**Dragonauts: Machina's Breeding Plan**

**by SlutWriter**

**Summary**

Machina wants a child for her and Akira to share, but human sperm is too weak to make a dent in her eggs, even in Communicator form! She has to find animals on earth who are up to the task...

**Notes**

BIG DISCLAIMER: This is not an attempt to add something nuanced or thoughtful to the Dragonauts: Resonance Of Fate universe. It is a work of taboo stroke fiction meant to aid in masturbation, and is prurient in the extreme. If works of this type disturb you, don't read any further.
Machina's Breeding Plan

It had not been hard for Machina to convince the security officers at the menagerie to let her inside the performance enclosure. Indeed, they barely looked in her eyes as she made her request, focusing instead on her huge, matronly, and perfectly complexioned breasts. These were near-completely exposed by the plunging neckline of her nightgown-like robe in lacy lavender and purple, absolutely flawless in shape and symmetry. It was a body shape that had come naturally to her, ever since she’d manifested her “human” or Communicator form.

“You can take as many pictures as you like,” she assured the men, who appeared to be seconds away from having nosebleeds that would blow their heads back with recoil. “Just remember our agreement.” Machina never ceased to be amazed by the randy behavior of humans, who saw her Communicator form as a sex object to be ogled. She hadn’t arranged to have enormous, perfect natural milk tanks, a large and shapely rump, and her signature flowing indigo hair with horn-like flourishes on either side - it had just happened that way as part of the resonance process.

She walked to the center of the artificial pasture. The zoo was closed, and the handlers had arranged a ‘special showing’ just for her, provided they could film as much of the encounter as they wished. Machina let her gown fall from her shoulders, leaving only dark, crimp-bordered lingerie that gripped her curvy hips and plump pussy. She bent over and pulled these down dutifully, leaving herself totally naked. Her bird-like, graceful forearms and calves contrasted with her bountiful thighs, breasts and buttocks. Her hair trailed down her back in a shining blue sheet.

She had many reasons for doing what she was doing. She had been an accidental eavesdropper when Dr. Kitajima informed a lovestruck Jin and Toa that it wouldn’t be possible for them to have a child together. “Even if Toa is in a human-looking form, she’s still a dragon,” the doctor explained. “Her eggs have certain characteristics that make it impossible for human sperm to penetrate them exteriors and start the chain reaction of life.” Machina had been interested in this. Having a child was the ultimate expression of love between two humans, she knew, and she sensed that Akira, her Dragonaut partner, would definitely want such a thing for them. However, in the case of Machina and Akira, it was doubly impossible, since they were both females.

Since she could not mate with human females and she could not mate with human males, that meant her only possibly targets for procreation were the other dragons - Gio, Howlingstar, and Amadeus. Machina quickly eliminated these as a possibility. Gio was too obsessed with Toa to ever agree to such a thing. Howlingstar was too immature and brash. Amadeus was simply too old, and courting him would additionally invite the jealousy of the brash young girl Dragonaut, Sieglinde Baumgard. She also assumed that Akira would be rather jealous herself if her “big sister” and partner decided to mate with another dragon, regardless of good intent. So what possibilities did that leave? Well, Earth was home to many beasts, some of which had physical prowess and majesty rivaling dragons. She would simply mate with one of those, Machina decided, and soon, she and Akira would have a child to strengthen their bond.

There was a the clank of a gate as the keepers brought her first partner to the enclosure - a muscled, powerful white tiger with a glistening belt and eyes of bright aquamarine. The beast was perhaps 11 feet long and bound to weight 800 pounds or more; a streamlined, powerful hunter that dwarfed Machina as she bent over and peeled her panties down from her large, round ass, letting them fall to the ground before dutifully falling to her knees, her rump facing the animal, and planting her palms on the cool, pleasant grass. Now on all fours and ready to be mounted, her massive tits drooped nearly all the way down and her thick, pale ass-globes jiggled enticingly as she arched her
back and moved her knees shoulder-width apart, presenting herself to the animal as a bitch in heat.

“Well?” she asked. “Come on, then.” Any normal woman would have been paralyzed with fear - but Machina was a dragon, and even in Communicator form was not threatened by such a beast. On the contrary, she did all she could to make herself appear receptive, lowering her upper body until her breasts piled on the grass in soft, pillowy mounds, and raising her bottom up, giving the prowling tiger full access to the engorged cleft of her sex. She even reached behind herself with one hand and used two agile fingers to spread apart her puffy, blushing labia to reveal the velvet pinkness of her passage.

While this certainly had an effect on the disbelieving, phone-recording zookeepers, it remained to be seen whether it would have an effect on the massive tiger, which prowled around her in a circle, almost warily, as if it could sense a kindred animal beneath her ‘human’ exterior. As it moved past Machina’s head, she saw something beneath its rear legs - a pair of large testicles covered in the same white fur as its pelt - and in front of that, a powerful flesh tube tapering from a furry base to a brazen pink tip. It was narrow near the end - about the width of a finger, but near the base it seemed thicker than her bicep. At well over a foot long in total, it threatened to do real damage to her inexperienced pussy. Macina began to consider the limitations of her Communicator form as the menacing organ dragged through the grass in front of her face and the beast circled back behind her.

“That’s it,” she urged the tiger, wiggling her rear and making her large, round butt-globes jiggle in their whiteness. “You’ve got a job to do, for Akira-chan and I!” She felt a tingling of anticipation and pleasure in her belly and knew that her body was reacting in the required way to the prospect of penetration. Human love - or, in this case, human and tiger love - could really be quite a wet and sloppy experience. Her pink, spasming vaginal canal glistened and a thin line of syrupy lubrication began to drip out and hang down toward the ground. Machina made a noise of arousal - just touching herself this way was quite satisfying, she realized - and then the tiger made a move.

With a purring, snuffling sound it launched it’s powerful forepaws over Machina’s shapely back, hooking them over her shoulders and around her neck like it might do to bring down a gazelle on the African veldt. The weight pressed Machina into the grass, drawing an exclamation of “Ara!” as her eyes went wide. At the same time, the tiger’s leaking, throbbing penis sliced into the wet crescent of her pussy, widening it as each progressively-thicker inch intruded. The tapered head of the more than foot-long device penetrated her cervix with ease, popping into her womb.

“Uwaaagh!” Machina moaned, throwing her head back so the top of it pressed into the tiger’s powerful, furry chest. She felt a stretching, spewing surge of hot liquid and knew the beast was leaking a torrent of reproductive goo into the place that her baby would grow; this was the stuff she needed to absolutely *drown* her fertile eggs! It was with this image that she braced herself against the ground and pushed her round, bubbly ass back against the tiger’s short but overpowering strokes. “Y-Yes!” she cried. “Breed me! Fill up my baby room!” Having more fun than she perhaps expected, she reached up and caressed the tiger’s face and cheek with adoration.

The tiger was doing just as she hoped, pumping with rapid-fire strokes of 2-3 inches at a time. The base of its penis was fat and stretching Machina’s pussy open in an ungodly fashion, making her leak all over the ground and the pair of furry balls that would soon be providing her with all the virile, egg-defeating animal cum she needed. Tigers were known to be symbols of virility all over Asia, including Japan, and Machina could see how the reputation had been earned. Those big furry balls were absolutely stuffed with hot cum! She whimpered as a wave of saucy pre-cum splattered out from the stretched seal her labia had made around the tiger’s fat cock-base. Her tongue lolled from her mouth as she felt a knot-twisting feeling of expulsion from deep in her belly - the tiger’s
womb-skewering strokes were driving her into a frenzy of ovulation!

“B-beat up my eggs!” she encouraged, knowing their tough exteriors had defeated the weaker sperm of guys like Jin, who were obsessed with their draconic partners but lacked the physiology to truly satisfy! “Oh! You’re flooding my baby sack!”

The tiger was making grumbling, growling noises as the stroked shortened even more and the tapered tip of its bestial penis tented the back of Machina’s needly womb, flooding the chamber with a torrent of thick, gooey tiger cum. “Nngh, I can feel it!” she gasped, referring to the heavy spurts that were quickly filling her womb and making her pelvis bloat and creak. “Deeper! Deeper, you beast!” She began to grind her cunt back against the tiger’s cock, wiggling her booty from side to side so the spewing, cum-blasting cocktip would fill her from new directions. Her eyes rolled back in her head as the tapered tip slid into one of her oviduct and began to stress and bulge the narrow passage with chunky, jelly-like animal cum. Surely, she felt, her hard-to-conquer dragon ovums would succumb to this level of direct sperm-blasting!

Her entire left side was a throb of pain mixed with pleasure as her most delicate reproductive processes were ravaged by tiger cock. Machina could feel the tight, energy-filled ball of her left ovary being blasted directly by semen; as she shuddered to climax she could visualize her body going into overdrive and popping out egg after egg into that sea of conquering beast-spew!

Passages within her that were never meant to be dilated and penetrated in normal humans were being used as animal fuck-sleeves, and only her not-quite-human status allowed her to escape the experience without serious damage as the tiger remained docked in her twat for nearly thirty minutes, ejaculating in spurts and returning to short thrusts until another ejaculation minutes later. A pool of semen began to form on the grass between their coupled bodies and Machina lost count of the number of belly-busting orgasms that tore through her innards. Most importantly, she was ovulating like mad because of the rough treatment!

As the tiger disengaged, Machina moaned with dismay as her pussy let out a rather undignified uncorking sound and she felt a rush of warm goo pouring out of her stretched hole. It wasn’t the indignity that bothered her but rather the loss of valuable sperm - she wanted as much inside her as possible to ensure that she would quicken with child. Thus, she reached behind herself and pressed the flat of her palm against her wet slit, plugging up the outflow, pressing her cheek against the grass and letting her fat jugs bounce and pile up beneath her. Her opposite hand cradled the hot, overflowing container of her belly, which was swollen outward a bit from her overstuffed womb and cum-filled oviducts. She was favored to be pregnant, she surmised, but not certain.

Her powerful tiger partner was spent, but Machina had arranged for a backup. Her time with Akira had shown her to be the responsible one of the pair, the big sister. It was her duty to take care of this reproduction business, and not burden Akira with worries about it. Thus, Machina would accept no outcome other than success. The second animal - a massive thoroughbred stallion, would see to that.

The stallion was chestnut-colored with white markings on its head. Perhaps not as regal of aesthetically pleasing as the tiger, but a workhorse in the reproduction department. While the tiger stood shorter than Machina at the shoulder, this beast’s back was higher than her head. The tiger had weighed perhaps 800 pounds, this beast was easily 1500, with a cock already unsheathed and hanging past its hocks at a length over twice that of the feline. There were two handlers to aid in the operation; and in addition to the mighty horse they produced a knee-high bale of hay for Machina to lay on, which would leave her perpendicular to the stallion’s massive cock as it ran along it belly.
As she settled in on her back and spread her legs, Machina’s mountainous breasts piled up and jiggled. She was immediately assailed by a barnyard smell that was quite different from that of the tiger - a sweaty animal stench that made her perfectly-shaped nose wrinkle. “This smell!” she announced, before adding: “I guess it can’t be helped.” The handlers positioned the stallion over her, darkening her pale, nude body with its shadow. Machina found herself staring down the barrel of a mottled, leathery horse cock that was two feet long and thicker than her arm at the shoulder.

“Uh, lady-” one of the handlers announced, trying to control the snuffling, sex-crazed animal. “Are you sure this is a good idea?” The stallion surged forward into position, imitating a thrust, and its cock slid along her belly, showing just how deeply it would penetrate if it actually did go inside her. The flanged, cum-leaking cocktip reached up all the way to her breasts! “If this thing gets inside you it’s going to really fuck you up!”

This assessment only made Machina sure that this course of action was the correct one. She was not worried about her Communicator form - even in that diminished state she had resilience and skill dozens of times that of a normal human. Nor did she fear the prowess of the powerful animal, for in her dragon state she was hundreds of times its size. What it would provide - and what she needed - was an overpowering sexual force to really brutalize her needy dragon eggs and get those sperm to where they would do some good!

“Let him go,” she ordered, fingering her cum-sticky pussy as it leaked more and more tiger goo. “Let him do as he pleases!”

The handlers did as they were told, releasing the stallion’s bridle. The bulging cock-crown of the beast pressed into Machina’s sex and at first, it seemed like it would never go inside - it was simply too big in girth, even for her tiger-fucked opening. But Machina gritted her teeth and held her position on the bale with supernatural strength. “Come on!” she hissed. “Do it as hard as you can!”

The next sound she made was perhaps the most undignified she’d ever uttered. The horse used its powerful haunches to plow forward, and Machina let out an undulating moaning noise like owaaaoouuggh as her pussy first seemed to collapse inward and then dilate open to absorb the full girth of the horse’s monster cockhead. A cock shape burrowed up from her pelvis toward her breasts, bulging her already tiger-stuffed belly even more. The handlers watched with morbid fascination as the horse, with sweat dripping from the puffy donut ring of its asshole and down the shaft of its cock, brutalized Machina’s guts with a cunt-destroying mating press. The sound of meat shifting and stretching around the stallion’s cock was audible in the open air. Machina’s tongue lolled pathetically out of her mouth and her eyes crossed.

The horse began to fuck, not with short stroked like the tiger but with long, all-the-way-in, all-the-way-out womb batterers. Machina could only gasp and warble as her cum-stuffed womb was skewered and bloated with horse dick that displaced all the semen and caused the sensitive, fertile chamber to stretch out even further. The horse sawed into her cunt with absolutely no care for her well-being, and Machina moaned desperately and pressed her huge boobs together to titfuck that cock-shaped distended gut bulge as it stretched upward toward her face, milking that stallion prick as best she could. Cum and lube flew in sheets from her crotch as the beast withdrew and reinserted, pulling out gouts of her pussy juice with the bulging, flanged tip of its horsemeat and replacing the wetness with its own thick, nasty pre-cum leakage on the way back in.

The cockhead rammed all the way into her womb and made the chamber stretch around it, a throbbing cock crown at the center of a reservoir of tiger cum, with a plume of horse sperm rocketing into her guts as well and mixing the animal kingdoms within the flooded churn of her
own baby sack. “Ugh! I’m… ovulating all over your cock!” Machina moaned, and her eyes remained uncoordinated and lewdly off-kilter. “This feeling of my eggs being raped by such smelly horse cum is… too good!”

The tiger had already pumped her left oviduct full of thick tiger cum, and the stallion angled to the right while pounding her guts for fifteen uninterrupted minutes. Machina cooed with brain-rattled pleasure from the pressure the invading horse dick put on all of her other organs, compacting them and bloating her belly with an ever-increasing amount of hot, chunky horse sludge. The beast’s piss-pipe was aimed directly into her egg tube when it started to hose her full of that whitish-yellow fucksauce, drowning her other ovary as she ovulated helplessly into the ocean of beast sludge. Her eyes rolled back to the whites as she realized her resilient dragon ovums were being completely gang raped by swirling masses of tiger and stallion sperm within the sloshing depths of her gurgling, gravid cum-gut, which quickly grew to a size that allowed her to caress the protruding sphere with both hands.

She was an animal semen tank, and when the horse lowered its head as if grazing, she started making out with beast, trading sloppy kisses and sucking on the long, spit-loaded tongue as she felt the immense, superheated pressure of horse semen flooding her insides and inflating her womb to the size of a beach ball. The regal tiger had opened her up and now the brutal stallion was slamming the door! Her mind could visualize her eggs being penetrated, violated by clumps of larger-than-normal sperm, the tiger and horse loads merging and drowning her ovaries. She could feel her throbbing, burning burbs spasm as she had a shameful breeding orgasm and popped out a new load of eggs into the ocean of tar-thick tiger and horse nut in her belly!

The stallion continued to lick her face, and then, having pulled out as far as it could without clearing her pussy entirely, started to suck and bite at her tits, clamping teeth down on her fat teats and pulling them up into elongated blimp shapes. Machina moaned at the sensation of having her most famous feature so roughly handled by an animal, and couldn’t help but cry out as new, unbidden sensations overwhelmed her. “W-wait! If you do that, I’ll- uwwwaaaaagh!”

The brutal womb-battering and swollen belly had triggered a physiological reaction in her Communicator form, it seemed - and she arched her back and surged upward on the hay bale as her huge tits erupted with fat geysers of creamy milk! Not only was she feeding the randy horse its fill, but her opposite breast was absolutely spraying the stuff all over her, and Machina had no choice to stuff her own nipple in her mouth and try to drain the overloaded milk reservoirs within her own throbbing tits! Her body knew it had been utterly bred, and was reacting quickly fill her already-huge fuck tanks with an overabundance of baby-nourishing cream!

It was around this point that the horse’s cock finally slid from her pussy, and considering the backup of cum in her ballooned-out belly, the result should have been a massive creampie expulsion. However, the handlers and zookeepers were ready, and per Machina’s instructions, replaced the horse’s monster fuckmeat with a large, plug-like sex toy that would seal the reservoir of nasty animal cum inside the gorgeous, matronly Communicator for as long as it took to spark a new life. Thus, the tide of semen was quickly quelled as her moist, engorged pussy lips gripped tight around the new, plastic seal.

Machina laid back in near catatonia while the stallion drink greedily from her breast. Eventually, the tiger was led to her opposite side to drink as well, and the two animal studs that had surely knocked her up were given to drink from her milk-bulged mammaries as she lay and cradled her slovenly cum gut. The amount inside her was disgracefully large - her womb as nothing more than an animal semen tank! Yet her goal was achieved, and she appreciatively stroked the tiger and stallion as they slurped and licked at her spurting nipples with tongues alternatively slimy and
rough. “You were good helpers!” she complimented. “Good boys.” She alternated letting the animals nurse from her breasts with making out with them and sucking their tongues.

Perhaps another half-hour later, with her tits still leaking and her face wet with foamy animal spit, Machina rose to a sitting position on the hay bale, beckoning the caretakers to help steady her. Her huge cum-belly made her look like she was already deep into a pregnancy, and she cradled this bounty of semen lovingly, stroking it with her hands. Offering a gentle smile toward her own protruding gut, she rose and began collecting her now ill-fitting gown.

The deed had been done. Akira-chan would be so pleased! Though it would be best, she considered, to leave out certain private details when delivering the news.

As she lay on her side in bed, totally nude and stroking the churning, sloppy semen reservoir in her belly, Machina considered how to break the news to her Dragonaut partner, Akira. The two were very close and had an obvious bond, but Akira sometimes hesitated in showing her affection.

Machina was sure that the arrival of a child, one that both of them could share, would be just the catalyst needed for them to have a real human/dragon relationship. If she closed her eyes she could envision her coming pregnancy. She would give birth to a son, she thought. Regal and graceful, like the tiger. Full of vigor and power, like the stallion. She could see him already in her mind’s eye. One eye of striking blue, one of green. Pale-skinned, like her, and possibly with her hair color as well, and a handsome, refined face.

She nibbled her bottom lip as a particularly large deposit of semen shifted position in her belly. She was so totally stuffed with animal cum… and the sensation wasn’t entirely unpleasant. Especially since she knew she was getting knocked up like crazy! “Mmm,” she moaned to herself, rubbing her pale, cum-pregnant belly sphere with one warm hand. “It feels so good!” She reached around the curve and began to finger her clit, that sensitive place that was quickly becoming her favorite part of this Communicator form. Then she raised her heavy breast to her mouth so she could bite and suck at her own nipple.

She soon surged to orgasm, it was not just because of the throb of her clit or the sensitivity of her nipples, but thoughts of her gorgeous, perfect, soon-to-be-born son. “We will call him ‘Lucian’,” she whispered to herself. They would have each other, and something to live for beyond Dragonauts, and Thanatos, and the machinations of enemies both familiar and unseen.
Machina Gives Birth

“They’re very aggressive today!” Machina said, as the two white tiger cubs suckled powerfully at her hanging tits. Her voice carried only the barest hint of surprise, and despite her position - heavily pregnant, on her hands and knees in a zoo paddock with her gravid belly hanging with lewd, sow-like size, she seemed quite calm. Her pregnant gut was equalled in obscenity only by her pale, bulging buttocks and enormous, milk-loaded tits.

She had arranged it with the zookeepers, who had travelled her unconventional journey of pregnancy with her, facilitating her needs in exchange for all the sordid jack-off material they could store in their cellphones. She was nearly at full term, and her breasts had swollen in size, the areolas growing large and raised, as milk began to leak constantly from her quivering pores. She thus arranged for several orphaned white tiger cubs to feed from her huge, pale teets until she was drained. As a nice side effect, the feeling of their eager mouths and rough tongues suckling hard at her nipples was enough to bring her sensitive body to orgasm!

“Don’t drink too much!” she scolded, sounding, she hoped, suitably motherly. “There won’t be any left for Lucian!” She ran a hand over her swollen, ovoid belly as she uttered her unborn son’s name. Having never reproduced before, Machina hadn’t been sure what to expect, but her pregnancy seemed similar to those that had happened among humans. She hissed and bit her lip with pleasure as she felt a particularly hard suckle draw a huge deposits of her creamy milk from her ducts; she loved the feeling of being drained by these eager cubs, as they pressed their muzzles into her hanging, torpedo-shaped udders, indenting the flesh.

Meanwhile, the tiger handlers were jerking off and filming the whole thing with their phones, thinking how lucky they were to have such a hot bitch utterly degrading herself for their twisted pleasure. Of course, they would never say such things aloud to Machina… but rather whispered them to each other.

“This fuckin’ huge-titted bitch needs to be milked like a cow! Look at those fat fuck-jugs!” said one to the other, in a hushed, excited tone. The response, that she looked like a knocked-up whore on her hands and knees with her wide hips and thick ass thrust out, her back arched, and her preggo belly slung under her, was equally filled with excitement. Machina had a voluptuous body under any circumstance, but her pregnancy seemed to have made her breasts, belly and hips even more pronounced, while the rest of her - arms, neck, wrists, calves - was as slender and graceful as ever.

The menagerie was meant to be closed that day, but the keepers had arranged for a class of elementary school boys to make an unsanctioned visit. Machina had instructed that in preparation to be a good mother for Lucian, she wanted to interact with as many young boys as possible and take care of all of their needs; and the no-nonsense look on her face as she made the request seemed to brook no disobedience. Even in her Communicator form, Machina was a powerful combatant, with her mastery over water. Thus, the keepers brought the boys in one by one so they could have their first sexual experience with Machina’s eager mouth, and she arched her back on all fours, thrust her ass up, and attended eagerly to the task.

“So, this is a boy’s penis!” she remarked, as the first of the cute pre-teens shyly let his slacks and underwear slide from his hips, revealing a hairless pubis and an unexpectedly large shaft. Machina immediately craned her neck forward and took him into her mouth, her cheeks hollowing out lewdly as she sucked and made a cross-eyed blowjob face, trying to examine the dick as she was sucking it, and in general, betraying her formerly dignified comportment. Still, not being human,
she saw little wrong with what she was doing, and the men and boys who were the beneficiaries certainly had no reason to tell her!

It was mere seconds before the spiky-haired, precocious lad put his hands on her head, using her trademark horn-like hair flourishes as makeshift handles, and clenched his ass while thrusting his hips forward and crying out. “Waaagh! Miss Machina, if you keep doing that, I’ll—”

“Mmm!” Machina groaned, and reached out to grope the boy’s cute little ten-year-old ass. Ever since she decided to breed, she’d found the act of *mothering* and *servicing* boys to be very arousing! He wailed and leaned over her head like he’d just been punched in the stomach as his cute, smooth cock twitched and began to spray thick spurts of semen into her mouth. His ejaculation continued for at least fifteen seconds, before he stumbled backward in a daze and Machina spit the chunky load out into her palm. She knew it from watching human mothers that it was correct to compliment the boy. “There’s so much and it was thick as jelly!” she assessed, looking at the gooey mess piled up in her palms. She gestured to the animal handlers, who provided a large glass mug for her to dump the gooey boy-semen into. “You did very well!” She expected to raise Lucian with positive reinforcement of the same kind.

The parade of young schoolboys moving to Machina’s face, dropping their pants, and squinting their large and expressive eyes as she slurped their dicks with a lewd blowjob face thus commenced, with the line going twenty deep with cute shaggy heads of hair ranging from black to blonde to brown to everywhere in between. As the tiger cubs continued to suckle her huge tits, Machina dutifully sucked the boys, encouraging them to use their hips and use her throat they were trying to breed with it, sucking on their tight, smooth balls, and using her tongue to peel back and clean their foreskins. Each time they came, she dutifully spit the load into the glass mug. Soon, it was absolutely filled to the brim.

“You boys are such good breeders!” Machina said, praising them as she intended to do her own offspring. She looked into the brimming glass receptacle and licked her lips at the sight of so many jelly-like cum loads all mixed together. “I need lots of nourishment to deliver a healthy baby!” With the boys strewn about throughout the enclosure in various poses of sated, dazed bewilderment, she lifted the glass to her lips… it appeared to contain more than a pint of whitish-yellow sperm! Machina opened her mouth but then drew back sharply and wrinkled her nose.

“Oh!” she assessed. “This was your first time, so it’s extra thick and smelly! But I guess it can’t be helped!” As the keepers fapped clandestinely and filmed the debauchery, Machina completed the deed, tilting the mug back and taking thick, powerful swallows that were audible. Gulp. Gulp. Gulp. Her throat bulged in time with the wet noises and her cheeks puffed out as if she were a squirrel storing nuts for the winter. Once the mug was drained, Machina huffed a tongue-out gasp, with curds of jizz hanging from the corners of her mouth. She stifled a burp and put a hand over her gurgling belly, looking behind her.

All of the cum chugging and heaving had caused the extra-large novelty dildo she had stuffed into her ass to poke free from her anus. It was the color of candy, tapering with a pointed, ribbed tip to a huge base with innumerable knobs, textures and swirls. When she’d been told by the zoo personnel that “dragon”-themed dildos actually existed, Machina had first turned her nose up at them. “That’s nonsense!” she objected. “Our dragon forms don’t have such things!” However, she realized she did need something to help train her ass for her favorite stallion partner, so he could probably fuck her asshole once she was too far along to make vaginal sex possible. Thus, she had mail ordered the largest model she could find, using Akira’s identity since she had no official mailing address of her own. (This was the cause of much embarrassment when the package was delivered and opened with the other Dragonauts present.)
Now, the base of her favored today had emerged from between her milky, perfectly complexioned ass-mounds and was stretching her anus, making the taut hole look like like a pink-purple solar eclipse compared to the pale skin of her buttocks… and the sensation was quite arousing. “Ooh! It’s stretching my ass! It must keep it inside!” But it was no use. The combination of cum sloshing in her belly and the nursing cubs at her tits had left Machina weak in the joins as minor orgasms flashed inside her, and she was unable to control herself as she sunk lower, her fat tits pillowing under her chest and sending the cubs scampering. Her tongue fell from her mouth and she let out a whorish, orgasmic groan as the monstrous, knobbed-and-textured sex toy, covered with lube and ass juices, erupted from her rear end in humiliating fashion. It was as thick as a man’s leg and left a gaping, quivering ass-pipe behind for everyone to see.

“Oooh! F-fuck!” Machina moaned, and then reached behind herself to pull her thick ass cheeks apart like a complete slut, giving everyone watching a look at her gaping, swollen hole and her pinkish-red depths. “Quickly, you must shove it back inside!” But the zoo keepers who approached were more interested in what a gaping ass-fuck slut Machina had become. They grabbed huge handfuls of her assflesh, loving the feeling of her matronly butt-mounds, and pulled them even further apart, before shoving hands and fingers into her asshole. Two men managed to get two hands each inside, pulling from four directions and gaping her even more. Machina was known as a dutiful “big sis” type among the Dragonauts, rather dignified and a trifle cold. But in her private time, she was seen quite differently by the animal handlers.

“Look at that!” crowed one of the men. “She loves taking the biggest, nastiest toys in her gaping shithole!”

“Fuck putting it back in,” said another, pulling down the bill of his cap as he regarded the slimy, 24-inch dragon dildo that now lay on the ground. “Let’s get her boyfriend out here!”

“He’s n-not my boyfriend!” Machina objected, blushing. She was worried that Akira might somehow find out how much she loved her horse-fucking sessions and get jealous. But so far, she’d been able to keep things under wraps by greatly understating her actions when the subject came up. She’d gotten some strange looks, showing up pregnant in communicator form, but nobody had really cared to stick their nose in… not with the mysterious Thanatos to worry about - not to mention the safety of the Earth as a whole!

The clanking of an animal enclosure signalled the arrival of the stallion, who along with the white tiger had provided the catalyst sperm for her human-style reproduction - the white tiger for austerity and grace, the stallion for power and stamina. Lucian, her unborn child, was the result. Yet Lucian would be at least half-dragon, and Machina knew that learning, for a dragon, started well before “birth”, communicating and sensing things while still in a less mature form. Thus, she sought to instruct Lucian in how to be a powerful, alpha male by being fucked deep in the ass by monster horse cock at least three times a week.

The smell of the animal alerted her before the noise, the noise before the actual sight. The nose-burning, barnyard musk of her huge horse’s unwashed dick and fat, heavy balls made Machina cream herself with anticipation, as did the heavy hoofclops that spoke to his enormous brawn. The shadow that fell over her as she posed on all fours made her shudder. Until a month or two ago, she had tended to fuck the stallion while face-down on a hay bale, but her late-term pregnancy made that impossible. So she would dutifully take up a position on all fours, keeping her belly safely suspended and showing her asshole to him and to let him do as he pleased. Amazingly, despite the recent gaping, her ass closed back up fully, presenting a moist, aesthetically pleasing ring to the beast.

“Nnngh! Fuck, you stink today!” Machina moaned, licking her lips and sniffing the musky air. She
couldn’t help swaying her thick, matronly behind to entice him. Her explosive hips and buttocks were totally out of control, and her ass clapped a little as she moved. The tiger cubs, startled away by her orgasm, were returning to her huge, hanging tits to suckle some more - and their hard, rough suction only added to her arousal. Her pussy was absolutely soaked, the thick labia engorged and pink in contrast to the pale skin of her inner thighs. She loved having her fat tits sucked out by tiger cubs and she loved the brutal stench of unwashed horse cock!

The stallion’s enormous, brutal dick was already unfurled from its sheath and ready for action. It flopped onto her back and the spondy, flanged head pissed out a hot splatter of cum onto her back, while its low-hanging, leathery ballsack bounced and rubbed against her ass-cheeks. Each testicle was the size of a pineapple, and the shaft seemed as thick as her neck and nearly 36 inches long! The beast snuffled impatiently and started to tramp around above her as the handlers controlled it and directed it to do its work. Its cock bounced and swayed from side to side and hosed Machina’s ass-mounds down with thick pre-nut.

“Quickly!” she ordered, though her voice was plaintive and sexually frustrated. “You must show my son how to be a powerful and kingly male!” That the stallion couldn’t understand her seemed to be of little consequence.

One of the handlers, a female now astounded that she was putting her animal husbandry skills to this strange use, gave a warning. “A penis this large could absolutely destroy your asshole!” she said. “Your baby could be crushed from the pressure on your internal organs!”

But Machina was confident. “No!” she said. “Lucian is strong! He won’t be harmed, I know it! Now, quickly!”

Their objections having fallen on deaf ears, the handlers did their best to aim the horse true and then let it proceed as it wished, providing a low-angled bar for it to throw its forelegs over in a mimic of the proper stallion fucking stance. The enormous, spongy head of the stallion’s pipe pressed up against Machina’s butt cheeks and split them, plunging powerfully against her asshole. At first it seemed it was impossible - the stallion was randier and hornier than ever before, and its cock seemed larger than ever. It was their biggest horse; Machina had insisted on progressing up through the stables to larger and more hung specimens as her pregnancy had progressed. When it lurched forward, it threatened to simply knock Machina forward as well… but she, too, was supernaturally strong in her beautiful Communicator form, and held fast to the ground.

On the second try, the horse’s cocktip burrowed into her anus. The sound was wet, visceral, and nasty. Machina’s guts churned as her bowels and intestines were stretched to utter disgrace by the massive horse cock. A lesser woman would have burst, but she was a dragon, after all, and endowed with bodily stamina and resilience beyond normal humans. Still, the experience of having her guts churned up as the brutal, mottled piston rammed up into her body, pressing her womb aside and forcing it outward, ramming her cum-filled stomach up into her diaphragm, was too much for her to maintain her calm demeanor. Machina’s tongue rolled out of her mouth and she vomited up a gout of the elementary-school semen she’d swallowed, rocking forward and back as the horse began to thrust powerfully.

Her face, tongue lolling and eyes rolling, was twisted in a mask of whorish lust. “Yeeeesss!” she croaked, with more semen pouring out of her mouth with each exhale. “Use… my… ass! Show… Lucian… how… to be… a breeder! Nnnghhhgggh!” She collapse forward and her fat tits compressed against the stone, sending the suckling cubs scampering anew. Her swollen nipples sprayed sprinkler-like bursts from fat, raised pores, an utterly humiliating display of fucksow milk production. Her cheek became pressed against the ground and spit and cum slid from her mouth as the stallion took out every sexual frustration on her with all its bestial horsepower, stabbing 36-
inches of girthy meat into her body, all the way to the balls.

Machina tensed and orgasmed powerfully as her face was locked in an image of utter ecstasy and satisfaction. She could feel every inch of that monster dick tearing apart her asshole and she was loving every second of it. The zookeepers looked on, recording on their phones and fapping, at once both aroused and disgusted by what a milk-spewing, fat-assed, wide-hipped, huge-breasted, horse-raped breeding toilet Machina was. The pale, beautiful “big sister”, who had treated them all with such high-handed confidence, was being used as a fuckhole and milk tank! Bulging with cock, milk, cum, and the gravidly swollen baby gut, now she looked like nothing but a sow!

They blew their loads as she defiled her dignity by cumming powerfully. A splattery expulsion of water blew out of her pussy from below the point of the horse’s rampaging insertion, and splattered the ground; and every onlooker knew exactly what that meant. “This fucking slut is going to drop her kid right here!” marvelled one of the men, and the wide-eyed elementary schoolers looked on from a distance, about to get an impromptu (and unconventional) lesson in reproduction. Almost instantly, the perfect, crowning head of a baby - with silver hair fine and matted enough to look nearly bald - began to push its way out of Machina’s pussy, stretching her passage as wide as the horse’s still-rampaging cock was doing to her asshole.

“I’m… giving birth!” she wailed. “I’m giving… birth… to Lucian! While a huge horse cock is… pumping cum up my ass!”

The female handler, who now seemed to be the only one who could think clearly, dashed underneath the thrusting horse to nimbly place a tub of warm water, yelping as the stallion’s swinging balls nearly knocked her over. The horse whinnied, reared and then surged forward, burying its cock to the hilt - only the handler’s forearm prevented Machina’s as-yet-unborn child from taking a smack to the head from those fat horse nuts. The beast’s powerful haunches began to quiver and tense as it poured every drop of backed-up, chunky horse semen out of its balls and into Machina’s stretched, gaping asspipe.

Machina’s eyes rolled into the back of her head. Her tits were spraying milk, and she could feel the dense, tar-thick horse spew filling her bowels, stretching out her intestines with the sheer volume of semen, filling up every bit of space in her gastrointestinal tract until her entrails were plumped up like cooking sausages. The beast had a pisshole that seemed as wide as the bore on a rifle, and it was blasting jet after lumpy jet of equine nut-sauce into her body, inundating her swollen guts and forcing the baby out with the sheer volume of cum and dick that was filling her. The noise she made was neither human nor animal - a low, guttural wail that went along with the slushing, burbling sound of sperm hosing down her insides.

She felt it welling up inside her, coming up through her intestines and into her stomach, filling that already-distended cum sack with lumpy, porridge thick, yellowish-white jelly, displacing the contents back up her throat and then following them. Her mightiest climax happened as she cried out, Lucian pushed through her birth canal at his thickest point, and a huge jet of grotesquely thick sperm erupted from her mouth in a vomit-like projection that slopped onto the floor in a huge puddle. Her nipples likewise exploded with jets of milk in all directions, the white liquid reaching as far as ten feet away.

Lucian dropped safely into the pool of water and the arms of the zookeeper turned midwife, the umbilical cord still leading back into Machina’s spasming, blown out cunt. He was an unbelievably cute baby, already sporting a nearly-full head of short, silver, spiky hair that had miniature version of Machina’s trademark “dragon horns” on either side. He wiggled his little arms and seemed completely healthy.
“Holy shit!” cried the zookeeper, holding Lucian straight up and down and examining him with a quizzical expression. “What the hell? This kid has a huge cock!”

It was true. While very normal in most respects, baby Lucian was sporting a fat hose of uncut penis that was easily eight inches long. Bent upward instead of flopping down, the tip would have reached his forehead. He wiggled his stubby arms and legs adorably as it swung back and forth.

“O-of course he does!” Machina scolded, regaining consciousness. Cum was leaking from her mouth, and the stallion, still locked in her ass, seemed to finally be finished orgasming. When the beast pulled out, foot after foot of cock emerged from her blown-out asshole with a lewd schlooooop sound, with the flanged head dragging about a foot of prolapse out with it. With the red protrusion of moist meat bulging out of her asshole like a plump bee stinger, and her stretched-open pussy trailing out the umbilical and gaping massively to show every detail of her baby factory, Machine looked more like a breeding sow than ever before. She grimaced and gripped her still-swollen belly, and then vomited another lumpy load of cum out of her mouth while also shitting a massive load out of her prolapsed asshole at the same time, the ultra-virile slop piling on the ground fore and aft.

“He’s my son, after all,” she said, wiping her mouth and speaking with a sense of twisted matronly pride. “It’s natural his penis should be large!” As the keepers led the satisfied stallion away, she flopped over onto her side, holding her belly. The umbilical cord was cut and tied, and the trappings of the birth disposed of - though there was no placenta. Instead, bits of what seemed like an egg shell gradually fell from Machina’s pussy and were disposed of.

“Give me my baby,” she ordered, tiredly. “Give me my Lucian!” After such a debauched show, the fapping keepers, who had recorded hours and hours worth of video over the previous months, were more than happy to oblige her. When Machina cradled Lucian against her enormous, milk-leaking bosom, rocking him gently, her face was filled with such an expression of motherly affection that the scene was almost wholesome, despite her milk-leaking tits, enormous cum-belly and prolapsed, creampie-leaking asshole that continued to disgorge fat gouts of cum down her shapely thigh. It brought a smile to the faces of everyone present, and a small cheer even went up throughout the horny onlookers and tired facility staff who had acquiesced to her strange animal and pre-teen sex requests for months on end.

“Mmm… you’re such a breeder!” Machina cooed, and booped baby Lucian on the nose before bringing a hand down to cup his fat, pink, smooth balls and caress his large penis. Lucian reached out his tiny arms toward her one of her huge milk tanks and she gave him to suck, shuddering lewdly at the sensation as her very own baby started to drink her try. “Oooh!” she gasped. “He’s sucking even more ferocious than those tiger cubs! As to be expected of an alpha male!” She licked her lips and looked down at her infant son’s obscenely large dick.

“She’s not going to-” one of the keepers marveled.

“T-there’s no way she’s-” another stammered.

“Only a totally crazy MILF slut would-” a third one said, still jerking his dick and recording on his phone.

Machina raised her newborn son up with one arm and began to suck on his fat penis lovingly and enthusiastically. There was nothing businesslike about the blowjob, it was not a practice run or an experiment. She made breathy noises and moaned like a slut as she smacked her lips and hollowed her cheeks out while slurping at Lucian’s penis, taking the whole thing in her mouth and licking and sucking his smooth, surprisingly large balls. “Nnngh!” she moaned, bringing her mouth off of
Lucian’s now-hard penis, strands of spit connecting the throbbing tip to her lips. “I love sucking my newborn son’s big fat cock!” And she went right back to gagging on it, sucking and worshiping, interspersing her attentions with statements about how Lucian would be the ultimate male and that nobody but her would suffice to be his mate. She felt an intense dart of jealousy strike her heart at the thought of sharing him with anyone - even Akira - though that had originally been the plan. Now, Machina only intended to fuck and suck her just-born child every day as he grew up, and make sure he had as much milk to drink as he wanted from her enormous fuck-juggs.

Lucian cooed happily into his mom’s fat nipple as he had the first orgasm of his just-started life, blowing thick curds of virile, thick sperm into Machina’s mouth and making her cheeks puff out. “Nngh!” she gurgled, mouth-half full, showing the reservoir of gooey sperm piled up on her tongue and drowning her teeth. “It’s so thick, I have to chew it! And the smell! You’ve just been born but it has such a nasty cum stink!” She pulled a strand of the nasty jizz from her mouth experimentally and started sucking the hanging rope and coiling it around her tongue. “Oooh, Lucian!” she moaned, proudly, chewing for nearly half a minute before swallowing the huge, nasty oad. “You’re such a stud!"

She would keep him as her own, she decided. Lucian was too good to share. The other female dragons and partners were too headstrong, too crass, too small-breasted and thin-hipped to have babies with her perfect child. Only she could deep-throat enough dick, take enough monster cock in her ass, produce enough milk and swallow enough cum to make sure he was pleased.

Machina sighed happily and clutched her baby to her chest. She would bear as many children as she could for him, she decided. She would do whatever he wanted for her son, the perfect breeding male.
Clad in a foppish purple suit and sporting a bored expression, Prince Asim of Gillard sat cross-legged and leaning his cheek on one fist as he listened to Nanami’s report. Nanami was a spy. The orange-haired young woman, who had taken deep cover as an ISDA research assistant, had so far been unsuccessful in kidnapping any of the dragons of that organization - a rival to the Gillard New Emirates - but in monitoring their activities, she had come upon some interesting new information.

“Truly?” Prince Asim said, thoughtfully, viewing the video monitor that was displaying surveillance footage of Machina, one of the ISDA’s five dragons. In her Communicator form, she looked human, though not typically so. She had a body, curves and physical gifts that seemed unparalleled by any except perhaps Garnet, Prince Asim’s own bonded dragon. These wide hips, huge tits and other graceful proportions were on full display in the video, as Machina was totally nude, nursing what appeared to be a young human boy by giving it to suck on one of her pillowy breasts. “The child is her offspring?”

“Yes,” Nanami confirmed, and she was blushing as she presented the footage, both because of the licentious content and because the rather flamboyant and villainous Prince Asim made her rather nervous. “And, uh… as you can see, it’s a male, and seems… well… fully capable of breeding from a young age.”

That was one way of putting it. The cute young human child had an enormous penis that Machina was lewdly jacking and milking as she fed it, working her graceful hand up and down the pale, thick, long shaft in a motherly way. Occasionally a large, looping burst of semen would pour out all over her hand and wrist, splattering on her light and perfectly-complexioned skin. Nanami found herself scandalized by the lewdness; even as a researcher, the way the young boy’s huge balls churned and roiled with semen made her stomach tingle.

“Fascinating,” Prince Asim said. “And the child is in Communicator form all the time? How can it do so, without the Resonance process?” As far as anyone knew, achieving Resonance with a human being was required for dragons to assume human forms - and this new discovery seemed to fly in the face of that. Asim’s mind danced with the possibilities. His Martian-based faction was nominally in charge of counter-terrorism on the ISDA’s behalf, but his real goal was to take them over… and discover all the secrets of their dragons.

“It’s possible the child may have been born resonating with an unidentified human, without their knowledge,” Nanami offered. She was having trouble concentrating on delivering her report. Now, Machina had rolled onto her back, allowing her son to mount her face. She gripped his round, cute buttocks lovingly as he mashed his long, thick cock down her throat until those churning, twitch boy-balls were sliding onto her forehead, hanging all the way to the mattress. The boy was still kneading and sucking her large breasts with his hands as he sheathed his cock in his mother’s throat, and his face screwed up into an adorable expression of pleasure as he began to climax inside her, his long cockmeat no doubt reaching the entrance to her stomach.

Huge gouts of semen poured out from the seal made by Machina’s mouth and splattered the mattress, and her milky, smooth midsection began to swell up into a matronly, pregnant-looking sphere almost immediately. Her new son could obviously produce a huge amount of unbelievably thick semen, and she was drinking as much of it as she could, nourishing herself with the life-giving seed that came from his overactive balls. It was certainly a sex act well beyond what human beings could engage in - there could be no doubt the boy was a dragon in Communicator form. Perhaps only a few years old, but growing very rapidly; longer-limbed and with a fuller head of
hair than a child of comparable human age. Machina’s communicator form seemed to be glowing from her recent motherhood. Her tits were large, pillowy and round, and her buttocks, pressing against the mattress, could be discerned as two meaty, bulging spheres of ass-meat that connected to thick and matronly thighs.

Nanami cleared her throat. “The dragon, Machina, engages in this behavior with her son… uh… daily,” she relayed. “And the boy seems to be achieving maturity very quickly.” Her cheeks went rosy and she averted eye contact with Prince Asim, not wanting him to see that she herself found the young boy, with his silky hair and large, expressive eyes, quite attractive.

“But how?” Prince Asim asked, and he uncrossed his legs and rose from his throne, walking toward the monitor. He didn’t seem to be taking even the least sexual interest in the scene, caring only about the import it held for his efforts in breeding more dragons, which he considered the power that would ultimately let him dictate his own fate and the fate of all mankind. “Who did she couple with to achieve this result?”

“From what I’ve been able to find out, it was a combination of… animal partners,” Nanami said. “A white tiger and a stallion.”

“Animals? Not the other dragons?”

Nanami shook her head. Prince Asim looked thoughtful. On screen, the young boy, Lucian, rolled off of his mother’s face and his flopping, half-hard cock pulled from her throat. Machina seemed very proud of her son and showed him a mouthful of very thick semen, chewing it extravagantly before swallowing and then holding her pregnant-looking sperm belly. Lucian slid beside her and began to suck one of her huge tits once more, while kneading the other, drawing spurts of milk from it that sprayed over his arm, narrow chest, and the mattress.

“No wonder the experiments with Garnet have all been failures,” Prince Asim muttered aloud to himself. His face was thoughtful, as if many ideas were flying through his mind at a breakneck pace, oblivious to everything and everyone else in the ostentatious Martian throne room. “I know what needs to be done,” he said at last, and then turned to Nanami. “Continue to look for a way to capture the Album,” he instructed, referring to Toa, a dragon of the ISDA who Asim considered crucial to finding out the secrets of the ‘original’ dragons from Thanatos. “But also, if the opportunity presents itself, we should take this new child into the custody of Gillard.” His eyes danced with the possibilities. If dragons could truly be bred, the balance of power could shift in the favor of Gillard for all time.

Nanami bowed respectfully and promised to obey his command; but Asim ignored her. He was already thinking about Garnet. It all made sense - if he, the chosen human above all others, could not impregnate his dragon, then no human could, no matter how often and how vigorously she was fucked. It was simplicity itself. Only an animal would do, and with Martian agrarian projects abounding, there were plenty of candidates to be found.

As a burly farmer spread her bountiful ass-cheeks and shoved his girthy cock into her pussy, Garnet cried out and bit her lip. The man was an unworthy rube, nothing compared to her partner-in-Resonance Prince Asim! He was heavyset, with a hairy belly and an ogrish countenance, boorish in manner and not handsome in the least, but he was to be one of her mating partners all the same. It was punishment from Asim himself, for her inability to get pregnant.
“Not so tough and proud now, are you, bitch?” the farmer taunted, and their coupling, already sordid, was made more so by the surroundings - a large animal pen with wooden panels and a floor of dirt and matted straw. The fat bastard gripped her heart-shaped ass and made it bounce against his gut as he thrust into her without dignity or restraint.

“Unnngh!” Garnet moaned. “You’re… nothing… compared to Prince Asim!” She slouched forward and her sharp, luxurious lavender hair hung down over one side of her face in its distinctive way, dragging in the mud.

“Look how wet you are, you sow!” the man laughed. “Listen to the lewd noises your pussy is making! The feared Garnet MacLaine, Major in the Gillard military, is just a cock-craving pig slut!”

Normally, such a brutish and foul man would never have had occasion to interact with a woman as beautiful as Garnet. In Communicator form, she was almost Amazonian in stature - gorgeous, athletic, voluptuous, capable, and cool-headed. She was Gillard’s only dragon and had served as Prince Asim’s most trusted agent, achieving Resonance with him more than a decade before. Her body was one to rival the unparalleled measurements of Machina of the Dragonauts, but where the blue-haired dragon was pale, Garnet was exotically dark-skinned. Her breasts, extremely large even before the breeding sessions, had expanded to become bulging, milk-loaded melons that no man could hope to contain using only his hands. Yet despite this enormous rack she still tapered down to an hourglass waist before exploding outward again with powerful hips and round, bulging, globular curves of ass.

In more typical times, Garnet had worn a mix of severe military and tactical uniforms and risque halter tops, miniskirts and heels. Her situation at the moment, though, was far from typical. Asim, her partner and commander, had become obsessed with breeding additional dragons, and tasked her with getting pregnant. When his own seed had failed to do the job for reasons unknown, his obsession only deepened, and the breeding experiments heightened. Huge numbers of men - dozens and dozens - were lined up and given access to her mouth, breasts, ass, and pussy, under the theory that a constant barrage of reproductive material would cause her dragon eggs to kindle.

Garnet had thus been servicing over a hundred men each day, trading in her uniforms and heels for bare feet and total nudity. She acquiesced to the treatment only because Asim commanded her. For weeks and weeks, she ended each day with her womb, asshole, and stomach full of male semen.

Two farm workers placed a large bowl of semen in front of her as she was fucked from behind by the large and unkempt farmer; Garnet’s nose wrinkled at the stench. “There’s your dinner! Your favorite semen!” the farmer crowed, grunting and wiping sweat from his brow with his hairy wrist as he plowed her dusky, blushing cunt flaps, enjoying the way her puffy pussy lips seemed to suck and caress his stout prick. He was perhaps nine inches long and very wide, and Garnet’s pussy made nasty, squelching sounds with each thrust. “We made sure to choose the workers who had the heaviest nut sacks, so it’s nice and thick and backed up for you!”

Garnet moaned and lowered her face into the bowl of steaming, chunky semen. It was yellowish-white and stank, but it was Prince Asim’s command that she consume as much human genetic material as she could… and also that she rein in her temperament. The Prince had a theory that it was Garnet’s headstrong nature that was preventing conception. That was why he ordered the heavier, older, less-attractive farm workers to begin fucking her daily… to put her in her place. Her body, so the theory went, would only submit to fertilization if she was in the proper frame of mind.

This was easier said than done. Garnet, a regular bitch-on-wheels, wasn’t about to submit to
“Ugh!” she moaned. She leaned into the bowl and extended her tongue, beginning to dredge up large, gooey mouthfuls of accumulated semen, immediately swooning as the stench filled her nostrils and made her eyes water. “F-fuck, it stinks!”

“Amazing! I never thought I’d see the ball-busting bitch Garnet MacClaine slurping the cum of a hundred common laborers!” the farmer wheezed, grunting and continuing to plow her pussy. “And now you’re about to get hosed full of my special sauce, as well!”

“Your cum tastes like fucking shit!” Garnet moaned again, biting her lip as the wide cock in her pussy continued to pulverize her soaking innards. She’d been getting fucked all day, and the only reason she didn’t turn into a dragon form and destroy all of the unworthy scum was because she was crucial to Prince Asim’s plan. “Y-you really think I’d lose to such an… nnngh… inferior penis?”

“Take my cum you brown-skinned slut!” the farmer groaned, and slumped over her rear, fat belly and all, as he unloaded into her pussy with shot after shot of his hot, nasty cock cream. He was perhaps the fiftieth man to do so that day; a pace that had been going for weeks. Prince Asim was really trying everything. Before the farmers, it had been young, pubescent males from around the Martian colony, chosen in the belief that mating with young boys would stimulate Garnet’s motherly instincts. Garnet had dutifully taken the virginity of every cute young boy who lined up in her pen, sometimes three at a time, but as a cold-blooded military operative her motherly qualities were in short supply, even if she surely had the body-type for it.Prince Asim had thus moved from the young to the old and degrading, only for that to fail as well. However, recent intelligence gathered from Earth was dictating yet another change in plans.

“You won’t be so haughty for long,” the fat farmer growled, mopping his sweating brow again. “We just got new orders from Prince Asim!” He watched with satisfaction as Garnet stayed on all fours, massive milk-leaking tits hanging all the way down to the mud, brown-skin gleaming with his sweat and the sweat and stray pubes of all the other slobs who had fucked her that day. Even in those conditions she was almost supernaturally beautiful, with her green and red heterochromatic eyes telling all of both her defiance and her dragon heritage.

The farmer waved a hand. “Bring him in, boys!” The loud clank of automated gates being opened took Garnet’s attention away from her feeding bowl; she blew a cum bubble and wiped a wiry pubic hair from the corner of her mouth as she looked backward to see the entrance to her pen being connected to a large animal-moving loader, wide and tall as a semi trailer. The hiss of a pneumatic door proceeded its opening, which revealed only darkness at first… but soon, her sharp eyes detected something moving within.

Something huge. A bestial, bass-rumbling snort echoed from the shipping container and a huge bull, unnaturally large in that it was perhaps seven feet tall at the shoulder; trotted into the wide animal pen with hoofbeats that seemed to shake the earth!

“What’s the meaning of this?!” Garnet gasped. She was under strict orders to do whatever was commanded of her as part of the breeding project, but nonetheless she felt an urge to flee as the trundling, snorting behemoth began to circle around front. As it passed before her eyes, she saw, hanging beneath a barrel belly as thick as a train car, the biggest, nastiest, lowest-hanging pair of sloshing bull nuts she’d ever imagined!

“Gideon here is the best breeder in the whole Martian Agricultural Contingency!” crowed the farmer. “And Price Asim is comin’ here personally to make sure he breeds you real good!”
Garnet gulped. The bull’s swinging, bulging sack was leathery, glistening with oily sweat, and drooping under the weight of the massive testicles it contained. She could see flies buzzing around the enormous duo of balls, each one of which was larger than her head. The animal’s penis was already beginning to emerge from its sheath, a penetrating, puncturing organ that was thick as her arm and astoundingly long. There was no doubt it would drive all the way up into her vulnerable womb… and possibly beyond! Garnet’s nose wrinkled anew as a stench even stronger than the accumulated semen of the farmers filled her nose - the barnyard odor of unwashed, oversexed bull-nuts and bovine dick!

“Oh, f-uck!” she moaned. The bull made all of her human partners thus far seem my comparison to be just as she had accused them in every tryst - unworthy and inadequate! “B-but a cock that big-”

Before she could finish the thought, there was a wet, chunky churning noise from the bull’s huge balls, and a hot, sloppy lance of thick semen slid from its cocktip and into the mud, as if there was so much fertile, impregnating semen being produced by its cum tanks that there was no room to store it all! Garnet grimaced but couldn’t help but be impressed as well; the amount the beast produced was far beyond any of her previous couplings!

Gideon was getting restless and difficult to control, pulling his wranglers this way and that. Garnet’s breathing picked up as it was led out of her view and men appeared on either side of her actually began to install a steel bar over her body, driving supports deep into the ground with industrial tools made for the purpose. It was a place for the mighty beast to place his forelegs during what would obviously be an aggressive mating.

“A cock this big… it could totally destroy my Communicator form!” Garnet moaned, as the work was quickly completed and the stage set. “If you do this, I’ll be forced to transform-”

“You’ll do no such thing!” came a cultured voice, and Garnet gasped and looked behind her as the shadow of the bull was cast over her body. Beyond the swaying balls of the beast she could make out the figure of Prince Asim himself, come to watch her mating with Gideon the bull. “All of this is for the glory of Gillard and myself, Prince Asim, first among human beings.” He regarded her sternly. “If you truly wish to prove it was your partners who were unworthy and not you, then produce a dragon offspring with this virile beast.”

Garnet squinted her eyes shut, showing some small bit of emotion for the first time. If only Prince Asim had let kept trying with her, using only his superior first-among-humans seed, she believed it may have eventually worked. That was what she had secretly wanted. But now, in order to please him-

“I… I’ll do it!” she moaned. “I’ll… I’ll become this bull’s bitchwife, if that’s what you want, Prince Asim!” The animal moved into place above her, rearing up, coming down on the bar with forelegs that nearly made the steel crossbeam bend. Garnet’s eyes went side as she felt something amazing - a heavy weight on her buttocks that could only be the bull’s huge ballsack. Gideon’s huge, cum-loaded balls were each nearly as large as her round, thick ass-cheeks! She felt hot semen leaking all over her upper back and just knew that when she was penetrated, it would absolutely destroy her vulnerable pussy.

“Enjoy your bull-baby bitch!” the farmer crowed, and with a slap on Gideon’s flank, set the breeding in motion. The bull clumsily shuffled back, placing the searing, tapered tip of its long penis against her wet, trembling pussy lips, and then sheared forward with thousands of pounds of pure bovine muscle. It was not a gradual thing, but an immediate filling of Garnet’s vaginal canal with pulsing, searing dickmeat. Gideon’s cocktip immediately entered her womb, pressing up to
the very top if it, tenting it into a dick-sleeve shape and pushing it higher into her body, stretching her guts to the limit.

“Owwuuuaaggh!” Garnet moaned, and her eye movements became uncoordinated and lewd as they rolled around and back into her head. A torrent of semen, all she’d ingested so far that day, burst from her mouth in a waterfall. She was driven face-first into the ground and her buoyant, milk-loaded boobs piled up there in twin spherical drifts of cinnamon-colored glory, leaking milk from sensitive, porous areolas. Being so brutally claimed by an animal, it seemed, had brought about a spontaneous bout of lactation.

Gideon began churning her up with long, deep strokes that sounded like ground meat being wetly stirred in a bowl. Slrrrrrch. Slrrrrrrrk. Sluuaarrch. Garnet’s normally-smooth belly bulged out in the shape of the animal’s cock, as if her midsection were nothing but a condom for bull cock. The bulge went so far upward that it bumped up against the underside of her breasts and forced its way between them. She was gasping, gurgling, and puking up cum with each thrust as the contents of her body were forced from inside. And the battering-ram bullnuts, loaded with semen, were swinging like wrecking balls, wrapping around underneath her on some thrusts and smacking her clit and inner thighs.

Something was happening inside her. Garnet couldn’t deny it. She had felt nothing from her human partners, reproductively. Not even with Asim, despite his claims to being a superior human. But this bull-fucking was making her Communicator form tremble, quake, and ache in her most sacred areas. Her womb was stretching, expanding, being hollowed out and made into the shape of a bull cock. She could feel the hot pre-semen filling her even as she was fucked.

“I’m… becoming a bull’s woman!” she moaned, eyes rolling back, mouth open and leaking sperm. “I’m going to… nnngh… ovulate!” She felt a pain in her ovaries that was like a muscle cramp, and then a relief of tension as something was finally released, as if her pent-up egg production was finally being jarred into action. The angle of the bull’s thrusts was ramming her womb and crunching her vulnerable ovaries, squeezing them and flattening them with sheer size and animal ferocity. “Unnnnauuuwwgh!” A mind-rending orgasm tore through her body, nearly taking her sanity with it. At the same time, a huge, sprinkler-like spray of milk exploded from her fat tits as her matronly instincts went into overdrive.

“We need to get some livestock out here to drain those big, humiliating milkers!” the farmer crowed, and waved a hand that instructed his underlings to do just that. A pair of hungry calfs were thus introduced, one on each side, and the baby bulls ducked their heads next to Garnet’s breasts, latching on to each teat and sucking the brown-skinned orbs into torpedo shapes as they hungrily devoured everything her body could produce.

“I’m a… bull wife… feeding my… cow kids!” Garnet moaned, her mind whirling. Her previous ice-bitch personality was being overwhelmed by the humiliation and breeding need within her, and there seemed to be only one thing to do if she was going to do as Asim wanted and lose herself in her new role.

“Moooooooo!” Garnet wailed, putting her lips into an O-shape and making a brainless, animal face. “Mooooooooooooo!” She imitated the sounds she had heard from the animal pens, becoming livestock as she was bred. Gideon the bull echoed her bellow and hilted himself inside her.

SPLUUUUUUOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOORT. The dick-shape in Garnet’s belly instantly expanded to a lewd, pregnant-looking cum-belly as Gideon flooded her insides with blast after blast of thick, nasty bull semen. There was so much that once her body could hold no more, it began to
spray back out around the beast’s shaft, forming a large puddle behind Garnet. There was not a single bit of space inside her womb and in her reproductive organs that was not totally choked with overpowering, thick, smelly bull cum.

“Nnnnngh, yeeeesssss!” Garnet choked out, her cheek pressed into the dirt. “I’m a cow for my bull husbaaaaaand! I love being filled with bull cuuuuuuuuum! Moooooooonnnn!” Her hands scrabbled at her sides to run affectionately at the calves who were suckling at her straining, spraying tits. “I know my beautiful bull babies will grow up big and strong so I can fuck their big dicks as well!” She knew she had done it, could sense that in giving up all of herself, she had achieved what Asim asked. An expression of dazed, perverse happiness clouded her face and she mooed again, clutching her semen-loaded belly, knowing her fertile eggs were being bull-raped, torn apart, fertilized with animal ferocity. “The place where I was supposed to have a baby with Prince Asim… is filled with smelly, yellow animal cum!” she moaned. But there was a defeated, resigned smile on her face when she moaned it.

Asim could sense it too. An excited smile came over his face. Now, Gillard would have a dragon child to rival Machina’s offspring… and he still had Nanami undercover. In time, perhaps she could kidnap Machina’s boy and bring it to Gillard along with the Album. Then, he could use those to blackmail the other ISDA dragons into service.

Very soon, the balance of power would shift.

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