

Breeding Botanically
A Hucow Story
by Violet Kirkwood

Melanie took a deep breath. The nuances of recycled air usually eluded people. Nearly every other person who went from one space station to another assumed they breathed the same one to four mix of oxygen and nitrogen. Melanie knew better. Which, to be fair, was her job. An atmospheric botanist would be rather useless if she didn't pay particular attention to the air quality.

The reasons aside, she could sense strange new things in the air. The ratio was tweaked with a higher nitrogen content which infused the humidity. Her colleagues would likely complain about their clothes feeling clingy or gripe about headaches as even the greenhouse workers usually experienced a lower humidity threshold outside of particular hothouses. Beyond the basic chemical composition, Melanie caught hints of floral aromas that scratched through her scent memory trying to find a place where they belonged. They wouldn't succeed. She had trained her mind well, and until she could see the olfactory offending plant in front of her, she would leave that scent scrambling to find something to belong to.

“Excited?”

Melanie nearly jumped out of her skin. Barro might as well have appeared out of thin air, yet there he was beside her, grinning affably and making her stomach flip over itself several times. After four years together in the program, she was no better at withstanding his soft smile than the day that they met. If anything, she'd lost ground as they'd gotten to know one another. It was easier to write off ineffable charm if she knew the guy was a prick who signed on as a botanist to meet girls (which was something she didn't think had ever actually happened). Since he wasn't a prick and actually bested her on some exams, it made it more difficult to control her gymnastics inclined organs while in his presence.

“Who wouldn't be?” Melanie chirped with genuine disbelief.

“Most normal people,” added a third voice — Seral. It was difficult to think of a fellow scientist as a rival, or at least it didn't come naturally to Melanie. But if she had one, it was Seral. Maybe no one ever joined with the Botany Corps for the sole purpose of meeting a life partner, but plenty of people joined for political reasons. Seral, with her white hair, turquoise eyes, and glintskin had seemed to be firmly in the political path. The Botany Corps often produced colony governors due to the high demands of shifting rough terraformed planetoids into human sustainable agricultural centers. Those governorships in turn often led to dynastic control of food supplies at the least, and it was very common for families to essentially own entire planets.

Seral herself had come from the Herassian House, the fourth daughter of Duke Johan Herassian. Melanie assumed Seral thought she had better chances of advancing in status by striking out on her own rather than bartering through a political marriage and settling down as a lesser noble in one of Herassian House's quadrants. Instead, Seral submitted her application to the experimental research division even before Melanie finished the paperwork. It was only then that Melanie appreciated that while she and Barro had been jockeying for first place in their year, Seral had spent the whole time nipping at their heels.

Melanie looked at her de facto rival and attempted to meet Seral's absolute beauty with a confident smile, even while obsessing about how close Seral stood to Barro and the infuriating way that they looked perfect together. Melanie didn't have the benefit of a noble house's genetics. She was plain-skinned with an off-pinkish color. She kept her brown hair cropped close and wore glasses instead of having optic rejuvenation in part because she hated the brown of her eyes.

The only place that she might compete with Seral was in form. Melanie had the body of a Ionian soil-worker, that is to say, she had hips and some weight in her chest. Seral's figure was slender and wispy, designed for space hopping and easy living. She was almost certainly tank born as her mother wouldn't have been biologically capable of carrying her without significant risk of death. Melanie tried not to think about how it would feel to be raised in the high society culture, where physical touch was almost taboo. On the other hand, she thought that might give her another advantage in winning Barro's attention.

Not that she wanted it. No, such flights of fancy distracted her from her work. That was why she was on EX-ST-04. To progress the reach of humanity's understanding of alien flora. Not to get caught in the daydream squabbles of a jealous girl.

Four others joined them in the waiting area. Melanie kept to her own thoughts while Seral and Barro whispered to one another. Melanie didn't know any of the other newcomers. From the orientation materials, she'd learned their names and that most of them had come up from different academies. They all had other specializations than she did, so she didn't view them as competition. Plenty of the other brilliant scientists already working at the station would give her enough to strive against anyway.

"I'm a bit nervous, actually," Barro said, loud enough to draw Melanie into the conversation. "They handle some dangerous stuff here. I know we have the training, but you hear the horror stories."

"Horror stories?" Melanie asked.

Seral rolled her eyes. "You know. Like at least one new student per year is eaten by *carnivorous alaska*. Even though the flower takes ten years to digest a meal, the paralytic is ineffective against humans, and the flower casing is weaker than paper. I could punch my way out of it, and my natural habitat is a fainting couch." Her joke fell flat as Barro's posture stiffened.

"*Dorlasis* poisoning happened the first day last year. Non-fatal, but you wish it was. A single nettle getting into the skin is enough to cause every nerve ending in your body to scream in pain," Barro said. "In the following three months, five other incidents were logged with the medical services. One of which was a *jungian fulgaris* infestation."

"Oh my god," Melanie said, "really?!" From the look of horror on Barro's face, she

quickly realized that it wasn't the time for scientific interest. "I mean, that's horrible, but...come on, Barro, aren't you a little curious?"

"Mel, that fungus causes every hair follicle on the human body to start producing mushrooms. Left untreated, they slowly use up the host body. Do you want to be eaten alive by fungus?"

Seral huffed, "It's also easily treated. To let it get to the fungal stage, you'd have to ignore mushrooms growing out of your eyebrows."

"There are reports of the mines where it developed. People would go lost and suddenly huge crops of mushrooms would show up," Mel said. "I read a paper talking about ethical consumption of *fulgaris* fungi, presuming it was harvested from people, that is."

Barro looked on the verge of being sick, but was saved from any further discussion of dangerous plant life by the sound of decontamination filters turning off. A soft chime sounded from speakers overhead, "Welcome to Experimental Station Designate Zero-Four. Please follow all security protocols during your visit. You will be greeted shortly." The tone chimed again, and the message repeated in another language. Before it finished the five official languages used in communications, the door they'd all be staring at opened. A harried looking young man wearing a gray smock and pruning gloves waved impatiently at them to follow.

"Here we go," Melanie said and hurried off to be first. Barro followed with Seral right behind him.

"Don't worry," Seral whispered to both of them, "so long as we don't inhale a single spore for the next eight years, we'll get out of here without having our organs replaced by nutrient paste producing tubers."

Despite herself, Melanie giggled.

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Their group walked down a long narrow corridor until they reached a large circular room that forked out into the numerous habs and greenhouses. Their guide altered their course slightly to one of the branches, and they started passing through more conventionally terra styled halls. Melanie saw meeting rooms, lecture halls, and cluttered offices tucked in between. Eventually they came to a second junction where a woman was in animated conversation with two men in blue jumpsuits. The group came to a stop and waited until the woman dismissed the men with a wave of her hand. She wheeled around, and Melanie was suddenly face to face with her hero, Dr. Jessilan Anhari.

"This is the new batch?" Anhari asked. The suddenly much meeker young man that had led them gave a nod before slipping away. Anhari's wild eyes roved over the newcomers. She had one eye that was vibrantly pink while the other was a natural green. Melanie read once that Anhari lost an eye when a *necropomp* pod ruptured, throwing twenty razor thin spines directly

into the woman's face. Extracting one was excruciating, twenty might kill the patient from pain shock. With half a dozen lodged in her eye, Anhari had opted to remove the eye altogether, which was a more or less routine procedure in an established hospital. Naturally, Anhari removed the eye herself on a feral planetoid using field equipment. Supposedly she kept the eye on her desk, *necropomp* spines and all.

The new bio-optic was no less discerning than her natural eye. Anhari let her gaze linger on each of the arrivals for an uncomfortable few seconds. Barro stood with his chest puffed out, Seral met the inquisitorial glare with a fierce glare of her own, and Melanie grinned like an idiot. Anhari paused in front of her. Her artificial eye turned freely in its socket looking back at Barro and then at Seral while the natural eye stayed fixed on Melanie. Anhari took a deep, slow inhale and her grim set features faltered for a fraction of a second as the strange eye locked back into place. "You're Melanie K'satchi."

All the moisture fled Melanie's mouth and turned her voice into a raspy whisper, "Yes."

"You wrote the paper on *kernel poppies*. I shared it out to the station. I'll arrange for you to meet with Dr. Learnly. He's taken your paper and started running with it. He has an idea to alter the approach to growing organic computation arrays that you probably won't understand, but since it piggybacks off your initial research you have earned a consult. The method you employed, interfacing the plants directly into a data slate, is not an approved method for students at your level of study. Who allowed it?"

Color rose in Melanie's cheeks. She'd faced an ethics board and had numerous near misses that could have ended her career in regards to her research methods. "No one, professor. I did it without permission, but I remained within operational rules for isolating rogue intelligences."

Anhari folded her arms. "One too many spores from those plants could have turned your brain into a mechanite mush. We have safety protocols for a reason." Anhari took a step back and addressed the group at large. "I assume you all know who I am, so I do not feel the need to waste time establishing why I am in charge of this research station. You may call me professor. In the course of your work here over the next decade, each of you will come to know that I have high expectations and that I am not stingy with praise when it is deserved. An invitation to work here is earned, no exceptions. Every person you meet in this facility is a genius in their own right. When you arrived you saw me speaking Armond and Glansai, two of our mechanics. If for one moment you think yourself smarter than either of them, know that they have an education in mechanical systems that equals your own. More importantly, know that without their diligent work, the entire station would succumb to the defenses of alien flora within hours. My first lesson to you all is respect. Respect your superiors, your colleagues, and respect the organisms we keep on this station.

"Secondly, know that mistakes *will* happen," her artificial eye widened to emphasize the point. "You will spend most of the first two years of your residency learning how everything in this facility can co-opt or kill you. Safety protocols will be drilled into you until you repeat them

in your sleep. As first years, you will be assisting in experiments with senior researchers working with class one prohibited xeno material. A single plant of class one materials is enough to zombify an entire planet. We are the only station that houses all five classes of PXM. Work hard and stay alive, and you will be allowed to participate in those high levels of research.

“Now, follow me. We will have a brief tour and perhaps your first lesson,” Anhari smirked.

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Over the next three hours, Melanie had her entire view of applicable botany turned on its head. Professor Anhari showed them plants that rooted specifically in iron, plants that would only grow under specific patterns of light coordinated throughout a ten hour cycle, and plants that grew specifically in the blood of mammalian species from a proto-planet with a high mercury content in the soil. Each room left Melanie bursting with questions, but Anhari goaded them onward as soon as she finished each snippet of explanation.

It quickly became clear why the professor didn't waste time. The labs seemed to go on forever. Between the more experimented oriented rooms were sizable nurseries, each specialized for holding a different kind of plant. Anhari didn't take them in to all of the ones they passed, but the open windows allowed the newcomers to openly gawk at the splendor of vegetation on display. They finally came to a stop in front of a nursery which contained dozens of rows of swollen, white bulbs that looked like very distant relatives of tulips. The pause in the tour was due to Anhari needing to address some other pressing issue. While she spoke to someone on the base voice network, Melanie and the others had a chance to process all they had seen and to steal a few minutes to rest their feet. Each of them hurried to attention as Anhari returned, as none of them wished to seem lax in their attention. Melanie was slowest to get back to a standing attention, so her stomach flipped yet again as Anhari's eye found her.

“This nursery contains *sponte concitationis*,” she told the group. “Can anyone tell me the primary extract's purpose?”

Seral raised her hand and answered after a nod from the professor, “The primary extract is commonly known as enzyme sigma-null-five. It is a key component in numerous cosmetics and hormone regulation pharmaceuticals, of particular note being a component in natal ordinance.”

“In layman's terms?”

Seral flushed, which caused her glitterskin to glint in a rapid pattern, like a school of fish trying to shock away a predator. “The enzyme is utilized to provoke a response from arousal systems in most mammals. It could be called an aphrodisiac.”

“Could be and, for those of us not overly worried about saying the wrong thing, usually is,” Anhari said. “The enzyme is derived from processing the leaves of those bulbs you see in there. We are one of four authorized facilities to grow and process enzyme sigma-null-five. Would anyone like to venture a guess as to what would happen if the raw plant were introduced

to a mammal dominated world?”

“Rampant invasive behavior,” one of the other newcomers said. “By hijacking the Mammalia class as a vector for its own reproduction, *sponte concitationis* could rapidly out-compete all other vegetation.”

“Which is bad because?”

Barro answered, “The spread doesn’t account for how humans sustain themselves. By choking out crops, food supply dwindles and eventually reaches a critical mass where the entire system collapses. It’s an example of Huey’s Entropy, where humanity’s control over our environment ultimately leads to its failure.”

“Very good,” Anhari said. “As a result of their potential danger, many details of this plant and similar plants are kept highly classified. Though you will work with them in the future, unless you become specialized to handle this specific genus, you will never be given the full details of how they work. For example, you are all probably aware that natal ordinance causes an elevation of libido as well as developing sexual characteristics of the target species. You probably don’t know that it is regularly used on human settlements. Colonies and seed worlds inevitably approach Huey’s Entropy. For the proliferation of the species, they must be nudged over that ecosystem’s fail point in order to push them into a larger environment.”

She clapped her hands and turned to face Melanie. “You three. Follow me. The rest of you wait here.”

Anhari led Melanie, Barro, and Seral around to the side of the nursery. She keyed in a code, they stepped into a decontamination room and then through to the nursery. An unfamiliar, but pleasant scent washed over Melanie as she hesitantly breathed in the air of a room filled with dangerous plants. Anhari went to the side of the room and pressed a button near the window. The onlookers vanished as the window went solid black. Anhari scanned the room for a second before moving to a row of particularly large bulbs and calling the others to follow.

“We often recruit students who have known each other for years of study already. Occasionally in my tenure, those students bring a batch of trouble with them. Professional resentment or jealousy are rare as you are taught from early on in your education to be cooperative rather than competitive. However, personal feelings are not accounted for. Now, the type of personalities this level of study attracts tend to be rather socially awkward, so in large part it is a self remedying issue. Still, when those issues do appear, it is better to prune them back before they grow any further.”

Melanie looked at the others while trying to control her panic. Were they about to be dismissed? And only based on some perceived jealousy? Sure, she liked it when Barro smiled at her, but she would never risk her career over it. Even if thinking that did make a little part of her deeply sad. “Professor, we’re all just friends. Friendly rivals...maybe,” she quieted as both Barro and Seral shot her worried looks.

Anhari tapped her eye. “Do you know what’s special about this eye? It can record and process visual information independent of my own mind before presenting it to me in a summary visual memory. It has been trained on billions of hours of video and psychological dissertations. And its conclusions are correct about forty percent of the time. The reason for that is that humans are very clever animals. Each person has a unique way of saying the exact same thing. We are chaotic entities by our very nature. It is the perpetual downfall of machine learning systems.” She brought her hand up and tapped the side of her nose. “You can’t fool chemistry, though. A human’s hormonal composition changes based on their environment. If you, perhaps, collected enough data on those environments and trained a bionic nasal implant to recognize key chemical signals, you could almost read minds. For example, when Barro smiles at either of you girls, your cortisol levels drop.”

“Professor, bioreaders are extremely regulated and incredibly invasive,” Seral said with surprising force.

The professor smiled, “Correct. Which is why it takes quite a lot of paperwork to ensure I can use one. Not that its main function is rooting out love triangles between new students, but a problem is a problem. I use whatever tools I have to solve them. In this case, I believe you three have too much angst to work productively together. If I’m correct, these *sponte concitationis* will think so too. Yes, they’re sniffing out your hormonal composition as we speak. Here’s the deal. Stay in this lab, work out your angst between one another in whatever way presents itself, and then we can move on to productive research. Alternatively, if you don’t want to submit yourself to the *sponte concitationis*, you can head back to the docking bay and I will ensure you have a high ranking placement at any other facility you choose.”

Melanie didn’t hesitate, “I’m staying.”

“So am I,” Seral said.

Barro blurted out a nervous laugh. “You can’t be serious. Mel, Seral — really? Do you know what these plants will do to us? Fucking hell, it’s already started. We need to get out an into decontamination immediately!”

They ignored him. Seral and Melanie turned to face each other. “You’re good with this?” Seral asked.

“Yep, Professor Anhari is right,” Melanie answered. “This isn’t the place for some cat fight over a boy crush.”

“You both have a crush on me? Oh man, that’s worse.” Barro put the heels of his palms against his temples and pushed.

“Worse?” the girls asked in unison.

“Ah, yeah, cause I never asked either of you out. I figured you didn’t like me cause I was a nerd, Seral. And...I figured Mel wouldn’t go out with me cause I wasn’t nerdy *enough*.”

As the young womens’ jaws dropped, Professor Anhari moved past them to the exit. “It’s not the male gender that’s entirely blank on social cues. But they do seem to have a higher occurrence rate. So, anyone leaving with me?”

Barro started to say something, but Seral cut him off. “Just go with it Barro. We can all see your erection.”

“The plants don’t lie,” Melanie agreed. With every passing second, she grew more aware of her clothes chafing against her body. Worse, it was growing harder to think of anything other than seeing Barro and Seral naked. “Hang on, am I also attracted to Seral?”

“Of course you are,” Seral said. “Same as I’m attracted to you. High reproduction focus means higher competition between males, but often coordination by females. Together we present a better prospect for successful breeding than separate. So our own bodies engineer against us to find big tits and fat asses ideal right alongside the desire for a big, hulking man with a matching thick cock. Also, seems to be affecting cognitive function, lowering inhibition, and...is this all from passive air contact?”

Anhari smirked from the other side of the decontamination door. “Enjoy the fun. I’ll catch you all up once you’ve recovered.” With a loud click, the door sealed the three of them inside.

Melanie stepped closer to Seral. “You know, I’ve never really felt an urge to suck on another woman’s tits like I do right now. Does the glintskin apply to all of your body? Like does your asshole sparkle? Cause that is weirdly exciting to me.”

Barro’s voice startled them as he spoke with rumbling bass from his position hunched over a table. “This plant is...pulsing.”

With vague curiosity, the girls tore their eyes from each other’s bodies and looked at what Barro was talking about. The *sponte concitationis* in question did indeed pulse, it’s fat bulb swelling and contracting in rhythm with Melanie’s heartbeat. It drew them closer, spurred on by scientific interest, until all three of them hovered over the pod with slack mouths and vacant stares. Melanie realized she was about to drool right before the pod burst and a flurry of spores rushed into their lungs.

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Melanie’s vision swam as all three of them reeled back from the plant’s eruption. Time seemed to fold in on itself as her body processed the sudden rush of chemicals. Adrenaline led the charge as a deluge of hormones overwhelmed her senses. She fumbled back from the plants to the open lab table and curved her body against it. As her face pressed into the cool steel, she felt hands tugging at her pants. “You have to get them off,” Seral said in a half slurred voice.

Peeking back over her shoulder, Melanie saw the other woman's immaculate body in its full glory.

Seral's glintskin was in full flight. She flickered like a torch with every slight movement. At some point she'd discarded her clothes, and her naked body was everything Melanie thought it would be. Seral's breasts jiggled as she struggled to get off Melanie's pants. They were mouth-wateringly round and sparkling, tipped with nipples like incandescent diamonds. As Melanie watched, the luscious mounds seemed to get bigger. She connected the dots right as her own changing body grew too big for her top.

A gentle rip preceded a string of cursing as she grabbed her shirt and yanked. The torn seams parted easily, and a pair of tits the size of cantaloupes tumbled out. "Holy shit," Melany whispered right before Seral succeed in tearing off the bottom half of her clothes. Cool air rushed over her exposed ass and pussy, and her brain fired with every dirty thought she'd ever dismissed as a distraction from her work. An aching need formed inside of her, and her eyes cast around to find something to fill it. Seral was one step ahead of her.

Two of the other brilliant woman's fingers slid easily into the gushing folds of Melanie's hot pussy, eliciting an earnest moan that was equal parts arousal and gratitude. She reached out and grabbed hold of Seral's body, pulling her close. One hand slid up into the beautiful woman's hair and drew her mouth against Melanie's for a passionate kiss while the other moved against Seral's newly widened hips. The angle denied Melanie the chance to return the favor of shoving as much of her hand as she could into the other woman's slit, but Seral made up for it herself by straddling Melanie's thigh. The heat of Seral's pussy scalded against Melanie's skin in a wonderful, wet kiss that turned to a needy grind.

"This is...demeaning," Barro said. "You're both the top of your field."

The girls broke their kiss long enough to look over at the object of their petty jealousy. Barro looked taller, even if he hadn't grown much. His body had filled out, adding an extra layer of muscle on his slender figure. Biceps bulged against an overstretched undershirt while the rest of his clothes lay in a pile nearby. He braced himself on the far side of another of the work tables, shielding his lower half from view, mostly. As he seemed to war against himself, his posture shifted enough to give Melanie and Seral a glimpse at where his hard muscled pelvis rose out into a soda can sized growth that remained hidden under the table. However, the table did nothing to hide his backside and Melanie got a nice view of his chiseled ass.

"It's not demeaning, Barro," Seral said. Her fingers left Melanie's slick lips and spidered their way up toward Melanie's breasts. Each light touch along her hips and ribs made Melanie shiver with anticipation. She lacked the composure to give Seral the same teasing wait. Her palms came up and hefted the shimmering breasts. As her palms pressed against Seral's nipples, Melanie felt her new lover's body pulse with growth. Though she was interrupted by a short moan, Seral continued toward her point. "It's empowering. Do you know how much I've wanted to feel like a fertile goddess?"

“Yeah, Barro, you’re being insensitive. Just let Seral enjoy her fuckable new body for a second. I bet if you were holding these big, fat titties, you wouldn’t be complaining.”

“I’m not complaining —” He cut himself off as his words turned into a feral growl. He jerked his eyes away and stared down at the table. “It’s just that...I don’t want to let you think that I don’t respect you. You’re both —”

“Yeah, yeah,” Melanie said, “we’re brilliant. Two genius girls with great personalities who you couldn’t pick between because you valued our feelings too much. God, is that making me even hornier? I think it is? What about you Seral?”

“Oh, I’m about to cum just thinking about how much Barro values our feelings. Do you want to watch, Barro? Watch me grind my hot little cunt against Melanie’s silky thighs while she tweaks my nipples?”

A low pitched groan filled the room, but Melanie knew it didn’t come from Barro. Instead, it came from the table he was holding. All of his new muscle was strained as he held onto the bolted metal to prevent whatever he thought would happen otherwise. “You’re not hot little fuck holes meant to be my cocksleeves. You’re not empty wombs waiting to be pumped full of hot, thick spunk. I *don’t* want to fuck you both so hard and so fucking deep that you taste my cum at the back of your cocksucking mouths. You should do...science stuff...you shouldn’t swell up with my fucking cum until you’re so fucking bred that you have no memory of ever not being knocked up.”

Seral moved away, and Melanie had to stop herself from lunging back into the other woman’s warmth. They stayed holding hands though as Seral moved them closer to Barro. One table over, she hopped up and pulled Melanie up with her. The two women sat side by side, and Seral draped one knee over Melanie’s, spreading them both open for Barro’s full view. Melanie took the hint, “Hey, Barro, stop listening to that voice in your head for a second and look.”

His grip tightened, and he violently shook his head. “You’ll think I’m a monster.”

“No we won’t,” Seral said.

Melanie though had gotten a full look at the thing between Barro’s legs. “Oh god, Barro, I think the size of your dick just made me want to get bred so much that I’m fucking squirting milk.”

Barro finally looked up at the feast of feminine flesh on display. The calm, affable demeanor they each found attractive in him was entirely supplanted by a bestial intensity. Knowing he was seeing their glistening pussies and the squashed cheeks of their swollen asses made them all the more horny. To prove it, Melanie scooped her breast into her hand, rested her thumb and index finger on either side of her swollen nipple, and pressed down.

An arc of milk shot out before sprinkling down her taut stomach. Seral made a sultry

moan before diving over and licking from the crest of Melanie's pussy to her sternum, dragging away all the milk in one quick lick. She pulled back with a soft, "Oh." A second later her own bulging tits gushed, the milk cutting strange streams down her glimmering skin. A second later, Barro's last vestige of restraint broke.

He vaulted the table, swinging all three legs around the top before planting his feet in full glory. The third leg bobbed once before it went absolutely rigid. Melanie somehow felt her insides getting out of the way to make more room for that incredibly cock as much as for the titanic wave of cum waiting in the engorged balls hanging beneath it.

"Come on, stud, breed this fucking pussy," Seral said as she pulled open Melanie's thighs again. "Let's see how much you can make these tits gush."

Melanie braced herself as Barro's hulking body moved over her. One arm wrapped around her back, moving her closer to the edge as if she was nothing more than a paper doll. His frantic movements didn't spare her boy from exploration. His hands groped her thickened thighs and even held back long enough to run his fingers against her sex. He drew away her slick arousal and quickly smeared it along the tip of his cock, mingling it into a gel with his copious precum. Apparently displeased with the wait, Seral leaned close to him, licked at his earlobe, and whispered, "Will it make *you* cum more if we call you daddy?"

He made a dull sound, and the throbbing head of his cock jammed against Melanie's outer folds. His hand went to her neck, gently but forcefully pushing her back enough to leave her jiggling teats exposed. His tongue lashed against her nipple as his battering ram of a cock wedged itself inside of her. His lips closed around her aching bud, and as soon as he sucked, Melanie turned to putty in his arms. Her back arched into him as Seral crowded onto her chest as well. The other woman took Melanie's gushing breast into her mouth and joined in the glut of milk pouring out of the swollen ducts.

With her body relaxed, she was amazed at how quickly the enormous rod pushed inside of her. She still felt stretched beyond her limit, but every second of it was a blaze of ecstasy. She could feel the heat of both of her lovers writhing against her. Barro's right hand slid between Seral's legs, giving her the chance to moan with joy as his fingers worked to keep her as aroused as possible until he could fuck her, too. With every thrust, a mantra boomed louder in Melanie's head until it was on her lips. "Breed me," she whispered. "*Breed me, breed me, breed me!*" She came as she screeched the command, and came again as Barro obeyed.

His seed poured into her in thick spurts, the volume causing his cock to swell inside her on each pulse. She felt his balls drag upwards against her ass as they emptied into her womb. Her body thrummed with the feeling of potent seed buried inside of her. The pleasure nearly caused her to black out, but finally his pulsing eruption stopped. Barro sagged against her, milk dripping from his lower lip as his cock softened slightly inside of her. Melanie reached over and scooped a thick drop of milk from Seral's nipple. She pushed the milk covered finger into Barro's mouth. "Uh-uh, daddy, you're not done yet. Time to make your second mommy." Every word caused his cock to harden inside of her.

She didn't know the withdrawal of his cock would leave her feeling so void, but it subsided as she watched Seral's gorgeous body prepare for the onslaught of cock. Cum oozing from her pussy, Melanie leaned over and slurped the glittering nipple into her mouth. She grabbed hold of Barro's cock and guided it to rub against Seral's pussy, mixing together all their lubrication and spreading it down his cock. One gulp of milk later, she watched her friend's pussy stretch open as the biggest cock she could imagine sank into Seral. Melanie drowned the moan of pleasure with another kiss, swapping the taste of each other's milk on their tongues. "I think we're going to have a great career together," she whispered.

"Now, breed your glintskin cow-slut, Barro."

