

"Paired with Mom on Aurora"

By Klrxo

"Kian, your mother and I have something very important to talk to you about. Can you come down."

"On my way!" the boy said obediently.

Kian was a thin, energetic teen. Handsome, like his father, with wavy dark hair. Zero gravity allowed him to hover through their home gracefully. He was well-practiced at this, floating through the rooms of their space-quarters like a superhero. The ceilings in their quarters were thirty-feet high, and he passed by giant windows, which showed the darkness of deep space outside. They were traveling at immense speed, which seemed to make the stars float by like fish drifting through an aquarium.

"What is it?" he asked, entering the main living space.

"Come down and sit," his father said, motioning to the seat across from him and Kian's mother.

Harlin was a good father, who cared deeply for his family. After earth was declared a global monument, no longer to be inhabited by humans, he and his family were assigned to relocate to a new world, in another solar system. The intergalactic transport called "Aurora" was a giant starship, with its own eco-system, moving over twenty-six hundred families to the new planet. Harlin had already been assigned a position there, where he would assist in setting up their new community. Until then, he worked full time on the starship, as part of the team in the planning phase.

His son hovered down and clipped himself into the seat across from his parents. "What's up?"

"The assignments for 'Mission: Propagate' were given out yesterday."

"Mission: propagate?"

"Yes, certain couples are assigned to reproduce, in order to provide our new planet a larger population in a short amount of time."

"Oh yes, I heard something about that in class. Did you and mom get an assignment?" Kian asked. "Am I gonna be a brother?"

Harlin and his wife Starla looked at each other knowingly. "An assignment was given, yes, but I'm afraid there was a mix up."

"Mix up?"

"Yes, YOUR name was listed on the assignment, not mine."

"My name?" Kian asked, seeming confused.

"Yes, yours and your mother's, but not to worry. I'm bringing this to the attention of ship's board. It should be straightened out very soon," Harlin explained.

While his father seemed sure of this, Starla looked doubtful. She knew when it came to decisions made by the ship's board, ALL ASSIGNMENTS WERE FINAL. Whether they liked it or not, she would soon be taking the steps in order to conceive a baby, with the help of their son.

While young Kian had never dwelled on the idea of baby-making intercourse with his mother, he often thought about what it would be like to bury his hardon inside her. Starla was a beautiful mother, with long shapely legs, a thick peach-shaped buttocks and larger breasts than any other mother on the ship. Kian would often watch classic TV shows and films and was drawn to the long-gone actress, Linda Cardellini, because she looked so much like his mother in the face. Starla had a thicker body though. His mother was made to be bred.

"Honey," Starla said to her husband, sensing her son had a lot going on his mind, "I should speak to Kian, alone for a moment?"

"Sure," the father said, unbuckling his belt and floating off.

Kian watched his mother unbuckle herself. Like an angel, the pretty mother's body did a full floating somersault through the air, coming to rest on the seat next to him. Zero-G was something that they were so used to living in, that they had learned to move about in it gracefully. Starla looked over at him with her pretty green eyes. "Kian, your father believes that this 'mix up' will be straightened out...but I'm afraid it won't."

"It won't?" the boy asked.

"No. I have heard that women all over the ship are being paired with younger men and not their husbands," Starla explained.

"Why?"

"Younger men provide richer, more potent sperm than men your father's age. The baby makers that you're carrying in your sack are much more likely to pierce my egg."

"Egg?" Kian asked with a confused look.

Starla giggled at how young and innocent he was. "You don't know much about baby making, do you, darling?"

"Not really, no!" the boy answered.

She patted his knee, then left her hand resting there. "Not to worry. By the time we fertilize my garden through intercourse, you'll have the knowledge and skill you need to get the job done properly. I've already arranged for you to go through the breeding course that's being offered to young men here on the ship."

"Breeding course?"

"Yes! It'll teach you all about women's bodies, and how to effectively engage them in baby-making sexual intercourse. It'll be great for you! Actually, it'll be great for both of us!"

"Both of us?" Kian asked.

"Yes! They recommend that a boy go through the course with the one he's been paired with. That way the eventual sexual union of our bodies can be comfortable, familiar and affective," Starla said.

"Oh, I see, but what about the other courses I'm taking?" Kian asked.

"Those will have to be put on hold, darling. The ship's board was very adamant that Operation: Propagate be given the highest priority, over anything else on the ship."

"Cool! I hated the courses I'm enrolled in this year anyway," the boy said.

"I'm proud of you, darling!" Starla said, taking his hands in hers and squeezing them.

"For what? I haven't really even done anything yet."

"I know, but you're handling this with maturity and understanding. That really impresses me!"

Starla did her best to show empathy around her husband's frustrations with the situation.

"I don't understand why they're not budging. It's not like you're being paired with just another guy, it's our own son! How can that be okay?" Harlin vented as they hovered side-by-side in mid-air that night.

"Well, honey, mother and son sexual relations aren't unlawful anymore. So maybe other moms are being paired with their son's also."

"Not that I've heard about. No, I think this was just one big mistake on their part," Harlin said.

"I was as surprised as you are, honey. Unfortunately, you know how the ship's board is about changing an order once it's given," Starla said, rubbing her husband's shoulder, trying her best to ease his tension on the matter. "People have tried to change an assignment in the past. They don't budge."

"All assignments are final, I know. I just need more time to plead our case."

"You have five days. That's when I begin ovulating and Kian and I have to report to our breeding pod."

"You're kidding?! You've already been assigned a breeding pod?"

"Yes! Today I enrolled Kian in the breeding course. They went ahead and assigned us our pod," Starla said.

"Starla, why would you do that? We're still contesting this. You're certainly not helping our cause by enrolling him in that course."

"Okay, but suppose I wait...and the contesting drags on and on, and they don't end up changing anything. Then Kian is completely unprepared, we go into the breeding pod together, and he has no idea what he's doing."

"Just, please give me some more time to fix this," her husband pleaded. The thought of his wife and son crawling into a breeding pod and fucking their asses off made Harlin weak in the stomach.

"This course will be good for Kian either way. You have five days, Harlin. If you're gonna change some minds, you better do it fast."

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The next morning, Starla and her son floated across the ship through a wide corridor. The mother's spacesuit fit her body like a second skin, molding to every spectacular curve of her middle-aged body. Her boy floated above and slightly behind her, gazing down at the meaty half-moons of her luscious buttocks.

"Shoot!" the teen suddenly said, nearing colliding with a section of the white metal interior.

Starla gazed up at him and giggled as she continued floating along like Supergirl. "Try watching where you're going, instead of whatever else it was that you were watching," she winked knowingly.

They came to a large frosted-glass doorway and heard an automated greeting. "You have arrived at the Breeding Wing. Retinal scan in three, two, one... Retinal scan approved! Welcome, Starla and Kian!"

The massive door opened, and mom and son floated into the foyer section of the wing. The hologram of a beautiful middle-aged pregnant woman appeared. She had short white hair and a pretty smile. Her flowing white gown was draped over an enormous pregnant belly. "Starla and Kian, hello! I'm Ellie. I've been assigned as your fertility coach and midwife."

"Nice to meet you," Starla said with a friendly smile.

"Your assignment for Mission: Propagate is to conceive two children. One here on Starship Aurora and the other once we arrive on our new world."

Starla took her son's hand and squeezed it. "Wow, two babies, darling!" she said anxiously.

"You're scheduled to engage in sexual intercourse in four days. I understand you're here for the first part of the breeding course, is that correct?"

"Yes, I thought it might be good to enroll Kian in the course, so that he has the knowledge and confidence he needs for this important assignment," Starla said, smiling over at her boy.

"Brilliant idea! Why don't you follow me, I'll give you a quick tour of the Wing and then introduce you to your pod," Ellie said.

Since Ellie was a hologram, zero-gravity had no effect on her, so she stayed close to the floor. Starla and Kian followed closely behind her, floating through the foyer. Another frosted-glass door opened, and they entered a massive glass-tubed corridor. All around them, outside the glass, pale pink pods, that looked like giant eggs floated around in zero gravity. There were literally hundreds of them.

"These are breeding pods. Inside each of them is a couple who've been assigned to Propagate."

"There's so many!" Starla said, gazing up at them in awe.

"Why are some of them moving around all funny?" Kian asked, noticing that most of the pods were making rocking motions.

"That's a great question, Kian. The movements of the pods are determined by the rhythm and intensity of the sex going on inside them," Ellie explained.

Kian looked at one very active pod, as it rocked and jerked around significantly more than the others. "Wow! The couple in that pod must REALLY be going at it!" he said, making the women laugh.

"I would say that's an accurate assessment," Ellie answered. "Are you gonna make YOUR pod swing around like that, Kian?" Ellie asked, winking at his mother.

The boy looked at his mom and shrugged his shoulders bashfully.

Starla smiled cutely at him. "With his energy, our pod will probably be spinning out of control," she said.

Ellie laughed. "Especially after he takes the breeding course and learns to engage you in a serious belly-bumping rhythm!" she said.

"Speaking of bumping...how do the pods keep from bumping into each other?" Starla asked.

"It may look like a simple design, but they're actually very advanced. Each pod has its own propulsion system and motion sensors. They're designed to float around for hours undisturbed," Ellie answered.

"That's amazing!" the mother said, squeezing her son's hand in hers as they marveled at the hundreds of pods.

"If you come this way, I'll introduce you to YOUR pod."

They crossed the corridor and entered the loading dock. Their own egg-shaped pod, easily the size of a small bedroom, opened like a clamshell. "If you move inside and strap yourselves in, we'll enter the breeding tank and start our first lesson," Ellie said.

Mom and son floated into the pod. Inside the plush, all-white interior were seats, and a big cushy mattress, as well as other irregular-looking cushions. They strapped themselves into the seats and the pod closed. Ellie's hologram reappeared across from them. "The pod will now pressurize, and you'll be able to move around."

The vents gave off a subtle hissing sound. "It's really cozy in here," Starla said, looking around at the all-white interior.

"Yes, the pods are made for comfort and privacy. They provide the perfect temperature, lighting and interior design for affective baby-making intercourse."

"What are all those funny looking cushions for?" Kian asked.

"Kian, during the breeding course, you'll learn that there are various sexual positions that a man and woman can have sex in, in order to assure her pregnancy. Those cushions are meant to assist in those positions," Ellie explained.

"I see," the boy muttered. "So, are we floating? I can't even tell."

"Yes, we are. The propulsion system makes it a very smooth ride. In fact, now that the pod is pressurized, you and your mother can walk around if you'd like."

They unbuckled their belts and wandered around the small pod. "As much as I love floating in zero-G, it always feels good to be back on the floor again," Starla said as the five-inch heels of her space boots clicked against the hard floor.

An exterior panel slowly slid aside, creating a window for them to look out. They could see the other pods floating around them. "Look down there, mom. That's the glass tunnel we floated through."

Starla peered out the window, at the tubular corridor far below. "Ellie, will breeding only take place here in the pod?"

"Many prefer the privacy of the pod, but you can choose between the here, or your own private quarters."

"Wonderful!" the mother said.

"Before we move to the bed, it's important that the two of you begin to familiarize yourselves with each other's bodies," Ellie said. "For now, I'd like the two of you to strip down to your undergarments."

Starla smiled at her son reassuringly. "Certainly," she said, unfastening her spacesuit.

Kian did the same but had a hard time keeping his eyes off his mom as she peeled down the top portion of her suit. Starla's modern day bra was barely anything at all. They were no longer called bras, but "bust-covers." There were no straps, no hooks in the back, just two big black semi-sheer cups, somehow supporting the weight of her enormous tits.

Kian's eyes widened as he nonchalantly peered over at the big mommy-milkers. He was fascinated by the way they wobbled, even under the support of her bust-cover, and the boy could barely make out the huge dark circles of her areola through the fabric.

He looked over at Ellie's hologram as she stood with a smile, watching him gawk at his beautiful mating partner.

Starla peeled the skin-tight suit over the meaty swell of her unblemished buttocks. Her luscious derriere appeared to be naked, but then her son spotted the little pink strip running up her butt-crevice. There were no straps along the hips. Modern day panties were called "under-clips" and

consisted of just a small gusset, covering only a tiny portion of her shaved pubis. The tail-end fit securely in a woman's ass crack, with a small butt-plug that wedged snugly between Starla's clenched ass-ring, securing the entire piece to her body.

Kian wasn't the only one with wandering eyes. As Starla sat, to unfasten her heels, she peeked over at her boy, letting her eyes drift across his young, well-toned chest. It pleased her to see the bulge of a long tubular erection beneath his briefs. Her nipples hardened, creating big rubbery nubs of flesh that protruded from beneath the gauzy fabric of her bust-cover. Her eyes lingered on her son's cock-bulge a moment curiously, as if trying to guess its length.

"Kian, we'll have you get up onto the bed first and lay back on the mattress. Maybe pretend that it's a big captain's seat," Ellie joked.

The women watched to boy sprawl onto his back on the center of the mattress. "Captain, babymaker!" Starla joked, making her and Ellie giggle.

Kian noticed how the meat of his mom's boobs jiggled like jelly as she laughed. There was just so much of it, and he couldn't imagine what they must look like, without the support of the bust-cover.

"Starla why don't you sit on the bed, facing your breeding partner," Ellie said, and the mother did as she was instructed, sitting comfortably next to her teen, with her legs sprawled off to the side.

"Kian, today we're going to talk about your penis!" Ellie said.

"Oh," the boy muttered nervously.

"Don't be embarrassed. Your penis is a powerful tool. Without it, there would be no babies at all. The penis has two purposes. The first is as an Instrument, in the transferal of seed, from your testicles to the deepest regions of a woman's vagina. Without the long hard shaft of your cock-muscle, that wouldn't be possible," Ellie explained.

"Oh ok, so um, what's the other purpose?" he asked curiously.

Starla and Ellie looked at each other and smiled. "The other is to provide a woman with exquisite pleasure."

Suddenly, a holographic video image appeared above the boy. The camera was traveling up the smothering pink walls of a cunt-tube. "This is the inside of your mother's vagina right now. In four days, your hard penis will be spending a lot of time here," Ellie explained.

Kian gulped excitedly. The lining of his mom's pussy looked so soft and wet with secreting fuck-juices. It amazed him how they could get video like this, without even having any sort of camera-device inside her.

Starla noticed her son's boner flex beneath his briefs at the site of it. Her eyes lingered just a moment on the outline of the flaring knob. Then, she looked up into his eyes and smiled. "Pretty cool view, huh?" she asked, referring to the video somehow taken inside her.

"Super-cool!" her boy answered.

"Starla, why don't you tighten your vaginal muscles, so Kian can see how strong the walls are," Ellie suggestion.

Kian gasped in awe as he watched his mom's fuck-tube clench up, smothering the view even more in bulging juicy pink.

"Do you see the ribbed walls lining her vagina, Kian? Those ridges are designed to milk your boner and pull out all the sperm that your balls can provide in one orgasm. Your wigglers are then transport them here..."

The video showed the puffy domed head of Starla's cervix, at the back of her vagina. "This is the gateway to where babies are made. If your sperm are aggressive enough, they'll find a way through this barrier and seek out her prized pearl."

"Pearl?" Kian asked.

"Yes, the egg that your mother produces during her fertile time. When your sperm can pierce it, that's when she'll conceive a baby."

The camera backed down the tube of Starla's baby-chute. The pink ribbed walls seemed to collapse in on themselves, and Kian could only imagine how good it was gonna feel to bury his tender prick in the spongy snugness of that wonderful place between his mother's legs.

The mysterious phantom-cam exited her vagina, and Kian watched on as it slithered through his mom's thick labial pedals. At the top of the image, the boy spotted a fat nub of flesh, that looked a lot like the head of his penis. "What's all that?" he asked curiously.

"Those are the lips that shroud your mother's vagina. Not to worry though, your hard babymaker will push it all aside, like a curtain, and sink inside her. Speaking of babymaker, why don't you pull your briefs down now, Kian, and show us the equipment that you'll be working with," Ellie said.

"Here, darling, I'll help you," Starla said, getting on her knees and tugging at her son's waistband.

The mother gasped in surprise, as she unveiled the biggest cock she had ever seen. She thought Harlin, her husband's cock was large, but she suddenly realized that he had nowhere near their son's length or girth. "Wow, darling, that's really impressive!" his mother said.

"It is?" the boy asked.

Starla gazed right at it while she spoke. "Yes, I mean...it must be well above average...especially for your age group."

"We're accumulating the data now," Ellie said, then a fact sheet suddenly was displayed above the boy for them to read.

"Subject: Kian Ridley

Penis Size (fully erect): 8.76 inches.

Penis Girth (fully erect): 7.25 inches.

No abnormalities.

Size is among the top 1% of males on the ship.

Sperm data:

Number of sperm presently inside testicles: 873 million

Percentage of Healthy Sperm: 99.2%

Likelihood of successful fertilization with healthy female: 99.997% (based on performance)

Starla shook her head in awe. "Wow, those are unbelievable numbers!" she said, then looked back at the large slab of meat pointing up his abdomen, her heart beating heavily. "It's nearly perfect in every way!"

Kian loved how his mom was gazing down wondrously at his cock. He could see her heavy melons heaving up and down from her breathing. Now that he was closer, he could also see through her semi-sheer bust-cover in greater detail. He guessed that if he put both his fists together, it would equal the size of each of his mom's huge pink tit-caps. Protruding from their centers were thick nipples, and they were clearly erect.

He looked up to see his mom smiling down at him. "What are you staring at?" she teased.

"Well, YOU'RE staring at ME," Kian said with an embarrassed smile.

"Was not!" Starla said blushing.

"You were too. I saw you."

"Ok, maybe I was...a little," she said, smiling and shrugging her shoulders cutely.

Ellie smiled, clearly amused by the exchange. "Well, you two will soon be doing the mating dance, so as I said before, it's important that you begin to feel comfortable around each other's bodies."

Starla's eyes drifted across her nude son. "Well, he's certainly as naked as the day I gave birth to him," she said. "Maybe to be fair, I should be naked too."

"What do you think, Kian?" Ellie asked. "Should your mom remove her bust-cover and under-clip?"

Kian swallowed hard. Of course he nodded yes.

The huge-breasted mother rose on her knees and thrust her chest out, making her boobies hover above her boy. With a simple squeeze of the connecting strap between her jugs, her bust-covering sprung free of her tits.

Kian's eyes bugged out as he watched his mom's tit-cannons bobble free of the covering. They were huge and naked and wonderful. He could hardly believe they were his own mom's.

Starla smiled proudly. She knew she was beautiful, and one of the bustiest mothers on the ship. To a young guy like Kian, she was sure it must be completely fascinating. She reached back and popped the plug from her asshole. Kian saw the black gusset of the under-clip slip away from her crotch, exposing her completely shaved pubis.

The mother looked down at her boy, watching him stare at her most private place. A tinge of guilt suddenly flew through her mind. Until now, only her husband Harlin had seen her in the nude. She never intended to show her charms to another male, especially her son.

"But all assignments are final!" she told herself, knowing that no matter what she or husband felt, no matter how much they protested, she had been paired to breed with her son and that's exactly what she had to do.

The mother knew that seeing each other naked was the logical first step. It was the ice breaker. In just under four days, her boy would be seeing his mother in a whole new way. He would see her move and twist and hump her curvy body in ways he never imagined. She knew he was likely going to see her completely aroused, clawing at him, like a sex-crazed slut as they engaged in hot baby-making intercourse. It would be raw and shameless.

Ellie could tell the mother's brain was working on overload. "Starla, why don't you move down and let Kian feel your nipples on his chest. Then the two of you can be alone and talk for a bit."

Starla smiled a bit timidly, trying to shake away her doubts. "Sure," she said.

The boy nervously watched his mother crawl over the top of him. Her boobs hung down between them like two big udders, gently swaying with her every move. Satisfied with her position, Starla lowered herself on to her boy.

Kian sighed with a thrill beyond anything he'd ever experienced, as his mom's big knockers rolled out onto his chest like soft bread dough. She finally rested the full weight of her chest against him, sprawling out on top of him. Squashed against him, her tit-melons bulged out at the sides. He could feel her thick rubbery nipples poking against him.

Starla kept her head tilted up, so she could smile down at her son. "Is this ok?" she asked, not wanting him to be uncomfortable in any way.

"Yes," he said with a timid smile.

"Why don't the two of you talk for a bit. When you're through, just say 'exit the pod' and you'll be taken back to the docking platform," Ellie said.

"Thank you!" Starla said with a grateful smile.

Ellie's hologram disappeared and mother and son were alone for the first time within their breeding pod.

"I'm sorry, darling," Starla said, gazing down at her boy, "I know this is a lot at once, but we only have four days to prepare."

"It's ok. I've already learned a lot, in just the short time we've been in here."

Kian felt an incredible closeness to his mom. Sure, she hugged him daily, and occasionally cuddled, but this was different. Not only were they naked, but the way she was laying on him was more like that of a girlfriend than a mother. It was more than just the physical part though. They were taking a journey, producing children through the most intimate act that two people could engage in. It was magical.

"It took your father several months to impregnate me with you, but even back then, when he was a little younger, his percentage of healthy sperm was only seventy-seven percent," Starla explained. "Ninety-nine percent of YOUR sperm are affective. That's amazing! I just know you'll get me pregnant during my first cycle."

"Wow, the pressure's on!" Kian said, not wanting to let his mom down.

Starla smiled. "Oh honey, relax, you'll do fine. The breeding course will teach you all the techniques you need to know to successfully pump a baby into me. Ellie and I have had experience with this, so we'll be there for you every step of the way."

"Thanks!" the boy said.

She laid her head down against his shoulder, nuzzling into him. "Put your arms around me," she whispered.

He happily complied, running his hands across the warm soft skin of his mother's lower back. "That's better," Starla said, loving how wonderful her well-toned teen felt beneath her. "We're gonna make beautiful babies together," she said in an emotional tone.

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"I made some progress today!" Harlin said, after his wife and son returned home. "I got in touch with the board secretary. She assured me that they'd make our case a topic in tomorrow's board meeting."

"Oh, well that's great then," his wife said, with not much enthusiasm.

"Of course it's great! It could get you and Kian off the hook."

"Off the hook?" Starla giggled, "You act like we're forced into slave labor or something."

"No, but you are being forced to do something that a mother and son shouldn't have to do."

"Honey, we can't get our hopes up too high. People have brought issues before the ship's board before and been completely shut down. You know how they are!" Starla said.

"Yes, but I'm hopeful that they'll see the error in this, and their decision will go in our favor."

Starla smiled, feeling a bit sorry for him. "I agree, but even so, we have to forge ahead, as if this is still happening. The more prepared Kian and I are, the more successful we'll be at producing a baby during my first cycle."

Harlin reluctantly nodded in agreement. "So, what type of preparations are they suggesting?"

"I'm glad you asked," she said, then clicked on the wristband of her spacesuit, projecting a list of things in the air for them to see. "These are a list of things we need to integrate into Kian's diet. It'll help him retain a high sperm count and maximum hardness during intercourse."

Harlin felt that sick feeling in the pit of his stomach as her words registered. "Great!" he muttered.

His wife sensed his sarcasm. "Harlin, please! I know it's difficult for you to think about, but we have to take this serious."

"Fine. What else?" he asked, looking at the list.

"I have to begin doing a fertility exercise routine, three times a day."

"Fertility exercise routine?"

"Yes! I did them when we were trying to get pregnant with Kian, remember?"

"Honey, that's been awhile," he reminded her.

"It's a series of stretches, and what are called 'positional pumps' to get my body conditioned for breeding."

"Well, that's kinda silly, don't you think? We have sex all the time. I'd say you're already in perfect breeding condition."

"This type of intercourse is different," Starla explained. "Kian and I will likely be engaging in sexual positions that you and I haven't really practiced much. I'll need to be ready."

Harlin lowered his head and sighed in frustration. "Sorry I asked."

Starla stepped over and hugged her husband lovingly. "Please know I love you! This can't be easy on you, I know, and I wish there was another way, but we have to play the cards we've been dealt the best we can."

"I'm still hopeful that we'll be dealt a whole new hand," Harlin said.

His wife hugged him tighter. "I know," she muttered. "And that may still happen."

As his wife embraced him, something else on the list caught his eye. "Exposing bodies routinely?"

Starla brought her head from his shoulder and looked at him. "Yes, um, exposing our naked bodies to each other, randomly, throughout the day. It's designed to help increase the comfort level of him and I being nude around each other."

"Is that really completely necessary, I mean..."

"It did help earlier."

"Earlier?"

"Yes, in the breeding pod. Our fertility coach asked Kian and I to get naked in front of each other."

"Why is all this necessary? I don't understand."

"Honey, I told you. The world of nudity and sex and baby making is all new to Kian. We can't just bombard him with everything at once. It'll affect his performance during breeding," Starla explained. "It's better that we ease him into things for the next few days, so that he'll be completely comfortable and not so overwhelmed."

"So, I have to watch you two flash each other, is that what you're saying?"

"Harlin, it's not like that. This is just so Kian can get used to seeing me naked. That's all," his wife assured him.

"With any luck, we'll get a favorable decision with the board tomorrow and then you won't have to do any of it," Harlin said hopefully.

When it came time to sleep, Kian floated in the center of his bedroom, face-up. His eyes were closed, and he had a big smile, as he replayed the image of his mom, exposing her boobs to him.

He suddenly sensed someone else in the room, and his eyes shot open. "Jeez, Mom!" he muttered in a startled manner.

His ceiling was thirty-feet high and Starla was floating face down, about six feet above him and giggled at his reaction. "Sorry, darling. I didn't mean to startle you, you just looked so happy and content in here. What were you thinking about?" she asked, then glanced down at the obvious tent-pole in his briefs. "It must have been something good?"

The bright passing stars outside his enormous window, created a soft warm glow around his mother. With her floating white glittery robe on, it seemed to make her appear almost angelic.

"Just, um, thinking about earlier today," he said, gazing up at her.

"That's what I figured. So, since we broke the ice, are you feeling a little more comfortable being naked in front of me?" she asked.

"Yes," he answered.

She glanced at his crotch again. "Show me," she said.

Kian bravely pulled his briefs off. His erection caught on the waistband, which pulled it down between his legs. Starla's eyes widened in fascination, as she watched his cock spring loose from the elastic and rise like a big fleshy lever, hitting his abdomen.

"The tip is glowing!" she said, and Kian looked down to see a shiny bead of precum oozing from his piss-slit.

"Oh, yeah, it is."

"Look at that. Already producing seed...and we haven't even started mating yet," she giggled.

"I guess it was just a little excited."

"That's a good thing," Starla said. "It's funny, the way the tip is glowing with pre-ejaculate, makes your hardon look like a magic wand."

"Yeah, it does," Kian laughed.

Starla looked him straight in the eyes seductively. "You gonna cast a spell on me?" she asked.

"If I could, I'd use the magic wand to make your robe fall off," he timidly confessed.

"Oh, you would, huh?" she asked, then unfastened the only clip holding it on. The robe parted slightly at first, exposing her sexy midriff and her cute navel. "Why don't you try it...see what happens."

Kian smiled, then reached down, grabbing his boner and playfully pointed it at her. "Off with the robe!" he said.

Starla suddenly threw her arms out, making the glittery robe sail off her body and rise into the room above her. "Oh wow!" he boy muttered, gazing up at her naked flesh.

"Looks like your wand does have magic," the mother said with a sexy playful smile.

The two of them looked each other up and down. Kian had never seen the way naked boobs behaved in zero-gravity, especially ones the size of his mother's. Starla's big fleshy tit-melons hovered buoyantly off her chest.

The boy's cock flexed and the bead of precum detached from his piss-slit, slowly rising towards his mother. "Uh-oh, here comes more magic!" she giggled.

Starla licked her lips, watching the gooey droplet of pre-spunk rise towards her, hovering, just like they were, in zero-gravity. A naughty part of her wanted to catch it with her mouth, but then she knew that might be crossing way over the line. Instead, she grasped both her boobs at the sides, and they slowly smacked together, capturing the droplet of her son's liquid love between her mammarys. "Got it!" she said playfully, feeling it smear within her cleavage.

"That was cool!" Kian said excitedly.

"Wanna see something even cooler?" his mom asked, like a flirty girl his own age.

"Definitely!"

The busty mother moved her legs down, so it looked like she was standing straight up in midair. Kian watched her boobs slowly roll up and down her chest, like big fleshy waves in the open sea. "I conceived you AND gave birth to you in the same position. Wanna see it?" She asked, as she slowly floated down towards him.

Kian swallowed anxiously. "Yes!" he hissed. "Yes, please!"

The boy was now practically looking straight up her curvaceous body, marveling at how smooth, long and sexy her legs looked. Crowning her thighs, the V of her naked pubis looked equally as smooth, and from his vantage-point from below, Kian could see her puffy outer-labium, closed up to form what looked like a luscious pink clamshell.

"Oh damn!" the boy muttered, his heart racing. He had to fight off the urge to reach down and stroke his aching cock.

His eyes continued drifting upwards to the beautiful face peeking down at him, over her big drifting boobies. His mom was beautiful, and her long dark hair spread out, floating up above her head like the feathery crown of a Goddess.

"Let me show you then," she said softly, as her toes landed on him, and she pushed off his chest.

Kian was pushed down a bit, but kept his eyes on his mom, as she rose high into the room. She extended her legs up and scissored them open impossibly wide, pointed the toes of her dainty bare feet towards opposite corners of the room.

The boy gasped in wonder, as he witnessed the amazing spread of his mom's curvy legs. He only wished he were closer, and it were brighter in his room, so he could see her cunt splayed open.

"Wow! I didn't realize you could do that," he said.

Starla did a graceful flip, then pointed her legs together towards the ceiling, as she slowly dropped back towards her boy, like Supergirl flying downwards. "There's lots of things we moms can do, and soon I'll be showing you a lot more of them," she said as she gazed into his eyes the whole way down.

Kian was mesmerized by another unbelievable view of his mother. This time it was the cheeks of her meaty buttocks, and the backs of her shimmering legs as they pointed upward, but slowly dropped towards him.

Starla's pretty face finally lowered to his, and she planted a little kiss on his lips. "Goodnight," she whispered.

They shared a close gaze. It was only a moment but seemed like forever. The look in his mom's eyes was new to him. They were big and dreamy. The kind of look girls at school had given him who were infatuated with him.

"Goodnight," he answered.

The mother floated to his door, still naked. He looked up and saw the white glittery robe still floating high up, near the ceiling of his room. "Do you want your robe?" he asked his mother.

She smiled back at him. "It's gonna stay here with you for a few minutes," she said, then left.

"What?" Kian asked, confused by what she meant. He heard a SWOOSHING sound and looked up to see the robe drifting down towards him.

The glittery robe spread open, like a big blanket and slowly lowered to the boy. "What the..."

Before he could finish his sentence, he found his entire body encased in the luxurious silk-like fabric. It had a life all its own. It smothered his face and the sweet smell of his mother's perfume swept through his nostrils. It was blended with another smell. Kian had often snuck a whiff of his mother's under-clip, after she'd worn it, so he could recognize the aroma of her pussy anywhere.

As he breathed it in, the mysterious fabric swept across his chest and somehow, to his astounded delight, suddenly took on the feel of two humongous tit-melons. The boobs felt so fucking real, but were impossibly huge, spilling off the sides of him, wedging his entire upper half between them.

Kian thrust his hips upward, aroused beyond belief. That's when he felt the cloth of the robe coil up his cock and then, what felt like two tightly grasping hands, began to beat him off.

He whimpered in ecstasy; his head tightly compressed between two giant spongy orbs. The perfume-cunt smell had gotten even stronger. It was so potent that his eyes were rolling back in their sockets.

The material now felt like a trio of hands, stroking his cock and massaging his big balls at the same time. He rocked his hips, imagining that it was his mom's hot cunt that he was spearing his dick into.

Now more of the material had slithered down into his crack and it felt like a woman's long wet tongue was lashing across his asshole.

He snarled in pleasure, muffled by pounds of tit-meat that seemed to compress around his head even tighter. His hips trembled, as his knob hosed out a big, huge rope of ball-juice. It was followed by another, then another. His spunk looked like some sort of white translucent material floating under the sea.

Just as quickly as the robe had moved on to him, it suddenly floated up off his body, soaking up the drifting spunk as it went. Then, the breathless teen watching the mysterious fabric drop to the door and disappear.

"Holy shit!" he sighed, shocked by what he had just experienced.

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After a good sleep, Kian found his father having a hot beverage in the main living area. "Hello son, rest well?"

"Yes, I was pretty beat!" Kian answered. "Where's Mom?"

"She's in the workout room."

"Oh, that's right, I forgot she was supposed to start her fertility routine this morning," the boy said, drifting over to the window of the exercise room to observe.

Harlin floated over next to his son, and the two of them looked through the window and watched Starla go about her routine.

The small room was pressurized, so that gravity allowed the mother to rest on the exercise mat and do her fertility stretches. The one she was engaging in was quite suggestive, with the mother resting on her ass, leaned back and propped on extended arms. Her legs were splayed open and her knees pumping back rhythmically as far as they could go. The fact that she was wearing a snug crop-top and matching booty shorts made it even more arousing to watch.

The sweat-sheened mother spotted her son through the window observing and gave him a smiling wave.

"It's good that you and your mother are moving forward in a positive manner on this assignment. By the end of the day though, I'm hoping that the board realizes their error, and at the very least, pairs ME with your mother, so you'll be off the hook," Harlin said.

The boy heard his father but was so transfixed on the site of his mother's widely spread naked legs, that he neglected to answer. Her dainty bare feet hovered, as she rocked her knees back nearly level with her shoulders. The material of her booty shorts was mounded to her pubis, displaying a clear outline of her puffy vulva.

"Kian," the father said, getting his son's attention.

"What? Oh, sorry!" he muttered, snapped from his trance. "Yes, um, whatever needs to be done, dad."

Harlin patted him on the shoulder. "Excellent! Well, I need to report to work. Let your mother know I'll contact her as soon as I hear something," he said.

"Will do!"

Kian was glad when his father left. It gave him a chance to watch his mom some more. She had moved into a different stretch, now on her hands and knees, swiveling her thick ass up and back repeatedly. The neck of her top was cut low, providing the teen a great view of her jiggling creamy cleavage. It was obvious that these were exercises meant for sexual conditioning. This one was clearly mimicking the doggy position, and the way his mom moved her hips tirelessly told him that she was gonna be damn amazing at throwing her cunt back on his hard pecker.

"If I'm even able to get my pecker inside her," he said to himself out loud. He worried that if his dad's reassurance was accurate, they may not be paired after today, and he may never get to realize his dream of fucking his mom.

After completing her routine and having a shower, Starla and her boy reported to the breeding wing. Ellie's hologram was waiting for them in their breeding pod. "Good morning! Come aboard and we'll get started," she said.

After mother and son drifted over and strapped themselves in, the pod closed and joined the other floating sex-capsules. Many of them were rocking steadily, as their occupants engaged in vigorous baby-making.

"Kian, today I like to focus on sexual positions that you and your mother can engage in, that have the greatest chance of getting her pregnant," Ellie said. "But before we do that, why don't we put the two of you in something more comfortable."

A white laser divider suddenly separated Starla from her boy, creating a hazy barrier through the middle of the pod. Since they felt the weight of gravity, they both unbuckled their seat belts and stood up. "You'll both find a garment on the table next to you. Change into it before we get started," Ellie said.

Kian unwrapped a pair of briefs, that were made of a very luxurious material, that felt amazing against his skin. He shed his space suit, then slipped the snug-fitting garment on.

"Ideally, we'd have all your clothes off today, so that you could continue to adjust to being nude together. However, since we'll be going over effective positions of intercourse, you'll be wearing these garments, to prevent accidental penetration," Ellie explained.

Now that they both had changed, the middle laser divider-wall disappeared and Starla and her boy looked over at what the other was wearing. "Holy Helios!" the boy muttered, referring to the name of the sun in the galaxy they were heading to.

Starla wore a black teddy, featuring a stretch mesh front that was semi-sheer, leaving just enough for the imagination. It also had a teasing circular cut out at the cleavage, allowing some of the mother's tit-meat to spill out.

"That's almost as nice as seeing you in nothing!" the boy confessed, making the women laugh.

"Hmm, I was just thinking the same thing about yours!" Starla said, raising an eyebrow as she stared at the rising boner beneath her boy's briefs.

"Kian, the missionary and doggie-style positions allow for the deepest penetration during intercourse, bringing your sperm in closer proximity to your mother's cervix, then other positions would. Which one would you like to demonstrate first?" Ellie asked.

"Oh, um...doggie-style maybe," the boy said, looking at his mom for approval.

"Sure!" Starla said with a cute smile, then crawled up onto the mattress on all-fours. The mother had a thick meaty ass, which complimented this position. She wagged her tonged butt-meat, peeking back at him. "Come on up, darling," she said. "Get behind me!"

Kian joined her on the mattress, staying on his knees as he bumped his hard crotch against her rounded, bubbly behind.

Ellie's hologram stood beside the bed watching them. "Try grasping her hips, Kian, right where they meet her torso, you'll be able to get terrific leverage this way!"

"Like this?" the boy asked, placing his hands on each side of Starla's wide birthing hips.

"Perfect! Grasping her this way can really drive your cock home in this position!" she said.

Kian held his mom's ass against him, looking down at the big meaty mounds, mostly exposed due to her thong. His heart pounded hard in his chest. He felt like he was sitting in the driver's seat of a luxury spacecraft.

The pretty mother peeked back at him and smiled at his cute awestruck demeanor. "Don't worry, darling. I won't make you do ALL the work in this position," she said, then began to swivel her rounded ass up and back, making it bump against his crotch. "Mommy can meet all of your deep baby-making thrusts with one's of her own."

They continued to engage in practice doggy humping. Kian stared at his mom's jiggling buttocks as it tirelessly thumped back against his aching boner. "This is really cool!" he said with an eager smile.

She stared back into his eyes with equal excitement. "It's even cooler with joined genitals, darling," she said.

"I bet."

Starla could feel her aroused juices begin to trickle from her cunt-slit. She had to remind herself of the clinical nature of all this. "It's okay, these types of things are supposed to happen!" she thought. "An aroused vagina is no different than his cock getting hard. They're both necessary ingredients to creating a child...and that's all that's going on here."

"Why don't we try engaging in the missionary position now," Ellie suggested.

Kian watched his mother drop to the mattress and roll over, opening her luscious bare legs in a wide V and bringing her knees back. Her thighs looked so thick and inviting, like a fleshy sexual saddle for him crawl into.

"Go ahead and lower yourself between your mother's legs, Kian," Ellie instructed.

The boy nervously crawled down on top of his mom, pressing the erect bulge of his pecker against Starla's puffy vulva.

"Position yourself on extended arms above her," Ellie said.

"Like this?" Kian asked, propping his upper half above his mother.

"Perfect!" Ellie said. "There are different variations of this position that we'll try. Each allows varying degrees of clitoral stimulation and depth of penetration. Of course, for our purposes, we'll want you to engage in the ones that allow you to thrust your penis inside her as deeply as possible."

"I see," the boy muttered, looking down at his beautiful mother.

She smiled back warmly. "Go ahead, darling. You can practice thrusting," she said.

"Alright," the boy muttered, setting his hips in motion.

Starla bit her bottom lip, gawking at her son's well-toned chest as their bodies began to rock in a steady practice-fuck. His boner felt so thick and hard, wedged in the heated groove of her pudendal cleft.

As their bodies move in sync, the teen stared down at his mom's big wobbling wonders, as they moved around on her chest. The mesh panels stretched across them, could barely contain their enormity. Kian could see her thick erect nipples puffing out from the centers of the huge dark rings of her tit-caps. He wondered if stuffing his mouth full and sucking like a starving infant would be part of the baby making process.

"Kian, you're doing great! Your depth of penetration will increase according to the position of your mother's legs," Ellie said, then looked at Starla and nodded, as if silently queuing her to reposition her legs.

The mother wrapped her strong smooth legs up around her son's midsection, interlocking her ankles behind him.

"Do you see what she's doing, Kian?" Ellie asked. "She'll be able to help guide your thrusts this way. Bring your chest down now and let your weight rest against her."

Kian anxiously did what was asked of him, crushing his mom's big, rounded tits against his chest. They continued rocking in a rhythmic simulated fuck.

"Reach down and grasp her outer thighs...Excellent!" Ellie said. "Now you're fully engaged in the mating dance."

"Now OUR pod is probably rocking like the others are, darling!" his mother giggled, tightening her legs around him. "If we really want our pod to go crazy though, I can increase the force of your thrusts by moving against your rhythm, like this."

Starla met her son's dry humps, causing the bulge of his erection to plow up the groove of her slit and scrape across the engorged clitoris beneath the thin fabric. He heard his mother gasp delightfully, feeling his tubular muscle work against her hot labium.

"Kian, this variation of missionary will allow the tip of an erection your size to reach her anterior fornix...or what's called the A-spot."

"A-spot?" the boy asked breathlessly.

"It sits between the front vaginal wall and the ridges of the cervix. Stimulation of this area will be quite intense for your mother, but since getting her pregnant is our goal, it'll be the perfect area for you to ejaculate your semen," Ellie explained.

"Oh, ok."

"Another variation of missionary that's affective in breeding is propping a woman's legs up onto your shoulders," Ellie said, then watched as Kian's mother brought her limber legs up, folding herself in half beneath her son.

"Oh wow!" the boy said in awe, looking at his mother's dainty bare feet, resting above his shoulders and pointed back. He then looked down at his mom's smiling face, which was very near his own

"You'll go even deeper this way," Starla said breathlessly as they continued rocking. "You might even bust right through my cervix with that big thing!" she joked.

Ellie focused on their grinding genital. "Kian, I noticed that your thrusts are becoming very sporadic. I want you to focus on controlling your rhythm. Do you see how your mother's hips are moving? See how they're rolling steadily?"

"Yess! She's good at this!" he muttered, making the moms laugh.

"Well, I'm much older than you, darling," Starla said. "I've had a lot of years to practice."

"Steady, fluid thrusts will allow your semen-load to swell within your balls, preparing your strongest swimmers to seek out your mother's egg."

"That's right!" Starla said with a smile, winking at him. "Only the strongest, cutest ones are allowed around my egg."

"Much better, Kian! Good job!" Ellie exclaimed, watching the boy's technique improve.

"Thanks," the boy muttered, staring down into his mom's alluring green eyes. He loved how she was gazing back at him, panting lightly as they engaged tirelessly in a steady dry-fuck. The feel of her fatty tit-melons sloshing against his bare chest was divine.

"You're doing so awesome!" she said proudly. "Do you wanna reach up and hold on to my ankles?"

"Sure!" her boy said, his heart about beating out of his chest with excitement. He grasped his mom by the ankles, and it became immediately apparent why she asked him to do this. Grasping her this way, gave him a little more leverage, to really plow his cock through her labia good and deep.

The mother gasped and her eyes widened, feeling her son's rock-hard manhood dig against her engorged clitoris.

"How are you feeling, Kian?" Ellie asked.

"Really good!" the boy gasped. "Maybe I should slow down."

"No, don't slow down. I'd like to simulate an effective insemination technique by having you cum in your briefs."

"Ok!"

"Keep up your humping rhythm. When you feel that you're going to shoot your load, I want you to clench your ass-cheeks. This will give your sperm-load a chance to really swell before being blasted inside your mother," Ellie said.

"Starla?" Ellie said, making the pleasure-faced mother look over at her. "It's ok to orgasm. It's a natural part of this process," she said with a reassuring smile.

"Ok!" the mother gasped, looking on the verge of a strong one. She held on tight to her baby as he really laid into her.

"Ohhh!" the boy whimpered, his body trembling.

"Clench, Kian!" Ellie shouted.

Starla felt her own climax pulsing in the core of her cunt. The pleasure moved outward like an electric current through her big-titted body. She slid her strong naked under his arms and hooked them around her boy, high on his back. This allowed her greater support, to really pump her ass from the mattress, humping against his rhythm, to provide the most friction and pleasure.

"Ohh shit!" Kian cried out, feeling his digging knob tingle and flex. Have his own hot mom clutch onto him this way was the wildest thing he'd ever experienced.

He suddenly felt her body shudder beneath him. "Ohh, Kian!!" she cried out, her hot orgasm surging through her.

There was no way the boy could hold out any longer after hearing this. "Shooting now!" he groaned in ecstasy.

"Kian, thrust forward powerfully, then hold it there, as if you're burying your boner inside your mother as deep as it will go!" Ellie shouted.

The boy complied with a powerful jerking hump and the first big blast of spunk filled his briefs.

"Ohhh!" he groaned.

"Hold it there, deeply sheathed, and let your mother milk out your load with her humping hole and strong vaginal squeezes," Ellie said."

Kian remained motionless, letting his experienced mother writhe with humping motions beneath him, while gasping and trembling through her own hot orgasm.

Starla's smothering pussy-groove milked his erection skillfully, pressing around it from balls to knob, until she was convinced that she had squeezed out every drop of baby-batter that she could.

"I think you two will have no problems at all conceiving a baby," Ellie said.

Starla smiled over at her, sliding her clutching legs slowly down her boy's frame while he rested his head against her upper tit-slopes. "These dry runs will certainly keep us in good practice," she said breathlessly.

"They certainly will. Let's look at your data, starting with Kian," Ellie said.

Starla and Kian sat up as the numbers appeared above them, as it had the prior day.

SUBJECT: Kian Ridley

PRACTICE INTERCOARSE (WITHOUT PENATRATION)

Positions: 1. Doggy 2. Missionary (standard and with variations)

Duration of practice intercourse: 36 minutes

Percentage of effective thrusts: 72%

Number of sperm ejaculated: 517 million

Percentage of Healthy Sperm: 99.2%

Likelihood of successful fertilization with healthy female: 74.33%

Starla seemed confused. "Wait, yesterday it said the likelihood of pregnancy was ninety-nine percent. Why is it down to seventy-four today?"

"Because this data is based on today's actual performance," Ellie answered. "Kian's thrust effectiveness was seventy-two percent, still well above average for most males on ship, however, that number will drop the likelihood of pregnancy considerably."

"I see," Starla muttered, seeming a bit disappointed.

"So, I could have done a lot better I guess," Kian muttered.

"Oh, darling, no, you did great!" his mother said sweetly, taking his hand and squeezing it.

"That's why we're taking this breeding course though, to get you as good as you can be."

"She's right, Kian. Keep in mind that during most of this session, we were working with you, to perfect your rhythm and thrusting. Had this data been based on your performance for just the last half of your session today, your numbers would have been through the roof," Ellie explained.

"True, his rhythm there towards the end was absolutely INCREDIBLE!" Starla said.

Ellie giggled. "Well, female orgasms during a dry practice session are usually a pretty good indication of that. Not a necessary part of our goal, but certainly a nice little treat for us women during the process."

Starla got a big smile and squeezed her boy's hand. "A VERY nice little treat!" she agreed.

"Starla, let's take a look at your data," Ellie said, bring up her numbers.

Subject: Starla Ridley

PRACTICE INTERCOARSE (WITHOUT PENATRATION)

Positions: 1. Doggy 2. Missionary (standard and with variations)

Duration of practice intercourse: 36 minutes

Percentage of effective thrusts: 99.7%

Number of orgasms: 1 (clitoral)

Likelihood of successful fertilization with paired male: 74.33%

Time until egg is ready for fertilization: 48 hours, 23 minutes, 33 seconds

"Starla, your data looks exceptional!" Ellie said. "Your thrusts were ninety-nine percent effective, which puts you in the top one percent performance-wise off all the women on the ship."

"Oh, so you mean I outdid all those young chickadees out there?" she asked with a proud smile.

"The overwhelming majority of women who score this high are women your age, who've had lots of sexual experience."

"Why does it say 'clitoral' by the number of orgasms?" Kian asked.

Starla and Ellie looked at each other and smiled. "Why don't you explain this one, Starla," Ellie suggested.

"Sure," she answered gladly and looked at her boy, still gripping his hand in hers. "Darling, the orgasm you gave me earlier was due to friction against my clitoris. The ones that I'll likely have when we start breeding will be a different type, called deep vaginal orgasms. Those will be brought on by your hard penis, thrusting deeply in my vagina."

"Oh, I see," Kian muttered, his still-hard cock flexing at the thought of it.

"Kian, when your mother has orgasms, her sex-tube will create wonderful sensations on your boner, that will cause you to ejaculate quite quickly if you're not careful," Ellie explained.

"Oh, how does it do that?" he asked curiously.

"Well, for one, a woman's pussy walls will tighten and contract around you when she cums, creating greater friction on your glans."

Starla interjected. "And some women, like myself, will squirt hot liquid from their urethras, which is likely to soak you pretty good," she giggled.

"Wow, um, that doesn't sound so bad," the boy confessed.

"Don't let these things become a distraction, Kian, or cause you to cum too quickly. Remember, during the process, your mother's pussy will just be doing what pussy's do during intercourse. What really matters though is that YOUR performance remains spot on, and that you dump a healthy load of swimmers in your mom's vagina every time," Ellie said.

"Your little unborn brother or sister is counting on you," his mom said with a wink.

"Kian, I'd like you to join your mother during her fertility workout this evening, focusing on your thrusting technique." Ellie said. "Starla, why don't you help Kian get out of those spermy-soaked briefs, then the two of you can get dressed and tell the pod to take you back to the docking platform when you're ready."

"Thank you so much, Ellie!" Starla said.

"Bye," Kian waved.

"See you both tomorrow," Ellie said, then disappeared.

Starla scooted to the edge of the bed, her big mommy-melons shimmying from side to side..

"Alright, mister, let's get those six-hundred and seventeen million sperm cleaned off of you," she said with a giggle.

Kian got up and stood in front of his mom. His ejaculate had caused a big dark wet spot on his briefs. "Good thing they're small or that would be a lot to cleanup," he said.

His mother pulled down his briefs and his boner sprung up, still fully hard. "Darling, there's nothing 'small' about this load you just shot," she teased.

He stepped out of the briefs and Starla took a warm wet cloth and wiped him off. Her eyes couldn't help but travel the length of his beefy cock as she toweled around it. The web of bulging veins crisscrossing up the muscled slab made her heart race. The site of the big juicy purple bell capping his shaft made her cunt involuntary clench. She simply couldn't believe that in two days this big thing would be thundering through the pink tube that she had squeezed him out of.

"Top one percent in penis size! That must make you feel pretty good?" she said, peeking up at him with a teasing smile.

"Yeah," he blushed, watching his mom clean it.

"It makes me feel pretty good too," she said, then noticed her son raising an eyebrow. "Oh, I mean, not in that way," she stammered, "Although, I mean...it definitely WILL make me feel good THAT way, but what I meant was...it makes me feel good... as in PROUD, as a mom."

Kian giggled, making his boner bob up and down stiffly. "I know what you meant, mom. I feel the same way...about you, I mean."

She fed him a quirky smile, wiping around the thick bulging base of his cock. "Proud of me? For what?" she asked curiously.

"Because you're sweet...and funny," he said.

She peeked up him, smiling with flattery. "Keep going..." she said cutely.

"Your more beautiful than any of the moms I've ever known."

"Even Mason's mom?" she asked. "I see you staring at her a lot."

"Yeah, you're way prettier than her, and..."

"And what?"

"Never mind," he blushed.

"Don't 'never mind' me. What were you gonna say?" she asked curiously.

"Your boobs are nicer!"

Starla giggled. "Nicer, as in bigger?"

"Yes."

"Well, that's nothing I didn't already know about you," she said, running her clothed hand up his thick prick. "I live with you, remember? I know where your eyes spend the most time. Your dad goes on and on about them too. I guess you're just like him that way."

Starla suddenly felt a tinge of guilt at the mention of her husband. Here she was, nearly naked, holding her son's big cock, while her husband was probably out doing his best to get them unpaired.

She looked at the way she was holding Kian's dick, her hand wrapped around its enormous girth. Her wedding band shimmered in the light of the pod, reminding her of all the sacred promises she had made, adding to her guilt.

"Ok, darling, let's get dressed and head back," she said, releasing his boner and standing up.

"There's no divider this time, so I guess we'll just have to get dressed in front of each other."

"Alright," Kian muttered, totally fine with that.

Starla removed her teddy and for a moment was completely naked. Her son gulped in arousal, staring at her huge naked jugs and the way they bobbed heavily as she fastened her under-clip. He watched her wet two fingers with her thick tongue, then reached down and smeared her

saliva on the tiny butt-plug, before extending it back between her legs and squeezing it through her asshole, securing the tiny garment.

Next, she picked up her bust-cover, making her giant knockers hang down and rock from side to side as she picked it up. She didn't look over at her son, but she knew he hadn't put a thing on yet, because he was too busy watching her. It was OK. She wanted him to watch and learn and be comfortable being nude with her. "In two days, we'll be nude together in the most extreme way," she thought. "We'll be in this tiny pod without a stitch of clothing between us. He'll see me completely raw and uninhibited. You have to be that way when you're making a baby."

She cupped her big tits beneath one arm, making them balloon out, side by side, her engorged nipples sticking out stiffly. As she fastened the bust-cover around them, she peeked over at her boy, who seemed frozen in awe as he watched her.

The mother then looked down at boner, as it stuck up at an upward angle, like a rocket ship preparing to blast-off to some far away planet. It looked so incredibly rigid and strong. She knew her husband could never display his cock this impressively. Harlin did his best with what he had, making love to her at her every request. He tried his hardest to please a wife who had an insatiable hunger for sex.

"I already cleaned you up," she said, smiling at her son teasingly. "Am I gonna have to dress you too?"

Kian was snapped from his trance. "Oh, um, sorry," he muttered, grabbing his dry briefs.

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"If we don't hear anything soon, I'm marching up to that board room myself and pleading our case," Harlin said as they sat at dinner.

"Surely they'll let us know, either one way or the other," Starla said.

Kian looked at his father bravely. "Well, I just wanna say, dad, that if we don't hear anything, I'm ok with fulfilling the assignment with mom," he said, looking over to see his mother peek back at him with a little smile.

"Whether you're willing to step up and do it is neither here nor there. The point is you and your mother should have never been paired in the first place."

"But the data said that mom and I could be ninety-nine percent effective at making a baby," Kian said. "Those are pretty good chances, right?"

"Wait, data? What data?" Harlin asked.

Starla looked at her husband uncomfortably. "It was just data we were given, based on today's session. Why don't I get you another drink?" the wife said, trying to change the subject.

"That's okay, just show me the data. I'd like to see it."

"Honey, it's just a bunch of numbers. If we hear from the board, none of it will matter anyway."

"I know, but you know me, I'm a numbers guy. It's what I do for work. I'd like to see the data they gave you," Harlin said.

Starla took a nervous gulp, then projected both her and Kian's data above the table for her husband to see.

Harlin immediately got that sick feeling in the pit of his stomach. "Practice intercourse? Doggy and missionary?" he asked.

Starla peered over at her husband, a tad embarrassed. "Yes, well, these breeding courses are all about preparing a paired couple to conceive a child affectively. They won't know what improvements we need to make, unless they see us practicing,' she explained.

"And how do you practice sex, exactly?" Harlin asked.

"We were wearing something, so there was no penetration," his wife said uncomfortably. "We were just going through the motions."

"For thirty-six minutes apparently," Harlin said, not seeming the least bit happy about what he was seeing.

Starla quickly tried to point out the positive. "Look at Kian's percentage of healthy sperm. Ninety-nine percent, that would make the chances of me getting pregnant EXTREMELY good," Starla said.

"Starla, that's great, but it doesn't make any of this ok," he said, then Harlin spotted the one piece of data his wife was hoping he'd overlook. "Your number of orgasms is one? Seriously?"

"It was...a body friction thing. You know how we women have very little control over those. Can we just..."

"You DO have control over those!" Harlin said with a raised voice. "It's called not doing, whatever it was you were doing to cause them in the first place."

"Honey look, I know you want the board to make a decision in our favor, but what if they don't? What if the assignment doesn't change? If Kian and I must conceive a child together through intercourse, wouldn't you rather see us take the necessary steps to make it happen quickly and effectively?" Starla asked.

"Of course," Harlin admitted.

"Well, by practicing and perfecting our techniques, it betters our chances of doing that. If we're completely prepared, who knows, him and I could only have to have sex one time and I get pregnant."

"Yeah, well 'one time' is bad enough!"

"Yes, but isn't 'one time' better than twelve times?" she asked. "It took you and I months and tons of sex for me to get pregnant with Kian, remember?"

Harlin couldn't help but smile as he reflected. "I remember."

"We weren't prepared. That's why it took us so long. If him and I end up having to do this, I'm sure you're gonna want the process to be over as soon as possible, right?" she asked.

"With any luck, you WON'T have to do this, but yes, if you do, I would like it to be a quick process."

She reached over and placed her hand on her husband's shoulder lovingly. "Then let us prepare, and please, just try to show some support."

"Alright, I'll try," her husband muttered, although no amount of logic could remove the uneasy feeling he was having about his wife and son engaging in sex.

What he saw later that evening didn't help his feelings about the situation any. He looked through the window of the exercise room and saw his wife and son next to each other on the mat, each doing their own fertility exercises.

Starla was on her hands and knees, as if in the doggy position. She was using her hips to rhythmically pump her ass back over and over, as if fucking her pussy back on a stiff prick. The fact that she was wearing skintight workout attire made the sight look even more scandalous.

Next to her, on his back, Kian was pumping his hips from the mat, as if he was driving his cock up through an imaginary pussy. Harlin noticed how they were talking and smiling at each other, as if they were going about some routine task.

The pretty wife spotted her hubby in the window and gave him a smiling wave. Harlin forced a smile in return. "What's taking that board so damn long to make a decision?" he muttered out loud to himself.

Inside the exercise room, mom and son were working up a sweat. Kian's position on the floor gave him a spectacular view of his mom's tits. Her snug workout top was cut low in the neck, exposing an almost obscene amount of cleavage.

"It's a good thing I'm facing away from the window," Starla said, "I'd probably be getting a lecture right now."

"About what?"

She glanced down at her jostling milkers and all the creamy tit-cleavage she had oozing out.

"Does this look like a top he'd want me wearing around you?" she asked.

"Probably not. I'm glad you wore it though."

"Good," Starla said with a wink. "I thought it might fuel your thrusts a bit, provide you with a little motivation. Besides, in a little over a day you'll be seeing a lot more of these boobs, in all their glory."

"Well, you're right. The site of them does help my thrusts," the boy confessed, wishing he could slide his boner down into her deep dark tit-crevasse and shoot his wad off.

"Speaking of thrusts, you're in great form tonight!" Starla said, watching her boy thrust his bulge up and down tirelessly.

"Thanks!"

"Remember, roll your hips. Don't force the pumps," Starla said. "See the way MY hips are moving?"

Kian peered down to see his mom's wide birthing hips pumping fluidly up and back, her rounded buttocks jiggling delightfully with her every repetitive movement. The thought that soon he'd mounting those haunches, with his boner pounding through her skilled pussy made his heart race.

The mother's eyes watched her boy, her cunt throbbing at the site of him humping the air.

"You know, if we were having intercourse, with you on your back thrusting like that, we'd be in what's called the cowgirl position," Starla said.

"You mean with you on top of me?" he asked.

"Uh-huh," she said, then widened her knees a little and lowered her ass back to the floor, sitting upright, as if she were straddling him in the cowgirl position. She began humping herself up and down again. "Same pelvic pumping for me, just in a different position."

Kian's eyes widened, as he watched his mom move as if she were on top of him, meeting his upward thrusts. Even under the snug confines of her sports top, her big fleshy mommy-tits wobbled around heavily from her movements. "Is this position good for breeding?" he asked.

Starla giggled. "Not really, you'd be ejaculating you cum-load upward, against the forces of gravity."

"To bad," the boy said disappointingly.

The mother smiled over at him. "But that doesn't mean we couldn't try. I mean, the muscles surrounding your urethra are probably quite strong. I would imagine they would contract and propel your semen out of your penis quite far."

"So, we can try it?"

Starla giggled at how persistent he was. "Ok, but fair's fair. If you get to choose an extra position for us to have sex in, then I get to pick one too."

"Ok, what one?"

Still bouncing her buns in a steady 'cowgirl' fuck-rhythm, the mother smiled at her boy in a naughty way. "It's called 'the hanging garden' and it's absolutely wonderful!" she said, like a young girl thinking back on the greatest sex of her life. Then, her excitement level melted. "Since your father hurt his back, he can't really do it much anymore...and I miss it a lot," she said.

"Will you show me?" her boy asked.

Starla glanced at the window. Her husband was gone, but she was still hesitant. "Not in here. It was a favorite of your father's too, so if he saw us engaging in it, even with our clothes on, it would probably break his heart," she explained.

"I understand."

"How 'bout we wrap this workout up for tonight, we'll go somewhere a little more private and I'll show you, ok," Starla said.

"Sure," Kian said anxiously.

When they floated from the workout room, they saw Harlin hovering in the main living area, watching a news program that was projected hologram in the center of the room. He spotted them. "Kian, would you mind grabbing your old man a drink?" Harlin asked.

"On it, dad!"

Starla slithered by her son, secretly whispering in his ear as she passed. "Meet me in the bathroom."

After the boy fetched his father's drink, he floated down a small corridor and tapped at the bathroom door. "It's me, mom!" he said in a hushed tone.

"It's open," his mother answered back.

Kian came inside and closed the door behind him. He gasped as he saw his mom floating upright, three feet off the floor, completely naked. She smiled teasing, her beautiful dark mane of hair flowing behind her. "You ARE supposed to be getting used to seeing me naked, remember?"

"Yes," he muttered.

"And I'm supposed to be getting used to seeing you that way too," she said, glancing down at his shorts. "Take 'em off."

The boy removed his shorts and shirt, so that now they were both completely nude. He watched his mom playfully push herself off the wall, floating towards him in the same 'cowgirl' position she had been in earlier. It was as if she was straddling something in mid-air as she hovered across the room.

Kian's hard peter flexed on his loins, watching his mom's mammoth tits float around buoyantly in front of her. Just before she got to him, she extended her sexy legs and scissored them open widely, pointing her dainty bare feet in opposite directions.

"Oh wow!" the boy muttered, gazing at the thick lips of her shaved pubis.

The mother captured her teen between her thighs, throwing her arms and legs around him and latching on. The boy was delighted by the feel of her weightless melons bobbling against his chest. "This is the hanging garden. Although, I'm not really hanging off you, if we're in zero-gravity like this!"

"Alexa, pressurize the bathroom," Kian said.

"You better be prepared to hold me!" Starla said with a flirty smile.

Kian felt the room pressurize around them. His feet hit the floor and felt the weight of his mom in his arms as her clutched on to her outer thighs, holding her up. Now the full weight of her meaty boobs were crushed against his chest.

"I can see why dad liked this so much!" he said, looking his mom in the eyes.

"I love being held this way!" St said, giving her son a dreamy eyes gaze in return. Then she brought her lips to his ear. "But not as much as I love being SCREWED this way! Are you gonna screw me this way, darling?"

Kian sighed with excitement. Just hearing his mother use language like this was awesome.

"Yes!"

She giggled at his anxiousness. "Not right now, of course, but soon! I think this'll be a great baby making position, don't you?" she said, giving him an excited look.

"Uh-huh. Can we do it in zero-g too?" he asked.

"Of course we can. Wanna take a test spin right now?"

Her boy nodded and gulped excitedly.

"Alexa, UNPRESSURIZE the bathroom!" Starla said.

The couple felt the air around them change again. "Wanna go up?" Kian asked his mom, looking up at the thirty-foot high ceiling.

Starla clung on even tighter, her arms wrapped about his neck and her ankles interlocked behind his ass. "Take me to the stars, Superman!" she smiled.

Kian sprung from the floor, propelling them upward. His hard cock was wedged between her legs, sticking out from behind Starla, just beneath her thick naked ass.

"Wooo!" the mother hollered playfully as they began to spin in a circle. They looked like a big ball of tangled flesh as they continued slowly rising through the bathroom.

Kian was in seventh heaven, as he felt his mother's glorious curves cling to him. Her jugs were like tow huge fatty mounds bumping and rubbing against his face and upper chest.

When he spun beneath her, Starla rose up off his chest and extended her legs, so that she was now straddling him, high up in the room. "Oh look, it's YOUR favorite position!" she said with a teasing smile.

Kian's heartbeat so hard he thought it could pound right out of his chest. His eyes traveled up the view before him, from their fused crotches, up her sexy midriff, to those two ballooning stiff-nippled knockers, gently waving around like some sort of twin sea plants on the ocean floor. Then, there was that beautiful face, with those dreamy green eyes gazing down at him, with her long dark mane floating around her. She was stunning!

"I can't wait until we can do it this way!" he muttered.

"Why wait?" she asked, surprising him. "I mean, we can't 'do it' this way, as in have sex right now, but..."

"But what?" he asked, anxious to hear what she meant.

"Well, we could let you slide your hardon inside me, just so we both see what it'll feel like, to be joined together in full penetration,," she said.

Now his heart was pounding AND doing flips. "So, it's ok...If we do that now??"

"As long as you promise not to start pumping your hardon. We have to wait two days for that."

"Got it!" Kian said.

While her husband was down the hallway, Starla was about to relive a special part of her youth all over again, by letting a young cock stretch the walls of her vagina. Yes, she felt guilty, but the overwhelming need to have a cock so large inside her, especially one that belonged to her handsome, sweet boy, swept that guilt right away.

She rose slightly, reaching under and gasping his incredibly hard cock. Her mind swirled with wicked desire as she fit his fat knob between her labial gates.

"Ohhh!" they both seemed to sigh in unison, as the boy's meat parted her pink walls and slowly sunk inside her.

Kian had never dreamed he'd see this type of look on his own beautiful mother's face. It was the look of a woman taking the biggest cock of her life. Her eyes were big and her mouth hung open, as his big pussy-pleaser, just kept sliding upward, deeper and deeper, passing that familiar point that was the farthest place her husband's cock could reach.

"Wow!" she exclaimed, with a look of sudden shock. "Is that you?" she asked, feeling him rub up against the head of her cervix.

Kian smile. "Who else would it be, Mom?"

She giggled, realizing how silly her question was. "I don't know, I just...oh my God, you're so deep!"

He lay there floating beneath her, feeling her squeezing on it with her ribbed walls, adjusting to it's size. He looked down to see her fleshy outer lips spread out around the root of his cock and the dome of her clitoral hoodgototherssvv-rddhpleerom between them.

"You feel amazing!" the boy gasped.

"Yeah, well, you're, um...really packed in there, darling!" she said, breathing deeply.

Kian felt her cunt-tube clasp with gentle squeezes. He responded by flexing his boner, stretching her fuck-tunnel even more, making his mom gasp and throw her head back, clenching her fists. "Ohh, shit, Kian!" the mother squealed.

"What?" the boy asked stupidly.

"What do you mean what?! What do you think?" she giggled.

"Well, you squeezed on me! I just responded by doing that."

She leaned forward a little, trapping her big milkers between her arms and making them distend outward as she placed her palms on his chest. "You're already about to split me in half with that thing. You don't need to make it any stiffer!"

Kian flexed his cock again, feeling the tight sleeve of her cunt contract around him. She let out a tiny scream, then covered her mouth and looked down towards the doorway. "Like that you mean?" he asked.

She slapped his chest playfully. "You're rotten! You wanna play show-off? Okay, let's play show-off!" Starla said, then tightened her well-conditioned cunt-muscles, grasping tightly around his thick boner.

Now it was her boy throwing his head back in ecstasy. "Ohh wow!" he sighed, feeling the tight grip of her pussy muscles and the ribbed inner lining swathing his smothered boner in hot slippery secretions. "See, hot-shot, two can play that game!" she teased, smiling down at him.

Kian wanted so badly to feel his mother's vagina plunging up and down his boner, but he was thankful she was at least willing to go this far right now.

The boy wasn't the only one craving something more. Starla was yearning for a hard boner-grinding fuck. If her boy felt this good in full-penetration, she could only imagine what he would feel like thundering through her horny fuck-hole.

"Give me your hands," she said, dropping her legs straight down and grasping him between her thighs as tightly as she could. This, along with the hand holding, creative enough leverage for her to grind their pubises' together.

Kian just laid back, holding his mom's hands and watching her stir her hips around. He could feel his deeply buried boner pushing around, pressing against her hot walls. His mom's eyes were closed as she stirred her dripping honeypot with his big meaty spoon.

Kian decided to add some excitement by tightening his ass and flexing his cock again. Starla let out a deep gasp, keeping her eyes shut, answering back with tight squeezes of her own. This was how it went for several minutes - squeezing and flexing and grinding, Kian's boner now soaked with fuck-oil. He could feel it trickling out and down over the sack of his balls. What made it ever more exciting was that he got to watch his mom's huge tit-melons move around the whole time.

His mom's eyes suddenly popped open, and they gazed at one another. "We should probably stop!" she muttered, and yet continued rolling her hips, grinding him inside her.

"Yes!" he agreed, breathlessly, even though he didn't want to.

"In two days, we can do more...much more!" she said.

Kian decided to ask a brave question. "Will 'more include sucking on your boobs?"

It was a good time to ask his mom these questions. She was horny as fuck and was thinking with her naughty sexual brain, and not her normal responsible motherly one. "Well, that's part of having sex, so yes, of course. We'll do lots of things?"

"Like what else?" the boy asked, excited by her answer. He loved that she was still gliding around against him, rubbing the bell of his cock back and forth against the puffy dome of her ectocervix.

"Well, we'll have to see. I may have to suck on your boner to get it to its full hardness," she said.

"Really?" the boy muttered.

"Yes, your balls too. I may need to run my tongue all over your nuts to get the sperm all worked up and ready in there," she said lustfully. "Ready to blast all over my insides and get me pregnant."

"Ohh damn," the boy muttered, as excited as ever.

"You like that idea, darling? You like the thought of me giving your cock and balls some oral attention?"

"Heck yes!" he answered.

"And maybe even letting you stick your magic wand between my soft boobies, wrapping your long thick piggy in a blanket!" his mother teased.

Starla was so fucking horny she could hardly stand it. Her hungry eyes ran up teen's chest.

"He's so young and hung and ready to fuck me!" she wickedly thought. "We're gonna fuck so hard we're gonna make that breeding pod spin like a fucking top!"

Kian licked his lips, staring at the big rubbery nipples popping from the pink rounded rings of her areola. He couldn't wait to devour them...to suck and pull on those puffy nubs while he pumped load after load of baby making ball-juice into his mother's cunt.

Even though Starla had expressed her intention of stopping, she didn't seem in any hurry. It would have taken a knock on the door from her husband to stop her, which is exactly what happened.

"Starla, you in there?" they heard Harlin ask from outside the door far below.

His wife looked down, still straddling their son. "I'm taking a shower, honey! Almost finished," she said, feeling her son's hardon pulse excitedly inside her.

She leaned down, crushing her boobs on Kian's chest. "Now we REALLY have to stop," she said, then planted a quick kiss on his lips. Before she could sit back up, she stopped and stared into his eyes. There was clearly some real magic going on between them. She acknowledged this with another kiss. This time, it was slow and sensual.

The mother smiled and shook her head, as if she could hardly believe what she had just done. "You're bad," she said to her son teasingly.

"So are you!"

"I know!" she said with a naughty wink, then slipped off him and dropped towards the floor. Kian looked across at his boner, which was soaking wet. He smiled, almost triumphantly, then moved down towards the floor also.

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Harlin was at his office the next morning, when a call from his wife came up. "Answer!" he said, which brought up a holographic image of Starla, standing in their living room. "Hi honey, what's up?" he asked.

"Harlin, I just got a call from Ellie, our fertility coach. My egg has dropped a day early!"

"Hold on, what?!"

"My egg! I started ovulating. It can only survive for twenty-four hours in my cervix! Kian and I need to report to the breeding pod right away!"

"Starla, please...hold on! I still haven't heard from the board. For all we know they've made a decision and haven't told us yet!"

"Honey, if they had changed their minds about the assignment, they would have contacted us," Starla said. "Kian and I have a VERY narrow window here!"

"Ten minutes! Give me ten minutes, I'm gonna make a call!"

Starla seemed frustrated. "Please hurry!" she said.

"I still can't believe dad thinks they're gonna reverse the assignment," Kian said, after his phone disconnected.

"I'm beginning to think he's being stupidly optimistic at this point," Starla said. "I mean, I can understand why your father doesn't want us having sex together, but under the circumstances, it just has to be that way."

Kian wasn't sure whether to be exciting, or to prepare himself for the disappointment of a lifetime. Of course, he hoped the assignment to be paired with his mother would remain unchanged, but his dad's persistence continued to leave doubt in his mind. The fact that he and his mom should be heading to the breeding pod RIGHT NOW, to fuck their asses off until she got pregnant didn't help either.

"Why do you think your egg did its thing early?" he asked his mom.

"My guess is all that stirring around I did in there last night, with your 'magic wand' made my egg come dislodged a bit early," she said, half-teasingly.

"Oops!" Kian muttered.

"By now the egg is in my fallopian tube, which mean your father is wasting valuable time, that we could be using to make a baby!"

Alexa suddenly set her mind at ease. "Call from Harlin!" she said.

"Answer!" Starla said.

"Hey honey! I got ahold of the secretary. A member of the board is on their way over to you RIGHT NOW," Harlin said.

"On their way over here? Now?" she asked.

"Yeah, the secretary said he wanted to deliver their decision in person. That's a good sign! I told her I couldn't be there because I'm working, but he'll talk to you, and with any luck this mess will be straightened out," Harlin said.

"Yes, um...ok, well, I guess I'll just wait for him to get here," his wife said, nervous and anxious at the same time.

"Great! This is looking good, honey! Be sure to call me as soon as you know something," Harlin said.

"I will," she muttered. "Alexa, end call!" she said, this looked over at her son. The uncertainty showed on both their faces.

"A member of the board...coming over here?" Kian said. "That could mean that they've changed it to you and dad being paired together, instead of us."

"It could also mean, that they're sorry, but all assignments are final, like we originally thought. The board member could be coming down to make sure the assignment is accepted, without further protest."

"Which do you think it is...really?" Kian asked.

The buzzer to the door went off. "I guess we're about to find out," Starla answered.

A short balding man in a uniformed-looking space suit greeted Starla with a smile. "Mrs. Ridley? Hi, Hugh Jass, board member."

"Hugh Jass?" Kian asked with a snicker.

Hugh acknowledged with a smile. "Yes, that's unfortunately my real name. I understand you've been presented with quite the dilemma, and I apologize. While mother and son sexual relations aren't unlawful, no parent and child should be forced into that situation, so we've changed your assignment."

"You have?" Kian asked, his heart sinking in disappointment.

"Yes, we have!"

"So, it'll be my husband and I paired to breed then?" Starla asked, sounding disappointed.

"Oh no... no, no! Your husband's sperm count is very low I'm afraid. But your son, well now that's another story!" Hugh said, looking over at Kian. "Ninety-nine percent likelihood of

successful fertilization with healthy female! Are you kidding me?! Those are numbers we can't ignore!" Hugh exclaimed.

"Oh, well, yes, they are quite good," Starla agreed.

"Indeed! Mrs. Ridley, you and your husband are both off the hook. Your son will be representing this household, in the fulfillment of operation: propagate."

"With whom?" she asked curiously, her heart rate increasing.

"A cute girl named Grace; twenty-three years old...still single. Very fertile from what the data shows," Hugh said, then looked over at Kian. "She starts her cycle next week, so don't make any plans."

"Oh...ok," Kian muttered.

"Anyway, so again, sorry for the mishap. Ya'll have a great evening!"

Starla stepped out into the corridor, watching Hugh stroll away. She should have been relieved, but she wasn't. She should have been happy for her son, but instead she was incredibly jealous. She wanted to scream! She wanted to cry! Unless she asserted herself now, all she had secretly hoped for would be thrown out the window and sucked into the vacuum of deep space.

"Wait!" she shouted up the corridor.

Hugh stopped and looked at her. He wandered back over with a knowing smile, then stopped in front of her. "I had a feeling you'd be calling me back!" he said.

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Mother and son hurriedly floated side by side through the corridor, holding each other's hand as they went. Starla had just dialed her husband on her communicator. "Hey, honey! Did he come by?" Harlin asked.

"Yes, he just left!" his wife answered.

"And?"

Starla and Kian looked at each other and smiled.

"Starla, are you there?" Harlin asked.

"Yes, I'm here! Honey, it was just as I thought. All assignments are final," his wife said, trying to sound disappointed. "Kian and I have been paired to make a baby together and that's what we have to do!"

She could sense the disappointment on the other end. A small part of her felt pity for her husband. What man could accept his wife being paired with a handsome youngster for breeding, especially if that person was your own son. None of that really mattered to her in this moment. She was not about to accept her son being paired with a younger woman. Not only that, but she had begun to have feelings for Kian that were beyond innocent motherly love. She needed him to fuck her! She WANTED him to fuck her! The baby would be the result of their newly found passion.

"Well, I guess we don't really have a choice, do we?" Harlin asked, in a disappointed tone.

"I'm afraid not. Kian and I are headed to the breeding pod. The egg is waiting in my fallopian tube, which means we have a twenty-four-hour window to get me pregnant," Starla said. "We may not be home until late tonight."

"I understand. The two of you do what you need to."

His final words were music to her wife's ears.

They arrived at the Breeding Wing, got in their pod and buckled themselves in. Ellie's hologram stood across from them, smiling from ear to ear. "Are we excited?" she asked.

"YES!" Starla said, her face beaming.

"This is it, Kian! The language and behavior of your mother and I will be much wilder now!" Ellie said with a lustful grin. "It's time to breed!"

A few seconds later the pod had pressurized, they were unbuckled and stripping their space suits off. As Kian watched his mom release her jiggling jugs from her bust-cover and reach

down to remove her under-clip, it finally sunk in that he was about to fuck her. As Ellie would say, they were about to do the mating dance.

"Starla, we'll need to make sure Kian's cock is fully erect for penetration," Ellie said.

"I got this!" the mother said with a naughty smile, gently pushing her boy back onto the bed.

Kian watched his mom kneel between his legs and grasp his hardon. If it could get any harder, she was about to make it that way. She opened her mouth wide and stuffed her son's meaty cock shaft down her throat. The purple bell brushed past her tonsils, nearly making her gag, but she was able to control her choking reflex as she eagerly started sucking.

Up and down her pretty head bobbed, slowly fucking her throat with the stiffness of Kian's cock meat. As she sucked vigorously, loud slurping, smacking, gurgling sounds filled the pod.

"Ohh wow!" the boy whimpered, watching his own mom work his cock in a sloppy blowjob.

Starla grasped his boner at base, popping it from her mouth and lashing her thick long tongue all over his shiny barbed tip.

'Ahhh!" Kian sighed, thrusting his dick upward, as he watched his mom run her tongue all over his glans. She wagged her licker down the length of his boner, following the bulging tube that his semen would soon be pumping through. Then, she battered his big cum-filled nuts, rolling her wet tongue all over them, while stroking his cock gently.

"You see, Kian? There's more to baby making than just shooting your hot cum inside a woman," Ellie said with a smile.

"I like it!" the boy sighed, feeling his mom suck one of his testicles into her mouth and nurse on it through the skin of his scrotum.

She moved to the other nut, slurping it in and rolling it around inside her mouth. Her tongue looped around and around the sperm-packed testicle, massaging it with licks.

Kian's body shivered with delight. He never knew having his nuts sucked on could feel this fucking amazing.

"We don't want him to get too excited, now do we?" Starla asked, standing up and looking down at her boy.

"True!" Ellie giggled. "He can shoot his fucking cum down your throat, but those wigglers won't find any eggs down there," she said.

Kian watched his mom rub her fingers across her shaved mons. "He'll find one in here though...and it's ready," she said in a seductive tone, gazing right at him. "Wanna come in and play?" she asked, crawling onto the mattress over him.

"Uh-huh!" the boy muttered, his heart beating wildly.

"Scoot back and let's do your favorite first," Starla said, climbing on top of him. "Let me be your cowgirl!"

Kian's eyes stared widely at his mother's huge hanging tits as they wobbled closer and closer to his face. He felt his mom grasp his boner and run his knob between her labia. She fit the tip in the socket of her vagina, then lowered her hips, spearing his cock-flesh up her juice-slickened pussy.

"Ahhh!" they both groaned, as they came together in full penetration.

His mom looked down at him with her beautiful eyes. He had never seen a more excited look on her pretty face. "Now we get to pump!" she exclaimed, then began working her well-conditioned hips, plunging her baby's cock through the squeezing grip of her boner-grinder.

"Ohh yesss!" the boy groaned, finally getting what he always dreamed about. As she rode him, his mom's mammoth boobs came to life, swinging around wildly to her humping rhythm, right before his eyes.

The shameless mother held nothing back, fucking and grinding as hard as she could. She slammed her tits down against her teen, squeezing him around the neck with her coiled arms, riding him frantically, in a fit of passion. "Fuck meee!" she cried out in a horny tone.

Kian pumped his hips, just as he had in the workout room, only this time there was a hot pussy on the other end, humping back at him with equal passion. Their crotches beat together lewdly,

her snug ribbed walls providing just the right amount of slippery secretions to lubricate their union.

Now Kian realized what Ellie meant about their behavior being wilder. When it came to breeding, moms didn't fuck around. Even though he had very little experience at all, he was gonna do his best to keep up with her.

Starla's mind swirled as she fucked her ass off, pounding her mature cunt down against her boy, driving his unyielding hardness through the core of her womanhood, and feeling it pull on her heartstrings. She had shaken all thoughts of her loving husband from her mind. He had no place in this breeding pod. All her energy was focused on her son and how amazing he felt beneath her.

Her boy was seeing the most primitive side of her. Here, they were just rutting animals, engaging in nature's most primal act, but there was something else going on. Something that pushed her to fuse her lips around Kian's, while they fucked. To kiss him more passionately than she had anyone else, even her own husband.

"Oh my God, it's happening!!" she wildly thought while hungrily making out with her son. "I'M IN LOVE WITH HIM!"

Just the thought of it, along with the divine sensations her boy's cock was providing, made the mother's body shake as she cried out in orgasm.

When Kian felt his mom's cunt-tube clasp tightly and her curvy body tremble on top of him, his dick gave off a mighty flex, his knob tingling exquisitely. When her hot girl-cum began to swirl around his tender boner, he was done-for.

"Ahhhh yes!" he cried out, humping up into her as hard as he could.

"Yess! Go, Kian!" Ellie shouted. "Fuck her hard!"

His busty mother clung on and fucked him back with equal intensity, her pretty face contorting in pleasure. "YESSS! FUCK!! OHHGOD, YESSS!" she screamed, cumming harder than she had in her life.

"Ahhhh!" the boy grunted, as big ropes of spunk began to pulse from the slit of his meatus, plastering his mom's inner lining with potent baby makers.

They were in no hurry, and this was the cum of their lives, so for nearly ten minutes, mother and son jerked and humped and writhed on the mattress, squeezing out every single little, tiny tadpole from Kian's cock.

Sometime later, Harlin was sitting in his office and was hardly able to focus. The idea that at that very moment, his wife, who he loved so much, was being screwed hard by another guy gave him an extremely sick feeling. Yes, that 'other guy' was his son, but in a lot of ways it made it harder to bare.

He began to wonder if he had access to their data. It probably wasn't the best idea, but he wanted to look at what they were doing. Against his better judgment, Harlin tried to gain access to the Breeding Wing through the mainframe, which he was able to do using his ID code.

His wife and son's data was displayed in front of him.

Subjects: Starla and Kian Ridley

Assigned: POD #163

Status: PRESENTLY ENGAGED IN INTERCOURSE (Doggy-style)

Harlin sighed and shook his head. He imagined his wife bent over on all-fours, her big boobs that he loved so much, swinging from her chest, while their handsome son fucked her from behind. He continued looking at the data.

Total time engaged in copulation: 1 hour, 46 minutes, 33 seconds

Positions utilized: cowgirl, reverse cowgirl, lazy man, missionary (in different variations), doggy

Harlin felt his heart race with jealousy. He couldn't remember the last time when he and his wife had gone at it for that long. The fact that she and Kian had engaged in so many different intimate sexual positions astounded him. The next bit of data made it even more real.

Combined thrust effectiveness: 98.9%

Number of thrusts (Kian): 4,432

Number of thrusts (Starla): 2,863

Number of orgasms (Kian) 3

Number of orgasms (Starla) 16

"Sixteen! Are you fucking kidding me!" Harlin shouted, hoping his coworkers didn't hear him. To add salt to his wound, the thrust numbers were increasing as he sat there looking at them, and his wife's number of orgasms suddenly jumped up to seventeen.

The last bit of information gave him hope that this nightmare would be over quickly.

Number of sperm present inside Starla: 932 million

Likelihood of successful fertilization within 13 hours: 99.78%

Back in the pod tank, hundreds of pods were floating and rocking, but one pod was going crazy, nearly rolling in a complete circle as it rocked steadily.

In that pod, Kian was kneeling on the bed, fucking Starla from behind. He was looking down, watching the fatty layer of flesh ripple through his mom's luscious buttocks, every time it slapped against his midsection.

They'd been fucking for nearly two hours now and their naked bodies glowed with a light sheen of perspiration. Starla peeked back her boy, her face looking like a runner, pacing herself through a marathon. "Slap my ass!" she said in a serious tone.

Kian happily obeyed, striking her ass-cheek with a sharp opened-handed slap.

"Again! Spank my fucking ass while you fuck me!" she screamed out.

The boy gave her meaty ass-mounds a series of hard strikes, watching her butt-meat quiver each time he slapped her.

His cock was as hard as when he's started, nearly two hours ago, slicing through the cum-plastered walls of her cunt-tube, with full length thrusts.

Starla suddenly pulled her pussy from his cock and guided him up, so they stood next to the bed. Ellie had left them alone to continue breeding

The passionate mother threw her arms around her boy, engaging him in deep French kisses. Her ballooning mommy-melons met his chest and flattened against it, her aroused nipples poking into him. "I need my hanging garden," she whimpered between kisses, then lifted one leg around her son's midsection.

Kian was ready when his mom sprung from the floor and wrapped her smooth legs around him. His boner plunged back inside her, and their crotches worked against each other to create a deep pussy-pounding rhythm.

He backed his mom against the padded wall and pounded the shit out of her. Clinging to her teen, Starla clenched the toes of her bobbing feet and began to orgasm with screaming intensity, as her son pounded between her wide-open thighs.

Cunt-juice dripped from Kian's balls as he kept a frantic fuck-pace. His mom's pussy-tube was clutching and spurting so much it felt like it was turning inside out around his burrowing cock. No matter how much it tightened, he continued to drive his cock home, feel his tender bell kiss the soft domed head of her cervix on every thrust.

"Oh, Kian, you fuck me so good!" his mother cried out, clinging as tightly as she could.

Her sultry cry set off a trigger in his balls. "Ahhh!" he whimpered, feeling his nuts clench up.

His mom looked into his eyes wildly. "Yess! Come on! Gimme your baby!" she cried out.

Kian did just that. Among the millions of sperm that erupted from his piss-slit, one lucky swimmer from that orgasm would reach his mother's egg and burrow inside.

Alerted of the successful fertilization, the mother would later excitedly announce her pregnancy. Right in front of Harlin, the mother and son would embrace and kiss proudly. "We did it!" Starla said, gazing her son in the eyes.

For Harlin, this terrible experience was over. Of course, he would love the baby like his own, but was glad to have things back to normal. The details of private sexual intercourse were not tracked, and it was a good thing they weren't. If it did track sexual activity, and the father were to see his wife and son's data, his heart would be broken. This was because Starla and her son were secretly in love and would continue to fuck each other at every opportunity.

Over the next nine months, Starla's belly would grow into an enormous baby-ball. Her hormones were off the charts, and she needed her son's rock-hard cock more than ever. Kian would continue to fuck his mom at every opportunity. As her belly and tits grew larger, so did his excitement level. Often, he floated through his bedroom, with his mother clinging to him. It was during those times, with his cock sheathed in her fuck tube and his face wedged between her enormous milk-filled melons, that he considered himself the luckiest boy in the universe.

It was ironic, that the day before her expected due date, they arrived at their new world. Kian and Starla did a spacewalk together before they left the ship, looking down upon their new home. The planet below was celestial. They gazed into each other's eyes and smiled, eager for the wonderful experiences that awaited them.

THE END