empty, then summoned a deep breath to puff out my chest. I hoped that some faux bravado would hide how nervous I was. "How do we— er, you know... start?"

Mom sat up on her knees and faced me. Gravity made her hanging breasts swing to the side like two fleshy pendulums, and she was nearly carried away by their momentum.

"Have you been with a woman?" Mom asked.

"Not like this, no. What do *we* do?"

Mom folded her hands in her lap. "We pretend."

I raised an eyebrow. "Pretend like you're not my mother?"

Mom nodded with her jaw clenched tightly. "Pretend it's just you and me. Pretend we aren't *here*."

"I guess that, normally, I would start with..." I trailed off, unable to bring myself to say it.

Mom sucked in a deep breath of air, filling her chest with courage while she took my hand in hers. Her thumb rubbed the valley between my knuckles in an effort to relax me. "Do you want to kiss me, honey?"

I nodded sheepishly.

Mom smiled weakly. "Lie down on the bed, please."

I did as I was told.

Mom tucked a lock of golden blonde hair behind her ear, then slid in beside me on my right-hand side. She wedged herself under my arm and cuddled up as close as she could. Her naked skin against mine was a blessing from heaven itself, draping over me like soft fleece that caressed me with a tender touch.

One of Mom's breasts plopped lazily onto my chest, and flattened out like a large pancake. The weight from just *one* of her heavy udders was enough to crush me into dust. I deemed it a miracle that she was able to carry both of them around all day — and had done so for over forty years — without using a crane to hold them up.

Mom rested a hand on my chest, staring calmly into my eyes. She held my gaze, daring me to blink first, while she slid her hand over my collarbone. She moved it upwards until it cradled the side of my cheek; it felt both steady and delicate.

I could not believe how soothing it was to have her methodically stroking the side of my face, and after only a few passes, my anxiety simmered down. Sensing that change, Mom leaned in and placed a quick kiss on my lips.

Our first kiss was short — nothing more than an innocuous peck. It reminded me of the smooches she gave me as a young boy, sometimes as a parting gift before I scampered off to join the other kids at the playground. They had been innocent, then—an expression of a mother's love for her son. Though her kiss felt the same as it had back then, the context in which I was receiving it made for an entirely different experience.

Mom pulled her head back, scanning my face to make sure I was comfortable enough for the next kiss, which turned out to be much wetter than the first one.

Mom lodged my bottom lip between hers, flattening our mouths together, with an urgency I had never witnessed from her. We gradually picked up intensity and, after a few exploratory kisses, dove headfirst into making out.

A couple of sloppy, sex-starved teenagers, we hungrily devoured each other. The role came naturally to me, of course, but the way Mom pawed at my chest and shoulders while we made out gave the impression that she was reliving a fond memory from her youth.

Her tongue prodded my lips, searching for a way in. I had never been interested in tongue-play with my former girlfriends, but with her, it felt all too natural to accept the fat, pink snake into my mouth and intertwine it with my own.

Mom practically assaulted me with kisses, imparting each one with more passion than the last. I could hardly get a word out in the midst of our furious makeout session. It took all my will to summon the strength to pull away.

"Mom?" I said, my voice pleading. "Can I touch you?"

Rather than respond with words—the obvious, boring option—Mom opted to simply drag my left hand across my chest like a seatbelt until her heaving breasts filled my palm. I squeezed my fingers, making the soft putty ooze through my tightly clenched digits. I molded the supple mound like I was kneading the knots out of a pile of pizza dough.

After supporting the incredible weight of one of her breasts for only a few seconds, my arm was already shaking. To test my strength, I tucked my hand underneath her boob and lifted it away from her body, encumbering myself with its full weight. I could hardly contain the wobbling mass. It tried to tumble out of my hands by swaying back and forth, prompting me to tighten my grip.

I imagined that magnificent, sagging udder filled with milk, the way it had been when I had nursed from her. It was easy enough; her breasts yet moved as though they were bloated with gallons of

cream. That was the only explanation I could conjure up as to how they freely sloshed about, like a waterbed that could not, for the life of it, stay in one place.

My mouth watered, thinking about how it would feel to latch onto her perky nipple. The firm, protruding nub poked directly into the center of my palm. I dreamed of drinking from her again, her nipple like an open faucet dripping her organic, homemade milk onto my tongue.

Mom's areola was massive; it could barely be contained by the width of my hand. It was bright pink, just like the nipple that it encircled, but slightly faded. It was as though the sun had sucked some of the vibrancy from that fat, rubbery circle that surrounded the base of her nipple, leaving it looking like a slice of pale pepperoni.

Mom broke our kiss in order to ask a question that I had been dying to hear. "Do you want me to touch you, too?"

"Y-yeah." My breathing was frantic, and I hoped my chattering teeth were quieter than the loud, bassy thumping of my heartbeat in my ears.

My dick pulsed with excitement, awaiting her touch. Mom was cautious at first, exploring me with a patience that I forced myself to endure. Her thumb brushed against an engorged vein that ran up the side, which throbbed happily under her touch.

Mom traced that vein like she was an explorer in the wilderness, stumbling across an unexplored path that she wanted to follow it to its natural end. Luckily for me, the 'end' in question was the head of my dick. The inflated helmet had ballooned to the size of a walnut, turning a furious shade of red. Mom coiled her fingers around the spongy dome and gave it a gentle squeeze—just *one*.

Her fingers coiled tightly around the root of my cock, sending a rush of blood to the tip. She kept that vice secured around the root and began steadily tugging on me like she was pulling saltwater taffy. Each pull drew to the surface more of the vigor which had, under her elegant touch, turned my dick into an impressively solid steel pipe.

Those tugs were subtle at first, but Mom gradually increased her pace. Each stroke gave her the confidence to explore a little bit further, expanding her domain until her fingers had tread every inch of me, mapping the terrain before she settled in.

She was getting familiar with the shape of my cock, and the areas of it that were sensitive enough to elicit a powerful flex when she manipulated them. Once she understood how to make me squirm, she took to pumping her fist up and down the entire length with each methodical stroke.

All the while, we made out with undue lust, thrusting our tongues into each other with reckless abandon, solely focused on mauling whatever we could get our hands on.

For me, it meant eagerly fondling her breasts. I tried to restrain myself, but could not stop from getting excited. I kneaded the gelatinous piles of dough, digging in with my fingers a bit too enthusiastically. A couple of times, Mom squeaked out a weak whimper to let me to know to ease up. I tried my best not to bruise her, but the drug-fueled animal inside of me was becoming insistent - progressively overriding sympathy, empathy, and whatever else stopped one animal from fucking another one to death.

Mom recoiled from our kiss, the first time she had done so in what felt like days. She clicked her tongue and shook her head disapprovingly. "You're not being very gentle, are you?"

I winced. "I'm sorry. I can't help it!"

Mom kissed my cheek. "It's okay, sweetheart. I think it's cute; you like them so much that you get carried away."

"I could literally do this all day."

"I thought was going to have to use my mouth to get you hard. Clearly, you don't need any help with that!" Mom firmly clenched her fingers around the base of my dick. It pulsed happily, enjoying the mention and attention.

I was gobsmacked, unsure if she was messing with me or just trying to turn me on even further. "You were gonna do that for me?"

"I thought I might have to, but you're *really* hard. I guess you like Mommy's kisses that much?"

"I love them, Mom."

"Do you like them riiight..." Mom pressed her lips against my collar bone. "*Here?*"

The butterflies in my stomach kicked up. "Holy shit. Yeah, I do."

Mom began to kiss her way down my body, lingering over every smooch she planted. "What about... here? Or here, honey?"

The natural end of her journey was between my legs, though it was not a venture I had expected her to undertake, considering my dick was already extremely hard. There would be no point to a blowjob, in terms of the clinical trial we were participating in. The only intention she could have for considering it, let alone actually doing it, was to pleasure me — *or*, my perverted thoughts suggested, *maybe she's just that horny*.

Mom was having some fun teasing me. Even when she carved a path of little smooches across my abdomen, like a mother hen pecking in the dirt in search of breakfast, I did not think she would go any further.

The first kiss on my thigh was the one that made lightning shoot through my body. It felt different than the others — something my body recognized before my brain did. My inner thigh was not a place that I often felt the touch of another, so having my mother's lips gingerly sucking on my flesh —long enough to leave behind a small, red mark—simultaneously heightened and overloaded my senses.

It nevertheless paled in comparison to what she did next.

Mom's lips, soft and plump like two velour cushions, puckered up and pressed against the tip of my cock. The fat bulb pulsed with energy, yearning for more. It begged for her attention, but apparently she didn't want to play favorites.

She traversed down the length of my cock, her lips leaving a trail of saliva in her wake - breadcrumbs, my aching cockhead hoped, to guide a return trip. Each kiss was infused with more drool than the one before it until the notion of discrete drops or strands was no longer apt; she was veritably basting my dick, and continued to do so until was glistening from top to bottom.

Once again, Mom encircled the head of my cock with her warm, spindly fingers, completely entombing the crown. She rotated her fist in a slow, steady corkscrew as she tugged, a motion facilitated in no small part by the copious coating of saliva she had left behind.

I released a growl from deep in my stomach. "Fuck, that feels amazing."

I was so distracted by Mom's attentive handjob that I did not notice her mouth creeping towards my balls.

"Just you wait, sweetheart," Mom sung sweetly, bewitching me with the melody of her angelic voice.

I finally noticed how far down she had slithered, but only due to how muffled and distant her response had sounded.

Without another word of warning, Mom latched onto one of my balls. With a loud, lecherous slurp, she sucked hard enough to pop the fat egg into her mouth like a golf ball into a vacuum hose. The seal around my nut was a snug fit, and once the large orb was inside her mouth, she wasted no time in basting the sides of it with long, patient strokes of her tongue, like she was painting the side of a house.

My heart leapt into my throat. "W-warm, so warm... mouth, Mom." It was idiotic babble, but at least it was technically English.

It seemed to me that Mom enjoyed pushing buttons, and was thriving on how easily she could push mine. Not only that, but I saw hints of pride - pride in the fact that she knew how to sexually pleasure a man.

With one ball lodged within her mouth, Mom took to nudging the other one inside, too. There was scarcely room for second fat orb to fit into, but she was undeterred. All it took was a deep breath and a decisive stretch of her jaw—one that would have impressed even the most ravenous python—to get the round egg into her wet, suckling maw.

Mom tenderly nursed around the root of my ball sack. The suction made her cheeks draw in, molding around my balls like a wet t-shirt onto a pair of tits on a muggy summer day. It was impossible for her to hide the lump marinating within her tightly pulled cheeks, even had she been so inclined. As it stood, she didn't seem all that embarrassed that she looked like a chipmunk stuffing her mouth with nuts - pun intended.

With both of my balls plugging her mouth, as an apple would a suckling pig's, Mom struggled to utter anything comprehensible. The attempt, in all of its muffled glory, turned me on more than it had any right to. She winced, trying to shove my balls into the corner of her mouth so she could speak without having to release them for a single second. "Shou ah suffer did ow?" she gurgled, her puffy cheeks bulging out cartoonishly.

By trying to speak with her mouth full, Mom only managed to toss my balls around with her tongue. As she tried in vain to make herself understood, I could only focus on how her lewdly stuffed hole, changing shape with each new word she forced out, was making for an unintentionally thorough massage.

"What did you say, Mom?"

Regrettably, Mom purged my balls and sucked in breath of fresh air that she'd sorely needed. A long, glimmering strand of saliva, like a pearlescent vine, connected her lips to my balls. They were painted with such a thick coat of bubbly goo that I was sure Mom could see her reflection staring back at her.

The vine snapped, and as it did, it fell over Mom's chin in a manner that made it appear as though she was literally drooling at the sight of my erection. She wiped her chin with the back of her hand, and gave a subtle cough to clear the congestion that had gathered at the back of her throat.

"I said; should I suck your dick now, sweetheart?" Mom punctuated the pet name with a wet, puckered kiss on the head of my cock.

I, ever the genius, said the first thing that came to mind. "But I'm already hard."

Mom smiled like I was the most handsome, charming, magnificent idiot that she had ever met. "You are very, *very* hard, so I will ask just *one* more time. Do you want Mommy to put your very hard penis all the way into her throat, so she can keep it nice and warm for you?"

"You can do that?" I was dumbstruck.

"I *will* do it— for you, honey." There was magic — and definitely something else — in the air.

In the back of my mind, I reasoned that Mom was only doing such a good job — putting in so much effort to please me — so that I would not last as long when we had sex. In the front of my mind, I did not give a damn. Elsewhere, I realized that I was already close to cumming. I knew that if I did not focus on holding back my orgasm, there was no chance I would last long enough to have sex with her... but I really, *really* wanted her to suck my cock.

A starved lioness on the hunt to quell her rampant lust, Mom licked her lips. The primal hunger that raged behind her eyes obscured any image of the woman who raised me, and in her place was a harlot, hell-bent on extracting every drop of cum that my balls could produce.

She held her hair to the side of her head with one hand so I had a full view of her face. Her eyes gleamed as she approached the menacing tower of meat between my legs, proudly admiring the dick she had created. It was a sinful pride; she had given birth to a man with a cock that not even *she* could resist.

Hot, steamy breath coiled against my dick head. I was close; there was no turning back. Mom let her tongue fall out of her mouth; it hung all the way down to her chin. She gripped the lower part of my cock shaft with her hand and used the tip of her tongue to lightly lick the head in a slow, circular motion. She nudged the spongy dome with her tongue, applying soft pressure against the sides. Mom was a blind woman, trying to paint a picture of the puffy helmet in her mind — to commit its shape to memory.

Mom knew, after sucking both of my balls into her mouth, that she would be able to engulf the entire head at once. She was a snake on the hunt for an unsuspecting egg that she could swallow in one swift gulp. Her tongue flattened against the underside of my cock, tickling my frenulum against the velvet carpet she laid out for me.

She slurped the top of the fleshy popsicle, gorging on the unique flavor of my manhood, as though she were finally fulfilling a desire she had been harboring for years. The look of satisfaction on her face was unmistakable; she was *enjoying* herself.

She eased her way down, her lips glued around me for the duration of her descent. Her tongue slid along the bottom of my cock, painting the underside with saliva, as she gobbled more of it into her gullet. The dense, muggy humidity of her of her mouth clung to me, but my dick was nevertheless eagerly led through that soggy tunnel.

Only a few inches remained before I was completely embedded in Mom's throat. Her brow scrunched up in concentration, steeling herself against her body's instinctive retching. She was too driven to be distracted by silly things like the need for oxygen, or the way her body convulsed in an attempt to dislodge the suffocating mass of throbbing cock meat from her esophagus.

Mom's cushy lips plummeted to the base of my cock. Never in my entire life had I experienced such enthralling dedication from a sexual partner. Usually, they stopped halfway down so that they did not drown in an abundance of cock, but that was not a concern for my mother. She — the woman of my dreams — made it her mission to drive my dick to the bottom. Once she had, it became a showcase for her to impress me with her hidden talent.

Mom lifted her head so that half of my girth slid out from between her slickened lips. The other half, to my delight, stayed behind to soak in the bubbly saliva bath so she could keep it warm. She drew a deep breath, and the rush of cool air blowing through the humid oven made the warmth feel even warmer by contrast. Like a child come in from the cold—brows crusted with fresh, white snow—I longed to defrost in the hot, soggy confines of her throat, where I knew I would feel safe and warm again.

Mom panted, taking short, spastic breaths as the air flowed into her lungs. Drool ran from the corner of her lips and oozed all the way down her cheeks, prompting her to fully withdraw my cock from between her lips so she could wipe away the mess.

Her eyes were wide, matching the intensity of her rapid breathing. "Wow, I haven't done that in a while."

"The throat thing?"

Mom nodded sheepishly and rubbed her neck. "I don't know what came over me!"

Like she had gorged herself on a mouthwatering cut of steak, marbled with ribbons of rich, succulent fat, the drippings of her meal ran freely down her chin—a vulgar display of sexual gluttony. They then descended even further onto her heaving breasts which, by their very nature, acted like a bib to catch them.

I watched in awe as a chunky droplet splattered onto Mom's boobs. "You look like you really enjoyed yourself."

She cringed. "Is it wrong if I kind of did?"

The Man cleared his throat to get our attention. "The effects of the gas are extremely powerful. Neither of you are immune to it. Do not be ashamed for succumbing to your impulses." He then flicked his gaze between the two of us. "If there are no further questions, please resume."

It made sense; I had never felt that horny in my entire life. It felt like I would have fought my way through a horde of a thousand men so long as Mom had been waiting for me on the other side. My hormones were on overdrive and, as a result, had taken complete control of the ship. They wished

to steer me in only one direction, and whatever was "me" — whatever I could fool myself into thinking had some existence separate from that manipulated biology — was but a passenger.

I looked at my mother, and she at me, forming a silent pact that we knew we would never break: if we survived that ordeal, and if we remembered it when we were back on Earth, we would never speak of it again. However, given that we were helpless to affect the outcome of our situation, the only thing left for us to do was to listen to our bodies, and let them do what they did best.

In other words, if I *had* to fuck my mother, I was going make sure I enjoyed it!

Mom tilted her head to the side. "Are you ready, honey?"

"As ready as I'll ever be, I guess."

Mom sucked in an invigorating breath and, like a deep sea diver returning to the bottom of the ocean, drove my cock into the hot, slimy abyss once more. Velvet walls undulated around me, battering my cock on all sides in a unified massage—one which left no inch of me unsullied.

The plummet into my lap was short lived. Mom raised her head again, giving my dick barely any time to relish the return to its warm, gooey home. Just like before, she regurgitated a portion of my pulsating cock from her quivering lips and used the small window to take a breath.

Then she drove the head down her throat again, flattening the bulging helmet out like a water balloon when it hit the bottom. Tears squeaked out of the corner of her eyes when she winced, successfully stifling a powerful seizure that would have made many other women call it quits.

After that, Mom fell into a steady rhythm that, had it not been for the occasional full-body gagging that occurred when I bottomed out, would have looked rather relaxed. Time and again, she withdrew the muscular rod from her gullet only to plunge it back down with equal intensity. Whether or not she briefly gagged before she took a breath was up to chance. She ignored her body's pleas for mercy and dutifully swallowed me again without a second thought.

Most of the women I had been with were unable to fit more than half of my entire length. Imagine my surprise when my own mother broke the record, claiming the crown of The Deepthroat Queen.

Given that her abilities deserved the status of royalty, it should be easy to accept that I was suddenly flirting with my impending orgasm in a dangerous fashion. The fervency with which Mom devoured me was unparalleled, putting to shame every blowjob I had ever received in my life.

As far as my dick was aware, it was not inside of her mouth at that moment. Mom's aptitude for gobbling cock was so expertly honed that it felt as though I was plunging myself in and out of the tight, wet cunt of a girl my own age. If I had been blindfolded, I would not have been able to tell the difference - well, blindfolded and deafened somehow, perhaps. The loud, noisy sputtering probably would have given it away.

All of that is to say that every touch of her tongue and every bump of her lips brought such surreal pleasure that I could not stop my body from doing what came naturally. My dick thought it was balls deep in a thoroughly plowed pussy, and the consequence was coming naturally.

"Mom, I'm gonna fucking cum," I whined, unable to hold back any longer.

"Mmhmm! Mmpfh!"

I had no idea what she was saying, but I took her muffled grunts as acceptance. I hoped that she was instructing me to ejaculate into her stomach. If not, I was going to be in a whole heap of trouble.

Seeing the confusion on my face, Mom reluctantly decided to give me some answers. She released the seal around my cock, ejecting it with a noisy **plop!** She slurped some of the drool back into her mouth, then puckered her lips. Saliva spilled out, pouring over the head of my cock. With the addition of her homemade lube, Mom pumped her fist up and down my cock like a well-oiled piston, meticulously tending to the entire length with long, even strokes.

"You *really* can't wait any longer, sweetheart?" she cooed.

"Wait for what?" I groaned, frustrated that I was not getting exactly what I wanted, exactly when I wanted it. It was greedy of me, but it was true.

Mom arched an eyebrow. "I'm not going to get pregnant if I swallow it, am I?"

Mom dipped her head down and slurped the head into her mouth for a moment, then released it just as quickly. She was pushing the envelope. I might have cum at any minute, but still, she could not resist the urge to put me between her lips again.

"If you keep doing *that*," I cried, "I'm not gonna have a choice!"

There was one tactic that I had yet to employ, and I was not sure if it would even work, but I figured it was worth a shot. Every fiber of my being wanted to cum in Mom's mouth, but if she did not let me, I knew I would only last for a couple of seconds once we started having sex. My hormones were on overdrive, and I was not willing to waste the opportunity to have sex with my mother on a two-pump fling.

Thanks to my previous lie, my captors were - again, I hoped — under the impression that human men could only ejaculate once per day. If I 'wasted' it in Mom's mouth, I would get to spend the entire next day having sex with her. It wasn't anything close to a carefully considered plan, but the aphrodisiac clouding my judgment rendered critical thought obsolete. I wanted to cum, and I wanted to cum *right away*.

I turned up the heat the only way I knew how: by playing into some of the phrases that Mom had already used, which had revealed some of her own hidden proclivities.

"Mommy," I whimpered softly, trying to elicit sympathy from the woman who gave birth to me, "I want to cum in your mouth. Pretty please, Mommy? I wanna squirt my babies in your tummy. I can't wait any longer!"

A mixture of emotions swam in the deep, azure pools with which Mom stared back at me, overwhelmed by the torrent of thoughts triggered by both my request and its cloying tenor.

She pulled my dick out of her mouth. She was flustered by my candor, but not repelled by it. Whether it was the effects of the gas, or the awakening of something that had lain dormant in her psyche for many years, it did not matter. My words flipped switches that put Mom in a tizzy.

She stroked my cock while she wrestled with the idea. "Oh, honey. Y-you really... you want it that badly?"

I pouted. "Please, Mommy?"

"But... you have to get me pregnant. If you finish in my mouth—"

I spoke quickly, lest, in her own haze, she were to unwittingly contradict the lie. "Then we get to do this again, tomorrow. Men can't cum twice in one day, remember?"

I hoped our captor would not question the authenticity of my claim. More than that, I hoped Mom was horny enough to go along with my plan. If she did, it would add another day to our time aboard the ship. It would halt our return home in exchange for one thing; more time with each other. If that was not something Mom wanted, all she had to do was say so. With one or two pumps into her vagina, we would be free of the responsibility that our abductors had thrust upon us.

Mom chewed her bottom lip. "Okay."

I perked up. "Okay? For real?"

Mom beamed me a dorky smile. "For real, honey. How close are you?"

The mention of release had broken the floodgates. Once I knew that it was safe to stop holding back, my dick accepted the invitation to orgasm without hesitation. Her hand was stroking me half-heartedly since she was focused more on the consequences of letting my request come to pass, but that was all I needed.

I submitted to the throes of an orgasm that gripped me with a divine hand. Without even trying, Mom pulled the orgasm out of my body using nothing more than a few gentle tugs.

"Now! Holy fuck, *now!*" I groaned like I had been punched in the stomach.

"Wait, as in *now*, now?" Mom's eyes widened. I do not think she had planned for me to cum so soon, despite my warnings. She'd truly underestimated how talented she was.

Mom read the signs just in time and dove her head into my lap. It came as naturally as tying her shoes. She plunged my dick into her hot, squishy, velvet orifice - well, one of them, anyway — until it tickled her tonsils.

My stomach rose until it was caught in my throat, and adrenaline surged through my veins. An explosive frisson of needles danced across my scalp. I felt every neuron on my body invigorated by dopamine. The only thing that kept me from blacking out was that sudden surfeit of my body's own fight-or-flight-or-fuck drug.

My vision narrowed to a tunnel as not just the world, but the universe itself, stopped existing. There was nothing besides Mom lying between my legs, with my dick throbbing in her mouth. Her eyes stared solemnly into mine, and I wondered if she was experiencing the same awe-inspiring wonder that I was, or if she was simply proud that she had created a man to which she was so willing to submit herself. The aphrodisiac in the air, and Mom's remarkable dedication to making me feel incredible pleasure, brought me to highs that I had never thought possible.

The head of my dick was squarely embedded against the back of her throat, and my slit was nestled cozily against the spongy wall. The forceful eruption of cum made me thankful that the mess was contained within Mom's mouth. Like wet paint being thrown on the pavement, cum splattered in every direction as soon as it hit her throat. She lurched forward, her gullet flooded with a stream of hot glue that arrived with compelling force.

Mom overrode her instincts to withdraw and gasp for air, choking on the first of many doses that she was bound to endure.

Her body cried for her to take a break, so she made a compromise. She released half of my cock — no more than she had to — from the depths of her esophagus. Right as she pulled back, I launched another generous load of batter against her soft palate. It took her by surprise, stifling her attempt to take a breath. She choked on the molten syrup and gurgled out a lecherous, cum-soaked belch from her sodden maw.

Mom quickly sealed her lips around me again, eager to catch every drop. She used her tongue as a bed— a wet, soggy duvet—on which the rest of my baby batter could soak.

One of her tiny hands then wrapped around the base of my cock and squeezed it in between the rhythmic pulsations. Tears streamed from the corners of her eyes, leaving stains down her cheeks that I fancied were only half as salty as the torrents of cum that I proceeded to launch onto her tongue.

I never came so much when I was by myself, but Mom had a talent for pulling things out of me that I had never imagined. It seemed like entire minutes passed with my cock flexing in her mouth, spewing an endless river of buttery cum onto her taste buds. Mom did not budge, content to let my cum saturate her tonsils before she showed a hint of swallowing it.

While Mom continued to stroke the base of my cock with one hand, she used the other to gently rub my tummy. Her fingers lay flat against my stomach, and she drew wide circles with her palm, like she was soothing me from a bellyache after I'd eaten too much cake at a birthday party. She hummed softly, vibrating the pool of cum in which my cock was soaking, calmly purring while she nursed like a happy, satisfied kitten.

Mom's eyes were endlessly compassionate, assuring me that, despite her mouth being used as a depository for my cum, she loved me nonetheless. She was happy that I was happy, which she further communicated with her reassuring tummy rubs.

The dark vignette around my cone of vision widened, and I felt like I was seeing the light of heaven as the color returned to my world. Mom cocked her head to the side and smiled at me as widely as she could. Considering the mouthful of cum she kept at bay, I was surprised that nothing spilled out when she grinned. My dick had stopped throbbing with such unyielding might, informing Mom that she had finally—after many, many patient minutes of suckling—coaxed every last drop of cum out of my balls.

My voice wavered. "F-fuck, Mom."

Mom wiggled her lips on me. "Mmhmm?"

After how hard I had just come, even the slightest touch of her tongue sent tingles through my body. I sucked in my first full breath in ages, exhaling the stale air from my lungs. "I need... I need a break."

Mom slowly dragged her mouth off of me, but kept her lips sealed tightly, using them like a squeegee to remove the remnants of frothy cum that clung to the sides of my shaft. The fat, squishy plum stayed in her mouth for a second longer, marinating in the syrupy pool of cum and saliva, before she released it with a loving kiss.

My dick slapped against my abdomen like it was taped down. I had never been so hard before, and I *stayed* hard, even after Mom had extracted everything out of me.

I felt like a completely new man. "That was amazing, Mom. I've never felt anything like that before."

Mom sat back on her legs, giving me a glorious view up at her. Her breasts swung to the sides when she sat up, rocking back and forth with her momentum. I noticed her cheeks were puffed out, lending further evidence to the theory that she had, in fact, been a chipmunk in her previous life.

I remembered the old adage that there are no stupid questions, and sought to prove it wrong. "Did you swallow it all?"

Mom shook her head, tossing around the slurry of semen inside her inflated cheeks. I imagined that, had I held an ear up to her puffed out cheek, I would have heard the tidal waves of cum being tossed around by her vigorous head shake. She obviously could not speak, but I took a perverse pleasure out of making her communicate as a mute.

I could not resist asking, with a coy grin, the question that was next on my mind. "Is there a lot?"

Mom rolled her eyes, and pointed to her bloated cheeks. "Mmhmm!"

I gave her a big, dramatic pout. "You're not gonna waste it all, are you, Mommy?"

Mom groaned with dismay. "Mm mmhmm hm!"

"I can't understand you."

Mom sighed, admitting defeat. She straightened her back, like her name had just been called at an award show, and took a slow, steady breath. She gripped her pudgy thighs, bracing for impact, with her fingers dug in.

Mom readied herself to ingest the mouthful that she had been holding onto so patiently, but could not do so without some serious effort. Her left eye twitched like she had sucked on a sour lemon as she ushered the enormous load to the back of her throat. The flood of salty syrup saturating her tongue—the sheer amount of boiling hot magma searing the insides of her cheeks—would have been a deal breaker for any of my past flings.

Thankfully, Mom put those women to shame.

She tilted her head back a little to encourage the slimy mass to slide down on its own. When that did not work, she used her tongue to shovel the stubborn chunks down her throat. They landed in the pool, along with their brothers and sisters, who waited at the cusp of Mom's gullet for her to open the chute. Once she did, allowing the sticky medicine to plummet into her gut, it still required several firm, dedicated gulps for her to swallow the entire dose.

"Was th— *ahem*." Mom coughed, choking on the remnants of sticky semen that clogged her esophagus. "Sorry, honey. Was that good?"

I groaned like a drugged-up maniac, but found that I could not form words. There was no breeze in the room, yet the air had suddenly felt chilly once I'd been removed from the sweltering confines of Mom's mouth. I longed to slide back into that warm, wet den more than anything in the world. My dick, which had finally begun to soften, was so sensitive that my nerves would have gone haywire the second I touched her lips. I didn't care. I don't think it would've, either.

Mom rubbed her tummy. "I've never seen that much cum before."

"Me neither."

The Man stepped forward once again. Despite witnessing such a primal display by a mother and her son, his demeanor had not changed one bit. "The gas does not only stimulate you, it also encourages semen production so that fertilization is ensured. Was that... it?"

Mom sneered at me playfully before answering The Man. "No. He came too early."

"Does this often happen to men on your planet?"

Mom and I chimed in at the same time, overlapping each other with completely different answers: "Yes!/No!"

We both stifled a laugh, but it was not shared by our surrounding audience.

The Man was curious, but ultimately, did not care enough to inquire further. "Interesting. Luckily for you, we have devised a drug capable of enhancing the sexual capabilities of human men. It should take effect soon."

I was not sure what Mom's pill was for, though I imagined it was to increase fertility. As soon as he mentioned the effects of the drug I'd ingested, I knew right away that The Man was not bluffing about its potency.

My erection, which had been a fading memory seconds earlier, was reinvigorated as though somebody had shocked it back to life with chest paddles. Blood rushed to the mushroom cap at the end, ballooning it to its former glory in less than ten seconds. Getting hard without proper stimulation was strange, like somebody else was hijacking my body's natural responses in order to pilot me like a robot built for breeding.

The mental clarity and brief adversity to sex brought on by my orgasm were wiped out in an instant. My refractory period was shortened to less than a handful of seconds. If I had been standing, I would have been brought to my knees by the instantaneous wave of profound, rampant horniness that rushed through me. I went from wanting a nap and a sandwich — as a man often does after sex — to a primal urge to mount and breed my mother.

In the past, there had been times where I had recovered quickly, much to my own surprise. Those experiences had not been similar at all to what the alien drug was forcing upon me. My brain switched tracks in an instant, and it could not be switched back.

Mom chuckled. "Wow, honey. That fast?"

"M-Mom," I whimpered desperately, "I... I can't. I need you *now*." It was not quite painful — not physically, anyway. I imagined it was similar to the pain of withdrawal after a lifetime of addiction. My entire being longed for her so direly that I would have crawled through a field of broken glass just to kiss her feet.

Mom sensed that my desperation went beyond simple desire. "Sweetheart, are you okay?"

My pulse was racing. "I don't know! I'm so fucking horny! I don't know!"

Mom scooted between my legs. Since I was still lying on my back, she towered over me despite her relatively small stature. I felt safe in the shadow of her presence, but the true comfort came when she lay her body over me like a weighted blanket.

Her squishy breasts flattened against my chest, which made them bulge out on the sides when her weight rested on me. Soft, supple flesh spilled over the sides of my chest, forming to me like molded putty. The tremendous weight of her breasts made it difficult to draw breath, yet I felt completely secure.

Mom wrapped her arms around my head and kissed my forehead. "Shhh, shhh. It's gonna be okay, Mommy is here."

My dick felt like it was about to explode. "Why am I so fucking horny? I can feel every vein just... throbbing!"

Mom was positioned between my legs in such a way that, without needing to readjust herself, she could press down on my erection with her pussy mound simply by pushing her hips forward a little bit.

She brushed her fingers through my hair, raking her nails along my scalp. "I know, honey. I can feel him getting bigger. Does it hurt?"

I winced, my muscles contracting so fiercely that it felt like my dick would snap in half. "A-a little, yeah."

Mom grinded her plump muffin against my violently straining cock. She rested her head beside mine so she could whisper into my ear, "Tell Mommy how to make the pain go away."

I grimaced. "Fuck! I need to fuck. I *need* to fuck you."

While she whispered to me, she placed a delicate kiss on my neck to accent each of her words. "Baby... wants... Mommy's... pussy?"

"Jesus Christ, I do!"

Mom giggled. "I thought you might. Are you *sure* you wanna go back inside?"

I wailed like a petulant child. "Mooooooooom, please!"

Mom knew she had all of the power, and it was going to her head. It was no longer a question of if we would have sex, so with that assurance, she took no issue in playing with her food.

"But honey," she whimpered, taunting me, "it's awful wet inside of there. Mommy is too snug for some boys to fit their penises, and yours is so very big, sweetheart. I don't want to hurt you if my pussy hugs are too tight."

I was enthralled in the moment, and could not quell or even ignore the intrusive thoughts that, in hindsight, were not very romantic. "I love hearing you call it that."

Mom chuckled again. "My *pussy*?"

My heart tightened in my chest like a noose wrapped around it had suddenly been put to use. "God, yes."

She nibbled on my earlobe, mashing her pussy against my strained erection, then whispered, "You wanna slide your fat cock into Mommy's hot, cozy little cunt. You want to go back where you came from, don't you, honey?"

Mom was having fun with the dirty talk, saying things that she never would have said if not for the chemical additive in the air. I was all for it, willing to follow whatever bizarre path I was being led down, as long as it made my dick feel good.

I expressed to her my most sincere, heartfelt desire. "I want to go back inside — more than anything in the world."

Mom lifted her head to look into my eyes. "Then let's get you back home, where you belong. Can you lie still for me?"

I tried to play it cool, hoping she would not notice the veins bulging in my neck. "Sure."

Mom patted on my thigh. "Put your legs together, honey. Mommy's going to put her legs over yours."

"Are you gonna ride me?" Higher brain function was a thing of the past.

Mom stared down at me, pure glee plastered across her face; a brief memory flashed of the time I'd handed her my first grade report card with straight As. "That's right, my smart baby boy. Mommy's going to do all the work, so just relax."

I closed my legs so that Mom could straddle me. Her cunt breathed heated steam onto my cock like the muzzle of a great, ancient dragon.

Mom lifted her butt off of me, finally giving my dick a moment to breath. Through the gap in her legs, she reached down and curled her fingers around my cock. She aimed it at the ceiling, then sat back down. It was so hard that — with one powerful flex — it wedged it into the crease between her plump ass cheeks.

It was heavenly, but Mom knew how to make it even better. She reached behind her like she was going to give her ass a swat. Instead, using one finger, she gently nudged my cock until it sank between her gigantic cheeks, using the deep valley to surround my dick on either side. My cock wedged into the crevasse, embedded there so firmly that I imagined our audience would naively think that I was already inside of her.

Mom squeezed tightly, molding the walls of her doughy bottom around me like she was sealing the doors of a humid tomb.

"Does that feel nice, honey?" Mom cooed.

"Uh-huh." That was a lie; it felt fucking *amazing*.

It was no surprise to find that, no matter how much I had spent on sex toys in the past, no amount of lubricated silicone could come close to mirroring the feeling of Mom's ass cheeks caressing me. I was not even inside of her yet, and I was already experiencing sensations that made me feel alive for the first time in years.

Mom leaned forward slowly until the firm nipples capping each of her enormous, hanging breasts were grazing my chest. She dragged them across my chest like doughy, dangling wrecking balls

until they were both dangling menacingly above my head. If she'd have dropped them onto me, the meteoric impact would have given me a concussion.

Mom wiggled and shimmied her hips on my cock. I was not sure what she was trying to do at first, but the purpose of her methodical fumbling became clear when the head of my cock nestled into the mouth of her vagina. She had found a way to perfectly position me so that, once we were ready, she need only release her hips and let gravity do the rest.

Mom's voice was bathed in rich, luxurious honey. "Can you feel that?"

I grunted a confirmation.

She clenched her pussy, tightening the slimy tunnel to place a profoundly taboo kiss upon the crown of my spongy, purple mushroom. "That's *home*, sweetheart. She missed you."

Stuck on repeat, the most coherent thing I could utter was, "Please. Please, Mom. Oh God, please!"

Mom dropped her hips a couple of inches, easily swallowing the engorged bulb along with a generous portion of thick, veiny cock. The head pushed through her velvety folds, peeling her pink petals apart as it sank into her body like a blade. It pierced through the densely packed tunnel of hot, convulsing meat as far as it was allowed before Mom froze in place.

I was halfway inside, but thanked my lucky stars that she had stopped when she had. The intense heat, tightly coiled walls, and tender flesh smothering even *half* of my dick was overwhelming. If Mom had taken the whole thing in one go, I would have orgasmed on the spot.

"Oh, fuck!" I groaned with my brow tightly furrowed to try and maintain control for as long as I could.

Mom rubbed my temple with her thumb, and blew a steady breeze of cool air over my face. "Too much, baby?"

Mom kissed my forehead. I was sweating a bit, but her motherly instincts made her immune to being grossed out by my clammy skin. She loved me too much to care about that stuff.

"Want Mommy to slow down?"

"O-okay," I sighed.

Mom offered me a challenge, though it came across as more of a demand. "Don't cum until you're at the bottom."

The next few seconds were some of the hardest, and most remarkable, of my entire life. Every second I spent entombed within her velour walls, marinating in her rich, syrupy nectar, felt like an eternity. I did not think I would ever make it to the bottom.

The luscious tunnel trying to suffocate me was a hallway whose end got further away the further into it that I sank, but all good things must come to an end.

At the bottom of her pussy, where her warmth burned the hottest, was a firm, spongy wall. The mouth of Mom's cervix kissed the head of my dick when they finally met, waiting patiently to be doused with cum.

Mom constricted her walls around the slab of meat throbbing inside of her. "Put your hands on my bum. If you're going to cum, just squeeze, and I'll slow down."

By the sounds of it, she was not in a rush. By all accounts, we should have been eager to get it over with, yet both felt the same desire to take our time.

Mom sat up, granting me access to the staggering view of her enormous breasts towering over me. I wanted to squeeze them until they were red with finger marks, but was too enthralled by their hypnotic wobbling to even raise my arms.

Mom rocked back and forth in my lap, grinding the velvet vice around my cock like she was trying to polish it to a shine. Every small bump inside her pussy felt meticulously placed — designed to coddle my dick in the embrace of the warmest, wettest massage one could hope to experience.

It was bizarre, yet undeniable, to accept that the most amazing sensation to ever grace my nerve endings was that of my mother's pussy coiling around me.

Mom was not just bouncing idly; she was putting in some serious work to extract my cum as lovingly as she could. There was a pattern to her movements. On every stroke, right as the head of my dick was lodged against her G-spot, she clenched up and swung her hips forward, driving the sensitive helmet against the roof of her pussy.

Even a fool would have noticed the way her face contorted with pleasure every time she drove my cock to the bottom. It may have been for my benefit at first, but that was no longer the case.

I gazed up at the gorgeous woman who was straddling me and rocking her hips with wild abandon, transfixed by her huge, bouncing breasts just as deeply as I was by her immaculate beauty.

Mom noticed my blissful stare. "What is it, honey?" she panted between bounces.

I grinned earnestly. "You're just beautiful, Mom."

Mom blushed sheepishly. "You're already inside. You don't need to sweet talk me, honey."

"Do I feel good?" I hoped the question did not sound as pedantic to her as it did to me. She nodded, but that was not enough for me. "No. I want to hear you fucking *say it*."

Mom whimpered softly, and bit her lower lip. "I don't want you to think I'm a whore..."

I wrapped my arms around her back and secured her to my chest. "Then I am as big of a whore as you are!"

My arms tethered Mom to me, holding her in place with an iron grip no matter how violently she bounced her ass. She recklessly shook, shuffled, and rocked her bottom in every direction, jumping around like a rabbit caught in a trap. Instead of trying to escape, however, that slutty bunny knew that the only way out was to make the hunter who caught her very, very happy.

Mom flung her hips onto me with focused aggression, plunging my cock into the depths of her soggy cunt. Loud, salacious slapping echoed around the room every time her thighs, slippery with juices, plopped into my lap. The sound drowned out the noisy slurping of her pussy-vacuum desperately trying to keep its loosened seal around my cock.

With a kiss on my neck, Mom whispered into my ear. "Let me sit up."

It broke my heart to let her go, but the view of her enormous breasts swinging into view was a fantastic consolation.

A strand of hair, matted with sweat, was glued to Mom's forehead. She brushed it out of the way, tucking the golden coil behind her ear. "You squeezed Mommy awfully tight, honey."

I smirked at her. "I'm sorry, Mom, but you're squeezing me pretty tight, too!"

Mom rolled her eyes. "Give me your hands, Mr. Comedian."

I extended my hands for Mom to hold onto. We interlocked our fingers, palms together, so that I could support her weight while she rocked in place. Her heavy breasts heaved with every labored breath she took, but she was not slowing down.

Mom bounced on her knees, making her tits collide together like powerful, rolling waves. At the apex of each bounce, her breasts were completely weightless. They floated in the air for a brief moment before gravity took hold and brought them crashing down again.

Like clockwork, each bounce made Mom's breasts sway to the sides of her chest. They were powerful pendulums whose weight would inevitably send them careening towards each other with enough force to crush a soda can into a flat, metal disc.

Every time I thought I had memorized the pattern, her boobs would bounce chaotically in a new, unimaginably captivating way that made me fall in love with them all over again.

It was hard to believe that, at one point in my life, I had nursed from the same breasts that were then flopping around in front of my face. If they had been full of milk, there would have squirted a thin stream of white cream over my chest every time they smashed into one another. I longed to be decorated like a canvas — painted from head to toe with an abstract masterpiece

Mom bore down with more effort on her down strokes, making her floppy udders slap obscenely against her tummy with each bounce. The saggy piles of dough, hanging loosely from her chest, threw their weight around as though she were not attached to them.

My balls tingled with a familiar warmth. "Mom, I can't last much longer."

Before the words had left my lips — as if she were anticipating them — Mom leapt off of me. My dick stood at attention, throbbing in the empty space with the head pointed straight up at the ceiling.

"Wait," Mom demanded. "Not yet."

A low murmur behind us made its presence known. I hated being reminded that we had an audience, but the disdain lasted for less than a second, and was quickly replaced by the fervent horniness that had been piloting me ever since the pills had kicked in.

The Man stepped forward, but Mom and I did not even bother to look at him. "Why have you stopped the procreation?" he asked. "Was it ineffective?"

We could have lied. We could have made up something, anything, which might have stopped us from having to create a child together. The fact that neither of us even bothered to try spoke volumes about our mindsets.

Without missing a beat, Mom informed him that conception was better in a position that she deemed, as elegantly as she could, "baby pose." I was unfamiliar with the name, but when she scrambled onto her back and grabbed her ankles, I knew exactly what she meant.

Mom lifted her legs high into the air. They made an oval around her head, with her tits and face framed in the center, like a portrait of depravity.

The chubby mound between her legs looked like a puffy marshmallow. If I had tried to squeeze the whole mound with one hand like a stress ball, her supple flesh would have oozed through my fingers.

The glue drooling out of her pussy had saturated her thick, densely coiled jungle of brown pubic hair. What had likely once been a silky tangle of fluff was matted and soaked to the skin, like fur clinging to the body of a wet kitten.

The length of Mom's slit glistened in the light with that same honey. The plump, pink curtains, each the length of my middle finger, were sealed shut - partially a consequence of that same sticky stuff. They bulged outward slightly like two fat, pouting lips.

The skin around the edges of her lush, rosy petals was slightly darker, and populated with dozens of goosebumps that made her look positively appetizing. I wanted to sink my teeth into that tender flesh and feel the litany of tiny bumps on my tongue.

A tiny, delicate bubble was nestled in the opening of Mom's pussy, waiting to be popped. It sat opposite the hood at the top of her crease, which, despite its best efforts, could not conceal the small, engorged pearl that lay beneath it.

She spread her legs to their widest, and the lips of her vagina slowly peeled apart like a wet, slimy sticker from its backing. "Put a baby in me, sweetheart. Make me a grand-*mommy*!"

I liked that idea a hell of a lot, and the way my dick throbbed with glee gave it away.

Mom chuckled and pointed at my cock with her toes. "He likes that idea, huh? Are you excited to be a daddy?"

My heart pounded in my ears. "Jesus, Mom. I can't believe we're about to do this."

"I know. Me neither. The only way out is through. Are you with me, sweetheart?" I knew that she was asking me sincerely.

I nodded, my eyes laser-focused on the glimmering jewel between her legs. The song of a thousand sirens called to me, beckoning me forth.

Mom kicked her feet excitedly, but maintained her grip on her ankles. She watched impatiently, her eyes trained on my cock as it approached her. "Oh my god, oh my god, oh my god."

By that point, I was not sure which of us was more excited by the incestual breeding.

I climbed on top of Mom and held myself over her. It felt good to be the one in control for a change — no longer a puppet at the whim of my horny mother.

I set the stage by gradually feeding my cock into the mouth of Mom's hungry pussy. She greedily swallowed her meal, engulfing me like a starving snake trying to ingest an animal whole. Per *my*

whim, however, she was forced to do it slowly - one inch at a time.

As badly as I wanted to pound Mom flat, I did not want to rush either the experience itself or my time as the more dominant and active partner. I started slow, sawing in and out of the greasy pocket, fighting the urge to thrust into her like a madman. Her walls clung to me, but offered no resistance against my journey to the bottom.

Mom's tits smothered her face, but over their mountainous swell I could still see her eyes smiling at me. "Welcome back, honey."

I begged my brain to keep the pace steady, but instincts can only be denied for so long. Hearing Mom welcome me back inside, with her voice as sweet as sugar, ignited signal flares in my brain that told my dick that we were ready to blow at any moment.

I started to go faster, slamming my hips into Mom so that my dick was driven like a piston through the densely packed burrow of succulent meat. Mom gasped, startled by the sudden aggression, but quickly took to mewling with pleasure as I carved the shape of my cock into her pliable muscle.

Mom's tits danced wildly, jumping around as the force of my indignant slamming reverberated through her tiny body. Her shrill cries, laden with pleasure, were hitting a pitch that I had never heard from her. They were a mating call — a celebration of her successful breeding that she would have been willing to scream from the rooftops.

Mom was enjoying it at first, but soon realized that my sudden burst of vigor was not going to slow down — not until I was finished. After being fucked without empathy for a few strokes, she was beginning to second-guess her decision to let me lead.

"J-Jesus, honey," she said. "Whoa — *whoa!*" Her face was contorted in a chaotic juxtaposition of pain and pleasure.

I could not slow down. Even if I could have, I would have chosen not to. I knew I was being too rough with her, but the inclination to be gentle took a backseat to the irresistible urge to ravage her.

The worry on her face was not lost on me; all that was lost was my ability to control myself. For her part, however, Mom could tell how invested I was - how I'd become a slave to primal instincts that an alien drug had kicked into overdrive.

Fueled by my enthusiasm and her own primal urges coming to the surface, Mom's face slowly morphed into a wicked, lecherous display. It was animalistic; the mask was off. I saw Mom in the most intimate, stripped- down fashion one ever could, and I loved what I saw.

"Harder," she demanded bluntly, with a fierce snarl. "Fuck me *harder!*"

Mom was unrecognizable, furiously begging for me to cum as though she had forgotten — or, perhaps, was enchanted by — her son being the one to breed her. She stared down at my cock slamming into her, completely transfixed. My dick rapidly dove into the depths of her cunt, only to be pulled out again, where she could see the steam rolling off of me.

The provocative display reduced her to rubble. All she could do was mindlessly vent the frantic thoughts in her brain. "Oh my god, fuck me. You're gonna get me fucking pregnant!" She seemed to be oscillating at a hundred times a second between deep enjoyment and real, genuine fear.

It seemed that even our hyper-advanced captors could not invent a drug that could fully erase the impact of being bred by one's own offspring.

Mom's wailing reached a fever pitch, stripping her of the barriers that usually keep a mother looking decent and respectful in the eyes of her son. "Jesus, it's fucking happening, ohmygod. This is real, this is really happening, holy shit!"

I covered her shivering body with mine, hugging her tightly, and kissed her cheek. Mom squeezed her arms around me with such strength that I thought my back would snap in half, but, in an effort to be strong for her, I allowed her to cling to me for support. I considered it the least I could do for the woman who was about to carry my child for nine months - especially after having done the same for me, once upon a time.

"Honey," Mom whispered into my ear, sniffing back tears — though I do not think were born of sadness. "I'm fucking *scared*. Why does it feel so good? What the *fuck* is going on?"

"I'm sorry, Mom. I *can't* stop."

I thought she had been asking for a break, but her quick denial proved me wrong. "No! No, honey, please. I want it."

I groaned urgently. "You do?"

Mom nodded eagerly. "I want to have your baby. I want it so fucking badly; I can't explain it. I *need* it, honey."

The look on her face was woefully sincere, and it was the acceptance of that realization that had shaken her so. If she was feeling what I was, then she was equally as terrified by the impossibly strong urge to procreate. It was greater than any thirst, or hunger, we had ever felt on Earth.

Mom was chanting in a low register — growling like a beast in heat. "I need it. I need it. I need a baby." I had never seen her in such a state of unrestrained depravity, and her pleas were among the most desperate I had ever heard from anyone about anything.

"Oh, god, Mom!" I yelped.

Mom grabbed the sides of my head with her hands, cradling my face while she gazed lovingly into my eyes. "I fucking love you, honey. I love you so fucking much."

Electricity surged through me. Every molecule in my body was infused with lightning, suspended for an eternity in the brief flash of perfect, harmonious ecstasy with which Mom had blessed me.

My eyes were closed. I was adrift in billowing waves of dopamine. They made the darkness before me undulate grotesquely - dancing shapes that were both of and within the warm, black shadows that eclipsed my vision. Pure, heavenly bliss seeped from every pore in my body, yet I could not slow down. Even as an orgasm like never before tore through my body, humbling me as it did, I could not stop my body from carrying on its ritualistic thrusting.

I flooded my mother's vagina with the seeds of her grandchildren, sowing my oats in the wet, succulent field in which I had toiled all day. I melted into her, ignorant to the barrier between our bodies, as I could feel nothing but the beautiful nirvana we had created simply by grinding our bodies together.

Hot, potent cum splattered the mouth of Mom's womb. I bathed her insides like they were ablaze, extinguishing the broiling lust inside of her with a torrent of thick, slimy glue. My cock drowned in the viscous soup that churned inside of her greedy pussy.

Mom's soft, velvet walls constricted me, squeezing my cock in tune with its powerful flexes, coaxing another thick cable of cum from my tightly clenched balls. I howled like a wolf at the moon, producing such an immense volume of cum that, before I was finished filling her, fat globs of it drooled from the edges of her loose, freshly fucked cunt.

Under normal circumstances, I would have stopped and basked in the afterglow of a truly life-changing orgasm. Unfortunately, under the rule of alien drugs that had taken control of my brain, there was simply no stopping to smell the roses.

I habitually pumped my dick — which had yet to soften even one iota — into Mom's swampy, cum-soaked pussy, churning her cream filling into a rich, white foam that bubbled out of her like frothed milk.

I could not stop.

Mom offered me a puzzled look that I was too distracted to acknowledge. "Are you done, sweetheart?" It was rhetorical. Her real curiosity was why my thrusting was getting *faster* after I had just emptied my balls into her.

I grunted. I could not stop, but I could thrust harder. Mom's cervix was crushed against my spongy cock head, making her seize up below me.

"Ow!" she whined playfully. "Honey, you're hurting me." It was not apparent to her just how thoroughly I had lost control, but a few more bravado-fueled plunges to the bottom of her loose sheath convinced her that she was not done being fucked just yet.

I groaned solemnly, my soul leaving my body. I could not stop, but I could thrust *even harder*. My dick was made of molten iron. The monstrous, bulging beast ripped through Mom's insides like they were pink tissue paper.

Mom knew she was not getting through to me, but continued to try. "Slow, honey, go slow! Fuck, *ohhh, fuck*, I—oh god! Be gentle with Mommy!"

I was a shell of myself. There was nothing happening in my pre-frontal cortex. There were no thoughts or cognizant efforts being made. I was operating on pure instinct.

"P-please, sweetheart!" Mom cried, pounding her tiny, balled up fists desperately against my chest. "Mommy isn't b-built for this! You're go—*fuck!*— going too hard!" Even that failed to penetrate my brain.

Helpless to contest the raging behemoth dominating her body, Mom's only recourse was to appeal to the emotional little boy that she had raised—hoping, desperately, that he still existed somewhere in the recesses of my drug-addled brain.

"I love y-you, sweetheart!" she whimpered, "Remember Mommy loves you!"

"Love... Mommy... too." I grunted, feeling some of my senses — my humanity — bubble through the cracks.

Mom saw her window, and rushed to take it before I slipped back into automated-breeding mode again. "You love Mommy! Then be *gentle*, honey! Gentle with Mommy!"

"Gentle," I repeated, but the word would not sink in. I collide with Mom's cervix like it was a punching bag, but she was too generous to force me off, though she had every right to. Rather, she wanted to connect with the son she had raised, and speak to him the way only a mother could.

Mom rubbed the small of my back with one of her hands, pressing down with her palm while she massaged the base of my spine with large, slowly drawn circles. She tried to keep her pace steady, reassuring me with her calming back rub that everything was going to be okay. Even though she was struggling to speak clearly thanks to my energetic thrusting, she tried to muster the words that would bring me back into my body.

She sang to me, and even in my drug-induced stupor, I heard her.

"So-soffft kitty, warrrrm k-kitty. Little ba-ball of f-fu-*fuck*. Ohhhh, ohmygod." Mom huffed and puffed, breathing sharply through her nose like a marathon runner on the verge of passing out.

"Ball... of... fur," I grunted between violent thrusts to the bottom of her cunt.

Mom's eyes lit up when she realized her song was actually getting through to me, drilling into my vacant mind to fill it with cherished memories that might belay my passionate pounding.

"Good boy," she squealed happily. "Sing with Mommy!"

The two of us finished the song together. Her traipse through the lyrics was laden with stutters, stemming from the nerves that made her body shake like a leaf in the wind. She trembled around my body, nervously watching the life return to my eyes, so that she could speak to her son instead of the sex-fueled demon that had possessed his body.

"Purr, purr, *purrrrrrr*!" Mom concluded the song triumphantly, tensing her body to try and make space between the head of my cock and her sore, battered cervix.

The veil lifted from my eyes, and though it took a few more seconds for me to return to normal, my thrusting had finally slowed to a patient grind. I feared I had gone too far, even though it was not my intention to do so.

In the aftermath of my frenzied lust, once the ringing in my ears was quiet enough to hear my own thoughts, all I could think about was whether I had pushed Mom too far.

I gulped. "Mom? Are... are you okay?"

Mom sniffled and smiled weakly at me. It was the most she could muster, but the look in her eyes told me that she was proud I had soothed myself for her sake.

She batted her eyelashes. "I'm okay, honey. Mommy's fine."

"I'm sorry. I'm so sorry." I collapsed into her arms.

Mom wrapped her legs around my thighs, and her arms around my shoulders, shushing me with a calming whisper. "It's okay; I'm okay. We did it. *You* did it. It's over."

"I did it," I repeated like a lame parrot.

Mom kissed my cheek. "I am so proud of you. I knew you wouldn't let me down."

The Man stepped forward. "Have you finished?"

Mom sighed, heaving her whole body with one, exaggerated breath. "Yes, obviously we are done."

The Doctor spoke up from behind The Man. "We will test her pregnancy tomorrow. In the meantime, sequester them to their bedroom so we may study the footage."

I snickered. "Perverted aliens. Who would have thought?"

Mom and I chuckled to each other while our audience stared unblinkingly. I suppose they did not find it funny — or maybe they had yet to learn what the word 'pervert' meant.

We were not permitted to ask anything more of, or poke fun at, our captors. The various beings filtered out of the room, each disappearing through the solid walls that surrounded us. Once we were alone, it took a single blink for us to be transported to a new room.

I sucked in a breath of air that made me think I had gone without oxygen for quite some time. I was not sure how much time had passed, if any. It did not feel like we had moved places. Instead, it felt as though the ship itself had moved around us.

Mom was still naked, and still next to me on the bed, though our new mattress was at least twice the size of the one on which I had impregnated her. "Where are we now?"

"Back in our room, I guess?" We had not spent much time in there, but it was nice to have accommodations that were mildly familiar.

The silver furnishings on the furniture had not changed, the bed was still pushed up against the wall, and there was nothing in sight to alleviate the boredom that would inevitably come from spending a single hour trapped within those drab, white walls. There was, however, one change.

At the foot of the bed, on a large, rectangular metal tray, was a folded piece of paper with a black pen beside it. It was innocuous on the surface, but somehow I knew it was of great importance.

Mom and I looked at each other, daring the other to be the first to approach the menacing slip of paper. Whatever was written inside of it, we were never going to be any more ready to read it than we were then.

Mom reached out and pinched the note with her trembling fingers. She unfolded it, her eyes fluttering briefly through the apparently sparse collection of words it contained. Then she read it again, and again, and again, without saying a single word to me.

My throat was dry for the first time since waking up onboard the ship. "What does it say?"

Mom chewed her bottom lip. She scanned my face with her eyes, pensively memorizing how I looked in the last few seconds before she shared the news with me.

"We really did it," Mom sniffled, pinching a small tear from the corner of her eye. "It's a girl."

"It's a... you're..." I was awestruck.

Mom's face beamed with pride. "I'm pregnant, with a little girl — *our* little girl, honey."

It felt like mere minutes had passed since we'd left the breeding room, but it must have been long enough for Mom's impregnation to have been tested. Whatever technology had been used to determine its success was, apparently, also able to tell us the sex with immediate accuracy — either that, or, I feared, we were losing enormous portions of time to some sort of trance.

"Oh my god, Mom. Look at your belly!" I pointed to Mom's stomach. It was swollen, exhibiting signs of an early pregnancy. It was subtle, but after spending so much time exploring her body, I was able to recognize the change.

Mom held her tummy with both hands, rubbing the bulge that protruded from her abdomen. "She's already in there."

"What do we do now?" I asked, as if Mom would have any more answers than I did.

Mom repetitively read the note, burning the shape of each letter into her retinas. Without looking up, she said, "I don't think they're going to let me go home."

I knew she was right. Any self-respecting scientist would follow the experiment to completion, and we were nine long months away from that point.

"But *you*," she said, finally handing the paper to me, "are free to leave, I guess."

I snatched the slip out of her hands. At the bottom, below the large text that informed us of her pregnancy, were two boxes with one word apiece next to them, and below those boxes was a simple statement.

_Stay

_Leave

Only the mother is required to remain behind.

I had not spent much time considering what would happen after Mom and I had had sex. I had hoped—foolishly, perhaps—that we would both be permitted to go. Instead, Mom was being given no such choice, but I was. I had to decide between staying onboard that hellish, unearthly vessel, or return to the life that I knew on Earth.

It was a no-brainer.

I laid down on the bed and pulled Mom's naked, pregnant body on top of mine. "You know what I heard?"

Mom curled up under my arm, resting her head on my shoulder. "What's that, honey?"

"I heard that having sex while pregnant is actually really good for the baby." I kissed the top of her head, then inhaled deeply to inundate my senses with as much of her as I could.

Mom scoffed. "Where did you hear that?"

I shrugged. "Some idiot back on Earth, I guess."

The mention of my friends back on Earth — those I was leaving behind — made Mom wrestle with the morality of letting me stay with her. She could not ask me to abandon my life on Earth for almost an entire year. "Honey, what about Chelsea? What about your friends back home?"

"What about Dad?" I countered.

Mom traced small circles around my belly button with her finger, unwilling to dignify my horrid reminder. "I don't have the same choice that you do. I have to stay. You don't."

"I *do* have to stay. That's my baby, too, Mom."

"What about when I give birth, and we have to go back home and explain where we've been? What if we *never* get to go home?"

I clung to her tightly. "I will go wherever they make me, as long as I'm with you."

Mom chuckled, then groaned sadly, then laughed again. "God, this is so fucked up. Your father used to tell me that he loved me to the ends of the Earth. Well, it turns out, you have him beat by a couple of light years."

In my warped perception of time, it had been less than a full day since I had woken up in a cell and wondered where the hell I had been. With Mom curled up beside me, our unborn daughter growing peacefully in her womb, I finally had the answer to that question.

I was home, and I was not leaving.