

POPULATION INFLATION

by Kris P. Kreme

A KREME KOMMISSION



Population Inflation
Kreme Kustom Single Book #56
by Kris P. Kreme

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There are perfectly sized towns, not too big, not too small, and the town of Seeder's Grove is one of them.

Perched between the mountains, surrounded by natural beauty, it has no shortage of naturally beautiful girls and women either. Yet none of them could have seen a day like this 'cumming'.

After getting accidentally doused and saturated with rejected fertility treatment chemicals on the outskirts of town, a wandering stranger named Brady will become a modern monster of a man.

There will be no nubile flesh that can resist his potent scent, his brooding breeding desires, and before long the town of Seeder's Grove will be experiencing a literal Population Inflation.

Population Inflation

by Kris P. Kreme

There was a crisp chill in the morning mountain air as the sun crested the mountains and poured down into the perfectly sized town of Seeder's Grove. An early spring had come and with it the warmth which brought a whole new year of life into the casual lives of every member of this mountain community. Yet little could the citizens of Seeder's Grove ever suspect that the very reason for their perfect little community was about to become the very reason that community was about to experience growth they never asked for.

As the sun shined, another perfect Saturday dawning, all across Seeder's Grove individuals and businesses prepared for the weekend. In the center of the medium sized town an ornately decorated retro styled movie theater opened their doors, boys on ladders adjusting new letters on the marquis for the popular action romance movie which would have plenty of local couples no doubt flocking to see the new feature later in the evening.

Further out, cars and trucks pulled in behind the main street row of shops and stores, cheerful faces welcoming the pleasant sunny day, ready for another slow paced day of friendly shoppers, as well as the occasional tourist traveling through on the way to more popular destinations.

Still further out from the center of the mountain valley that formed the core of Seeder's Grove, homes and an exceptionally nice yet quaint church settled among towering trees, sloping land, the perfect scenic escape for both living and marrying. Seeder's Grove Church was a popular spot for many weddings from out of town folk seeking to escape the cities, the more trafficked locales, wanting a

traditional church wedding somewhere scenic, somewhere that photos would forever capture such an important day.

At the edge of the neighborhood and beginning of the mountain forests which surrounded the perfectly sized town of Seeder's Grove, stood Seeder's Grove High School, a small school compared to some, but like every other building in the medium sized town, extremely nicely designed, a place anyone would like to visit, even the students who fortunately for the most part had the next couple of days off, a welcome weekend to spend doing other things.

Yet even there, citizens of Seeder's Grove were arriving to work, a couple of the more dedicated teachers arriving with books in tow, ready for a day of Saturday School, ready to help those students who struggled more than others, and most importantly ready to teach with a smile.

For anyone to casually observe such a sunrise, such a beginning to an early spring day, they'd think that everyone in Seeder's Grove wore a smile on their face, that this was truly a perfect town, a perfect quaint mountain escape from the more persistently frustrated and fast paced locations. They'd suspect probably that the mountains surrounded this town and kept the rest of the world at bay, all bad, all intensity, all frustrations banned from crossing into a place like Seeder's Grove.

But those casual observers would easily miss the one element of this town that even the locals often forgot about, the reason Seeder's Grove even existed, the one large series of buildings nearly entirely hidden beneath the trees in the rising mountains surrounding downtown. It was within those buildings where more of the population of Seeder's Grove worked, and while they still worked with smiles, a casual happy attitude, many of them never suspected just how dangerous the place they worked was.

As the sun rose higher, a new day truly dawning, vehicles arrived at the Seeder's Grove Research Center, a structure of science and experimental development for a wide range of products. Everything from advances in cleaning chemicals to modern health applications was developed by the scientists and researchers running the Seeder's Grove Research Center.

Most of the top tier employees lived on site and weren't even from the small mountain town anyway, but most of the supporting staff were clueless about just how deadly and intense some of the experimental research was, how potentially disastrous any of the tested products could be if they weren't properly disposed of.

It was in one small corner of the labyrinthine structure that a pair of exhausted scientists were yawning just to stay awake as they finished another all night testing phase, and yet another unsuccessful one at that.

"Dammit," one of the men said, using his lab coat to polish his glasses as he yawned.

"Don't tell me, another bad batch, Beckett?"

Fixing his glasses over his ears, the man named Beckett nodded, sighing, eyes tired with heavy bags from another long night with no rest, easily the fifth in just the last week. "We're not getting anywhere with this one, if anything the latest batch is even worse, Darnell."

Darnell walked over, barely keeping himself awake as he rubbed his tired eyes and looked into the powerful microscope Beckett had been hovered over for nearly an hour.

"Shit, you're right... dammit... you're absolutely right. It's stronger than before and what we've been needing is something seriously

diluted. You give someone this fertility treatment and... well fuck, I can't even imagine."

Beckett rubbed at his head, wispy grey hair wild and all over the place. "If it didn't kill a man, I don't know what it would do honestly. I mean damn, we're trying to help guys out, a safe natural blend of organic chemicals that could be ingested without the need for pills. If the guys in research would just spend a little less time keeping secrets from the townies about what we're doing up here, we could all work together."

Darnell nodded. "Yeah, the company doesn't use common sense as much as they employ common folks from Seeder's Grove. Everything is focused on efficiency, getting the most bang for the paycheck."

Beckett chuckled, but it wasn't an amused chuckle, an annoyed, frustrated one he'd felt more and more in the waning morning hours of all night work lately. "Yeah, well, these last dozen batches... give those to someone and they'll get more bang for the paycheck, that's for sure. Fuck, they'd probably turn into brutes with little more than sex on the brain, that is if they even survived without suffering fatal heart complications or something."

Darnell sighed, shaking his head. "I don't even want to think of what human trials would be if we green lighted this latest batch. The mice... well... I mean, damn, last batch we even okayed for the mice resulted in practically inflated mice. Most of them didn't even make it."

Beckett nodded as he stepped over to a valve and unlocked it, turning it as he spoke. "Face it, Darnell, the fertility treatment is going backwards lately and we're just wasting our time. The stuff is supposed to help guys who can't get it up while also boosting their stamina, staying power, and potency..." he said, as the valve hissed and within the nearby sealed container all the experimental fluid drained.

"This stuff would make a man hornier than a mutant rabbit, more potent than a prize bull, and probably able to cum more than an African elephant."

Darnell joined Beckett and they both watched the latest failed batch fully drain away, another wasted night, another disastrous product avoided. As the final drops oozed away into the rusted drain, he sighed, scratching his head, the both of them yawning.

"Well, stuff would make a real monster, that's for sure... but luckily for us, we're on the ball each and every night, checking and rechecking and then if that weren't good enough, rechecking each batch the processors pass along for quality control."

Beckett nodded, yawned, and walked away, pulling off his lab coat. "Let's just hope they get this one right soon, because I'm tired of dumping gallons and gallons of what could be a real miracle product down the drain night after night."

Darnell joined his partner, the two scientists flipping off the light, leaving their lab silent save for the drip drip dripping of the latest vastly too potent batch of fertility treatment. Fortunately for them and fortunately for most, Seeder's Grove Research Center had an exceptionally well staffed quality control department.

Unfortunately for everyone, no one realized just how corrosive some of the organic chemicals mixed into these test fertility treatment batches were. For weeks now Beckett and Darnell had been flushing the system each morning, working all night, stressing themselves as they had only seen stronger and stronger batches, treatments that literally would work beyond all reason if they were ever to be tested on an actual man, but treatments that would no doubt have severe side effects no man could imagine.

They'd flushed away the failed batches, never suspecting that the rusted drain pipe was just a small hint at a vast hidden problem further down in the pipes.

Only the local contractors would have ever known that when the research facility was built, they tapped into a lot of rich limestone, the lime already putting a natural stress onto the drainage pipes. And since Seeder's Grove Research Center was on a mountainside, many of the interior structures entirely underground, a lot of the drainage pipes stretched past large boulders, thick tree roots, and generally all sorts of disasters waiting to happen.

Yet in recent weeks, no one had checked those pipes, largely for the very reason Beckett had pointed out to Darnell, that the company, the ones in charge, refused to open up fully to the local work staff just how serious and intense the work done here was, refused to in effect scare them to pay more attention to basic infrastructure of the facility.

As it was, when Beckett and Darnell flushed that final batch of treatment, the pipes filled yet again, dangerously potent organic chemical flowing down the rapidly aging pipes, winding around boulders and splashing down into a reservoir that was supposed to be emptying each and every evening, a buried reservoir that had been filling fuller and fuller over recent weeks due to a huge tree root which had blocked the one sealed hazardous waste pipe.

No one would have ever suspected anything was wrong, at least not unless they happened to snake the infinite length of buried pipes in the side of the mountain, unless they started digging and discovered just how corroded some of the structure was becoming as those fertility treatments settled and bubbled and generally did nothing but mix and merge with each other.

There had been over fifteen batches, many of them quite severely overpowered, but all of them together something else entirely, and it

was on this particular morning, a sunny early spring morning, a completely normal morning for all the happy smiling faces down in the perfectly sized town of Seeder's Grove, it was on this morning that the hazardous waste reservoir couldn't handle the weight of all those dangerous treatment batches anymore.

As Beckett and Darnell collapsed back into the bunks of their onsite quarters, they never could have imagined that their research and quality control tests over recent weeks would soon be responsible for a population growth like Seeder's Grove had never seen before.

And neither could an innocently passing loner named Brady, just a man on his own for more years than he cared to remember, currently hiking down into a promising looking new town, a place his tired eyes saw as the next destination in a life of wandering the open road.

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There was probably a time long ago that Brady would have wanted to share the beautiful sight before him, a time back when he was young, before his parents passed on, before life became the open road, his backpack became his only companion.

It was truly amazing, looking down into the sun soaked wooded mountain valley before him, the towering trees on either side of the road creating a natural frame to a scene that would easily put most scenic postcards to shame.

He stopped and breathed in the fresh air, the crisp cool spring morning already warming, the day seeming so perfect. It was rare, he realized, that in his travels he'd feel a morning like this. There was just something there, something in the air, something in his thoughts, an assurance that this was to be a day like few others, one for the memories, one to recall fondly many years from now in whatever town he happened to find himself in.

Brady had never been a truly social guy, even back before he hit the open road, back before all family he knew passed on and left him the modern equivalent to a hobo, carrying all he had in the backpack on his back, meeting new and interesting people across the country.

Yet Brady wasn't some dirty hobo, not the image that probably still came to mind when most thought of such a thing. He may have been homeless, the world his home, the road his hallways, and each and every town he came across a new room in the vast structure of his chosen existence, but to most Brady would probably appear a handsome guy.

He'd had more romances in towns across the country than he could count, passing through, stopping briefly to work on a fence for a land owner, earning his keep to eat and sleep for a while, then moving on. Brady was a strong guy, a workhorse of a man, and a

man who appreciated beauty, both like the scenic mountain valley before him and the women he encountered.

Some guys, he supposed were just easygoing, low stress, casual, and simple to talk to. That was Brady, and in his nearly four decades on earth, he'd seen a lot, done a lot, and couldn't complain at all about any of it.

As far as he saw it, some were meant to be great men, to lead nations, to lead movements of change, and other men were meant to wander, to explore, to travel from town to town meeting and interacting with interesting people. Brady supposed he could write a book with all he had seen, all he had done, but writing a book would mean settling down in one place, and so far Brady hadn't found that place, even if this town... this Seeder's Grove, he read on a nearby sign, certainly looked to be the kind of place he could spend a little while.

"Seeder's Grove," he read, saying the name as he looked past the quaint sign down past the trees at the view he got through the sunlit green of the leaves. "Population 1921, We Welcome You," he finished reading, smiling as he decided to take a short break in his rather tiring journey of recent days.

A nearby gulley offered the perfect outcropping of rocks to perch himself on out of the main road into town, a place he could sit and enjoy a breakfast bar from his backpack, a place he could get some important morning protein before continuing on and seeing what this Seeder's Grove had to offer.

"Interesting place, beautiful," he said, shucking his backpack off as he took a seat on some rocks underneath a large pipe opening.

Brady unwrapped the nutrition bar carefully, putting the trash back in his bag. If he'd learned anything over the years it was to always leave a place as he found it, and he certainly didn't want to just

wander the country dumping trash everywhere. Nutrition bars, he'd also learned were the best way to carry a meal in a small bag from one town to another.

"Mmm..." he moaned, enjoying the bar, listening to the birds chirp, the fresh mountain breeze howling down into the sunny green valley. "Needed this, after that hike into the mountains... mmm..." Brady breathed, swallowing down half the bar in hardly a matter of seconds.

He listened to the breeze, to the distant sound of a woodpecker working away at a tree, to the cries of other wildlife hidden away among nearby forests. It was moments like this Brady appreciated the most, the sounds of nature.

A rumbling rose to his ears, almost a vibration in the rocks he sat upon, a strange sound for sure, he thought, listening as it quickly grew louder than the breeze. Finishing off his nutrition bar, he chewed slowly, looking around, curious as to whether a truck might come over the winding mountain road at any moment.

The last thing Brady expected was for the large drain pipe behind and above him to suddenly spurt forth a massive rumbling flood of some sort of oddly covered fluid.

"ACK... mpphhh..." Brady shouted, looking up, still chewing his last bite of nutrition bar as he suddenly got showered, a heavy flood of potent smelling ooze spattering right into his face, half of it pouring right down his throat as he was literally knocked off the rocks he'd been sitting on.

"Wha... wha..." he muttered, coughing, trying to get his face right out of the flow, only succeeding in further dousing himself from head to toe in the sticky spraying ooze of whatever that drain pipe was sporadically spewing.

The sunny peaceful morning was no more as Brady lay there helpless underneath the large drain pipe coming out of the side of the mountain. The fluid, whatever it was, flowed too fast for him to move, the rocks he landed on too slippery to get traction and escape. All Brady could do was try and hold his breath, but he'd already swallowed what felt like a gallon of the stuff, the tangy nearly stinging taste of it making his head spin as the rest covered his body, soaking into his skin, making his entire body both warm and cold at the same time.

"Unghh... unhh..." Brady groaned after fifteen minutes, when the flow finally slowed to a trickle.

He blinked and tried to rub the stuff out of his eyes, his body feeling strangely sore all over as he sat up.

"Wha... what was that?" he whispered to himself, blinking, looking around for his backpack, finally giving up as he realized he was still seeing a bit of double vision, his heart pounding in his chest like never before.

It was several more minutes before Brady could pull himself to his feet, climbing from the gulley back to the main mountain road into Seeder's Grove. He was breathing easier, could see clearer, and as he looked down at himself realized he had a lot more to worry about than just his clothing being sticky after that drain pipe spit whatever it had spit all over him.

"Wha... unhh..." he grunted, voice sounding a bit gruffer, almost hoarse from all the sticky ooze he'd swallowed.

Brady flexed an arm, watching his veins literally pop out on his arms, his muscles seeming a bit swollen, his body looking tense all over. He felt a little drool forming as he instinctively pulled it back in, swallowing, feeling a warmth as he swallowed, a flush across his entire body as though he'd just swallowed a steaming cup of coffee.

Eyes sharpening, Brady breathed in deeply, clearing his throat, running a hand through his hair, smoothing it down as he stood in the sun. He looked down at himself, feeling the corners of his mouth pull wide into a grin he never had felt before, feeling that grin part just enough for him to run his tongue along his lips as he saw how massively bulging his cargo pants were.

“Ungh...” he grunted, cupping a hand against his bulge, feeling how thick his cock felt, how massive, how downright freakishly big his balls seemed just feeling them through his pants.

Brady was a guy like any other, had seen the country on his own terms, had met many a girl that caught his eye, but never had he felt so intensely aroused with no girl even around. He stood on that mountain road, looking down into Seeder’s Grove for easily a lengthy few minutes, breathing, letting his strong muscles ripple, grinning, and biting his lower lip as he adjusted what felt like a freakishly enhanced package between his thighs.

Grinning, Brady ignored the potent smell of that ooze that had just dumped all over him, ignored the aftertaste of all he had swallowed, and most shockingly of all completely ignored even finding his backpack as he just walked off, eyes set on the road ahead, pupils dilating as he scanned every direction, already knowing just what he was looking for... just who he wanted to see.

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"Come on, girl... you know it will be fun, just lighten up on the studying and double date with me tonight," Amber said, leaning in and hugging her best friend and college apartment roommate from behind.

Adrienne rolled her eyes as she finished applying her makeup in the mirror, looking back over a shoulder at the always excitable Amber.

"Is that really all you think about, Amber... dating? I mean I know you're smarter than that."

Amber laughed and scooted around beside her bestie. "Look, you know Casey and I have been getting closer, figured what better place to enjoy our very first make out session than in a nice quiet back row of the Seeder's Grove Theater."

Adrienne sighed, looking back at the mirror, fixing her long dark hair against her soft pale skin. "And the truth comes out, you're basically just wanting me to be a lookout so the theater guys don't kick you horny kids out, huh?"

Amber shook her head. "Babe, you know we're friends and all but sometimes I just don't think you know me as a bestie should. I'm not gonna do anything worthy of getting kicked out; I have basic pride you know. It's just that Casey's roommate Evan really needs to get out too and I figured what could be the harm in you having a little fun too?"

"A little fun?" Adrienne asked, turning and giving the grinning blonde a glare.

"Oh don't get your panties in a bunch, Miss Good Girl, I don't mean like that. That new movie opened today, the one you'd been talking about, and Evan is cute. You might even find yourself smiling at him or something."

Adrienne rolled her eyes. "You're not gonna let me log onto my online courses today are you, until I agree to this scheme of yours?"

Amber just grinned.

"Alright... sheesh, fine, but if that Evan so much as tries to touch a single finger to my chest I swear I'll make a scene of dumping his ass all over the floor and your perfect make out session will be quickly ruined."

Amber squealed a little, nodding. "Oh don't worry, Evan is super shy and all, and you know how long I've been waiting to really snuggle and kiss with Casey."

Adrienne nodded. "Face it, we're both responsible girls, even if you like to pretend to be the party girl."

Amber shrugged. "Maybe it's a blonde thing, hee... well I'm gonna spend half the day picking out the perfect outfit. Enjoy your classes, ugh."

Adrienne just shook her head. "Oh I'll enjoy watching you panic and second guess yourself all day, just remember, you're in this online class too. We're both supposed to be ready for finals in a few weeks."

"Uh huh," Amber said, already in the next room over, standing before her closet. "I'm thinking the red tank top... you think the red tank top shows off too much?"

Adrienne just rolled her eyes, not even responding.

"Ooh... and you could wear the grey tank top you have, ya know the one that shows off that amazing rack of yours. Heh, Evan might

have to speak up and stop being so shy if he got a look at those babies.”

Adrienne just shook her head, pressing a hand against her face.

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"You can't possibly have Saturday School, honey?"

"Of course not, Daddy, Miss Melina just asked if I'd come in today and help out with an assignment she was giving the more remedial students. Something about science I guess, figured I might like the extra points to further boost my GPA before graduation."

"Jody, honey... you seriously shouldn't worry about your GPA. You know you have valedictorian in the bag already. You're the smartest girl in school, and heh, that's not just your bragging old man talking."

Jody pushed the white hair clip over her scalp, tidying up her length of thick black hair behind her ears as she cut a glance towards her overprotective proud father. "I like helping out Miss Melina, Daddy... and besides it's not like there was anything else to do today. Seeder's Grove isn't exactly a bustling city or anything."

Her father nodded, then walked back into the living room as she slung her backpack over one shoulder, grabbing the stack of books Miss Melina had asked her to bring. "Oh I know, sweetie... just figured we could watch a game together like old times."

Jody grinned but it was a serious studious grin, the expression that reminded her dad so much of her mother. "You enjoy the game, Daddy, I'm more comfortable around books and learning. Be back sometime this afternoon."

With a nod and wave, Jody straightened her favorite blue shirt, smoothed the edges down untucked over her black jeans, and stepped out the front door of their small home. Miss Melina had mentioned picking her up on the way into the high school, so all she had to do was wait at the edge of the road.

It was a beautiful day, a nice day to spend outside, she supposed. But inside with a book was good too, and if it helped some of the less brainy students figure out the course material, Jody was happy to help out.

One day, she thought, she'd be like Miss Melina, a brilliant teacher inspiring others through her educational and entertaining instructions. Standing there at the edge of the street, Jody heard a distant noise, footsteps she thought, turning and looking up the main road out of town, letting her long black hair cascade down over her shoulders.

Sure enough there was a man trudging along, posture tall, eyes intense even from this distance away. Jody had never seen this man before, but considering he was walking into town she supposed that made perfect sense.

Still, there was something definitely off about him, and it wasn't just the fact his clothing looked to have been doused in something that had dried and left him stained head to toe. He held an intensity, a sharp gaze, and as Jody blinked and really turned to look more closely at him approaching, she realized that gaze was focused directly at her.

Inside her house behind her, Jody's dad never even turned back from the television pregame show he watched on the couch, never suspecting through the picture window behind him that some complete stranger over twice Jody's age was picking up speed before launching into a sprint right at her, tackling her to the grass.

"Oooof... unh... get... get off," Jody tried to shout the instance she'd been tackled, dropping her books beside her, feeling her backpack slide off a couple feet onto the grass.

She tried to shout, but the moment she opened her mouth to speak, that pungent aroma that wafted off every inch of this strange man

seeped into her. It was a powerful smell to say the least, so powerful it almost choked her, nearly left Jody breathless as the man grinned and hovered over her, licking his lips, staring at her like an animal, pupils so dilated they nearly filled his eyes.

“Get... off...” she gasped, actually feeling dizzy as the smell of this man overwhelmed her senses, as she struggled to crawl backwards out from underneath him.

Brady just grinned and slammed a powerful arm down, fingers extending, grasping the cute girl by her upper arm. “Mmm... just what I was planning to do... mmm... get off!” he snarled in a heavy throaty whisper.

Jody had over the years of high school grown used to dealing with aggressive guys. She wasn’t just the smartest girl in school but one of the prettiest in this year’s Seeder’s Grove senior class. But she’d never dealt with any form of aggression quite like she did at that moment, pinned beneath this guy in her own front yard, no neighbors close enough to possibly see anything odd, only her father who she knew was likely slumped back on the sofa, back to the only window that would offer any chance of seeing just what was happening.

“Ungh... mmm... nice,” Brady growled, sliding his other hand over, cupping Jody’s perky young teenage breasts through her shirt.

“Oh... unh... no,” Jody said, but made no move to stop him, eyes going wide as she breathed in more of his scent, more of whatever had clearly spilled all over the man. She felt a strange shock, confusion at her own actions, or rather inactions.

“Yesss...” Brady grinned, rubbing a hand across her chest, squeezing his fingers tighter, groping her young tits one and then the other, hovering his lips mere inches from hers as he looked into her eyes.

Jody blinked and tried to focus, feeling her vision blur as she pulled in her lower lip, gasping with each prodding heavy fondling he gave her. When his hand released and moved down her shirt, pulling the blue material up, then caressing her bare flesh underneath, Jody knew she wasn't thinking clearly anymore.

"Mmm... you nice... nice soft," the man said, his grunting speech almost like a caveman she imagined, half animal, a carnal aggressive look in his eyes the entire time.

"Please... unh..." Jody moaned in barely more than a whisper.

"Please you... mmm... okay," Brady grinned, rubbing his hand up underneath her shirt, pulling the shirt up and then taking his hand which had been firmly gripping her by the shoulder, moving that hand over to her now exposed tummy.

As he fingered her belly button, then tickled his way up to her bra, undoing it with a mere thrust of his hand, the aggressive stranger looked right into her eyes. Licking his lips, he nodded. "Mmm... gonna fuck babies into you now!"

Jody choked a bit, and not like she felt she should have, in protest and horror at what the man just said. She choked on her own breath, sucking in heavy lungfuls of the potent desire that spread like a cloud around this man. She breathed deeply and suddenly melted her expression into a grin, no longer struggling but instead reaching a tentative hand up and grasping his shirt, pulling him the final couple of inches to her lips.

"Mmmphh... mmm..." she moaned, sliding her tongue against his, aggressively kissing the man who probably was close to her dad's age. "Mmmm... yesssss..." she said, as he pulled away, as he locked his knees to either side of her, sliding fingers over and yanking the button fly of her jeans loose, slowly unzipping them.

"Nice... fill you... mmmm..." Brady grunted, saying less words the more worked up he got, staring down into lust filled eyes, Jody no longer making smart decisions the valedictorian of her school would make.

"Unh... lemme... mmm... lemme help," she meekly said, grinning, blushing, looking back with horny eyes as she shuffled and slid her jeans down, feeling the soft grass against her pert backside.

"Mmm... hurry... just hurry," she said, biting her lip as she grabbed at her panties, pulling on them so hard they almost ripped.

Brady grinned and massaged his bulge before unzipping his cargo pants, feeling his cock unfurl like never before, pushing its own way into freedom, bursting out the opening as soon as his pants were unzipped, standing thicker and harder than he'd ever known it to be capable of.

"OH... ohhh wow," Jody said, breathing in the powerful potent scent that already dripped out the tip of that monstrous piece of man meat hovering above her.

Brady shoved her blue shirt up rather violently, grabbing and massaging one of her tits, pinching the perky flesh so hard she winced, pulling her by the nipple up off her back, then pinching that nipple between his fingers as he grinned aggressively right at her.

"Oh ohhhh fuck," Jody moaned, flopping like a fish underneath him, caring nothing for the fact she was laid out on her own front yard near the curb, nothing for the fact anyone could drive along at any moment and see her with her jeans opened and top pulled up.

She didn't even care if Miss Melina arrived and saw what was about to happen to her, the potent smell of desire in the air so thick she could only respond like the bitch in heat she suddenly was, her pussy dripping wet as Brady finally stopped crushing her little teen

tits and instead grabbed her by the hips, pulling her cunt up against his near impossible thickness.

“Brady fuck you now... ungh... Brady put baby in you!”

“OHHHHH YESSSSSSS!” Jody screamed at the top of her lungs, never suspecting that her father had left the soft for the bathroom and turned the television up much louder so he could monitor the pregame analysis.

She wouldn’t have cared if he were standing right beside her, nothing taking importance over the feel of Brady’s huge cock as it pressed into and split wide her tight little virgin cunt, slowly and steadily impaling her to painful limits she’d never known she could survive.

“Ungh... unhhhh!” Brady groaned as he finally hit bottom, his cock still not even fully inside her.

He grunted, grabbed Jody tightly and began ramming her deeper and deeper, forcing her womb to open up, to accept every last inch of his dick, feeling her insides each time he pounded full force into her.

“Unh... unh... ohhh ohhhh fuck, ohhhhhhhh yessssss!” Jody screamed, her voice going hoarse as Brady stopped humping her across the grass and instead stood up with her still impaled on him.

He walked right down the street, under the shade of the trees, each step bouncing Jody atop his dick, each step giving the girl another orgasm. He grinned and slammed her against his chest, squishing her delightful perky tits apart again and again, fucking her harder as he continued wandering, his instinct never to stop as long as there were women to fuck... girls like Jody here to knock up.

Somewhere within his thoughts he'd warped his love of being a loner into a lust for being a wandering breeder, into seeking women of certain ages out, women he knew would be incapable of resisting his desires, no matter how smart and reasonable they were.

"Unh... unh, ohhhhh ohhhhh Brady, unh... was, was that your unhhh... name?" Jody gasped several minutes later, down the street a bit from her home, up against a tree off the side of the main road.

Brady was power thrusting into her against that tree, lifting her sore backside up and down, humping her balls deep again and again, stabbing his dick against the deepest recesses of her virgin womb, no longer virgin, no longer behaving as the smartest girl in her class.

"Ungh... ungh... shut up, unghh..." Brady snarled like a beast. "Shut up and ungh... get knocked up!" he throatily grunted, pounding deep one last time, leaning back as he arched away from the tree and from Jody, watching her long black hair sweep down over one of her perky abused tits, watching her eyes widen as she felt what he felt, the most powerful climax he'd ever reached.

"Oh... ohhhhhh fuck... ohhhhhh fuck!" Jody gasped, eyes widening to a point she barely could see, legs clamping onto this man she'd never met before, thighs tingling all over.

They each looked down, even if they both barely cared what happened, an animal act of mating taking place, Jody's tight little toned teenage belly plumping out immediately as she took a massive load of sperm deep inside her, as Brady came and came and then came again, grunting the entire time, grinning, watching as he singlehandedly ensured Jody would never again be able to zip up her fashionable slim fit black jeans.

"Ungh... mmm... good," Brady said, grinning, licking his lips, and finally pulling his massive dick out of Jody.

For a moment she just remained where she was, and then slowly, ever so slowly, she slid down the tree until she was collapsing in a heap on legs too numb to carry her weight at the moment.

“Wha... wha... ohhhh wow,” Jody moaned, blinking, breathing, staring down at her pale white dome of a clearly pregnant belly.

She poked at it, listening to the slosh of so much sperm inside her, watching the way her tits even looked a bit bloated sitting atop it. She then grinned rather mindlessly and looked over at Brady as the man pushed his still thick cock back into his cargo pants and zipped up.

“What is Daddy gonna say when he sees what I did?” she idly whispered to herself, giggling a little like only the sluts in her senior class would.

Brady turned and looked back as he was walking off. “I Daddy now... you Mommy, ungh...” he grunted and walked off.

“Mmm... oh yeah,” Jody grinned, struggling enough to change positions, leaning back further, elevating her hips on the ground beside that tree, then idly wondering about baby names as she lightly massaged her bloated cum fat belly.

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Melina had already circled the block once, going past Jody's house again for the second time when she noticed the backpack and books laying discarded at the side of the street. The first time she'd slowly driven past she'd probably been too busy looking up towards Jody's front door, expecting her to come running out to catch her ride.

Now she started to worry a little, the young teacher thought as she put the car in park and popped open her door.

"Jody?" she lightly called out, running a hand through her dark brown hair as she enjoyed the nice crisp mountain air.

Obviously Jody wasn't anywhere close by, and Melina would have to shout a lot louder if she was going to be heard from the street inside the house. She supposed Jody's dad was likely home, considering his car was in the driveway, but something concerned the young science instructor as she stood there looking down at the school books.

They didn't seem to have just been placed there, perhaps because Jody was running back into the house for something she forgot. They seemed tossed, haphazardly, as though Jody had dropped them and run off in a hurry.

Glancing back in the direction of the road out of town, Melina saw nothing, but as she turned back towards town, she got quite the surprise as the lone man simply came out of nowhere, running full sprint at her, slamming her rather violently back into the hood of her car.

"OW, stop it... who the hell do you think... unh... you are?" she started to shout, her voice quickly softening as the man's powerful scent nearly knocked her out.

Melina gasped and breathed as the man held her forcefully against the hood of the car, one of his hands near choking her, the other

hand slipping down beneath her skirt, pulling it up, rubbing eager exploring fingers across her supple thighs.

“Unh... mmmmm... smell fertile... me breed you,” Brady grunted, forcing several fingers up under Melina’s panties, finger fucking the young brunette teacher as she gasped and breathed in the powerful potent desire flooding off his pores.

“Wha... who are... mmmm... why?” she whimpered helplessly as Brady hooked a finger into her skirt and dragged Melina off to the side of her car.

“I’m gonna fuck babies in you now... ungh... get in car!” he nearly snarled.

Melina could barely breathe, feeling the overwhelming arousal inside herself, knowing it made no sense, knowing she wasn’t the kind of woman to sleep with a man she didn’t know... much less a man who seemed to get off on talk of breeding her like she was some farm animal.

She knew it wasn’t right, and yet she felt nothing wrong and everything right as she let the man climb into the car first, then straddled his lap like she long ago used to do when riding in her father’s lap as a child. Of course this time she wasn’t riding, but driving, and the only thing this man would be doing beneath her was stuffing the fattest cock she’d ever felt right up her drizzling little hungry cunt.

“Ohhhhhh yes yes yessssss!” Melina screamed inside her car, brakes screeching as she awkwardly careened on down the road.

Brady grunted beneath her and leaned back, humping his hips up and down like a jackrabbit, fucking her slick little cunt so deep it felt air tight. Melina was always the fun teacher at school, but never this fun she thought, never this downright irresponsible.

It was probably the worst time of the month to be having unprotected sex, and yet here she was, bouncing her young ass up and down over and over, trying to focus enough on the road so they didn't end up in the ditch, her thoughts sinking into a ditch of their own.

"Ungh, ungh... mmm... must breed, mmm... must breed you full!" Brady grunted, groaning the entire time, his balls so fat they nearly burned her thighs with the heat they carried.

It was as her car careened into the school parking lot several miles away that Brady grunted louder than all the other times, that his dick buried itself further into what she could only guess were the stretched tight depths of her eager little womb. "UNGHHHH... you get pregnant now, ungggg!" he growled like a cave man.

Melina had never in her life felt a sensation like she did, never in all her teaching of both biological and physical sciences even known such a sensation was possible. It was only fortunate she managed to slam on the brakes and stop the car, otherwise she was sure a major accident would have occurred, not that it seemed one wasn't already taking place inside her.

"Unh... unh, ohh ohhhh ohhhhhh yessssss!" she shrieked, leaning back as best she could straddling Brady's lap in the driver seat, staring as her tits shook and her belly literally distended underneath them, so much powerful cum shooting up inside her.

Melina had been the teacher most guys in school fantasized about, but at the moment she doubt even their horny fantasies had ever imagined something as perverse as what she witnessed, fucking a total stranger in her car, letting that stranger grunt and flood her belly so impossibly full that her stomach lurched out bigger and bigger, her belly button ultimately popping into an outtie and tapping

the horn, blaring a sort of announcement that like a turkey, Miss Melina was thoroughly done.

“Ungh... mmm...” Brady grunted, grinning aggressively as he managed to pull out, kick open the door, and climb out, letting a sore and blissfully fucked teacher slump back against her driver seat.

The parking lot at the high school was mostly empty, but as Melina blinked and looked out her side window at the man who’d just fucked probably a gallon or more of seed somehow inside of her, she watched another car pull in behind him, a car that slowed down as it neared hers.

Inside, Melina could see Beverly, another of the teachers for Saturday School. Even worse, she saw that just like she’d intended to do with Jody, Beverly had brought another student along to help out with the planned lessons of the day.

“Melina?” Beverly called out, rolling down her windows, looking past the man who stood rather still glaring in her direction. “Are you okay, Melina?”

Maybe in another part of her mind that wasn’t blissfully fucked into a preggo bellied cum container, Melina might have shouted out to warn her colleague. As it was, all she did was lick her lips and instead look at the stunned student who opened his door and got out, Todd.

Like so many of the students, Todd had always secretly caught every glance he could at Miss Melina, the dark haired beauty of a science teacher certainly inspiring her share of biological responses. Yet as Beverly got out of the car and stepped around, squinting a bit as the blonde teacher reached up to push hair from her eyes and lean over to look in at Melina, everything fell into complete chaos.

"UNGH... mmm... hi there," Brady grinned, flexing and licking his lips. "You bend over... mmm... me fuck babies in you too!"

"What did you just... who are you?" Beverly asked, stepping cautiously closer, mostly because she wanted to make sure Melina was all right.

"MMM... me Brady, me father of your children," he grinned, catching Todd's eye as he snapped and shook the confused teenager out of the stupor he'd been in watching Melina gasp and slowly regain her breath behind the wheel of her car.

"Hey man... um... I uh... I uh better go inside or something," Todd tried to say, figuring the brutish monster of a man wanted to fight. Instead though Brady just nodded, thinned his eyes, and pointed at Melina.

"No, you do her, again and again, me do that one," Brady said, gesturing at Beverly who was already breathing in the potent male smell, the incredible arousal hovering like a storm cloud raining down around Brady, the rather ragged looking man suddenly appealing to her like no man ever had before in her limited social life.

Todd just swallowed. "Uh... what?"

Brady stepped aside, revealing Melina as she limply lay back in her driver seat, huge pregnant looking belly sloshing with each breath she took, eyes dilated with pleasure, a blissful careless look in her fucked out expression.

"You like her?"

"Damn," Todd breathlessly said, nodding. "What guy doesn't?"

"You fuck her then... unh... enjoy, you have this one when I done."

Todd just blinked as Brady stomped past him, shoulders slumped like the horny monster he now was. Only when Beverly squeaked, Brady grabbing her and throwing her over one shoulder to carry away with him did Todd say another word, turning and looking back at the strange man.

“Wait... what?”

Brady grinned, held Beverly up so Todd could see, then thinned his intense eyes as he ripped Beverly’s blouse open, spilling her decent sized tits out into the open, palming one of them before pulling her by the nipple to his lips.

“Me knock up... you have sloppy seconds... invite friends, mmm... have fun,” Brady said, laughing.

Todd just turned and licked his lips, unaware of the potent effects that wafting smell of experimental fertility treatment saturating every pore of Brady’s body was having to his own younger body. He ignored his own once smart and studious nature, ignored the fact that next to Jody he had the best grades in the senior class, and Todd walked right up, yanking Miss Melina out onto the pavement beside her car.

It was as thrilling as any boy in school ever would have imagined it to be, pushing Miss Melina’s legs wide, slamming his horny teenage dick up inside her, then promptly fucking load after load after load inside her.

Todd would lose count of his own climaxes, would forget how many times he later fucked her nice tits, would hardly care how cum bloated and blissfully fucked unconscious Miss Melina ended up. All he cared about was living the dream, that dream every horny teenage boy in Seeder’s Grove had.

By the time Brady had finished with Beverly, the language arts teacher and hottest blonde on the teaching staff was seriously cum bloated herself, her belly so full it looked like she'd swallowed a watermelon, her eyes listless and wide, an eager grin on her face as Todd finally called in some friends.

Few of the boys even paid much attention to a grunting near neanderthal in stained cargo pants walking off away from the school, headed in the direction of downtown, walking with a purpose towards the towering steeple of the Seeder's Grove Church.

Most of the boys were far too preoccupied to even question how Miss Melina and Miss Beverly had obviously gotten pregnant since just yesterday, how their once trim flat tummies had gotten so freakishly bloated and full.

All they cared about was healthy teenage competition... seeing who could fuck the most loads into which teacher.

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"You know you don't have to be so rigorous with your study routines, Adrienne," Amber said, yawning as she looked up from her own laptop, several hours behind on today's lessons, the online college course she and her apartment roommate shared.

Adrienne rolled her eyes as she looked away from her screen. "You're just wanting me done so you can talk me into wearing something skimpy for that double date at the movies tonight."

Amber grinned.

"Let me just save you some time, girl... it's not happening. I'm not dressing like a slut just to distract Evan so you and Casey can have some major face time in the darkness of the theater."

Amber pouted, puckering out her lower lip. "Awww... but come on, you look hot, we both know you do. Don't forget I've seen you after a shower."

Adrienne blushed. "One damn time, you walked in on me one damn time, Amber."

"And you're hot, seriously... I mean you gotta have tits as big as my head."

Adrienne sighed. "We're not sluts, remember... no matter what you imagine in your fantasies about Casey, you know we're not flaunting our tits on a date."

Amber frowned, looked back at her laptop, then smiled a little. "But... but I read that if you got it you should flaunt it."

Adrienne nodded. "Yeah, well I don't got a slutty side... so no, I'm not wearing whatever skimpy little outfit you had in mind."

Amber hopped up from her laptop and wandered off. "Wait... wait, just consider it please, here... see this is what I thought I would wear," she said, stepping out and then ducking back into the room with a rather small red tank top.

Adrienne nodded, glancing at the top. "Looks fine, not too slutty I guess."

"And this is what I thought you could wear with me," Amber grinned, pulling a matching grey tank top from behind the red one.

Adrienne looked over, sighed, then just gave her roommate and bestie a rather deadpan expression. "And I suppose you wanted to match that with some skimpy skirt huh?"

Amber shook her head, rather comically so, shaking her golden blonde hair into her eyes. "Oh no, jeans... I mean it's a first date and all."

Adrienne nodded. "Well... fine, if it makes you that happy and if you'll shut up about everything I'll wear the tank top. But if that Evan guy talks to my tits instead of my face I might just have to knock him upside the chin."

Amber laughed and danced about for a moment all giddy. "Yay, see you can be smart and have some fun... and don't worry about Evan. He's all shy and stuff, you'd be more likely to accidentally knock him upside the chin with those big boobies of yours than because he was ogling you like a perv."

"Don't call `em boobies, Amber... makes you sound like we're five years old."

Amber just laughed. "Hey, with tits as big as yours I think any name fits; those babies are gonna make some happy babies one day."

Adrienne reluctantly finished her studying and closed her own laptop, turning and glaring at Amber. "What are you even talking about?"

"Heh, ya know... um... happy babies, give lots and lots of milk. You'll be a regular moo cow when you have a baby."

Adrienne slapped a palm over her face, blushing and shaking her head. "Sheesh, Amber, you're so giddy for this date with Casey I think you lost a few brain cells. Trust me... neither of us is anywhere close to that stage in a relationship. We're smart girls, both of us... that includes you. So tonight, just promise me, you're not doing anything stupid, anything I wouldn't do."

Amber nodded, then playfully poked Adrienne in the boob as she walked back past to her room. "Sure thing, you don't have an 'udder' thing to worry about from me tonight, Adrienne."

Shaking her head, rubbing at the spot on her large breasts Amber had poked, Adrienne just rolled her eyes. "I swear, there can't be anyone in Seeder's Grove as boy crazy as you are today, Amber."

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“OHHHHH YES YES YESSSSSS!” Callie squealed as she bounced back repeatedly into Brady’s powerful hips.

She bent over the front pew, the young redheaded church secretary having been taking a moment for prayerful thought just ten minutes before when the amazing stud walked right in off the streets.

“UNGH... UNGHH,” Brady grunted, yanking Callie back hard, pulling her hair like the reins of a horse he was riding, fucking her balls deep on every thrust, grinning the entire time as Callie’s eyes rolled back up in her head.

“Mmm... ohhh ohhhh yessss, mmm, fuck me... fuck the hell out of me!” Callie screamed so loud her voice echoed off the windows.

It was so damn sinful she thought, so wrong, and yet his scent had put her into such a heat Callie only wanted her pussy reamed deep, her tight little empty womb stuffed full, flooded until she couldn’t hold another drop.

Had anyone been having a wedding when Brady walked in, she was nearly sure she would have stripped right there and asked for his baby right in front of them. As it was, he’d already grunted like a horny simpleton that she was gonna get fucked, that she was gonna get fucked pregnant.

The very thought turned her on even more. It was just so unexpected, her life so ordinary and plain, so average. She’d always had her fair share of male attention, being an attractive redhead midway through her twenties, but now... now she couldn’t imagine not getting a dick inside her morning noon and night. She wanted Brady most of all but there were plenty other men in town.

“Unh, unh... unh... ohhhhh yes yes yessss!” she gasped breathlessly, bouncing repeatedly back, feeling Brady open her womb up even

more, feeling his punching thrusts in her guts as she already wondered whose dick she'd get inside her next.

It was just a given, she thought, grinning, a healthy happy given, that from this day forth, Callie would be breeding every damn day of every damn week, even once she was already carrying Brady's child. She'd just fuck and fuck and fuck and fuck, fuck like the devil, she grinned, looking up at the ornate stained glass windows of Seeder's Grove Church.

Brady stopped pulling her hair and slid his aggressive hands down, managing to reach around and cup Callie's perky tits, massaging them, pinching her nipples, sloshing them up and down her chest as he bounced her against him again and again.

"UNGH... UNGHHHHHH!" Brady snarled loudly, so loud she just knew someone else in the church may have finally heard the man.

Callie couldn't care less, simply licking her lips and pressing back, listening as she could nearly actually hear the churning flood of cum in his balls spurting inside her, like a muffled hose buried deep within her gut, that thick powerful flow beyond anything she'd felt in her life.

"Oh... ohhhhhhhh wow, mmm..." Callie groaned, practically slumping over the pew as her gut distended, as Brady flooded her impossibly with seed, dumped a gallon of it right into her womb, blowing her insides up, filling her belly, leaving her actually precariously balanced on a cum bloated pussy that seemed easily already a couple months pregnant.

Brady grunted as he pulled out, grinning, his eyebrows low and pushed together only giving him the true appearance of a simple monstrous creature who'd impregnated his third woman of the day and wasn't anywhere close to finished.

"What on heavenly earth is going on in here?" came a rather mousy voice, Brady turning and looking right at a slightly older woman.

Callie just drooled in a post-orgasmic haze as she watched Pastor Dwight's wife Gwen come rushing into the sanctuary.

Gwen stopped as soon as she saw Callie, eyes widening as she noticed the rounded tummy. She then froze in fear as Brady turned and glared at her. For a moment he stood appraisingly, staring, thinning his eyes, studying the older woman. But then he seemed to reach a decision, deciding that while mid thirties was older, it wasn't too older for what he had in mind.

"COME HERE..." he shouted, walking over and grabbing Gwen before she could say another word. "Gotta knock you up too!"

And so it was the cries of his own wife shrieking in ceaseless orgasm that drew Pastor Dwight into the sanctuary a half hour later, his horrified face quickly stunned frozen as he watched Brady lift Gwen up, hold her against him, and unload so much seed her belly ballooned outward and her belly button popped into a pronounced outtie.

"Mmm... soooo good," Gwen said softly, once bookish mousy expression nicely sexualized as her clothing had been partly ripped open, her once conservative blouse settled atop her dome of a white bloated belly.

"Enjoy," Brady grunted, moments later, passing by Pastor Dwight, his powerful potent scent spreading into the panicked man's nostrils, invading his thoughts, leaving the holy man quite aroused and looking for a hole.

As Brady left, it was only mildly surprising to the blissful Gwen that her husband hadn't immediately descended upon her. After all she knew a red headed harlot like Callie appealed to most men more

than she did, and even if Callie had already been seeded quite fully, there was plenty of her to enjoy, as Pastor Dwight most certainly did for much of the afternoon that day... humping the pair of them over and over again and again.

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"Rebecca, are you still stocking the shelves on three?" Faith called out, running a frustrated hand through her long blonde hair.

A delayed moment or so later came a somewhat muffled response. "Yeah."

Faith shook her head and walked from the front of the Seeder's Grove Bargains store down aisle five and over to the rather hidden aisle three. Normally their boss Virgil frowned on leaving the front of the store unwatched but today was like many Saturdays, light on customers and heavy on Rebecca slacking off again.

"Knew it... I knew it," she said, folding her arms across her store smock, length of blonde hair settling neatly over top of her chest.

Rebecca glanced up from her phone, finishing a text. "Knew what, I was on three... already told you that."

Faith shook her head and walked up to the redhead who by all accounts should focus on her work every bit as much as Faith did since they'd both worked here since they were in high school together, three years ago. She snatched the phone from Rebecca's hand, held up a hand to silence the immediate protest, and turned the screen to read what was so important.

One eyebrow raised, Faith sighed. "Seriously, Rebecca... sexting again?"

Rebecca grinned, the redhead always a tease, for as long as Faith could remember. Few of the boys they'd known had a chance to ever get to see the real Rebecca... a downright virginal girl who'd never so much as touched a cock in her life. Yet every guy who looked mildly cute was a target for Rebecca to send sexy teasing texts, and today it seemed it was PJ's turn.

"It's fun, you should try it sometime little Miss wannabe the Manager one day," Rebecca said, licking her lips as she snatched back her phone. "Besides it's fun to get a guy so worked up he cums all over his phone and then spends the night thinking of you."

Faith shook her head, tapping an annoyed finger across her name badge as she kept her arms folded across her chest. "Yeah, what could be more fun than teasing some guy into premature ejaculations?"

Rebecca laughed, already thumbing over the phone keypad again. "Well, when you say it like that it sounds silly... and clinical. Lighten up, you like dick right?"

Faith reached down to the box Rebecca had only barely made a dent in taking items from to stock the shelves nearby. "Unlike you I've actually seen one in person before, Rebecca... some of us matured at twenty and decided not to play silly little sexting games on the guys and just find one to do more adult things with."

Rebecca made a pouty mocking expression, then grinned as she thumbed in another message to PJ. "Yeah yeah, too many risks with that... say, which sounds better? MMMM... PJ, I better stock the shelves with pregnancy tests cause I think your cum is seeping through to my phone and I gotta shove it up my cunt, or... Ohhh yess PJ, fuck that dick through the phone and knock up my tight little pussy?"

Faith let her jaw drop a little, not in shock that Rebecca would text such a thing, more in dumbfounded annoyance that she'd ask her opinion on something so stupid and pointless.

"Seriously... now you're teasing him about knocking you up? Why... just... why?"

"Second one it is, heh..." Rebecca said, grinning as she clicked send and actually put her phone in her smock pocket to help pull items from the box alongside her overly responsible friend Faith. "And duh... guys get off on girls saying stuff like that. For someone so super experienced in actual adult relationships you sure don't know much about how guy brains work."

Faith made a little grrr sound, annoyed at her redheaded friend. "Real relationships aren't about teasing or getting off all the time... and if you'd grow up and stop killing brain cells on your cell phone all the time maybe you'd get that."

Rebecca just made a mock little moan and thrust a hand up against her smock, massaging her tits through her shirt and sliding her tongue across her lips. "Oh... mmm... mmmm... oh knock me up, knock me up, PJ, mmm..." she moaned.

"Shut up, dummy, no one is watching the front, we might have customers and the last thing I need is Virgil coming back from break and hearing a customer complaint about some redheaded slut on aisle three."

"Ohhhh... knock my little cunt up, stuff your baby seed inside me," Rebecca grinned. "Heh... lighten up, guys love a girl that talks that way during phone sex."

Faith would have shaken her head and corrected all the many things wrong with Rebecca's line of thinking. She would have except the man walked right up behind her friend and grabbed her violently by the length of her red hair, spinning her around and pulling her against his chest.

"Hi... me Brady, give you what you want!" he grunted in words that seemed barely more than lust filled growls.

“Whoa... who the fuck... FAITH, FAITH!” Rebecca shouted and for an instant Faith just stood there holding one of the stock items they’d been lining the nearby shelves with. She stood there and barely found the strength to blink as this older man with wild unkempt hair just snarled and squeezed Rebecca so hard against his torso he almost seemed ready to crush her in his strong arms.

“HEY!” Faith finally found the strength to shout, dropping what she held and running the five or six feet over to where Rebecca breathlessly squirmed, her eyes wide, length of red hair pulled back by one of the man’s hands, his other hand pawing across her smock and yanking the buttons free.

It was right as Faith reached the two of them that she suddenly couldn’t fight off the powerful scent which seemed to just spill right out of every exposed pore on this brutish man. Whoever this Brady was, he seemed to have come out of nowhere, walked right in the store, and silently crept up, but he also seemed to be producing a smell like nothing Faith had ever smelled before, a potent strangely alluring smell that clearly Rebecca was already falling victim to.

“Stop... mmm... oh wow, stop... mmmm being... mmm... so... mmm... rough,” Rebecca grinned, looking back into this Brady’s eyes, older eyes she probably would have at one time called mature and wise, older eyes that simply thinned as Brady softened his grip of her, spinning her around and ripping open her smock, spilling buttons everywhere.

“You want baby, me put baby in you, mmm... bend over!”

Rebecca bit her bottom lip, breathed deeply, glanced at Faith who joined her in an equally perverse smile, then nodded, holding up a finger. “One-second, lemme send a text real quick.”

Faith found herself pulling up her own smock, rubbing her exploring fingers over her flat tummy, up to her own tits as Rebecca bent

forward letting this Brady scoot in behind her, letting him reach around and easily swallow up her exposed perky tits with his big strong hands.

"Mmm... gotta unh... go..." Rebecca narrated her text as she carelessly thumbed in the words on her phone. "Customer came in, he's gonna knock me up," she finished.

Faith scooted in closer, idly pulling one of her nipples up, stretching it to her lips as the potent smell seemed to saturate the air around them, as she swam in the odor of desire flooding aisle three. She stared at Rebecca, the tease who finally put out... and to someone neither of them had ever met.

"Unhh... yeah, oh yeah," Rebecca moaned, bending over, feeling Brady yanking her jeans down just enough to place his thick pulsing cock at her dripping entrance. She grinned and thrust herself back a bit, nudging the first inch or so inside her. "Mmmmmm... fuck me," she barely whispered, losing her breath.

Brady grunted and slammed in deep, ramming Rebecca so hard the shelf rattled, items they'd spent the morning stocking fell right off beside them. He wrapped an arm around and grabbed one of Rebecca's tits, brutally squishing it, rubbing it up and down her chest, making depraved little grunts as he violently screwed her balls deep.

Faith just moaned, sucking her own tit, staring with envy at her friend, stepping closer and whispering huskily. "Mmm... me... me next, fill me up unh... till I pop!"

Brady only nodded, eyes distant, mind purely focused on the only thoughts he had left inside him, his entire body taken over by a ceaseless desire to fuck and impregnate every available woman around, ever accessible piece of fuck meat he could wander the open road and come across.

“Unh... unh... yes, yessss ohhhh fuck he’s unh... so unh... BIGGGG!” Rebecca screamed, thrashing her hands all over as Brady’s dick swelled inside her, as she felt his balls pressing so hotly against her from behind, as she actually choked from the pressure of his squishing both her tits up against her throat, pulling her back into him.

Faith drooled around her sore tender tit she’d been so fervently suckling, she drooled and gasped in eager excitement watching as this man, this monster of a man, thrust in deep, started to cum, and somehow kept right on cumming.

Rebecca’s slender tummy puffed out, slightly at first, then more and more, her once defined abs stretching, softening, her belly spilling over and starting to sway and slosh as it was downright bloated looking.

For her part, Rebecca had gone into a silence, mouth wide open, nearly half conscious from obvious pleasure, her eyes rolling back, not a care in the world as Brady quite thoroughly did what he claimed and probably put more than one baby inside her, at least from the looks of it.

Faith only let her tit flop down from her suckling lips, grinning as Brady finally finished off and slid a nice still hard dick out of her friend. Rebecca fell to the floor right there on aisle three, cum spurting out between her legs as she landed on a pregnant sized belly, eyes blank, little moans escaping her parted lips.

“Mmm... my turn, stud, fill me up bigger than her!” Faith said, knowing in some distant part of her mind that she wasn’t thinking clearly, was so damn turned on thinking wasn’t much of an option. She just grinned and got into position before Brady even asked.

Dropping to all fours like a bitch in heat, Faith flipped her little skirt up, reached back, and slid her panties down. With a wiggle to her rear, she looked back at the hulking stranger in town, the man who'd made as much a mess of Rebecca as he had aisle three. Virgil was gonna be pissed, she thought as Brady shoved that thick monster of a cock inside her. But who really cared about that?

"Oh ohhhh yesss, ohhhh fuck yesssss!" Faith screamed nearly a half hour later, having managed to stay conscious through two consecutive fucks, having cheered Brady on as she looked down beneath her at her belly finally growing so big it touched the floor.

She shivered at the chill of her distended belly button sliding sensually across the cold floor, Brady a machine humping into her, his seed so damn hot it made her tingle all over. Rebecca had finally woken up and spent a short while sexting PJ about how knocked up she and her friend Faith were. If only he knew this time it wasn't merely teasing, Faith thought.

"Girls... girls, no one is at the front," came a voice from somewhere else in the Seeder's Grove Bargains store.

Faith hardly cared that the voice was getting closer, that the voice was more annoyed than she'd probably ever heard it before. Virgil wasn't a patient guy... but then, she thought, he was a guy, which meant he had one thing both she and Rebecca could appreciate.

"Girls, where are... you?" he stammered, nearly tripping over his own feet as he turned the corner onto aisle three.

Unblinking, eyes widening, Virgil had never even imagined seeing his two employees in such a state. From Rebecca on the floor half naked with her hands resting a phone atop what seemed a massively pregnant belly to Faith getting screwed doggy style by some man he'd never seen, it was more than just shocking... it was instantly mind numbing to even fathom.

"I... I... WHAT THE FUCK IS GOING ON HERE?" he finally shouted, breathing angrily as he stepped up behind Brady.

Faith could see how Virgil sniffed the air, how he immediately seemed to go off balance as Brady pulled out, turned and zipped back up in front of him. She could also see how Virgil nearly instantly tented his own pants.

"Me go, you have fun, bye..." Brady grunted, lowering his eyebrows, looking more primitively simple as he marched off right past Virgil.

Faith barely found the strength to flip herself over, to rest her tender ass on the floor, looking down at the huge belly the man had left her with, the stretching tightness so damn pleasurable to feel. She licked her lips, flipped her long blonde hair, and nodded. "So how bout it, boss... you gonna lecture me and Rebecca how bad it is to get knocked up on the clock?"

Virgil just thinned his eyes, dropping to his knees and crawling between Faith's outstretched thighs. As he placed a hand on one of them, he shook his head, then grinned over at Rebecca. "Nuh uh... mmm... I'm gonna see how fucking full I can stock your tight little semen soaked wombs... mmm if ya don't mind, bitch."

Faith leaned back, arching up off the floor as best she could, putting her tits on display for Virgil. "Mmm... well you are the boss, and mmm... we're not playing around, are we Rebecca?"

The redhead scooted in and leaned forward to kiss Faith, the pair of them soon making out as Virgil pressed his dick against Faith's cum erupting pussy. "Mmm... no," she said. "No more teasing... mmm... only fucking."

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“Didn’t you say something about a stranger, some thuggish looking guy in cargo pants?” Nick asked, thinning his eyes as he steered the patrol car onto the main line of shops in the middle of Seeder’s Grove.

“Yeah, one of the neighbors reported seeing someone like that leaving the scene where we found the poor girl here,” Veronica said, pushing some stray strands of silky black hair behind her ear as she sat halfway turned to look into the backseat where Jody lay partly slumped over to one side, blissful grin on her teenage face.

Nick slowed the car down, pointing out the passenger side of the patrol car. “Someone like him, right?” he asked.

Veronica turned around, sitting up straight, staring out the window where her partner pointed. They’d both been cops together since the academy, a medium sized town like Seeder’s Grove not one for much more than the occasional noise complaint. Until earlier today when a neighbor had found Jody laying half naked and clearly quite sexually fulfilled against a tree, the two of them had seen little real action or reason for concern.

Nodding, Veronica grit her teeth, both angry and frightened, horrified at what had become of Jody, at how dulled the girl’s usually sharp mind seemed, at how she merely made little occasional moans in the back of the patrol car.

They’d been headed to a nearby clinic to have Jody processed, even though she seemed perfectly fine, no blood or signs of major trauma, only plenty of semen and an abundance of stretch marks on her young teenage tummy which looked quite pregnant in Veronica’s opinion.

“Stop the car... I’ll approach. You back me up,” Veronica said.

Nick slowed down, pulling over into an open spot parallel to the sidewalk the suspect walked along. "Are you sure, Veronica... I could take point on this?"

Veronica shook her head and offered her partner an intense glare, one he'd seen many times over the years. "I'm not kidding, Nick... this dirtbag... if that's him... I wanna deal with it. He ruined this girl... seriously, ruined her somehow, and I wanna be the one to confront him."

Nick just shrugged, glancing back at Jody who beamed a simple smile in his direction. "Just be careful, who knows what drugs this guy may be on, if it's him."

Veronica nodded as she kicked open her door, hand on her gun as she stepped out onto the sidewalk. "Oh it's him... I can just smell it."

The funny thing, Veronica thought as she lowered her stance and quickly crept up closer behind the man walking away, was that she actually could smell something.

It wasn't body odor, nothing like she may have expected approaching a rather dirty looking man in cargo pants who'd clearly not changed his clothes in a day or so, who'd clearly spilt something all over those clothes and looked to have done plenty of brisk physical activity while wearing them.

No, she thought, sniffing the air. It wasn't body odor, and wasn't at all unpleasant. If anything it smelled like he had far too much of some potent weird cologne on, the smell actually spreading around him like an invisible cloud.

Sniffing more, she almost forgot to call out, her senses so piqued by the odor this suspect had. Shaking her head as he suddenly stopped walking, realizing he was being followed, Veronica took a breath and pulled her gun out.

"STOP, don't turn around," she shouted, staring at the man, smelling the man, feeling a bead of sweat form on her forehead.

Somewhere behind her, Nick crouched near some parked cars, watching his partner, waiting as she made the confrontation. Like her, he felt the strange lightheaded sensation from the stench in the air. He'd definitely call it a stench too, unlike Veronica. It was a powerful odor, a blend of so many odors he just about felt like he could identify, but not without taking his mind off the delicate confrontational situation.

"Did you assault a young girl earlier today, did you do what was done to Jody?" Veronica asked, angry, confused, feeling a serious lingering thought which threatened to overpower her usual cop thoughts, her typical basic precautions.

Brady turned, but only his head, cutting a glare at Veronica, curling his lips into a tooth baring grin. "Mmm... me fuck Jody pregnant... now me fuck you pregnant too!"

Veronica simply let the gun drop from her hands to the pavement as his words made her weak in the knees. She shook all over, blinking, running a hand up across her uniform, idly smoothing down her soft silky black hair.

"Hey... HEY!" Nick shouted, quickly pulling his own gun, catching up to where Veronica stood, watching as Brady turned and approached.

The smell was like a punch to the gut, Nick thought, and the smell was what knocked his own gun out of his hands.

"Mmm... I fuck now, fill baby maker... you play with Jody," Brady said, grinning.

Nick felt dizzy, confused, probably as confused as Veronica seemed letting Brady walk right up and slap a hand on her tits. He'd never seen his partner so vulnerable, never seen her strip open her uniform top so quickly, and never seen her eagerly giggle as a man pulled her bullet proof vest away, revealing her nice full breasts to his hungry gaze.

"Oh... unhhhh yesss," Veronica gasped as she was forcefully bent over the hood to her own patrol car moments later.

Fortunately they'd parked just off the main street, in a sort of alley that wasn't too seen by passing cars. Although she really wouldn't have cared, she thought, grinning, feeling nothing but desire, an eagerness for what she knew was coming, an acceptance that she was just another bitch for this man to breed.

"UNGHH!" Brady grunted, fucking Officer Veronica Bellington moments later, screwing her so hard her tits sloshed and slapped from side to side.

The rocking of the patrol car only made Veronica orgasm that much quicker, but then the rocking didn't only come from Brady's powerful thrusts into her from behind.

"Ungh, ohhh fuck yeah," Nick grinned, rear door of the patrol car open, standing between it and the car as he banged Jody like the teenage preggo slut she'd become today.

"Unh, unh... ohhhhh yeah," he groaned, grabbing the girl by her hips, slamming his dick deep into her thoroughly violated little pussy, staring into her slutty little stupid eyes, loving every second of the punishing thrusts he gave her.

"Oh, ohhhh mmmm... yes yesssss!" Veronica gasped, spasming from side to side moments later, feeling Brady pound her harder, harder,

faster, feeling his dick swell up bigger, stretching her insides more and more.

“Unghhh... ungh... me ungh... fill you now... shoot a load in you!” he grunted like a beast.

Veronica moaned and could only cry tears of pleasure as she felt the one time suspect fire first at her, something most officers never wanted to happen. She just giggled a girlish laugh and moaned. “Shots, unhhh... fired... shots fired...”

And just as Nick fired shots of his own into poor innocent Jody, Brady fired off a rapid fire series of shots, instantly spilling yet another impossible gallon of potent baby making seed inside Veronica, assuring the good officer of her own impending maternity leave from the Seeder’s Grove police force.

“Mmm...” Jody moaned, splayed on her back across the backseat of the patrol car, legs elevated, cum bubbling out her sore little pussy.

It was not that long after that Brady was gone, having wandered off to no doubt knock up another random citizen of Seeder’s Grove. Unfortunately for those citizens, the police might not be of much help... at least one pair of officers.

To anyone casually looking they might have just assumed Nick and Veronica were parked waiting for speeders, keeping watch on the main strip of shops downtown. Had they gotten any closer to see through the glare of the windshield they would have probably been stunned, seeing once professional by the book cop Veronica straddling Nick’s lap, impaling herself again and again, adding to the thick belly bloated padding of seed she already had fucked up inside her.

“Unh... unh... mmmm...” she moaned, gasping breathlessly, neither of them even aware which direction the suspect had gone, barely

more than just another pair of victims in his day long trail of
madness and mating mayhem.

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"There, now see, you gotta agree you look amazing, girl," Amber said, grinning as she excitedly ran up to hug Adrienne from behind.

Adrienne sighed, rolling her eyes. "It's a tank top, Amber... not a ballroom gown."

"Yeah but heh, look how nicely it shows off the twins here. I guarantee you, Evan will need more ballroom of his own after he gets a look at those babies."

Adrienne turned and glared at her bestie and roommate. "I thought you assured me he was shy... so why would he be looking?"

Amber rolled her eyes and laughed. "Because he's a guy, and because hell girl, those puppies look ready to breastfeed."

Shaking her head, having long since given up on stopping the horrible jokes with how clearly excited for their double date as Amber was, Adrienne just folded her arms. "Like I said, if he so much as lays a single finger below my neckline, if he spends more than half a sentence speaking to my chest... if this shy Evan even so much as gets mildly stiff in his pants... I swear I am out of that theater, Amber."

Amber frowned. "That's not very fair, I mean what red blooded male could even be around you and not get a stiffy?"

Adrienne pushed back her long length of silky brown hair, focused her intense pale eyes seriously on her golden blonde haired friend. "I'm pretty sure plenty of normal responsible guys can control themselves around me. Your father and your brother have been downright gentlemen last time we visited for a holiday or something."

Amber laughed. "Shows how observant you are, babe."

Adrienne raised an eyebrow, checking her makeup one last time before they were supposed to be picked up by Casey and Evan. "What are you talking about?"

"Hate to burst the bubble but last time we were there I caught my dad staring at your tits at least three separate times, and don't even get me started on my dear sweet baby brother."

Adrienne frowned looking at Amber. "What about him? He's always seemed nothing but sweet."

Amber nodded enthusiastically. "Oh sure, and always showing you off his camera huh, the fancy one Daddy gave him three years ago?"

Adrienne just stood and walked past Amber, shaking her head.

"Walked in on him enjoying some pictures he secretly took of you, Adrienne... and when I say enjoying, I mean..."

"ENOUGH," Adrienne said, pressing her hand over her face, pale pristine cheeks blushing red all over.

Amber shrugged. "I'm just saying guys are guys... sorta like dogs I guess, but there are good dogs and bad dogs."

"And Evan better be a good dog," Adrienne said, sighing. "Or else your little make out session with Casey is getting cut short, believe me."

"Fine... fine... whatever, trust me, we'll have a good time."

"And we'll be responsible, right, Amber?" Adrienne asked.

"Scouts honor, totally above the waist, nothing dirty," Amber said, rolling her eyes.

"You were never a scout, but I'll take the promise. Seriously, just calm down Amber, it's only kissing. I mean sure, we're pretty tame girls most of the time, your teasing about the most serious action either of us sees, but kissing is kissing. Once you've done it, not a lot changes."

Amber smiled as they heard a knock at the apartment door. "Sure, sure thing, but Casey said he learned this trick of swirling his tongue, something new he wanted to show me in the back of a dark theater."

Smoothing down her long soft brunette hair, Adrienne just adjusted the grey tank top she wore more up over her very large breasts, trying to ensure she showed as little cleavage as she had to when Amber went to open the door. "You know the words back of a dark theater should not sound like a turn on to you, Amber... but then I'm at a loss for what words aren't a turn on for you lately."

"Heeeeey, there's my man," Amber said, flashing a grin back at Adrienne as she pulled the taller lankier Casey in for a hug.

"Wow, hey, you look great tonight babe!" Casey said, glancing over at Adrienne, instantly darting his eyes down and up, then noticing the annoyed look she had.

"Oh stop," Amber said, playfully slapping his shoulder. "I always look great, and hi there Evan, nice to see you again."

Adrienne hated nothing more than being roped into social situations where she had no interest in being social with the one she was paired off with. Ever since she was a little girl and they forced the kids to pair off for dances in the school gym she'd felt little more than annoyance at the stigma of the situation, having to actually smile or pretend to have interest in someone she didn't know.

“Um... hi,” Evan sheepishly said, mostly looking at his feet as he shuffled in past Casey.

“This is your date tonight... I know, you can thank me later, Evan,” Amber chuckled.

Adrienne purposely elbowed Amber in the boob as she shifted past her to offer a hand to Evan. At least he was as Amber had assured her, quite shy, though as he took her hand and briefly looked up, she noted how his gaze definitely hesitated for a moment right at the deep line of cleavage this tank top showed off.

“Hi, ignore my friend,” Adrienne said. “I’ve heard this is a good movie we’re going to see.”

Amber leaned in and was already heavily kissing Casey, smacking little after kisses to his cheek as she looked up into his eyes.

“Who cares about the movie?” Casey grinned. “Let’s go so we can get our spots on the back row.”

Adrienne just sighed as Evan tried to stand taller than her, as the rather short boy did what she assumed was his best to seem like a gentleman. All she could think of as they walked out was Amber’s apparently pervy father and brother, those she’d assumed were actual respectful gentlemen... those Amber seemed to indicate were dogs just like every other guy around.

“This is gonna be fun, rated R fun, huh,” Amber teased in the car moments later, seated in the passenger seat but leaning over to rest her head on Casey’s shoulder as he drove off from their apartments towards the Seeder’s Grove Theater downtown.

“The movie’s rated PG-13,” Adrienne spoke up.

Amber just turned and whispered so only Adrienne could hear her.
“Who said I was talking about the movie, girl?”

Rolling her eyes, settling back in the backseat beside Evan, Adrienne folded her arms and tried to ignore how jiggling and sloshy her large breasts were with each bump in the road they passed over. She equally tried to ignore the occasional feeling of being stared at by Evan, the boy shy for sure, but definitely a red blooded male as Amber liked to call them.

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“UNGHH!” Brady grunted as he finally pulled out and let the popcorn girl slump to the floor unconscious.

He grinned as he thought in his primitive mind how he’d popped a lot more in her than she had in the nearby popcorn machine. Her young face was a mask of passed out pleasure, her long golden blonde hair swept partly into her eyes, her lips parted with each sighing breath she took, one hand seeming to instinctively caress her pregnant belly.

“Mmm...” she moaned softly as Brady started to walk off, hearing the voice of a woman approaching from one of the nearby darkened theaters.

“Kimberly, just stop complaining, mother daughter movie night has been a tradition since you were seven years old,” Sarah said.

“And I’m not seven anymore, Mom... I’m eighteen. I think it’s more important I spend my movie time with friends, right?”

Sarah sighed. “It’s important to me, I mean you’re growing up... before long you’ll have kids of your own. You’ll know what I mean.”

Kimberly made a dramatic rather childish point of rolling her eyes more than she had too, folding her arms tighter across her young chest, almost stomping her foot as she stopped and stood across the counter from but never seeing the passed out preggo looking popcorn girl who wasn’t much older than herself.

“Mother,” she said, in her serious voice. “I’m not even close to having kids... not even close,” she said.

Brady chose that moment to step from behind a large nearby cutout of an action movie star, grabbing young Kimberly by her shoulders

as her mother just widened her eyes in silent horror. "You're closer than you think... mmmm... come here!"

"Unh... wha... lemme go lemme... mmm..." Kimberly cried out, but dissolved quite quickly into guttural heavy breathing gasps, the smell of whoever had just grabbed her overpowering her teenage angsty attitude quite immediately.

"Kimberly... Kimberly... stop it," her mother shouted, watching as her usually independent daughter slowly curled her lips into a grin, as she thinned her suddenly unfocused eyes and instead of struggling leaned back into the man's chest.

"Mmmm... you watch, me fuck babies in daughter!" Brady said with a lick to his lips.

Kimberly simply smiled as Brady grabbed her across the chest, as he slapped a heavy hand against her young tits and squeezed the teenage flesh right up over her top, her tender nipples aching so perfectly as he dry humped her from behind.

She watched as her mother leapt forward, trying to pull her away from this man, watched as instantly the same smell she now basked in oozed over her mother like some invisible blob of lust. Kimberly then winked and nodded as her overprotective loving mother descended into a slutty grin just as whorish as hers, as the pair of them stopped struggling and instead started encouraging the beastly man behind her.

"Mmm... go on, mmm... have your way with my daughter," Sarah said, licking her lips, reaching out to slap at one of Kimberly's young tits, pausing only to pinch and fondle a hard little nipple.

"Oh yeah," Kimberly moaned, "fuck that big dick up my pussy, feed it all the thick sticky sperm you got, Mister."

Sarah moaned and licked her lips as she watched the strange man more than twice her daughter's age adjust himself, pull out a massive dick thicker than her wrist, nearly as thick as Kimberly's ankle, a regular cum dribbling tree trunk. She then nodded as he lifted Kimberly up and perched her atop it.

"Do it... fucking breed my baby girl, breed her like a little bitch!" Sarah grinned, sliding her hands up and down her own body, popping her shirt open, reaching in, massaging her tits as Kimberly began to orgasm almost instantly the second Brady shoved her down by the shoulders, impaling the virgin teen on his fat thickness.

"Ohhhh fuck, ohhhh fuck yessssssss!" Kimberly screamed, and were it not for the loud movies playing in nearby theaters, hundreds of patrons probably would have heard the very first climax young Kimberly had ever had.

"Unh... unh... unghhh..." Kimberly moaned as Brady literally fucked her up and down like a rag doll, grinning maniacally as he stepped over beside Sarah, slapping a hand across the mother's chest, pinching and pulling at her nipples as he grunted and groaned.

"Do it... do it, breed the fuck out of her... fucking knock the little slut up," Sarah grinned, speaking through clenched teeth, loving the degradation to her only daughter, loving the sheer fact that she could see Brady's big fat cock punching up into her little girl's womb, could see that indentation outward on every penetration, each time Brady bounced Kimberly against him.

"Oh, unh... ohhhhh," Kimberly moaned, eyes rolling back until she couldn't see, body tingling and aching so good she gasped and nearly passed out.

Brady just grunted, looking into Sarah's eyes as he felt his balls tighten, as he felt what he'd now lost count of the number of times

today he'd felt it, another record blasting cum bursting explosion inside a tight fertile little womb.

"UNGHH!" he grunted, and Kimberly went completely limp against him.

Sarah grinned, knowing what the man was doing, wanting it so badly for herself, watching eagerly as Kimberly's little belly ballooned outward from the pressure of clearly a gallon or more of sticky baby making fluid getting pumped balls deep inside her unprotected little pussy.

"Oh fuck yeah, you ruined her, ruined the snotty little brat, mmm... now do me too," she moaned, quickly spinning around and bending over the counter, for the first time noticing the passed out popcorn girl on the floor.

Brady nodded, grinning as he practically drooled desire, his sweat only pouring out more of the powerful scent he'd been overdosed with, the fertility treatments Seeder's Grove Research Center would never realize had been more than just fully tested on plenty of humans that day.

It was barely a matter of minutes later that Sarah gasped, jaw dropped, massive O face unable to make an actual sound as she felt more pleasure than her marriage ever had brought her, as she felt Brady's dick still sloppy with her daughter's juices slam into her like a horse cock, burying itself beyond limits within her womb, battering and beating her insides as much as she had hoped it would.

She lost consciousness before he even came, but could already imagine waking up to the fat pregnant dome of white her little girl was going to wake to, plotting and planning to enjoy more mother daughter time as they both raced the next nine months to delivery together.

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"I can't believe they didn't have anyone working the popcorn counter out there," Amber said.

"Uh hey babe, you want a salty snack, heh, that can be arranged," Casey grinned, leaning in beside her.

Adrienne just rolled her eyes, slumping back in her theater seat, folding her arms until she realized that only pressed her big boobs out more into the skimpy grey tank top.

"Oooh, ya wanna fill my mouth with something warm and salty?" Amber whispered back, snuggling in next to Casey, earning a glare from Adrienne beside her, Evan on the far side of Adrienne seeming content to stare awkwardly at the previews running on the big theater screen.

"Amber come on... are you seriously gonna even tease like that?" Adrienne whispered.

"What? I'm talking about his tongue, you knew I was wanting to get some quality make out time, girl... we spent all day talking about it."

"Spent all day learning what a prospective slut you apparently are becoming," Adrienne said a bit louder than intended, Evan dropping his jaw and looking at her upon hearing the word slut.

Amber blushed a bit, pushing some golden blonde out of her face as she glanced at both Casey and Evan looking in at the both of them. "Heh, uh... how bout it Casey, ever wanted to make out with a slut?"

Casey grinned, his sense of humor just as perverse as Amber's was, the perfect pair Adrienne thought. Of course then Evan would seem to have discovered her own perfect pair as she'd leaned to one side just enough to pull her grey tank top askew and show off the massive jokes her own DNA had played on her.

As the theater lights lowered even more, Casey and Amber began sloppily making out, little smacks and noises of muffled moans and giggles giving away that obviously none of this movie would be enjoyed for the story between the two of them.

Even at least had done nothing forceful, nothing inexcusable, and made no move to put his arm around Adrienne, not that she could blame the guy. He was as embarrassed by his roommate it seemed as she was by hers.

Strangely they might have more in common than even Amber had given them credit for, but Amber wasn't certainly gonna weigh in on the vote, not with her tongue battling Casey's for some bizarre deep throat the other competition they apparently were having.

It was barely fifteen minutes into the movie when Adrienne raised her nose, smelling the most peculiar smell, realizing quickly that it wasn't popcorn, though somehow did have a slightly salty scent to it.

She felt a little lightheaded just breathing in more through her nose, finding it at first a pleasant distraction to focus on, something other than the lip smacking slobbering make out noises of Amber and Casey.

The fascination though passed as she realized the smell was almost wrong somehow, like the smell of gasoline or glue, a smell that was opening up her nasal passages and making her a bit dizzy.

"Do you smell... um... never mind," she started to whisper towards Evan, realizing she really didn't need to get the guy more chatty than he clearly was comfortable with. Inevitably all chatting would do was provide more opportunities for him ogling her breasts and for whatever reason right now Adrienne was almost finding that prospect appealing.

Shaking her head, trying to clear her thoughts, confused, Adrienne instead just shifted uncomfortably in the theater seat, taking note of the simple fact hardly anyone had shown up to this showing.

It was odd, now that she thought about it, this being opening night and all. It was supposed to be a popular movie and yet other than the four of them, there really were only a small scattering of individuals seated much closer down toward the screen.

Blinking, feeling the strange odor waft right into her face even more, Adrienne swayed back and forth, her eyes losing focus for a moment. She'd noticed other things, she thought, like what Amber mentioned about nobody working the popcorn counter. She couldn't recall ever seeing the lobby of the theater so empty. Even during the ride to the theater, there'd been a distinct lack of activity on the streets, less cars, almost as though everyone around had better things to do, things not seen, things off somewhere private.

"Mmm... mmphhh..." Amber moaned, pressing her lips against Casey's, the two of them behaving like horny kids, when really they should be beyond such things.

Adrienne realized if anyone should be doing things off somewhere more private, it was her bestie and roommate, the tall lanky boyfriend she nearly choked with her tongue.

"Mmm..." Adrienne moaned, jumping a little as she heard herself, realizing just brushing a hand across her own chest had brought the reaction.

Fortunately Evan hadn't noticed, actually seeming interested in the movie on the big screen. Adrienne bit her bottom lip and looked down into her cleavage, into her fat pillowy white puppies as Amber too often called them.

She'd never wanted to be some busty slut, Adrienne thought, but genetics seemed to have different things in mind. She shook her head at how easily she'd actually thought the word slut. She was definitely not a slut, nothing of the sort, always focused on her education, her college courses, even now that she was taking them online.

Amber was the same really, though clearly had fallen hard for Casey the matter of months they'd been dating. Still, they were good girls, good... not... not naughty, Adrienne thought, breathing in that potent smell, feeling as though whatever caused it lingered somewhere in the shadows behind her.

"I... I'll be right back," she finally said out loud in mostly a gasp.

Standing up, Adrienne made her way past the frantically making out horny pair of Amber and Casey. She glanced over only briefly at Evan, enough to see him flash a quick look right down her deep plunging cleavage.

She smiled. Why did she smile as she caught him checking her tits out? And why did she just proudly think of them as tits?

Adrienne shook her head, rubbing her eyes as she started the short distance back to the darkened door that would exit the theater. She needed some air... maybe a drink of water. She needed to clear her head.

It was at the moment she looked up from rubbing her eyes that Adrienne realized there was someone standing there in front of the exit, a dark silhouette of some man who seemed rather crazed and heavily breathing.

The scent only got more powerful the closer she got, the nearer she became to this strangely silent man who stood in complete darkness

staring at her, breathing so heavily his chest heaved and arm muscles flexed.

“Um... excuse me,” Adrienne started to whisper, the man stepping forward, practically walking right into her.

One of his hands swung up and before Adrienne could even say another word, before she could even think what word to say, her mind swirling, he’d smacked that hand right down against her chest, the slap of her fat flesh so audible it echoed throughout the darkened theater.

“Oh...” she gasped, stumbling a bit, finding it hard to think clearly, breathing heavily in panic, breathing deeply of that potent smell she now realized seemed to somehow emanate off of this quiet brooding man.

Whoever he was, he just grunted a grin and lifted both hands, slapping up and down rapidly, beating her fat tits like a drum, chuckling as he saw her gasp and moan quite suddenly.

“Oooh... wha... why... mmmm...” Adrienne whimpered, giving into the unwanted pleasure such touches pushed into her usually responsible mind.

She actually arched her back as he stopped pounding her tits like bongos and instead started groping them, stepped up to her and actually began massaging her breasts, tugging her tank top, stretching it wider, shoving her bra and tank top down so both big boobs could escape into total freedom.

In the darkness of the theater it was still difficult to tell exactly what this man looked like, and it was equally as difficult for him to see just how massive her young tits were, big floppy fun bags as Amber had once teased her.

Yet both of them knew they could see enough when Adrienne saw the lingering look in his almost glowing eyes, as he leaned in close to her and whispered something only a perverse mind more warped than Amber even would ever conceive of saying.

"You make babies hungry... lemme give you babies to suckle all this milk!"

It was a brutish raspy whisper, his voice like some sort of creature from a horror movie, and yet Adrienne only grinned, feeling the smell saturate her brain, settle in her thoughts like a blanket of material so thick it masked her responsible normal thoughts.

Instead of backing away, instead of shouting to get Amber's attention, instead of kicking this man in the balls and getting out of there, Adrienne only nodded and licked her lips, whispering back.

"Unh... yeah... mmm... yeah, breed me... whoever you are... mmm... just breed me."

The smell was more potent than ever as Adrienne actually led the man with her, walking back towards the back of the back row seats, leaning over her very own seat, startling Evan as he suddenly jerked his gaze from the screen and saw her pendulous fat breasts swaying loose beside his head.

Amber and Casey were so busy making out with their eyes closed they didn't see a thing, but Evan saw everything, and Adrienne merely licked her lips and tossed her long silky brown hair to one side, whispering toward the shy boy.

"Mmm... psst... Evan, go ahead and see if you can milk these puppies... squeeze `em, suck `em, mmm... do whatever you like to `em, while unh... my friend here breeds me."

If Evan were going to continue being shy, he definitely showed no indication of it, having been breathing in the smell as long as Adrienne had, having been unknowingly succumbing to the same enhanced fertility side effects that they all had.

Casey and Amber had become more vocal in their making out, more fervently sucking face, but even they looked up the moment that brutish man in the back of the theater pressed his monstrous cock into Adrienne from behind, pausing only long enough to let her realize what was about to happen, then stabbing balls deep on one stretched out sudden penetration.

“Ohhhhhh yesssssss!” Adrienne shrieked, and several others in the theater looked back, Amber and Casey taking a breather to glance over, both of their eyes clouded with as much lust as Adrienne felt.

“Damn girl... guess you just took this date up to an NC-17 rating huh?” Amber giggled, licking her lips, then lowering her eyes and diving at Casey’s crotch, their arousal completely out of control with the theater trapping in all that potent smell.

As others tried to come back and leave, as they tried to look away from the grunting man slamming his thick dick deep into Adrienne again and again, they inevitably fell victim to the cloud of lust, to the desires running rampant, to the same desires that had been spreading like a plague across Seeder’s Grove.

“Ungh... ungh... mmm...” Brady grunted, holding Adrienne by her perfect hourglass hips, listening to the little rattle of her loosened and dropped jeans as she bent over the back of the theater seat. He glanced over at Evan, the boy reaching up with both hands, cupping and squeezing each of Adrienne’s big boobs, crushing the base of her fat flesh again and again, sliding his tight grip down towards her thick nipples, seeming well practiced with how to handle a soon to be milky moo cow like her.

“Oh oh yesss, mmmm... yes yes, ohhhhh fuck yeah,” Adrienne cried out, eyes going wide as both Brady buried his dick into the deepest recesses of her womb and Evan pulled down rather painfully stretching the both of her tits.

With her tank top around her waist, her jeans around her knees, Adrienne was being the fat titted slut she now knew on some deep level she always had been. She’d been a slutty moo cow, just as Amber had joked about. And something told her she was gonna see just how slutty a moo cow she could be before the credits rolled on that screen ahead.

As Amber now straddled Casey, moaning as she pushed his dick inside her, others around the theater were paired off, rutting like animals, everyone ignoring the movie which probably was quite worthy of their time and money.

All Adrienne could wonder about was if she was worthy of time and money, if she could sell herself on the streets, if she and Amber could be bestie whores for men like the one inside her, for grunting neanderthals who just wanted to seed and breed her, to fuck load after load inside her tight little pussy.

“UNGHH!” Brady grunted, rapidly pounding Adrienne harder, faster, her tits slapping wildly around when Evan wasn’t giving them both a squeeze or suckle.

Adrienne nearly lost her mind as Evan started biting her nipples, started forcing inches of tit flesh into his mouth, locking his lips around, licking, swallowing, slurping like a needy baby.

She fully did lose her mind she felt moments later when the grunting of the man behind her reached a new volume, his hands moving from her hips and shoving Evan away for a moment, reaching up to violently grab and grope her huge tits.

“UNGH, ungh ungh ungh...” Brady snarled, lifting Adrienne by her tits, slamming her cunt onto his cock so fast it nearly hurt him, knowing it was driving even deeper into her abused and battered little womb.

“Oh... ohhhhhh, ohhhhhh fuck fuck fuck!” Adrienne shouted, tingling all over, nerves exploding into pleasure which she swore caused flashes of light in her vision.

Brady crushed her tits harder than any man had ever done, harder than Adrienne had ever imagined she was capable of handling, and as he slammed his thickness up balls deep inside her, nearly dislocating her hips, he snarled out more aggressively than even a rabid dog would.

“Make babiessssss...” he hissed. “Make milk!”

Adrienne trembled in a half seizure half mind blowing orgasm, the man’s dick spasming and unloading, exploding eruptions of thick sperm so deep inside her she felt like she might choke it out at any moment. Swaying limply in his grip, she actually felt spatters of something spraying up and hitting the underside of her chin and for a moment she somehow thought he’d actually shot so big a load it went right through her.

Only when she settled down, his massive load distending her belly, bloating out her flat tummy, did Adrienne realize the wet spatters were coming from her nipples.

Slumping limp in his powerful arms, Adrienne looked down at his fists clenched tight around her tits, yanking them violently up and down with his climax. She stared at her nipples so swollen and abused, so ceaselessly enjoyed by Evan the entire time she was getting fucked. She stared at the way her nipples were spastically shooting off ever thickening sprays of milk over and over.

“Ohhhh yessss...” Adrienne moaned in a hazy whispering slow motion loss of consciousness.

The world of that darkened theater seemed to fade as the man pulled his massive dick free from her, as he dropped her and let her fall practically numb over the back of her theater seat. In the final fleeting moments of overwhelming pleasure, Adrienne watched the man grab Amber and pull her off Casey’s spurting cock, watched him stab a thick hard cock of his own much deeper inside her, and watched Amber’s eyes roll back to all white as she just went along for the ride.

The next thing Adrienne was aware of was a smaller but no less welcome cock entering her from behind, Casey seeming as horny as ever, grunting as he humped her from behind.

Adrienne wasn’t even sure how much time had passed but the movie lights had come back up, the screen no longer lighting the darkened space. Below her hanging silky brown hair she saw Evan’s face appear, his mouth open, plenty of milk spilling out as he licked his lips and swallowed, then grinned and yanked her by the tits back toward his face.

To one side she saw Amber, passed out with a blissful smile, her own belly every bit as big, just as big as the other women around the theater.

The sounds of grunting could be heard, but nothing so animalistic or strong as that man who’d brought this smell into the theater, who’d created the chaotic orgy that seemed to mindlessly take place now.

“Unhhh... fuck... and that’s unh... load number three for me,” Casey chuckled. “Your turn, man.”

Adrienne cooed with a fresh flood of sticky hot seed, then blinked and looked around, realizing Evan wasn’t making a move to get

behind her. Instead, she saw a line of men she didn't know... most of them theater goers, a few of them theater staff from the uniforms.

Every one of them had a mindless blissful look of lust in their eyes, and as the next man in line rammed his dick deep into her from behind, Adrienne let loose a moan she knew had them all harder than ever, a moan she knew Amber would find amusing were she conscious to hear it.

"Mmmmmmmooooooooo!" Adrienne moaned, happily bred, happily milked, just a happy little horny slut, like she somehow knew she always would be now that she'd met that mystery man in the back of a dark theater who changed her life.

As Adrienne was fucked and filled again and again all throughout the night, as every man took a turn squeezing thickening geysers of milk out her massive tits, stretching and enjoyably abusing her, elsewhere a wandering loner named Brady continued on his way.

By the time he passed the Now Leaving Seeder's Grove sign, Brady had probably fucked and knocked up a hundred women, impossibly never softening, feeling his intelligence continually dull as he became a literal monster to his desires. They were desires he spread with every cloud of lust he carried with him, his body so flooded with the experimental fertility treatments that each orgasm he had, each bead of sweat he formed, strained more of that mutated treatment into those around him.

Seeder's Grove had always been a perfectly sized town, at least until a new Seeder entered the Grove, a seeder named Brady on a newfound journey across the country. He was a one man breeder, and thanks to him Seeder's Grove would probably be far from the last town to experience a literal population inflation.

The End

**If you enjoyed this work of Kreme,
please consider one of the following works of Kreme:**

[Darwin's Unfortunate Law](#)

Kreme Kustom Single, Book 46

When Darwin Darius meets an attractive woman, he can fall head over heels... but then a rich middle-aged man can't change an often selfish arrogant woman's mindset with wealth alone. On a day when everything seems to be going wrong, Darwin's Unfortunate Law will be faced by several attractive women, minds and bodies twisted in ways of a quite unnatural selection.

[Anger MOO-nagement](#)

Kreme Kustom Single, Book 41

Focused, sober, Darwin is out on the town seeking a friendly Asian woman, assuming dignity and respect will be inherent in them. Unfortunately for him, Aki is too focused on practicing her dart game, and the hot model he finds at a nearby car show is repulsed, having been ogled all evening. What neither knows is that sometimes he gains control in kinky ways.

SINtendo Gimbo Game Girl

Forced to have a babysitter while his parents are out of town, eighteen year old Gavin and his best friend Lane are bored out of their mind. When Lane brings over a game system he swiped from his cousin, everything changes, for the boys and especially their frumpy babysitter where Lizi will soon be screaming YES in ways never imagined.

Kimmy's Big Debut

Beautiful, bright and talented, Kimberly's destined to perform, to be in front of an audience, to have people applauding her, whether it's singing, acting, or anything else she sets her mind to. When the most challenging role she ever has acted leads her to a place in a bad part of town looking for inspiration and a fitting costume, will Kimberly get into character... or will the character be her?

Darwin's Law and the Audacious Auditor

Kreme Kustom Single, Book 48

Darwin Darius had wealth and power, yet a woman never fell for him. He did his best to manage the anger at failing in the game of love, until finally he accepted a better game... lust. Today he'll deal with a mother and her princess daughter, but mainly he'll find himself teaching an audacious auditor what crunching the numbers in her favor can do to a girl.

Piper's Bank Heist Bust

Kreme Kustom Single, Book 27

Piper Perkins is one of fifteen unfortunate bank patrons and employees, bound tightly to a chair, no hope at escape while three bank robbers empty the vault. However, Piper has a unique and unconventional talent. Years ago she first discovered she could manipulate the size of her breasts. While the particulars are largely unknown to her, the ability is real. Can she use it to escape?

Rubbing More than the Lamp

Kreme Kustom Single Book #49

Greg's dad is a smart guy, the curator for a locally based traveling museum on world cultures. Of course Greg thinks the smartest move he made was marrying Courtney in recent years, a cute, shy, Asian Fascinated by Courtney, Greg is a homebody, spending his college summers around the house with nothing to occupy himself other than idle fantasies about her. When he decides a distraction is in order while his dad is out of town, checking a package that arrived for the museum leaves Greg face to ghostly face with an actual genie that offers him three wishes Sometimes though, getting everything you wished for can be too much to handle.

The New Bitches of Theta Nu

Kreme Kustom Single Book #54

Beth is determined to solve a mystery, to break the story behind Theta Nu sorority. Pledging along with fellow freshmen best friends, Melanie and Willa, Beth gets more than she bargained for as a night of mysterious hazing has the girls howling by dawn. Belinda is Queen Mother Bitch of Theta Nu, and sadly hazing isn't as fun as it used to be, but for Beth and the girls to join their 'pack' as she calls them, all will have to spend one night in nearby Lupine National Forest. Mysteries about the forest are as strange as ones about Theta Nu, but all will collide in unexpected ways as Beth and her friends learn what it's like to be The New Bitches of Theta Nu.

About Kris P. Kreme:

Kris P. Kreme is an author of online erotica, having written hundreds of stories in every theme imaginable for the past ten years. His work, like his name, is fresh and hot daily, leaving readers often glazed to their seats with what twist and turn the tale will take next.

Comedic stories or tales of horror, you will find something of all genres to appeal to every possible mood or kink.

Kris is most famously known not just for mind control erotica, but breast expansion, bimbo-creating, slut-making, and even giantess tales and comics. Whether you are wanting a simple story of overwhelming seduction of innocence or a tale with legend and myth, where everything from demons, leprechauns, or even the Easter Bunny make an appearance, you can find a bit of everything served up from Kris P. Kreme.

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