

Title: The Baby Factory

Summary: A businessman sees an opportunity, and his 14-year-old son is the beneficiary.

Codes: Mffff, mffff, , Fff, impreg

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NB: This is a work of fiction; it is totally a fantasy. Nothing herein is true, except for the two historical dates at the beginning. The author does not condone slavery, rape, forced impregnation, sperm theft, baby-selling, or sex with underage persons.

— GENESIS OF AN IDEA —

Most people would characterize my father as a monster and pervert. They would be wrong. He was a businessman with a vision.

A bit of history: In 1960 oral contraceptives were introduced in the United States. “The Pill” brought a slight decrease in “unwanted” pregnancies, but lots of teenagers and women — from teenagers to menopausal matrons — kept getting knocked up and wishing they weren’t. In most states abortion was illegal, so the supply of babies given up for adoption remained strong.

Then, in 1973, the US Supreme Court in *Roe v. Wade* ruled that abortion was legal throughout the United States in the first six months of pregnancy.

To Dad, that meant one thing: a forthcoming shortage of babies up for adoption. Baby-selling was illegal then and remains illegal now, but desperate couple are happy to pay tens of thousands of dollars to adopt a baby. As I said, Dad was a businessman, and he saw an opportunity.

Being risk averse, his first foray into baby farming was above board. He figured that with unwed mothers now having options, the best way to encourage them to have their baby and give it up for adoption, rather than abort it, was to somehow pay them — and to offer them luxury and perks at an upscale hideaway. Dad believed he could pass along premium fees to adoptive parents and make a nice profit.

So he bought a defunct orphanage, poured money into remodeling and amenities, and advertised for moms-to-be who wanted to hide away until the baby bump was gone for good.

His generosity attracted unwed mothers, but not nearly as many as he had expected. Times and mores were changing faster than he had anticipated: abortions were becoming accepted, and so was unwed-motherhood. Realizing his mistake, Dad sold the former orphanage to another businessman to establish a retirement home. He didn’t lose money, and he gained valuable experience in the business of arranging adoptions, but he didn’t make any profit, either.

— TRYING AGAIN —

Dad still saw dollar signs when he saw babies, and he wasn’t someone defeated by adversity. The year was now 1978, and it was not only the year I was born, it also the year Dad found the perfect property for his revised baby farming concept. A dairy not far from where we lived at the time was shutting down, and the property was up for auction. Dad won the bidding and moved us — me, my Mom, my two older sisters, and himself — to a house near the dairy’s main barn.

The barn was the star of the show, in Dad's eyes. The ground-level floor was a giant concrete slab big enough for quite a substantial business. In the dairy era, it had been a spacious milking room, with all sorts of side rooms. Underneath the concrete slab was an enormous windowless cellar with 12-foot ceilings in which the cows had been herded during blizzards and such.

Dad set about renovating both spaces. The ground floor became a specialty food processing plant. The cellar below was divided into two sections, one a small Potemkin Village that functioned as storage for the food plant above. A casual observer, or even a suspicious-minded visitor, would find only row upon row of shelving and various storage areas.

The cellar's other section was divided off with a concrete wall and a series of steel doors fit for a nuclear bunker. Any visitor who somehow found the outer steel door and queried Dad received a plausible answer: high-priced, easily contaminated ingredients essential for various "secret recipes" a la *Coca-Cola* or *Kentucky Fried Chicken* were kept behind the door, and visitors were not allowed inside. Fortunately, only a couple visitors ever asked about the door, and Dad made sure they were politely denied a second visit to the property.

— ROUNDING UP SOME COWS —

"The Farm" was Dad's name for the second section. It was soon ready for occupancy; now all Dad needed were brood cows and a bull or two.

Dad was after quality. He didn't want to sell defective babies. He wanted pretty babies, preferably ones with blond hair, and he wanted them to be smart and smiley.

He wanted his adoptive parents to know that his babies' moms had never touched alcohol or hard drugs during their pregnancies. His babies wouldn't suffer from fetal alcohol syndrome, they wouldn't be crying for heroin, and they wouldn't be infected with syphilis or some other STD. (This was before the AIDS epidemic came to light, so that wasn't a concern of Dad's.)

But where to get the brood cows? Dad didn't like to take unnecessary risks, so he felt that abducting prostitutes was really the only safe option. Whores go missing all the time, and the cops aren't going to set up a task force to find one missing hooker, as they might if some girl-next-door suddenly vanished.

Back then, surveillance cameras weren't the concern they are now, but there was the occasional camera, so Dad was careful to alter his appearance and obtain an assortment of nondescript cars with nondescript license plates. And so it was that he set out to "recruit" his cows.

I was only a few months old when Dad brought his first recruit home and stashed her in the cellar. In the follow weeks and months a number of young "working women" from nearby states found themselves taking up residence in The Farm. Dad had sound-proofed the cellar himself, as workmen would surely have talked in the community had anything seemed out of the ordinary. Dad also personally installed various anchoring and restraining devices.

A total of six women were in place before the end of the year, detoxing on healthy food while Dad observed them for any signs of VD or other abnormality or illness.

The survival of any communicable disease would have been a miracle: Dad had gone to Mexico to buy antibiotics over the counter, and each and every recruit was administered an antibiotic cocktail for days on end. Not only were they disease-free, the antibiotics wiped out the beneficial gut germs in their digestive tract. After they'd shit loose stools for a couple weeks, Dad would fix them up with rich yogurt and pronounce them ready.

Dad didn't have any particular aversion to fucking his cows, but he didn't want all of The Farm's product

to look suspiciously like him. Finding a bull turned out to be relatively easy. The third whore Dad abducted turned out to be a he/she. So did the last one, prostitute number eight. Dad called off his hunting expeditions at that point: six cows, two tranny bulls seemed like a decent number. He would have liked to have more cows, but a news item in the local newspaper about a coordinated search for missing whores in nearby states served as a stop sign.

— FAMILY AND RELIGION —

I don't know if Mom discovered Dad's activities, or whether he took the initiative and revealed his secret, but by the time I was six or eight years old Mom was taking an active role in running The Farm as well as the food business upstairs. The business was the perfect cover: My parents bought foodstuffs in bulk, packaged prepared products, and sold them mail order. At the same time, meals were prepared for our family and the occupants of the cellar.

Had my parents not had the food business and, instead, went to a supermarket to buy groceries for the five of us, plus the eight in the cellar, someone in the community would eventually have noticed the excessive purchases. But meals for the eight "recruits" were inconsequential given the scope of the food business.

What happened the first year, after the six cows were detoxed, is that Dad bred two of them, and had each tranny breed two more. Getting a tranny to start fucking and ejaculating viable sperm into women isn't as hard as you might imagine. Their tits had melted away after they were abducted, as they no longer had access to female hormones. As their hormone levels returned to normal for a man, so did their sexual functioning. Plus, Dad told them either they produced offspring or they were dead. They believed him.

Mom learned all she could about midwifery, and was able to put together a respectable delivery room in The Farm. The first year the cows produced four girls and two boys. Dad sold off the boys and one of the girls, netting \$60,000 total. He kept the three other girls as breeding stock.

Thank God for Catholics, Dad always said. Their vehement opposition to abortion helped Dad in myriad ways: priests helped him arrange birth certificates and put him in touch with Catholics who were lawyers and who arranged adoptions, and no one really questioned Dad's \$20,000 fee per baby. He deflected any questions by constantly moaning about how expensive it was to shelter unwed mothers in safe houses around the countryside, especially ones on the run from parents who were insisting on abortions.

There were no safe houses, of course, just as there were no parents nor any teenagers on the lam. There was only The Farm.

— INTRODUCTION TO ONANISM —

Fast forward fourteen years to 1992. My sisters and I were home-schooled (I learned later than my parents didn't want us to say anything that would jeopardize the operation) and privacy was more a concept than an actuality. There I was, in the hall bathroom I shared with my sisters, happily playing with myself, when my eldest sister, Beth, opened the door I thought I'd locked.

"Yikes!" she exclaimed, and slammed the door shut. I heard her running down the hall, yelling: "Mom! Greg's jacking off!"

"Shut up!" I yelled at her. I hadn't actually been masturbating, as I didn't know what it was or how to do it. If I'd been around boys my age I'd surely have known, but masturbation wasn't on the home-school curriculum. How Beth knew about masturbation, and a slang term for it, was a mystery, as her life was as sheltered as mine, I thought.

That night, my father pulled me aside after dinner and queried me about the incident. "Were you jerking off, son?"

I knew better than to lie to Dad, and I wasn't exactly sure what "jerking off" was. "I was playing with my penis, that's all," I told Dad.

"Humm. Do you shoot white stuff when you do?"

"Naw. I don't think so. Sometimes the end of my dick gets a little wet, but I don't think the stuff's white. Really, Dad, I was just playing with my penis. It just feels good." I was thoroughly embarrassed and surely my face was red.

"Why don't we go to your room for a little experiment?" Dad said, and patted me on the back. It was an order, not a question. Once in my bedroom, Dad had me take off my jeans and my underwear and lie on the bed. I was really, really uncomfortable, and I'm sure I looked miserable.

"OK," Dad said, " now play with yourself."

I started haphazardly playing with my penis, which was almost as small as it ever gets.

"Not like that," Dad said. "Stroke it." He demonstrated by making an "O" with his thumb and index finger and pumping his hand in the age-old fashion. I followed suit. Dad left the room for a minute before returning with an ancient copy of Penthouse magazine. "Here, try looking at the pictures and reading the letters. You might think you're about to pee, but you can't pee with a hard on, so go ahead and keep stroking. Call me if you manage to produce white stuff." With that, Dad left the room and closed the door.

Five minutes later, I had my first orgasm, albeit not counting wet dreams. I called my father, who poked his head in, saw my splattered stomach, nodded, smiled, and tossed me a hand towel. "Wipe it up," he said, and left the room.

— THE REVELATION —

A week or so later my parents took me aside. My father looked at my mother and nodded. She seemed uncertain how to begin, and then she slowly explained The Farm to me.

"It's a good thing we're doing," Mom said when she was finished painting the picture. "Sure, some young women lost their freedom, but they were whores anyway and destined to die young, and we're making babies for good couples who really, really want to have children but can't have any of their own."

"That's right," my father said. "Everyone wins: the whores, the adoptive families, and us, as we're no longer struggling to put food on the table. But...and this is a big but...it ain't exactly legal what we're doing. So you have to keep your mouth shut...."

I was stunned. Stammering, I croaked, "What about Beth and Sheila (my other sister)?"

"They do their part," Dad said. "Even since they were about your age, they...."

"...sleep with certain boys around town," Mom said, "and bring the used condoms back home for sperm harvesting."

Wow! My dick started getting hard thinking about my sisters' sex lives.

"And that," said Dad, "is where you have a role. We'd like you to fuck some of the original whores....

"....sleep with," my Mom interjected. "You know I don't like that language."

"OK, we'd like you to *sleep with* some of the original whores," Dad said. "That is, if you don't mind."

"It's not going to be as nice as you must imagine," Mom said. "We're not dentists, so most of them are almost toothless, and after all these years and all the babies, the whores're not much to look at and they're, uh, stretched out down there."

"It'll get better, I promise," Dad said. "The oldest of the baby whores will be 15 in a couple of years, and you can pop their cherries on their birthdays. Some of the babies are real lookers, too!"

"Yes, they sure are," Mom said. "If I were a young man, I'd be itching to do 'em."

Dad looked at Mom and said, "As I've told you many times before, I don't see any reason why you shouldn't have some fun with them, too. They're whores, after all."

"I'm just not into lesbianism," Mom said, but I could tell by the funny look on her face that she wasn't being totally honest. Her face wasn't the only thing giving a different signal: I noticed that her nipples were making little tents in her blouse.

Dad laughed. "OK, if you say so." Then he patted her on the butt, and the meeting was over.

"Let's get you laid," Dad said, and I followed him to the barn and down the stairs to the lower level. I'd been there plenty of times, fetching supplies from the storage area, but I'd never even seen the heavy steel door being opened. Dad worked the combination lock, like a bank vault's, and opened the door. Inside was a short hallway and another door. Dad closed the first door, then unlocked the second door. Beyond was a vestibule with video screens, a desk and chairs, and a third heavy door. Talk about security!

Dad saw my puzzled and amazed look, and explained: "We can't have the whores and the ex-trannies escaping, and we can't risk having someone outside accidentally seeing all the video screens. That's why we have three entrance doors. And that's why the first door must always be closed before you go any farther. Understand?"

I nodded, and looked at the video monitors. The place was quite high tech for 1992. I could see moving and stationary dots on what looked like a map. Two dots were dark red, four were green, and two were blue. Most of the dots were pink — there were too many to count.

Dad pointed to the map: "We're here," he said. "That big area over there is for the baby whores, and the room next door is where the old whores stay. The small area over here," and he pointed again, "is where we keep the ex-trannies confined. The old whores help raise the babies, so they have to have the run of the joint, with one exception: the breeding rooms. We control the breeding, period."

There was a small swimming pool, an exercise room, an eating room with microwave ovens, a craft room, some lounges, a laundry, and a vast number of sleeping nooks. Video cameras were everywhere, as were sprinkler heads for fire suppression and vents for air circulation. Numbered images flicked on the monitors, then changed to other numbered images.

As Dad pointed and explained, I gradually groked the scope and flow of the operation. All the inmates, from the youngest baby whore to the oldest whore cow, and the trannies, wore a metal collar with a transmitter that corresponded to one of the dots on the video map.

The red dots were pregnant whores waiting to give birth; they were off-limits for productive fucking,

though of course I could fuck 'em if I wanted to. The green dots were the whores ready to be fucked or else inseminated with the "juice" that my sisters collected on their dates. These days most pregnancies resulted from the juice, as my parents wanted the babies they were selling via the Catholics to look radically different from one another, as though they came from the loins of a multitude of mothers, not just the six old whores.

The two blue dots were of course our trannies — and I now thought of this as our operation, not my parents' or my parents' and my sisters' — and the pinks were the many babies withheld from sale so they could grow up into the next generation of whore cows.

"Now, the nice thing, especially for you," my Dad was saying, interrupting my horny thoughts, "is that the oldest baby whores are turning 13. They're technically virgins, though I have no doubt they've been dildood by the old whores or each other.

"We don't want 'em to get pregnant, as that's too young for breeding, but there's no reason you can't fuck 'em while wearing a condom. We'll collect your juice for use on the old whores, so nothing will go to waste" — he grinned and elbowed me — "and we'll go on letting your mom think you're fucking the old whores."

I grinned up at him. My dick was so hard I was in pain, and my father nudged me again. "Let's fix that problem you've got down below."

— FIRST FUCK —

Dad led me to a breeding room, which consisted of a double bed on the floor and some hooks on the wall for hanging up clothes. "Take off your clothes and get ready." He tossed me a condom. "For when the time comes."

As I said, Dad was a businessman, not a pervert. He couldn't care less about my love-making technique. Saying the word *fuck* was about as prurient as he got. I knew next to nothing about sex. Oh, I had a general idea, but I had led a very sheltered existence. Dad wasn't about to give me any guidance, and Mom had never said a word to me about sex, either.

You'd think my sisters would have clued me in at some point, but they were several years older and must have been under clear instructions not to say anything to me, for fear I couldn't keep a secret. That's what happens when you are the baby of the family, I suppose.

Dad left and in a minute or two came back with a stunning blonde. The metal collar she wore identified her as number 9. She was about 5-foot-1, with B-cup breasts, and like all the baby whores was wearing a simple, pink A-line dress, a pair of flip-flops, and as I was soon to learn, a pair of panties. That was it. She wore no makeup, and her hair fell straight to her shoulders. She had absolutely perfect teeth. Since my parents weren't dentists, they denied the whores sugar of any type, including most fruits, to minimize the chances of a cavity.

Dad gave number 9 a little push into the room. "Here she is, son. Don't damage her." To number 9 he simply said, "Cooperate." Then he left, locking the door behind him.

Number 9 looked at me and smiled. "I've never fucked a boy before. One of the moms is a lesbo and made a strap-on so she could fuck us older babies, and then your mother gave us a dozen of store-bought ones. We young-uns now fuck each other all the time, but I've never seen a real dick before." She was staring at my hard-on, which certainly wasn't getting any smaller. "The only dicks I've ever seen are on TV," she said. "How 'bout you? You fuck a lot?"

"No," I said, suddenly tongue-tied. "I've, uh, never actually fucked...a girl."

Number 9 threw her head back and laughed. "Oh, shit, just my luck, you're gay. I knew it was too good to be true. How the hell am I supposed to fuck you?"

"I'm not gay. I'm just, well, I'm shy."

"OK, Shy Guy, how about we introduce ourselves? I'm number 9, but everyone calls me Nikki."

"I'm Gary."

"Are you going to rip off my dress and rape me, like your Dad rapes the moms, or are we going to have a little fun?"

"Fun sounds better."

"OK, so kiss me. And you'd better have a condom for later. I'm too damn young to have a kid."

I walked over to her, with my dick sticking straight out, and kissed her on the cheek, like Mom used to kiss me when I was little and it was bedtime. Nikki put her arms around my head and turned my mouth straight at her and kissed me on the lips, slowly and gently, and her tongue darted into my mouth. "Lay down," she said, and I lay on the bed watching as she pulled her dress over her head and slipped out of her panties. She was magnificent and pale but not pasty. Dad had mentioned sun lamps, and it was evident from a weak tan line at her waist that she got a modicum of UV exposure.

Nikki lay down beside me and flicked my dick. It bobbed. She flicked it again, and giggled. "It's not like a strap-on." She gently grabbed it and, while gently stroking it, snuggled up to me and began kissing my lips with more and more french tonguing. It was more than I could handle: I ejaculated into her hand, groaning in ecstasy as I did so.

"That was unexpected," was all she said. My dick didn't seem to notice. It remained at attention. We kissed some more, and I began to feel her breasts. She rolled on her back so I could play with them better, and then she whispered, "Please kiss them." I was happy to oblige. After a few minutes she pushed me on my back and began kissing my nipples, then my earlobes, and finally she attacked my neck, giving me hickeys that I discovered the next morning in a mirror.

I responded by pushing her on her back, playing with her breasts some more, and nibbling her earlobes. Her steel collar protected her from my best efforts to suck her neck. I rolled to the side and let my left hand drift toward her groin. She spread her legs to give me more access, and for the first time in my young life I began to unravel the mysteries of the female's many folds and nooks.

After a few minutes she said simply, "Enough," and pushed me on my back and sat on my thighs. She lifted my hands to her tits, leaned forward to kiss me, and then held out her hand. "Condom, please." I handed her the one that Dad had give me.

She rolled it on my dick, slimy from pre-cum and cum and more pre-cum. Then she positioned my dick and, in one motion, impaled her young cunt on my dick. I instantly felt like cumming, but I managed to hold the explosion at bay.

"Don't move," I told her. We stayed like that for a minute or two. She kept looking quizzically at me; I kept shaking my head *no* and toying with her tits and nipples. When the urge to shoot finally subsided, I began moving within her.

"That a boy," she said, winking and grinning. "Fuck me hard." After a couple of minutes of vigorous humps and bumps, we rolled over, putting me on top. I started thrusting with wild abandon, and in

seconds a feeling of inevitability of rose in my balls, and I fired shot after shot into the condom. I stayed inside her for a couple of minutes till her tight cunt evicted my shrinking dick. Within seconds after I rolled off her, the door opened and Dad walked in.

— HARVESTING THE JUICE —

“Give me the condom, son, and careful. Don’t let the contents drip out.”

His entry certainly ruined the mood. Nikki pulled a sheet over her body as I stood up to take off the condom. Dad grabbed it once I had it off. He then reached down and pulled the sheet off Nikki. “Don’t hide from me, girl,” he said, his voice loud and clear and threatening. “OK, son, put on your clothes and let’s go. Number 9, go back to your quarters. Now.” Nikki climbed out of bed, scowled at my Dad, put on her flip-flops and walked out of the room carrying her panties and dress.

“Feeling better, son?”

“Absolutely,” I said.

“Good. Just remember, they are all breeding whores. You can fuck ‘em as often as you like, but don’t get any feelings for them.” He walked to a locked cabinet door, opened it, and pulled out a syringe. The condom went over the tip of the syringe, and he pulled out the plunger to suck in my “juice.”

We walked from there to a lounge where several of the old whores were seated, chatting. “Number 4, assume the position.” Without hesitation, a brunette lay down on a couch, pulled up her green A-line dress, pulled off her panties, and spread her legs. With his left hand Dad spread her cunt lips. With his right he maneuvered the syringe into position and pressed the plunger. My juice disappeared into her depths. “Stay like that for half an hour, number 4.”

The whore, now approaching 40 years of age, didn’t say a thing, and her face betrayed no emotions. She closed her legs, and shut her eyes.

Dad and I headed back toward the house. “I watched you with the girl whore,” Dad said. “Watched on the TV monitors in the vestibule. You did well for your first time.” He paused. “But next time, don’t ejaculate into thin air. If you can’t control yourself, put on a condom. We need the juice. Also, and this is important: Don’t ever call her Nikki or the other ones by the so-called names they’ve made up. They’re here for one reason only: to make babies for childless couples. They’re not your girlfriends.”

“How did it go?” Mom asked when we were back at the house.

“OK, I guess.”

“Was it number 4 or number 5?”

“Uh, I did number 9.”

“Nine! But she’s only 13! What if....”

“I used a condom, and Dad put the juice in number 4.”

“Oh.” Mom’s face was hard to read.

I went to my room and closed the door. It was easy for Dad to tell me “don’t get any feelings for them.” But I felt a connection, a real connection, with Nikki. I wanted to talk to her, hold her, hug her, and, yes, fuck her again. She was my first girlfriend, and I was in instant love. Dad had called the young ‘uns baby

whores. Nikki wasn't a whore! She'd never sold her body. Her mom was a whore — an ex-whore, really — but Nikki wasn't. I never heard of a strap-on until today, but so what if she'd used one? That didn't make her a whore, either.

I was getting morose thinking about Nikki as well as exceptionally horny thinking about the new world that had unexpectedly been revealed to me. Damn! Dad had said I could fuck all of them when I wanted, but that wasn't really true, at least not yet. I didn't even know the combination for getting into The Farm.

— ANOTHER TURN AT BAT —

Dad burst into my room. "Ah, I was afraid you might be in here whacking off, reliving the thrill of your first fuck, but I see you've still got your pants on. Just want you to know, when you feel like you're ready to climb into the saddle again, just ask your mom or me. We'll walk you over and get you laid. If we're out, ask one of your sisters. We figure since you're just 14 you'll be horny as hell and ready, willing, and wanting to fuck three or four times during the day, and a couple of times at night. Right?"

"Uh, right," I said. "Can I fuck Nik...uh, number 9 again after lunch?"

"If you've got the stamina and the seed. But you need to fuck number 10 first. We can't have the baby whores getting jealous of each other."

Dad was busy after lunch, so it was my older sister, Beth, who dropped a handful of condoms in my hand and accompanied me to the barn. Beth was four years older than me, and a bit of a rebel. "The parents say it's number 10's turn. So number 10 it is. She's called Tesh. She's a honey and likes to be fucked doggie style." Beth was looking at me with a straight face as she said it, and then winked.

"How would you know?"

"'Cause I've fucked her with a strap-on ever since her last birthday."

"No way!"

"Oh yes, way. Dad can be clueless and a prude, but Mom knows that girls get 'The Itch' in their groins, too. So she gave me a strap-on and let me have at the older babies. Tesh loves to fuck me with it just as much as I love to fuck her. We're practically pros. Sometimes we use a double-headed dildo instead, and sometimes we do a three-way with young number 12, who's Esila, by the way."

"Sure beats getting laid by Kirby Gilson. He never gets me off! He's an asshole. He's fertile, though. His juice has produced three babies so far. I wonder how he'd react if he knew what I do with the used rubbers."

— THE BREEDING ROOM —

My former world of innocence kept shattering in unexpected ways. I went to the breeding room, undressed, and stood waiting for Beth to bring in number 10. I wasn't expecting what walked in the door with Beth. Number 10, Tesh, was tall for her age, maybe 5-foot-6 or -7, slender, with straight black hair and narrow eyes that looked slightly Asian. Beth and Tesh french-kissed, Beth fondled her boobs lovingly, and then pushed the girl toward me. "Fuck him good, like you would me."

Number 10 pulled her dress off. She was wearing no panties, and her pussy was shaved bare. She walked up to me and stuck her tongue deep in my mouth. Pulling out, she turned to Beth: "Like that?"

"Yes," said Beth. "Like that. And be sure to suck his dick. He's been a pain growing up, but he's OK now

and deserves a treat." Beth was leaving the room as number 10 pulled me to the bed, pushed me down, and practically swallowed by dick. I knew I wouldn't last long, so I pushed her off and pulled her head up level to mine.

"You're hot," I said.

"You're hot, too," she replied. "But let's get this over quick. I'd rather be playing with Beth than with you. That's just the way I am." I felt the opening to her pussy. It was dry, so I began to rub. That didn't produce much lubrication, and Tesh seemed uncomfortable. "You need to lick me down there, or at least spit on me."

Licking a girl wasn't my really my idea of fun, but since she was shaved, I thought I'd try it. My lips and tongue drifted down over her tits, then her belly, then the top of her vee, and finally her slit. That seemed to do the trick. As I licked, she squirmed, and she reached down and played with my ears. "Move a little bit higher," she said. "You're missing my clit." I moved up a couple centimeters. "You're there. Easy, Tiger, easy." As I licked, I felt my dick getting even harder. I began to imagine myself as a great lover, the Casanova of The Farm. Then I remembered Dad's warning about self-control, so I rolled over, slipped on a condom, and then rolled back. After a few more licks I felt a stirring in my balls that was not to be denied for long.

"You wanna do it doggie style?" I asked, remembering Beth's words.

Tesh got on her knees, with her head on the bed, and gyrated her ass for me. I wasted no time kneeling behind her, pushing my dick into her ready hole, and started to hump. "Pinch my nipples and spank me a little, Massa Greg." I obliged as best I could. I felt her tensing beneath me, and then she shouted, "Fuck me! Fuck me! Fuck me harder!" I did so, and the cum started rising in my balls.

"Harder."

"Oh gawd!"

"Harder. Faster."

"Oh gawd. Oh damn. Unnngh." My prick erupted into her cunt and the condom. "Oh gawd."

"That was actually nice," Number 10 said afterward. "Didn't expect it to be. And you gotta get better at lickin' a girl if you want to make her happy. And you do want to make her happy, don't you?"

I admit I hadn't given the girls' happiness much thought. I kind of assumed they were miserable, locked away from sunlight and with little to do. "OK, I'll try to make you girls happy."

As she got up, she leaned over and kissed me. "You'll do, you'll do. Have fun fucking number 9. She really needs cheering up, after you fucked her and dumped her without explanation." That was when Beth opened the door, stuck out a hand for the used condom and simultaneously groped Tesh's tits.

"See you in five minutes," Beth said to the retreating number 10. She and I then went through the same empty-the-condom exercise my father had done earlier in the day, only this time my harvested juice went into the pussy of whore number 5, who like number 4 was also wearing a green A-line dress.

— A CHANGE OF DIRECTION —

At dinner that night, the discussion around the dining room table turned serious. Mom was clearly not pleased with where the conversation was headed. "Do we have to talk about this now?" she pleaded.

"We've got to talk about it sometime," Dad said, "and with Greg now ejaculating and joining the breeding program, I think he's old enough to understand something about finances, too."

"Here's the situation: As you know, Beth is going off to college in a month. That means a considerable jump in expenses, and it means she won't be able to provide juice for the breeding program. At the same time, The Farm is not as productive as it used to be. We used to ship out five or six babies a year; that's \$100,000 to \$120,000 in tax-free income. Add in the food business revenue and we've been financially secure for years. Until the last couple of years, that is."

"The old whores are just not as fertile as they used to be. Four or five of them should be carrying babies right now, but only one is pregnant. Miscarriages are on the upswing, too."

"What do you have in mind?" asked Sheila. "I'm already fucking Clint Resglia three or four times a month for his juice. Surely you don't want me to pick up the slack from Beth's absence!" There was a shrill note of defiance, with an undertone of resignation, in Sheila's voice.

"Of course not," Mom said. "Besides, you'll be going off to college in a year, too."

"What are you planning?" I asked.

"I suspect you're not going to like the idea," Dad said, "but we want you to move in with the old cows, keep close track of their fertility cycles, and" — he looked at Mom as he said it — "*canoodle* with them multiple times when their cycles are at the peak."

"And if that doesn't work?" Beth asked.

"By the time we know," Dad said, "numbers 9, 10, and 11 will be about 14. If the baby-making doesn't improve by then, we'll have to include them. They'd be almost 15 by the time they'd give birth. Those would be medium-risk pregnancies and births, but those are risks we might need to take."

— NO MORE FRENCH RAINCOATS —

"In the meantime, young man, you are through with condoms!" Dad leaned over the table and slapped me on the back. Sheila kicked my shin under the table, and Beth pinched my thigh.

The slap pushed me forward into the meatloaf on my plate; the simultaneous shin kick and the pinch caused me to yelp. Just what I wanted to do: Fuck the old whores. If I was going to *canoodle*, I wanted to *canoodle* with numbers 9 and 10, not the ancients. And I wanted to break in number 11, but given Dad's determination to boost the birth rate, it looked like that was going to have to wait.

After dinner, my sisters helped me move some of my clothes as well as some other stuff into one of the breeding rooms. "Have fun," Beth said, smirking, after I was ensconced. For her part, Sheila gave me a parting kick on the shin.

Dad and number 5 appeared at the door just as my sisters left. Number 5 was tall, with straight black hair, and had an Asiatic face. Doubtless, she was number 10's mother. Dad led her into the room, wished me well, and left us alone.

My great opening line was: "Hi! What's your name? Mine's Greg."

"Humm," she responded. "You're not at all what I expected."

"What'd you expect?"

"A couch potato. A mommy's boy with a little dick. Mr. America. Hell, I don't know. I just didn't expect a hot-looking boy." She paused. "I understand you've already fucked my daughter Tesh. You looking forward to being a motherfucker?"

"I, uh, uh." I was standing there in the breeding room buck naked, as usual, but I wasn't exactly excited about fucking a woman in her late 30s. I might have been if I'd never been laid before, but I'd been laid not once but twice that day. So my dick, instead of standing straight-out at attention, was droopy, like a soft stick of butter. As I stammered, my dick kept shrinking till it wasn't much more than a little pickle.

Number 5 pointed at my dick. "You're OK, kid. You're OK." She crooked her index finger. "Come here."

— THIRD FUCK —

I walked over to her. She put her hand under my chin, lifted it, and kissed me on the lips. "My name's Hannah." With that, she lifted her A-line dress over her head. For an old woman, she looked pretty good. Sure, she had a little potbelly from having had one kid after another after another. But my parents didn't let any of the moms get fat, and Hannah had very little of that stretched-out saggy skin that's a trademark of ex-fatties and way too many ex-preggies.

Then she dropped her panties. Her pud was shaved, and above it was a tattoo. It said simply, "Lucky You!" She swivled her moneymaker a few times, then asked: "Wha' cha think?"

"I think you're hot," I said, and I meant it. She *was* hot, and that Asiatic face was the icing on the cake. I leaned up and kissed her on lips, and I let my hand graze over her pud. "Let's go to bed," I said.

The bed was only three steps away, and as we tumbled to the mattress, Hannah pushed me on to my back. Immediately she began licking my nipples. That was something the girls hadn't done, and it turned me on. She moved lower, lingering at my navel, and headed south. Oh my gawd. She took me in her mouth, and in no time I was hard, harder, hardest. I was starting to feel really good when, suddenly, she sat up and — bang — impaled herself on my prick and started riding me reverse cowgirl style.

Her daughter's cunt had been indescribably tight, and so had Nikki's, but Hannah's was loose. My dick didn't care. It kept pumping and pumping, and my hips had to hustle to keep up.

Hump, hump, hump, I went. "Fuck!" Hannah gasped. Hump, hump. Hump. "Oh, fuck!" Hump, hump, hump. "Shit. Oh God. Fuck me!" As I got closer to orgasm, Hannah stopped and lifted her ass, then swivled and repositioned herself in classic cowgirl style, facing me. "Fuck me some more, Young Stud!" My hips and dick went to work, and I was quickly ready to explode when, again, she slowed and stopped. "Time for some missionary work!"

We rolled over as a single, writhing, carnal creature obsessed with fucking and nothing but fucking, and my dick resumed doing its job. This time, there was no pausing, no slowing, only inevitability as I grunted and climaxed. As my boys sprang forth hitting Hannah's cervix, she exhaled in a long, loud "F... u...c...k!" that must have been heard at the family house.

"I hadn't been fucked like that since I was your age," she said, kissing me on the lips and cheek and neck.

We fucked again toward dawn, and multiple times in the next few weeks, but unfortunately, she remained barren. Dad and the ex-transgendered duo had no luck, either, as they humped the old cows in their care. My sisters provided a bountiful harvest of juice, but it too failed to blossom in the exhausted wombs of the old cows.

— A NEW DIRECTION —

The original plan was for the four males to rotate from one month to the next in fucking the five unpreg cows. Surely, the thinking went, at least two of the five would get preggy, easing the strain on the family finances and giving numbers 9, 10, and 11 more time to grow up. But after a month of non-stop breeding with no results (other than wonderfully empty balls!), that plan was abandoned. My parents simply couldn't risk having only one baby available for adoption that year. The family finances wouldn't just be under an enormous strain, they would, in fact, utterly collapse.

As it was, there was barely enough money to pay Beth's college tuition. She was going to have to scramble to get money for books and food. The family's food business was similarly in trouble, as my parents were paying suppliers later and later and later. Eventually, the vendors would stop their shipments, and then what?

I well remember the "war council" we had just before Beth left for college.

"Your mother and I have come to a decision. We're going to have Greg switch to breeding the young ones. I'm going to keep plowing the old cows, as will numbers 3 and 8. That way, the first-time cows will be fucking someone their own age and will be, er, less resistant to their fate." Which was Dad's way of saying the young ones would gladly fuck me and wouldn't feel raped, which they would have had Dad and the transgendered forced them onto a bed. We wanted a complacent breeding herd, not a rebellion.

"But Dad," protested Sheila, "the young cows are still awfully young. What happens if there's a complication? Are you willing to see one or all of them die? What happens to your precious herd harmony then? Huh?"

Beth sided with my parents, however. "Sheila, there's no choice. If we don't have more babies to sell, the bank will seize the property and uncover The Farm. There'll be no saving our necks then."

"Couldn't we wait a few more months?" Sheila asked, her voice warbly as she choked back tears.
"Please?!?"

"We can't," Mom said, firmly. "We simply can't. In fact, Greg needs to go to the barn immediately and try to breed 9 and 10. Their cycles are synchronized, and they should both be fertile in the next day or two, if not now."

Never was I give a more pleasurable task. "Who's going with me?" I asked, thinking someone needed to fetch the young cow while I waited in a breeding room.

"No one's going with you," Mom said. "You should know the layout by now, and your father will give you the access codes for the main doors. Just get one of the girls and breed her. If she gives you any trouble, call us."

— TO THE BARN —

So to the barn I went. Once inside, I went to the young cows' lounge, and found Nikki combing a tween's hair. Nikki looked surprised, but happy, at my sudden appearance. "Come with me," I said, and gently touched her arm.

"OK," she said. "Are we going to fuck?"

"Yep," I said. As we walked to the breeding room, she asked why I hadn't tried to fuck her after the first time we were together.

"Did I do something wrong?" she asked.

"Not at all," I said, and kissed her high on the forehead as we walked. "Dad said I had to fuck number 10, er, Tesh, so she wouldn't be jealous and get into fights with you. Equal time and all that, and then my parents switched me to fucking Number 5, uh, Hannah, so she'd get pregnant. But that didn't work out so well."

"Oh," said Nikki, coldly, and tried to pull away from me. I held her arm tight, to keep her near me. "So you're back to fucking me as a consolation prize?" she demanded.

"No, I'm back to fucking you because I really, really, really want to fuck you."

Nikki smirked and patted me on the ass. "You're such a gentleman!"

We were now at the breeding room. I opened the door, ushered Nikki in, and patted her on *her* ass. "Lift your arms," I said, and pulled her pink A-line dress over her head. She should be wearing a green dress, now that she was officially a breeding cow, but she didn't know that. We lay on the bed and kissed, and kissed some more. My dick was straining for its freedom and beginning to hurt, so I broke off and stripped. As I shed my clothes, Nikki peeled off her panties.

"Let's fuck," she said. "I like making out, but I'm wet as hell and I really want your nice warm dick in me. Put on a condom and let's go!"

I lay down next to her and resumed kissing. "You say the nicest things, but let me get a few licks in first."

— SOUTHERN EXPLORATION —

I headed south and let my tongue explore the smooth insides of her thighs...the labia majora...the labia minora...the opening to her cunt (with a few flicks down toward her anus)...the first inch or so of her vagina...and then I moved up to her clit and began tongue action, first slow, then vigorous, then slow, then circular, then the tiniest taps on the very tip of her now enlarged clit. She reached down and tugged on my ears and tousled my hair.

I moved up, kissed her tits and lips, and reached down to enter her.

"Hey, what about a condom!?"

"We don't need one," I said, and pushed my dick into her warm and oh-so-tight cunt.

"What are you doing!?" she demanded, trying to push me off her.

"Trying to get you pregnant," I said, and thrust deep into her.

"You're a fuckin' asshole!" she shouted, and started pounding my chest with her fists, trying to bite my arms, and managed to hit my chin with the top of her head. I arched my back to keep away from her hammer-like skull and snapping teeth. She kept shouting and pounding my chest, while I kept pumping away in her sweet cunt. A surge finally grew in my groin, and I erupted into her. I was able to grab her hands, one by one, and held her down for a couple of minutes as my dick softened and slid out of her sex.

"I'll get off if you won't hit me."

"Fuck you, you asshole!"

— FAST EXIT --

My jaw hurt from where her skull had made contact, and my arms were getting tired of holding my torso

out of harm's way. So I jumped off her, ran out of the breeding room buck naked and locked the door, but not before she managed to kick me and call me "a fuckin' asshole" one more time. Outside, standing in the private hall for the breeding rooms, I went through several built-in drawers till I found something to wear: a pink A-line dress. I wrapped it around my waist, like a towel. I looked through the peephole. She was crying, pounding the bed with her fists, and at the same time, trying to dress herself.

I walked to the observation center and picked up the "hotline" to the house. My sister Beth answered. I briefly explained the situation. "Way to go, Don Juan," she said. "Don't do anything; we'll be over."

Mom, Dad, Sheila, and Beth soon came through the chain of entrance doors. My sisters scowled at me; Sheila pushed me, and I pushed her back. Mom and Dad snapped at both of us, and immediately the tone got serious. Sheila seemed especially pissed. "Nikki is such a cutie! I can't believe you raped her! Why didn't you back off and let her calm down?"

"Yeah, it was *real suave*," Beth added. "*Really, really suave*."

I felt terrible. But Dad didn't see the situation the same way my sisters did. "Yeah, he raped her and, yeah, it wasn't '*real suave*,' but number 9 is now a breeding cow, and we can't have the cows refusing to be impregnated. And we don't always have time to be nicey-nicey. We choose when they're bred, and with whom."

"Let me deal with this," Mom said. We watched on the monitors (and listened via microphones I didn't know existed!) as she let herself into the breeding room where Nikki, number 9, was crying. "Nikki, honey, I'm so sorry...."

"Go away!" Nikki said. "Just go away!"

— BEDSIDE CHAT —

Mom said on the bed beside Nikki and gave her a hug. "Nikki, I've watched you grow up. I was there when you were born, I changed your diapers, I fed you some of your first solid food. I've bandaged your scrapes and sores over the years. I love you almost as much as if you were my own daughter...."

"Liar! Liar!" Nikki screamed. "You're just raising us like hogs to be bred and butchered! You're a monster! A monster!"

Mom stiffened and pulled her arm away from Nikki. "That's nonsense," she said firmly. "We don't butcher anyone. We're good people, and we treat you well, and...."

"Liar! Liar!" Nikki screamed again, her voice choking with raw emotion. "We're just cows to you, to be fucked and milked and...." Nikki started gesticulating and, amid the tears, hit Mom hard with the back of her hand.

Did she mean to? I don't know. But something snapped in Mom. She slapped Nikki. "OK, have it your way. We're monsters and rapists and, yes, you're a cow. Calves grow up and turn into cows, and you've grown up, and now it is time for you to be bred and earn your keep." Mom motioned "come here" at the camera.

"Let's go," Dad said, and we invaded the breeding room, all of us. "Grab her, and we'll take her to the special breeding room." We carried Nikki, who was struggling and screaming, to a door I'd barely noticed before at the end of the hall. Inside was an odd bed that was almost vertical. The bed was only slightly longer than a human torso, but at one end two leg boards jutted out.

My parents pushed number 9 against the bed, then Dad worked a lever and the bed flipped to a level

position. Mom, Dad, and my sisters busied themselves with straps that dangled from the sides of the bed, and soon Nikki was immobilized. The leg boards were swung apart and up, and Nikki's legs strapped to them. Nikki was now vividly on display, her butt at the very edge of the bed. She was still dressed, but her position was nonetheless delightfully obscene.

Dad walked to a drawer, pulled out a pair of scissors, and soon Nikki — who had continued to scream — was totally naked.

For her part, Mom went to another drawer, pulled out a ball gag and put an end Nikki's screaming. Mom then got a towel from another drawer, draped it over Nikki's groin, and said loudly, "Number 9, Sweetie, you brought this on yourself. Welcome to the adulthood. Greg's now going to breed you, and breed you, and breed you. Oh, and feel free to pee into the towel when you need to go."

Everyone left the room except me. Nikki was looking at the wall, at the ceiling, at anything to keep from looking at me. She looked for all the world like a very scared and forlorn barely 14-year-old girl, which of course is exactly what she was. I leaned down and gently kissed her on the forehead. "It'll be all right, really it will." I found a blanket in one of the drawers, and spread it across her. "I'm going now. Get some sleep."

In the hall outside, Beth was waiting for me. "That was awful, awful, awful. How do you feel?"

"Like shit."

"Tell you what. Why don't you go back to that breeding room, settle in, and I'll go get Tesh to spend the night with you? You shouldn't be alone, and you need to fuck her soon anyway. Yes?"

"Yeah, OK." But I felt like sulking and feeling sorry for myself, not fucking. I went to the breeding room as Beth suggested, stripped down, and fell asleep despite the turmoil in my mind. The time was a few minutes past 10 p.m. when I lay down; it was about 2 a.m. when I awoke to someone pulling a blanket off me.

— DOING THE DOGGIE —

"Wake up, Sleepyhead!" It was my sister Beth. "I've brought you some company."

Tesh was standing behind Beth and grinning. "I'll take it from here." With that, Beth turned and closed the door behind her. Tesh lifted off her dress and pushed down her panties, revealing her stunning body. "Beth told me what happened. Yikes! You really fucked up, and I can't imagine what Nikki's feeling right now. That said, she knows the score, and I'm a bit surprised she reacted the way she did." Tesh sat down as she talked, and began fondling my prick and balls. "You have any cum left over for little ole me?"

Now I was the one grinning. I sat up, grabbed her, pushed her on her back, spread her legs, and began licking. "Gotta love a man who knows what I like," Tesh said, giggling and then inhaling. "Right there. Keep it up. Oh god, that's it, that's it!" I kept licking for several minutes, my tongue and finger exploring her sex and tantalizing surroundings. Suddenly, she arched her back and her tummy tightened. "Awwww...."

"My turn," I said. Tesh uttered not a word, she simply assumed the doggie position and wiggled her ass at me. I mounted her and fucked and fucked. With my ball's half-empty from fucking Nikki earlier in the evening, I lasted a long, long time. It was good, very good.

In the morning, Nikki nudged me awake with a kiss and gentle tickling of my private parts. "How are your boys doing this morning?" she asked.

"They are in fine shape," I replied. "Thanks for asking." I kissed her softly on her luscious lips and cupped a breast. "And how are your girls and that all-important tunnel?"

"My twat's just fine and rarin' to go, but I think it's Nikki's turn. Why don't we bring her here, and we can have breakfast together, and then let your horniness take its course?"

It was an interesting idea, and it *was* Nikki's turn, but I had no idea what Nikki would be like this morning. "You're right. It is Nikki's turn, and I love your idea." I paused. "But I need to see her first, by myself."

— AN APOLOGY —

When I entered the special breeding room, I had no idea what to expect. Would Nikki be screaming, scheming, struggling, doing a slow burn, or something else? I hit the light switch, half expecting her to erupt like a banshee, even though she still had a ball gag in her mouth. Instead, she lay still. I removed the ball gag. She coughed and drank water greedily from a sports bottle I held to her lips.

"I'm so sorry," she said, once her throat cleared. "I shouldn't have gone ballistic. I know... I know that you need to get me pregnant. What I did... I over-reacted. I'm... I'm ready now. Let's... let's screw."

"No, not here, not now." I untied the straps holding her to the table, massaged her legs, and gently lifted her up. I held her upright until the pins and needles feeling left her arms and legs, and then I gave her a green A-line dress to wear. "It looks good on you." I kissed her on the forehead and then led her to the other breeding room.

Tesh jumped up and hugged her when we entered the room. I left the girls alone and went to get breakfast from the dumbwaiter connected to the food business upstairs. By the time I got back they were at it hot and heavy with a double-ended dildo that Tesh had brought with her. After they were through, I joined them. I ended up in the middle, with each girl variously nibbling at my balls, taking turns slurping at my dick, licking the nipple or ear on her side, kissing me, or attacking my neck. When I was about to explode, I quickly entered Nikki and, after a dozen or so thrusts, emptied my balls at the entrance to her cervix.

— THE REST OF THE STORY —

There's a lot more I could tell you about my 14th year. One thing I didn't do was fuck number 11 though I wanted to every time I saw her sweet ass. Turned out Mom kept accurate breeding records, and Esila was technically my half-sister, as Dad had been the one who coupled with the whore who produced her. My parents didn't want any incest for fear of abnormalities. Who'd pay to adopt a deformed baby?

Incest was already casting a dark shadow over my future. 14-year-olds are exceptionally fertile, and happily both Tesh and Nikki became pregnant the first month I fucked them. Also happily, they gave birth to healthy babies without any complications. But Beth pointed out that if I knocked up all the young cows, then in 14 or so years, I couldn't impregnate any of that year's crop of young breeders cause they would all be my daughters!

Thus was number 11 impregnated with juice Sheila collected from Kirby Gilson. It was to be his last impregnation *in absentia*, as Sheila hooked up with another boy soon after Esila was syringed and never again let Kirby anywhere near her pussy.

Beth had a tough time adjusting to college, but she stuck it out and got a degree in marketing — and a husband. She put her talents, energy, and marketing knowledge to work revving up the sales of the food plant. Her husband — after being gradually introduced to the real family business — enthusiastically joined me in fucking the young cows. Turned out he had ties to anti-abortion Fundamentalists, and got

them to join the Catholics in buying our products, and at a higher price! We were no longer getting a measly \$20,000 or \$25,000 per baby, but rather \$35,000 and on occasion even \$40,000!

Sheila used her years at college to focus on childbirth. First came a nursing degree, then further training as a nurse practitioner with a specialty in birthing. With her knowledge came a decrease in miscarriages. When she married, her husband took to his breeding role with even greater enthusiasm than Beth's, and soon we were rolling in money. Dad had houses built near the barn for both my sisters, and oversaw construction of a new barn with a much improved and very much enlarged Farm underneath.

As I write this, the aged transgenders and the old whores are enjoying nice new quarters, we have 17 young cows pregnant, three more being bred, and a whopping 41 pre-pubescent cows are growing up in The Farm. As with every generation, the youngsters spend a lot of time watching porn to get ready for their roles in life.

As I wrap up this account, Nikki is waiting for me in a breeding room. She's three months pregnant, but who says a preggie doesn't get horny? Not me!

FINI

Any comments? Email me at: Angler77@Safe-mail.net