<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Rating:</th>
<th>Explicit</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Archive Warning:</td>
<td>Graphic Depictions Of Violence, Major Character Death, Rape/Non-Con</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Category:</td>
<td>M/M, Multi, Other, F/M</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Fandom:</td>
<td>Team Fortress 2</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Character:</td>
<td>Medic (Team Fortress 2), Scout (Team Fortress 2), CBoy Scout, Sniper (Team Fortress 2), ProperNiceThatsFeralRedSniper - Character, Engineer (Team Fortress 2), Spy (Team Fortress 2), Miss Pauling (Team Fortress 2), Feral Sniper</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Additional Tags:</td>
<td>Breeding, Forced Breeding, Breeding farm, Feral Behavior, bitches, Mating Cycles/In Heat, Vaginal Fingering, Lactation Kink, Male Lactation, Human Experimentation, Human beings being kept as cattle, Fucksalves, Forced Orgasm, Forced Pregnancy, Alpha/Beta/Omega Dynamics, Alpha/Omega, Male Pregnancy, Omega pregnancy, Knotting, Knotting Dildos, Other Additional Tags to Be Added, Rape, Rape/Non-con Elements, Extremely dubious, Force-Feeding, Fucking Machines, Machines, Milking, Milking Machines, Enemas, Inflation, Come Inflation, Cattle, Treating humans as animals, Drug-Induced Sex, fear/Distress, Male Knot, feral sniper - Freeform, Cboy Scout - Freeform, forced drug taking, messing, Self messing, Spanking, Dirty Talk, Watersports, Males with artificial female genitalia, Large Breasts, Altered genitalia, Humans with Canine genitalia, Mild Gore, Forced cannibalisation, Human Breeding, Breastfeeding, shock therapy, Electric shocks, Object Insertion, Large Insertion, Orgy, Pregnant Sex, Mild Scat, Slurs, ballgag, Cock Slut, gangrape, large object insertion, Alcohol Abuse/Alcoholism, Forced Alcohol Consumption, Semi-Public Sex, Public Humiliation</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Stats:</td>
<td>Published: 2015-02-28 Updated: 2016-04-17 Chapters: 11/? Words: 24034</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

**Breed**

by **Propermicethat**

**Summary**

An AU where the Red Medic captures a load of Scouts and surgically alters them into cunt boys. He pumps them full of female hormones and oestrogen, making them constantly horny and desperate for cock. At first they only have a cunt, but as time goes by their chest begins to develop, day by day expanding and getting fatter. When they reach a certain size they’re ready to be milked and finally bred.

This is a breeder farm setting where human beings are kept like cattle, if this shit unsettles...
you don’t click any further.

WARNING: This fic contains slurs that may be considered offensive. Proceed with caution. This shit is gonna’ be extremely dubious and fucked up, as with all my work check the tags before proceeding further.

Notes

Each chapter will cover events that happen here at the breeding farm, going into detail the daily ordeals and suffering the cunt boys go though, from level 1 and being brought in all the way to the breeding and birthing.

Roughly drawn diagram of the facility can be found here:
http://41.media.tumblr.com/b3d911b1e57ebb5c198eec8d2a02b77a/tumblr_nwbt2oRrov1tbg20vo1_128

This is the introduction to an AU where the Red Medic captures a load of Scouts and surgically alters them into cunt boys. He pumps them full of female hormones and oestrogen, making them constantly horny and desperate for cock. At first they only have a cunt, but as time goes by their chest begins to develop, day by day expanding and getting fatter. When they reach a certain size they’re ready to be milked and finally bred.

The Medic kept them all in a sterilized, converted factory. One long single room, a narrow corridor down the middle, lined either sides with stalls, each one containing an altered Scout. It was no different from how people kept horses. In each stall was a small steel dog cage, with a hole at the front of one segment of the bars, the cunt boy’s head would be forced though this, then the hole tightened to disallow escape. At the bottom of the cage are metal cuffs, which hold the boy’s ankles in place, keeping them nice and spread. Their hands are tied sometimes behind their backs, or other times chained to the front of the bars, to prevent them from fingering themselves.

Level 1

The barn is full of sad, desperate moans and pleas. The Boys absolutely desperate to cum, to be filled with cock. There was different segments within the breeding centre. Closest to the doors were the stalls containing the newly brought in boys, we call those Level 1s. Boisterous and still with hope of escape, Level 1 Scouts are chained tightly to the walls, rather than within the cage. Their wrists are tied to a tight collar around their necks and they’re forced to stand all day and night until they’re exhausted and broken. Their mouths are filled 24/7 with a large feeding tube, which force feeds them gruel every five hours. Mixed into the sludge is medication to induce heat, making them easier to manage with the promise of an orgasm.

When the boy is broken, this is what happens next.

The Medic held one of the Scout’s over a table in the far corner by the huge rooms door, his desperate cries and pleas to release are drowned out by the other boys howls, mewls and whimpers. The Doctor holds him against the table, his collar keeping his neck chained down tightly to the wood, his wrists tied behind his back as his thighs are forced open. The Medic held a large dildo, which he began to force into the boy’s dripping wet cunt. He turned it around in him, forcing it in against his hymen until it broke. All boys lost their virginities to this ugly piece of plastic. Once broken, the Medic would simply have to hold the toy inside the boy, who now, desperately and instinctively began to rut against it, howling and whining until he released. They almost always passed out from the first orgasm, the pleasure too much for their stressed little bodies to handle.

Level 2

When this process was over the boy would be moved to a level 2 stall. Level 2 cunt boys were introduced to the cage for the first time. While they’re knocked out, the Medic would situate them on their hands and knees within the cage, pulling their heads though the hole and locking it in tightly. Their wrists chained to the bars and their ankles pulled into the metal cuffs to keep their thighs spread nice and wide. At this stage the feeding tube was connected 24/7 the same as before, however they are now fed every three hours, with gruel laced with more hormones. The secret ingredient aided in the boy’s breast growth.

At this stage, at 9am and 9pm, each boy was subjected to a hot, soapy enema, to keep their bowls nice and clean. While this happened, they were manually fucked with a dildo in their dripping wet cunts, to keep their muscles going strong and to reward them with steady orgasms in order to keep
them obedient. It didn’t take long for a cunt boy to see the enema stand and immediately present themselves, knowing they’d be rewarded with an orgasm afterwards. Level 2 cunt boys remained with this routine until their breasts grew large enough and they began to lactate. As soon as those rosy red, sore nipples were dripping, they were moved to the next stalls, which housed more equipment to accommodate such a boy.

Level 3

Level 3 cunt boys were subjected to daily milking. The enema is still in place at 9am and 9pm and they’re still placed in those small cages. However, milking equipment occupies either sides of the cage, suction cups attached to the nipples, pumping away noisily all day. The new boys will scream and cry because it hurts them, the skin of their little nipples puffy, red and sensitive. They often squirm and try and escape, all the while the intense heat between their thighs making them needy and in discomfort. The feeding tube forcefeeds them every two hours now, the gruel still laced with more of that secret ingredient to keep them producing lots of delicious milk, however, this segment of the secret ingredient is also the final treatment towards the fertilization of the womb. The Medic didn’t just fashion the boys with juicy little cunts, but he also fitted them with fully working wombs and reproduction systems. However, in order for these to work properly the Scouts are required to go through a full course of all the medicines and they needed to be fully lactating. Level 4 Scouts were able to get pregnant.

At night level 3 Scouts are hooked up to fuck machines. A simple device with two rotating cogs which power a pumping dildo. It’s set to low at the beginning of the night, increases rapidly during, then slowing down at 8am. They are given an hour rest until 9am, where the enema is then issued. Once the enema is over, the boys are attached to the milking machine and their daily routine begins anew.

Level 4

Level 4 cunt boy Scouts are exhausted. Sectioned off at the end stalls, there are two segments either sides of the walkway for them. One side they are kept in cages. They’re allowed to move around and are not strapped down, the cages are big enough for two, however they are always kept in singles. This is until they are impregnated. The Medic kept a particular feral breed of Sniper for this. He only needed one breeding male to continue impregnating his Scouts. The Sniper had been captured and experimented on, no different from the Scouts. However, he’d surgically altered the feral man, increasing his hormones rapidly, making him desperate to breed at the scent of a bitch in heat. Of course, being surrounded by all these moaning, writhing, dripping cunt boys, he was insatiable. The Medic had also fashioned him with a new cock, which was also always hard and dripping in response to the surrounding scents. This new cock had a knot, not much unlike that of a dog, his balls bigger, to ensure that he filled the bitches with his extremely fertile seed.

He kept the feral male in a large cage, inside was a small hatch for food, he was fed raw meat three times a day. Water bowl always supplied. Inside the cage was a Scout sized dummy, with holes in, which he repeatedly rutted most of the day out of frustration. The cage smelt strongly of urine and sex, the male scent marking the entire area repeatedly, to warn the Medic off from his bitches.

When a level 4 Scout was ready to be bred, the Medic leashed the boy, who was obedient at this point, hoping he’d be getting something inside him, however once they’d been bred once, they grew very frightened at this stage because the feral Sniper was not a gentle lover. The Medic would walk the boy, who was only allowed to move on his hands and knees, over to the feral Sniper’s cage, so that the feral man would get a good scent of the bitch in heat. At this stage the average cunt boy had large swaying tits, that constantly leaked, a cunt so red and open it dripped down their thighs. It made the feral human’s knot extremely swollen, the head dripping as he drooled down his chin, thrashing...
violently at the bars to get to the cunt boy.

After two hours of gruelling violent sex, the level 4 is knotted and bred, the Sniper at this point is considerably more docile until the knot shrinks and the Scout can escape from beneath him. Both parties are then darted and the level 4 cunt boy is then moved to the separate segment in the factory, especially for pregnant cunt boys.

The pregnant Scouts are allowed to cuddle up together, and they do, tightly. They hold one another and cry, they finger each other’s cunts and make one another cum. At this point the Medic only interferes with them once a day, and that is to breed them. He pulls one against him one at a time, holding the dildo underneath, which is full of the Sniper’s cum. He will pump it into the pregnant boy’s wide, red cunt, who would move back against it, moaning and mewling in a wanton manner. When the Scout came, he would push the plunger of the dildo, squirting the feral Sniper’s rich, fertilizing cum up into the boy’s womb. They had troths full of gruel, which they were allowed to eat from whenever they liked and the only added ingredient was vitamins. If any of the pregnant cunt boys showed aggression they were put back into the level 3 segment, where they are milked and fucked by machines until they are docile and exhausted.

When they’re ready to give birth, the Medic will take them away. Due to the parts used to alter them, they often give birth to not just a baby but a litter of small feral children. Born with teeth and quite aware of the world around them, they are immediately taken from the cunt boy, the Medic will then have somebody rear them. The litter is pumped, filled with chemicals and are subjected to experiments, forcing them to grow at a rapid rate. Soon they are ready to begin the cycle as level 1 cunt boys.

The parent, the level 4 cunt boy is extremely distressed by the loss of their litter, however instead of being comforted they are immediately put back into the breeding segment, milked repeatedly for a week or so until they are ready to be bred all over again.

The Medic sold on boys to other factories, he sold the milk on the market and he loaned out cunt boys to parties and fetish events, to be used and abused. Some don’t make it back, some come back traumatised and damaged.

This is just the very basics of what goes on at the Scout Breeding farm. Stay tuned, each chapter will cover different segments in detail, for your reading pleasure.
“Bringing in the new stock!”

The Red Soldier bellowed to the Medic, who held a clip board and was currently running though his inventory. He’d enlisted the help of both the Red Soldier and the Blu Demoman to capture respawning Scouts, the pair always willing to provide the Doctor with fresh meat. Bringing them here guaranteed fresh milk in payment along with a chance to fuck any of the level 3 or ups as much as they liked, and boy did they fuck those cunts like there was no tomorrow. More often than not the Soldier fucked the cuntboys so hard that they fell unconscious, the Medic often pointed out the more rebellious ones and often had he and the Demoman target them to keep them obedient.

They brought them in with their wrists and ankles bound tightly with electrical tape, their mouths were also stuffed with whatever the kidnappers could find, then strapped tightly with more electrical tape, which they wrapped around the victim’s head until it was nice and tight. They loaded them like cargo, usually four boys per crate. When they arrived the Soldier and Demoman carried the crates between one another, bringing them into the warehouse and setting them down. Today was a small delivery of two boys, it was getting harder to catch them. This didn’t bother the Medic because he was breeding his own and soon he’d have enough to complete a cycle and would no longer require the assistance of the two at all.

When they were gone the Medic took a crowbar to the crate, opening it up and peering inside. He was immune to the smell of piss and shit by now, but in the beginning he’d always dry retched at the smell. Most boys got so frightened travelling they often messed themselves both ways and it was always sloppy and wet. He pulled the first one out, then the other, carrying either one against his chest, an arm under each pair of buttocks. He’d grown strong over the years. Their bodies trembled against his chest, pitiful murmurs and small sounds of fear escaping the gags. Some of them had fight left some of them not so much, these two appeared placid, for now.

The small square cubicle off to the side was a wet room, which he set them both down to the floor and proceeded to hose them off. He pried their trembling thighs apart to get a good look at their small cocks, lifted them to hose down between their ass cheeks. He sprayed them all over with cold water and eventually he’d deemed them clean enough. They were then knocked out, usually by force as to not waste medicine unnecessarily and they were taken to the small Medical outhouse beside the warehouse.

Once they arrived they were placed in a dog cage and the first was taken to the table, strapped down and surgery began.

XXX

The surgery resulted in the boy having his genitalia removed and altered, along with an entirely new
reproductive system. They were pumped with drugs and hormones that made their new little cunts plump, red and needy of breeding. However these drugs sometimes took a little while to begin taking effect. Level 1 cuntboys were often wild and difficult to handle, and the Medic made sure to have the boys in their new stalls by the time they woke up.

Within the stalls the boys were separated, but placed side by side. Numbers 55 and 56 were their new names. The Medic had chains that suspended from the ceiling of the stall, high enough so that when he attached them to the knocked out boy’s collar around his neck, their toes barely touched the floor. Their wrists were then chained with cuffs to the D rings on the collar. He always had it so they were in the middle of the stall, so that he could get a good look at them as he passed.

Next came the feeding tubes, which looped though the cage bars and were attached to machines at the front of each stall. The Red Medic loaded the machines with a foul smelling mix of sloppy gruel, which was absolutely riddled with more heat inducing drugs. The drugs contained a secret active ingredient which would eventually begin coinciding with others, in order to begin growing breasts on the cuntboy, but that would come later. The tubes were pushed into the open mouth, forced to the back of the throat, they were fixed onto an O ring gag, which was strapped to the back of the boy’s head, to prevent him from spitting the tube out. The Medic began by constantly running small drops of stale water into the boy’s mouth, to get their throats and mouths used to the contraption.

When the boys woke up it was always hit and miss whether they were going to be violent. Number 56 woke up first, blinking rapidly and immediately beginning to squirm in frustration. His cunt was throbbing and burning and he rolled his hips with a small wanton whimper, his big blue eyes filled with tears as he looked to the Medic, little mouth stretched lewdly around that tube. A small cough escaped him as the water dribbled down his throat but he swallowed it. When Number 55 woke up however it was a different story, this cuntboy was wild and uncontrollable. As soon as those grey eyes flickered open he screamed around the tube, choking himself on the small trickle of water. He thrashed and kicked his feet, stamping at the ground. He squirmed and flexed his fingers, trying desperately to get out of his restraints, he tossed his head and made all kinds of noises, eyes narrowed on the Medic. The Doctor would leave them to settle, leaving them to the sounds of desperate groans and whimpers, whines and small pleading voices. The gasping sounds of cunts being repeatedly pummelled by machines and high pitched cries from a level 4 being mounted and raped.

It was all a bit too much for Number 56, who trembled so hard and cried so softly that he lulled himself into a stressful sleep, the smaller cuntboy was absolutely terrified of his predicament and just wanted to get warm and be cuddled and held. The drugs worked differently, some making them more needy and loving whilst others more aroused and aggressive. Number 55 remained screaming around his tube, thrashing and throwing his form around, kicking up dust from the hard concrete floor.

The gruel came down the tube every five hours for Level 1 cuntboys, and the first time was always traumatizing and upsetting for the captives. The sludge slowly came down the tube and as soon as it hit 56’s tongue he began to cough, squirming and jolting in retaliation. He choked as it was forced down his throat, the foul texture and flavour smothering his taste buds. Soon he began to swallow, even though he tried not to, tried to reject it, it soon began to fill his mouth and he had no choice but to swallow. As soon as all the gruel was gone from the tube, the cuntboy was rewarded with two mouthfuls of stale water, which gushed down the tube quickly. When the water was forced into Number 56’s mouth he retched and threw up the previous mouthful of gruel, he had no choice but to swallow down the hot watery lumps along with the stale water. He began to sob miserably, crying out around the gag, begging for comfort, while Number 55 hurled slurred abuse around the tube.

It took three days to break Number 55. Batches were always processed together at Level 1, so even though Number 56 was already broken, 55 was holding him back from going onto the next stage.
On the second day the aggressive Scout with the grey eyes had already weakened due to the posture, being forced to stand with no stimulation to his throbbing cunt. The sludge contained a heat inducing drug that made him so uncontrollably desperate to orgasm he was beginning to become docile. By the third day he was sobbing and whimpering, just like Number 56 had been. Every muscle in his body ached, his jaw throbbing and uncomfortable around the tube. Urine and excrement drooled down their legs, forced to stand in it until somebody came to clean them up. The Medic checked up on them, nodding and taking notes on his board before considering that yes, they were indeed ready for the next process.

XXX

“That’s it, good boy, take it nice and easy.”

The Red Medic whispered. He had Number 55 and Number 56 either side of one another, both strapped down to the large table off to the side of that huge double door entrance. They were held bent over the table on their stomachs, collars around their necks held with a short line of chain to keep their heads down against the surface. Their wrists are cuffed behind their backs and the O gags from the feeding tubes remained in their mouths to stop them from biting. He didn’t even need to force Number 56 to spread his thighs by this point, mind weakened by the drug, desperately begging to be fucked, pleading in a wanton manner for the orgasm they’d been so cruelly denied.

The Medic held the large plastic dildo, it was long and thick, bulbous at the top. He spread Number 56’s thighs fingers scissoring open those loose lips before forcing the length into the dripping wet cunt. He began to force it in harder, beginning to twist it mercilessly. The boy screamed in pain as the toy tore though, forcing it inside until he felt that tight boy pussy clench around it in a needy manner. All the cuntboys lost their virginities like this, to the cold lifeless plastic. Now all the Medic needed to do was hold the toy at the base and the needy, desperate Scout would begin to fuck themselves. They often rocked their entire bodies, howling loudly in pleasure, the drool that came out of them was unbelievable and they often fucked themselves until orgasm, which was so strong it more often than not knocked the boy unconscious.

It was no different with Number 55, though more aggressive and wild at the beginning, and still with a rebellious streak, even though he desperately wanted to cum, he still held his thighs shut disobediently. The Medic held his upper back down, keeping him down against the table before beginning to spank the boy’s ass like a naughty child. He repeatedly slapped, the sound of his gloved hand hitting skin echoing throughout the facility, drowned out by the pleasured and desperate whimpers and moans. The Scout squealed around the gag, begging for the Medic to stop and eventually Number 55 spread his thighs and allowed the toy to claim him. He tried so hard to suppress his pleasured moans, tried so hard to resist the toy after it had broken him, but still he began to fuck himself on the length, screaming out desperately in pleasure and pain.

Soon a very exhausted Number 55 came, his orgasm coming on so strong and intense, he too fell unconscious. The Medic’s job was done, standing over the two unconscious boys.

It was now time for Level 2.
Level 2

Chapter Notes


Roughly drawn diagram of the facility can be found here:
http://41.media.tumblr.com/b3d911b1e57ebb5c198eec8d2a02b77a/tumblr_nwbt2oRrov1tbg20vo1_1

The large steel barred cages were big enough to accommodate one Cunt boy. Each cage was still situated into individual stalls, running more narrow than the previous. Within the stall was the said mentioned cage, a feeding machine outside like the previous and as per usual a long tube which looped over the roof of the currently unoccupied cage. Large steel bars too close together for escape, at the front, facing the stall’s door was a hole, in which the head of the Cunt boy would be placed though. On the base of each corner of the cage were steel cuffs to ensure complete restraint. There was also an enema stand and a bucket, but we’ll get to that later.

XXX

Both boys, known as 55 and 56 were still knocked out from their violent orgasms. Their limp frames were carried by the Medic, who decided to deal with 55 first, due to his previously violent reaction to the processes thus far. The Medic dropped 56 off in the stall opposite 55s, so the boys could see one another while they endured the next process. He left the unconscious frame lying on the floor, knowing it often took around two to three hours for the more docile Cunt boys to wake up, even if 56 did wake up earlier, he wouldn’t be able to escape the locked stall he was currently being held in.

Number 55 would most likely stir sooner, the Medic knew by experience that you always dealt with the aggressive ones first. He opened the cage door after entering the stall, inserting the boy into it before beginning to position him. There was an expansion mechanism in the head hole of the cage, so that you could expand it in order to pull the captive’s head though, then tighten it around the neck to ensure there would be no escape and that was exactly what the Medic did. He expanded the metal frame and pulled the boy’s head though the hole in the cage door, then he locked it tightly around his throat, so that when the boy awoke he wouldn’t be able to pull his head back though, locking him in place. Speaking of locking him in place the Medic began to pull the boy’s wrists into each cuff either sides of the cage, locking them in tightly, his unconscious frame slumped against the front of the bars. Now, at the back of the cage there was also a hole, situated just where the buttocks and cunt were, for easy access to both. Ankles were cuffe down either sides, to ensure thighs were constantly spread, forcing the captive Cunt boy inside to constantly present both holes. The last touch was reapplying the feeding tube, the Cunt boys were still fitted with the wide O gags from the previous level, and the feeding tube would be reapplied, slipped down to the back of their throats to ensure they consumed everything that travelled down it. However, instead of every five hours, they were now force fed every three hours, the gruel laced with even more hormones, even a secret ingredient which would aid in the Cunt boys rapid breast growth.

The Medic repeated the same process as he did with 55 when dealing with 56, by the time he was finished hooking 56 up to the tube, 55 had woken up and was groaning and whimpering gently. The Medic approached the stall after leaving 56’s, leaning on the gate and watching as the once feisty boy with the grey eyes began to try and pull his head out of the cage, squirming in his restraints. He
looked directly up at the Medic as if challenging him, shaking his head and pulling at the restraints on his limbs.

“Sssh sssh.”

Was all he got in response from the Medic, who left the two boys to adjust to their new environments.

XXX

When three hours passed the feeding machine whirled to life, pumping the foul smelling and equally foul tasting gruel down the tube. 55 saw it and immediately began to shake his head in protest, clenching his fists and closing his eyes tightly. 56 began to cry when he saw the gruel approaching his lewdly forced open mouth. He produced a high pitched whimper, fat tears rolling down his cheeks as he desperately pleaded with unheard words as the sludge approached his tongue. When 55 tasted the gruel he retched loudly, trying to reject it from entering his throat but failing miserably as it slowly pumped down, forcing him to endure the cold, sour flavour.

Evidently the foul tasting sludge was reluctantly consumed, however instead of being rewarded with two bursts of water, this time milk would filter down the tube. Both boys lapped hungrily at it, it was creamy and rich, pure and delicious against their previously abused taste buds, to the two Cunt boys it made consuming the disgusting tasting gruel worth it.

However, at this point they didn’t realise that the milk they were drinking so enthusiastically was actually harvested from one of their own.

XXX

The Cunt boys had nothing to occupy them but their own frightened thoughts and exhaustion. Most of them stood there on their hands and knees in the cage thinking about home, thinking about if they were missed, if people were looking for them. Many of them thought about family. The only thing on 55’s mind right now was escape. He swayed his form repeatedly from side to side, wiggling his buttocks and rocking his hips as he tried to pull his head from the cage’s hole. His cunt was bright red, the folds puffed out and clit expanded and throbbing. Juices oozed out, rolling agonisingly slowly down his skin, eventually feeling it against his thighs.

56 could only think about the next time he was going to orgasm. Unlike 55 he was noisy. He howled and whined around the feeding tube, ocean blue eyes wide and desperate, looking for someone, anyone to touch him. His little cunt throbbed and ached, he humped at the air and tried desperately to close his thighs, anything to stimulate and touch that aching clit. He tried to form words around the tube but only gargled sounds escaped him along with more of those whimpers and sobs.

Both boys desperately tried to hold their bladders as long as they could, however eventually they had to learn to just let it go, hot urine draining rapidly down their thighs, the sensation gave them a little bit of pleasure as the warm liquid touched the sides of the dripping cunt, splattering to the floor and soaking their legs. 56 always cried afterwards.

XXX

When it hit 9PM, the Medic’s hired hands would begin to file into the facility. There were six workers, one for each of the six Level 2 Cunt boys. The two most experienced workers were the ones assigned to numbers 55 and 56. The Medic had eight stalls exclusively for level 2 Cunt boys, which meant that right now two were empty and ready to be filled. The two workers assigned to numbers 55 and 56 were both Engineers, were identical twin brothers and had both previously been
employed by Red. Exiles that’d been caught doing something heinous or cruel, the Medic had scoped them out and offered them work within the facility. When the good Doctor had explained the process the two needed no more convincing to come work for him.

At 9AM and 9PM each Level 2 Cunt boy would be subjected to an enema. It made cleaning up within the cage easier, as washing away urine was considerably easier than faeces. However, they designed it to make it as uncomfortable as possible for the boys. Number 55 tried to growl, tried to make as many menacing sounds as he could as the Engineer entered his stall, carrying a bucket of hot soapy water. The man approached, gripping the boy’s cheeks, the Texan man didn’t even need to say anything, he just laughed in the Cunt boy’s face before moving around behind him and pulling the steel enema stand out from the corner of the stall, beginning to unwind the tubes. He situated the stand behind the boy, squatting down and bringing a gloved hand into the cage, swatting at the Cunt boy’s exposed buttocks.

“You gonna’ be a good little bitch for me, ain’t you? I’m gonna’ make you feel real good.”

He began to fill the enema bags up with the water, using a sealant to make sure they were sealed up nice and full before hooking it up onto the stand, the bag was large and heavy, the peg straining at the weight. The nozzle was cock shaped, tapered so that it was difficult to expel. Number 55 jolted and bucked when he felt a lubed up gloved finger push against his little pink puckered entrance. The Engineer forced his entire finger inside him, rubbing at his rim and curling his finger before repeatedly probing him, getting him nice and spread. The Cunt boy tensed, his back dipping as he closed his eyes tightly, sighing in relief as the Engineer removed his finger. Of course, unknowing to number 55, the worse was about to come.

XXX

Once the enema was all hooked up and ready to go, the Engineer working on number 56 would pat the frightened boy’s ass.

“Sssh..ssh..I promise, this gon’ feel so good.”

He reassured, a little less aggressive than his brother, who was currently working with 55. He began to insert the cock shaped nozzle into the squirming boy, forcing it in until the bulbous shape was swallowed into the little pink pucker. The boy made a strangled little squeal in discomfort, rocking against the cage. The Engineer wasted no time in removing the catch, watching as the now warm, soapy water began to filter from the bag, down the tube and directly into the nozzle, beginning to fill the Cunt boy’s bowels.

Number 55 whimpered, a small sob escaping him as those blue eyes widened, staring up at the ceiling. At first it felt okay, it felt warm and comforting, but soon the soapy substance began to irritate his bowels, causing him to dip and squirm. The water didn’t stop and soon his stomach began to cramp. He squealed desperately around the tube, whimpering and panting heavily, the non stop flow of water filtering into his tight little entrance. The cramps were getting more rapid now, more aggressive, nausea washed over the boy as he began to repeatedly swallow. His stomach felt like it was expanding, his bowels felt like they were going to burst, he desperately pleaded.

XXX

Number 55 wasn’t fairing much better, however instead of sobs and desperate whimpers the boy was hurling abuse around the tube. He tried to double over, desperate to clutch and stroke his swollen belly.

“Hey hey! This’ll take your mind off it.”
And then he felt it. It was plastic, smooth, vibrating and it was heaven. The Engineer inserted the dildo into the Cunt boy, manually stimulating that swollen red cunt back and forth. Number 55 cried out in pleasure, his head swimming, eyes rolling in the back of his head as drool began to pour from around the feeding tube, dribbling down his chin. He rocked his hips repeatedly against the intruder, begging and dipping. That hot, dripping wet cunt expanded effortlessly around the large intrusion, it felt so good that the usually rebellious boy sobbed fat tears of gratitude towards the Engineer.

XXX

56 didn’t want the sensation to end. The cramps long forgotten as the dildo was repeatedly pumped back and forth into his desperate dripping cunt. He begged for more around the tube, whimpering and rolling his hips.

“There’s a good little cunt, see? Feels good don’t it. Little bitch in heat, you take that cock like it’s a breeder male, pumping you full of his seed, making you fat with young.”

The words were practically lost on Number 56’s ears, the boy began to scream out desperately as he came, cum dripping from his cunt. When the Engineer withdrew the dildo, a line of cum followed it.

“Good..good bitch. That’s right.”

XXX

The aggressive boy known as 55 also came long and fast, squirting his load across the floor, clenching around the dildo, desperately trying to keep it inside him, wanting it to fuck him more and more. One orgasm was not enough, he needed it inside him constantly, he wanted that so desperately. He tried to beg for it, but the tube prevented him from being understood.

“You get to cum each enema you endure, slut.”

Was all the Engineer said, while removing the nozzle and holding the bucket beneath the boy. His cheeks, though already flushed, grew redder as the contents of his bowels shot out of him with humiliating sounds that followed. The usually rebellious boy whimpered, blinking back tears as he emptied himself into the bucket, unable to control his bowels just like a dumb stock animal. This was his life now, and despite the horrors he’d already endured, the worse was still to come.

XXX

It had been nine days now, the Level 2 boys known as 55 and 56 understood and knew the sad routine of what had become of their lives. A routine where both boys were excited to be pumped full of water in order to shit themselves, because they knew at the same time they’d endure an intense and much needed orgasm. They lived for two things in their lives as stock. One was the orgasms of course, and the second was the delicious milk that travelled down the tubes after their foul tasting meals.

On this day, 55 had begun to realise something about his body. He was beginning to get heavier, his chest was tight and his body felt strange and different. Number 56 however had developed a little quicker, the boy now had to endure a desperate need to be touched not only between his thighs but now his chest too. Two large breasts had formed, with nipples red and beginning to drip, they were itchy and heavy. When the Engineer came in to give him the enema he tried to plead around the tube for him to touch his large tits too, but he was either misunderstood or simply ignored.

“Looks like number 56 is ready to be processed into Level 3, Doctor.”

The Cunt boy heard the Engineer say to the Medic. They began to talk amongst themselves as the
two boy’s looked across at one another, their eyes equally as wide and as terrified as the others.

What was happening to their bodies, and what did Level 3 entail for them?
Level 3

Chapter Summary


And as a heads up I will not be giving any aggressive, negative, childish comments a second glance mates. Will simply be deleted.

Cheers for all the positive, lovely and frisky comments mates. You're all bloody lovely!

Roughly drawn diagram of the facility can be found here:
http://41.media.tumblr.com/b3d911b1e57ebb5c198eec8d2a02b77a/tumblr_nwbtrov1tb2ovol_1

56 didn’t even feel the prick of a needle as his sore, throbbing red cunt was repeatedly pounded by the Engineer and that familiar dildo. His entire brain was focused on only one thing and that was the orgasm he so desperately needed. He came and for a moment everything in his life was bliss as the pleasure washed over him. Soon though, his vision began to fall and he panicked. Wide, glossy blue eyes, oozing with tears as he looked up at the grinning Texan, who brought a gloved hand to his cheek, holding his head up until he eventually drifted off into a troubled, drug induced slumber.

XXX

When Number 56 eventually woke up, he wasn’t immediately aware that his environment had changed. He could still hear the wanton, desperate pleas and moans surrounding him. His body, he could feel was still situated inside a cage. He felt the warm steel beneath his neck, as his head was forced though the hole at the front of the bars, and his wrists still bore the burns, crusted with blood, restrained on either corner of the confined, barred space. However there was another noise he wasn’t used to and as his eyes began to shift, he saw equipment he’d not seen occupying his stall before. The machine to the left of him was large and square, industrial stainless steel. On the top are two clear, round bulb shaped cups of glass. As the feeling in his body began to come back to him, he was fully awakened by a sudden shot of milky gruel down his throat. His mouth had been fitted with that feeding tube once more and unknowing to the boy; he was now going to be forcefed every two hours. The final ingredient had been added to the concoction. During the surgery, the Medic hadn’t simply just nipped, tucked and crafted a vagina on the unwilling captives, but he’d also fashioned them a fully working womb and with that a reproduction system. However, in order for these to work properly, the Scouts are required to go through a full course of all the medicines all the way from Level 1 to 3, and of course they needed to be fully lactating. Level 4 Scouts were able to get pregnant, which the Level 3 Scouts, when they went on to level 4 would soon find out the hard way.

Number 56 whimpered in both need and pain. His body trembled, his thighs forcefully spread and his knees red raw from being forced to kneel in the same position. His ass and cunt, the same as the previous level, was fully exposed on the other end of the cage, so that both holes could be accessed at any time. He jolted when he heard the stall’s door open, lifting his frightened gaze up at the Medic, who held a clipboard. He circled the cage, disappearing out of view for only a moment, but his presence could be heard close by. Number 56 began to cry, pleading around the feeding tube, desperately asking to be released, to be let go.

“Ah..I’m sorry.”
The Medic said, his tone gentle, but most certainly laced with a mocking element. He set the clipboard down on top of the cage and began to unravel the tubing from the machine. He applied pressure, checking both suction cups were fully working and that were was no puncturing in the equipment. He paused to take note on the clipboard.

“I’m afraid I don’t speak bitch, only English.”

Number 56 shook his head, mumbling more desperately when he felt gloved fingers gently graze the surface of his sore, sensitive nipples. He was sporting a good pair of C cups now; fantastic progress for a starting Level 3 Cuntboy, most of them began Level 3 with small B cups. These, when the Medic slapped them, bounced and swayed and the Scout whimpered, closing his eyes tightly and blinking back tears of both pain and humiliation.

“You’re going to produce lots of delicious bitch milk for me, aren’t you boy?”

The Doctor cooed while squirting some lube onto the boy’s nipples, beginning to coat both sensitive red nubs with the sticky, clear substance. The Scout whined and moaned needily at the sensation on his hanging tits. He heard the machine whirl to life near his head, trying to turn his neck, panicking as the first suction cup was applied to his first nipple. The plastic cup immediately latched on and began to pump, he shook his head frantically in the cage as the Medic applied the second, making sure they were both applied nice and tight before turning a dial on the machine.

“There, now the Engineer will be back later to give you a good clean.”

The Medic left the boy, who began to squeal desperately, wanting the suction cups off. They were relentless, pumping him over and over, stimulating the nipples, encouraging them to begin lactation. It took a day or so for most Cuntboys, but the good Doctor believed that Number 56 showed great promise. The skin around his little nipples was swollen, puffy, red and sensitive; he sobbed desperately, each pump causing a taunt, painful pull against his chest. After an hour it was unbearable and he was screaming and squealing around the feeding tube, his wrists twisting and bloody nails scratching at the floor. His cunt was oozing, pouring wetly down his thighs, red and hot. He moved his hips, trying to press it to anything, desperately needing to cum. It throbbed and itched, he tried to close his thighs around it, tried to move his hips back and forth, anything for the relief that would never come without assistance.

XXX

At Nine PM, the Engineer appeared for the usual routine of an enema and a fuck. The Texan knew that face well, the Scout’s eyes red and full of tears, snot drooling from his nostrils from the amount of crying and pleading.

“Hurts don’t it, them big slutty tits of yours all sore ain’t they?”

He patted the boy’s side, watching as Number 56 presented himself obediently. He raised his buttocks against the opening at the back of the cage, waiting for the tube to enter his anus. The feeling of that warm soapy water filling his bowels was stomach churning and uncomfortable, but while it happened, he was also guaranteed a manual dildo fuck, his wet, dripping cunt clenching needily around the false phallus as the Engineer repeatedly pumped it back and forth into him. He always cried out like a wanton whore and that’s what the Engineer loved best about the Level 3s. They were always so needy and desperate, they were in constant pain and noisy, demanding and miserable, frightened but constantly horny and in need of release. He loved them like this.

When the Level 3 Scout had cum, the Engineer patted his buttock and continued the usual routine of removing the enema tube and allowing the boy to, in humiliation, squirt out the water and excess
waste from his system. No matter how long the Cuntboy had been here, they always cried, the sensation awful, making them feel dirty and inhuman. At this point the Engineer usually left the boy for the night, instead he then switched the milking machine off, the boy panted heavily, making small sounds of gratitude and happiness, pleading to keep it off, to take the suction cups off.

“Naw naw, don’t want to milk you all night do we?”

The Engineer spoke while reaching in to rub at one of the hanging teats.

“Don’t want these things running dry do we?”

He spoke gently, pinching a nipple before rising into a stand.

“Bet you wanna’ cum again don’t you boy? Bet you want me to fill that desperate fuckhole of yours up nice and tight? Breed you like the little bitch you are, yeah?”

The Scout listened, drooling down his mouth, pleading and begging with his eyes. The Engineer moved behind the cage and plugged in the fuck machine. This was a very simple device with two rotating cogs which powered a pumping dildo. It was situated behind Number 56, the large dildo levelled up with his juicy fat cunt. He pushed it forward, making sure it was nice and close so that when he switched the machine on it would repeatedly fill the boy deeply. The Scout felt it inside him and immediately squirmed, nodding his head and begging. He got his wish as the Engineer switched the fuck machine on, the dildo whirling to life and immediately beginning to pummel into the boy. It was a slow motion, but hard and the Cuntboy was already clutching around it.

“Good boy…good slut, you like that don’t you?”

The Engineer whispered smoothly, chuckling as he patted the squirming captive’s ass. The Scout squealed and moaned noisily, thrashing in the cage and moaning excitedly around the feeding tube. In moments he was cumming, his body spasming against it, squirting all down his thighs. The Engineer left him to be fucked by the machine.

The first couple of times felt incredible to the Scout, he howled and groaned, whimpering, thanking nobody over and over as he tossed his head, fingers twitching and thighs trembling. Soon however, he was beginning to see his predicament. An hour passed and after cumming for the sixth time, he realised that not only was the machine not stopping, but it was also increasing in speed. His howls of pleasure soon became small sounds of pain. When it reached the fourth hour, each orgasm rocked his body, but no longer did it bring pleasure or release, instead it caused his body to spasm, locking up in places, muscles straining and cramping as he squirmed in agony. His stomach lurched and his body cramped. At one point he drifted off into a fitful sleep, only to be woken up by another hard, flat and painful orgasm. The machine was pummelling him so hard now that he could no longer feel his cunt; he felt a heat to his cheeks as he felt warm piss leaking between his thighs and around the fucking device.

Soon it was slowing down and by schedule it had practically stopped when it reached 8am. As if on cue the Engineer appeared, laughing at the sorry state of the boy.

“Looks like someone enjoyed their first night, get used to it boy, because these machines are gonna’ abuse you like the little bitch that you are day and night.”

The proud father of said machines it would seem. The Engineer switched the fucking device off. He took the hose pipe attached to the wall and proceeded to blast Number 56 with ice cold water. He sprayed between his thighs, up into his cunt, all over his belly and tits and against his face. Number 56 thought he had no more tears to shed, yet they came once more and he squealed weakly in
protest, watching the Engineer leave.

“See you in an hour.”

He tipped his white cowboy hat and left the Scout to kneel in the ice cold water, rapidly trembling all over. All around him he could still hear the weak sobs and moans, the sounds soon lulled him into a restless sleep.

XXX

After being woken up by the Engineer an hour later and the usual enema administered, Number 56 never thought he’d be excited by the prospect of not being fucked. He just wanted to be left alone. His cunt was throbbing and wet and when he squirmed or moved it stung hard and made him whimper in pain. The stinging sensation hummed for a moment before calming, only until he moved again, only to cause the sensation to happen all over again, there was no escaping it.

Speaking of no escaping, the Engineer, when finished with the enema routine, then went on to reattach the suction cups to the boy’s breasts. He protested as best he could, shaking his head and clenching his hands into fists. Once they were attached, the machine began pumping and soon the day had started. A day of being pumped by a machine and staring into nothing, left with no thoughts and the only thing that gave him a sense of time was by counting the forcefeedings.

XXX

It was the second week when Number 56 noticed that Number 55 had been brought into the Level 3 unit and situated in the stall in front of his own. He looked into the boy’s frightened eyes, his own tired and dull. Number 56 now had huge E cup breasts, growing from the over stimulation and milking. With each daily milking, the two glass bulbs on top of the milking machine were now beginning to fill with crisp, fresh bitch milk. He was forcefed every two hours still, but now the contents were more wholesome and his body was beginning to get plump from the lack of movement and the high vitamin and fat content of the gruel. His hips were wide and his body thicker, he’d truly become the perfect little milking bitch.

Number 56 looked up at the Medic who entered his stall, holding that same clip board as he took note of milk production and weight gain.

“Very good..absolutely prime, aren’t you?”

“That number 56 sure is something.”

The Engineer spoke, moving in behind the Doctor and removing his hat. The Texan joined the Medic in watching the huge breasted breeding bitch get repeatedly milked by the machine, the Scout didn’t look up at them, eyes closed tightly, pretending he was somewhere else. But no matter where he tried to imagine, he always ended up back here, his throbbing, desperate cunt reminding him of what he was.

“Do you think he’s ready?”

The Texan questioned the German who lowered a hand to cup one of the huge milked breasts, feeling the weight of it.

“Another few days and yes, I think he will be. I think he will make a beautiful breeder.”

“Can’t wait to see him all fat with the stud’s young.”
Number 56 listened, he’d been through so much already but nothing…nothing would prepare him for what was to come.
Swallow

Chapter Notes


Roughly drawn diagram of the facility can be found here:
http://41.media.tumblr.com/b3d911b1e57ebb5c198ec8d2a02b77a/tumblr_nwbt2orov1tbg20vo1_1

Number 56 couldn’t get the conversation between the German and the Texan out of his mind. When you were forced to kneel in the same position all day and all night, with barely any sense of time you tend to run out of things to think about quickly. However, that particular conversation concerning him involved some ominous words. “Is he ready?” and “fat with young.” It was concerning, especially within this current environment. His breasts were huge now, fat swaying E cups, swollen and red from the daily milking. He was producing plenty of bitch milk for the Medic daily now, fortunately unlike Number 55, whom of which was situated in the stall in front of 56, who wasn’t in the same lucky situation. His tits were growing much slower and his body appeared reluctant to put on the right weight, Number 55 had been in the Level 3 segment for over a week now and was barely producing any milk either.

The boy with so much fight was now pale and sickly looking, hanging in his binds and barely responsive when either the Engineer or the Medic entered his stall. Number 56 feared for the other boy’s health, a new sense of dread filling him when the Medic exited the other Cuntboy’s stall only to shake his head at the Texan waiting outside, both of them looking agitated. When Number 56 wasn’t concerned or worried for either the boy in front of him or the Doctor’s words, he was obsessed with having an orgasm. The hormones constantly raging in his body, his red, swollen cunt constantly oozing. It was getting to the point where he was so desperate he’d literally do anything to cum and begged and begged for time to go by quicker, just so that the fuck machine would be inserted into him. Of course, within an hour it was agony and awful and had the Cuntboy squealing in pain and begging for it to be removed, but by the end of the next day, he’d already forgotten about the horrors and again began to beg for release again. It was an endless cycle of confused emotions mixed with raging hormones.

XXX

“Bet you can’t wait for a nice juicy cunt to fuck can you?”

The Engineer spoke as if he was talking to a baby, leaning over the grab rail that surrounded the large cage. He and the Medic were in the backroom behind the breeding barn. It was a huge, air conditioned unit with no windows and large ceiling lights. Occupying most of the space and in the middle of the room was a large oval cage. The bars were narrow, and there were three segments on the base with quick release openings from the outside, where trays of food could be pushed in or removed. Inside was what could only be described as a thick material plush sex doll, with conveniently placed holes in convenient places. The doll itself was filthy and covered with thick dried piss, cum and sweat; but this wasn’t who the Engineer was talking to. Inside the cage, was another victim of the Medic’s surgical alterations.

Completely naked, he was a slender brute of a man, with a narrow face and dull, once fierce red eyes. Drooling heavily, head swaying, fingers holding onto the bars as he watched the Texan. He
made small whining sounds before backing up and slowly lowering his form to the base of the cage, sprawling out on his side, not unmuch like a large dog would when hot. He panted heavily; more drool oozing down from his slack jaw.

“I bet if I brought a bitch in you’d be up on your feet in seconds.”

The Texan taunted, before smacking the bars loudly with a fist, laughing when the brute shot up onto his hands and feet and charged at the cage, grabbing at the bars. Those whines had become aggressive screeches and growls, the Feral brute smacking his face and head against the steel bars.

“Dummkopf! Now look what you’ve done!”

The Medic scolded the Engineer, slapping him on the shoulder and putting on a sing song voice as he approached one of the feeding hatches, holding the tray of food.

“How now, don’t be such a baby, dinners ready!”

He cooed, also using a babyish voice when speaking to the caged brute, he lifted the small hatch after unlocking it, removing the previous food tray and pushing in the new one, locking it back up. A mangled mess of ground meat, cold and pale looking; it didn’t smell at all appetising.

“Good Sniper. Eat up, need to keep you nice and strong.”

The Feral Sniper rushed to the bowl as soon as the Medic stepped away from the cage. He used to try to attack the Doctor though the hatch in the beginning but the German had changed the Sniper’s mind about aggression when introducing him to a cattle prod each time the Feral man had charged the bars. The Breeding Stud now understood that he had to wait until the Medic had stepped away before going for the food. As he ate, the Medic and Engineer spoke amongst themselves while inspecting the Feral Sniper’s frame. He wasn’t visibly very muscled, but built in all the right places, slender and powerful. He favoured walking on his hands and knees or sometimes his feet and as he hungrily ate from his tray, the Engineer couldn’t help but be reminded of his Golden retriever back home. The Sniper, like the Scouts had also been altered by the Medic and it wasn’t just the way the brute ate that reminded the Texan of his faithful canine friend. Hanging between his thighs was a long, slender cock, tapered at the head with a fat bulbous knot at the base, red in colour and sore where he’d been repeatedly rutting the sex doll in frustration. Also hanging, quite noticeably between his thighs, now separate from his cock was a heavy set of balls, bulging and weighty, full of spunk, ready and ripe for breeding Cuntboys. The Medic had been very pleased when he’d finished with the surgery, so many years of research, trial and error had lead up this present day and looking back he felt like he’d achieved beyond what he could have ever dreamed of in his twisted mind.

“He’s going to love 56.”

“I can’t wait to get him bred up and carrying, I have good feelings about him, like I’m going to have an expansion and new information for my research. It’s going to be wonderful.”

The Medic took the same shoulder he’d previously slapped of the Engineer, leading him back into the main facility and shutting the doors behind them. They passed the level 4s, the ones on the left, bulging and pregnant, huddled up with one another in one big stall, the ones on the right separated by bars, trying to touch one another, confined in tiny cages they could barely turn around in.

When they got to the Level 3 segments the Engineer was about to begin the evening routine, when he realised that Number 55 hung limp in his cage, tongue hanging out and barely breathing, eyes puffy, blood shot and swollen. He seemed to have been choking for quite some time now and as the Texan opened the door to the Cuntboy’s stall, he didn’t respond, simply staring up at the Texan with
desperate, baleful eyes.

“Looks like another poisoning.”

The Engineer grunted, the Medic moving in and joining him, taking out the clipboard and checking.

“He was pumped and forcefed with the same hormones and medi-Cap as the usual.”

“You know how it is Doc; some of them just can’t handle it. Proper waste though.”

“Ja, I hate losing a Level 3, what a waste of time, drugs and effort. Go process him will you.”

The Medic growled, agitated now as he moved out of the stall, striding down the corridor and out into his office off to the side. He grinded his teeth, lowering himself to his desk and going through his notes, what could have gone wrong this time?

XXX

After removing Number 55 from the cage, the Engineer checked him over. It hadn’t been the first time that a Cuntboy had faked death or illness in an attempt to escape. However, things weren’t so lucky for Number 55, who lay limp in the Texan’s arms, barely breathing, breaths raspy and slow. Most likely his respiratory system had begun to fail; his body could have been shut down by numerous amounts of things. Sometimes they had allergies to certain hormones or drugs, sometimes their bodies just can’t cut the stress, and sometimes they got infections to their altered body parts. It was still all trial and error for the Medic, but the Engineer believed in the German’s brilliant mind.

The Engineer carried the limp body out of the stall and down the corridor. However, instead of turning right towards the Medic’s office, he turned left instead, turning around and opening the swing door with his turned back and entering the food preparation segment of the facility. This room was wired up to the feeding machines, a complicated system of tubes and technology. A huge distributor off to the side segmented the ground up meat into portions, sectioned off equally before being pumped into the tubes above, which then shot down and into the main Breeder facility, going down the tubes and into the Cuntboy’s waiting mouths. There were generators lining the outside of the stalls as extra power support and back up encase of an emergency.

“Chef, we got another one.”

Lifting his head from “The Chap – Magazine for Chaps.” The Spy removed his cigarette from his lips, smoke filtering from his flared nostrils as he folded the magazine over the wooden table.

“Can’t seem to keep them alive can we?”

Snatching up the dying Cuntboy’s chin between fingers he proceeded to put his cigarette out on his cheek, which caused the Scout to make a small high pitched sound.

“Mon dieu! It’s still alive. Can’t you take it outside and hit it over the head?”

“Not my job. You take care of it.”

The Texan grunted, thrusting the limp body into the Frenchman’s arms, who threw the Cuntboy over his shoulder like a sack of potatoes.

“Go on then, off you go.”

When the Texan left, door swinging behind him; the Spy sighed at the prospect of actually doing
some work. Throwing the limp body down on the table he leaned over to take out a thick butcher knife.

“Why can’t he invent a machine that chops these disgusting things up?”

The Frenchman rambled to himself as he began to chop, his chef whites splattered with new blood to replace the old stains. The Cuntboy screamed at the first brutal chop, separating head from shoulders, rolling off the table and hitting the floor with a sickening thud, a swift, surprisingly merciful death. Rolling his eyes and complaining like it was a chore, he bent over and picked up the head by its hair, looking into the lifeless eyes as he held it to his own face.

“Can’t you stay put?”

He put the head down on the table hard, hard enough for blood to squirt from the opening. His knife effortlessly chopped though flesh, slicing bone like butter. Soon he was done, six pieces of flesh. He stepped back to admire his handiwork, lighting up another cigarette and taking the torso piece to the large steel machine off to the side. It had an opening into a grinder, which he threw the torso into. Immediately the blades whirled to life, a plastic shield came up over the opening to protect the Frenchman and the outside world from blood splatter. Soon the torso was completely grinded up, and then proceeded to be distributed into each of the segments, sprayed with the necessary hormones and vitamins depending on which section, before being pumped into the tubes.

“Dinners ready.”

He chuckled, tone laced with false excitement as he gathered up the other body parts, continuing the same process as before.

XXX

Meanwhile, back in the Breeding facility, Number 56 retched as that ground up gruel laced with hormones was force-fed down his throat. He winced, closing his eyes tightly as desperate whimpers escaped him, swallowing down sludge.

If only he truly knew just what it was he was swallowing.
Number 56 was about to get the shock of his life.

As the Texan came in for what the Cuntboy thought was his morning enema, he instead saw the man was holding a set of keys and a leather collar in hand. He unhooked the feeding tube first, carefully removing it from the boy’s mouth, who coughed pathetically. He then unlocked the neck guard of the cage, before proceeding to unlock the binds at the Cuntboy’s wrists and ankles. Number 56 looked up at the Engineer with huge eyes, tears running down his cheeks as he repeatedly began to thank him over and over, so overwhelmed, he didn’t even think about the leather collar being buckled around his neck, and the padlock that followed. Soon the cage was opened up and the Engineer allowed the Cuntboy to crawl out from the cage, he fell on his face, his huge E cup tits softening the blow as he curled up for a moment, shaking all over from shock.

“Come on Bambi, let’s see you crawl. Come on, over to me.”

With an awkward wobble the Cuntboy didn’t even think about getting up onto his feet. Instead he’d crawl, slowly, trembling as he shuffled over to the kneeling Texan. Once he arrived in front of the man he was rewarded with gentle petting, which he obediently nuzzled his head into. The movement made his cunt both sore and excited at the same time; it oozed all down his thighs which he closed tightly. The Engineer attached the leash to the Cuntboy’s collar and began to pull, Number 56 pulled back a little, sitting up on his knees and grabbing at the chain leash, shaking his head.

“Please let me..let me go!”

He pleaded, trying to give the Engineer the most pathetic face he could muster. There was no mercy and instead he received an electric shock, the Texan was swift with his punishments, applying the cattle prod to the Cuntboy’s side, causing him to scream out and fall over.

“Come on. Move Bambi.”

He began to drag the boy, who retched and coughed, pulling himself up and crawling as quickly as he could out of the stall. Waiting outside and standing in the walkway was both the Medic and a young woman the Scout had never seen before. Petite, with glasses, a lovely purple blouse and hair bound neatly behind her ears in a bun. She was holding a folder with a clipboard and pen. Number 56 immediately looked away from the girl, eyes lowering. Without even realising it, he’d begun to piss himself, urine trickling down between his thighs as he squirmed, moving up against the wall in both humiliation and discomfort.

“And you’re saying they don’t think like human beings?”

Miss Pauling didn’t at all sound convinced, adjusting her glasses and taking some notes, flinching
when the Engineer smacked Number 56’s ass roughly before gripping him by his neck and forcing his face into the puddle of urine.

“Lick it up Bambi, good boy.”

“They’re like dumb cattle, see? No control of their bladders.”

The Medic chuckled, taking Miss Pauling’s shoulder and walking her away from the scene, she turned around to watch, emerald green eyes wide.

“Engineer.”

She called out, stopping. The Medic sighed, rolling his eyes and letting go of her as she stepped forward, still holding the folder tightly to her chest, beginning to feel very insecure and unnerved about this place.

“Why is that one called Bambi?”

“Come along dear~”

The Medic spoke in a sing song tone, wrapping an arm around her waist almost sleazily as he turned her around and began walking her down towards the Level 4 area.

“He’s Bambi cause I shot his Mama.”

The Engineer shouted at her turned back.

Number 56, or Bambi as he was so affectionately nicknamed, was relocated into the Pre-Breeding Level 4 area. The cages were much bigger here, big enough for two Cuntboys, though these cages were only occupied by one single boy each. The Engineer ushered the Scout into the cage, locking it behind him and here he lay down, panting heavily, finally getting himself into a relaxed position. It felt incredible to lie down after weeks of being forced on his hands and knees. He felt new pains in his back and thighs, his neck… no, everything ached.

XXX

The Cuntboy had been sleeping soundly until all of a sudden a loud scream was heard, followed by the sound of thrashing. Number 56 immediately lifted his head, shuffling to the front of the bars and pressing his cheeks against them. One of his hands was absentmindedly working back and forth inside his cunt as he watched the scene take place. The pretty little lady, Miss Pauling was smashed up against his stalls steel barred door. Her shirt and bra had been ripped off and her glasses nowhere to be seen.

“Now where do you think you’re going?”

The Medic came up behind her, keeping hold her wrists, pinning her to the stall door and pressing his lips to her ear. She looked both frightened and determined.

“I know what you’re doing isn’t right, these are people! Not animals! Let go of me you sick bastard!”

She snapped, her hair all loose from its bun, tendrils hanging down over her face as she gritted her teeth, pulling against her captor. She stared directly at Number 56, who stared back. The Cuntboy watched in horror as the Medic unzipped his pants, pulled his hard cock out as he proceeded to hike her skirt up, pulling her little silk panties and tights down to her ankles. She begged and cried, but in
moments he was inside her from behind, rutting her ruthlessly against the stall door. Her exposed breasts bounced with each merciless thrust, hanging though the wide bars of the door. She closed her eyes tightly, screaming out as loudly as she could, eventually the Medic brought his gloved hand around, moving it in against her open mouth tightly, pushing his rubber coated fingers in and forcing them down her throat as she gagged. Tears welled up in her eyes, thighs trembling as they were forcefully spread, bent over like a bitch as the good Doctor had his way with her. When he came, he made sure to do so inside her, before throwing her down onto the floor and grabbing both her wrists. He was panting heavily as he pinned her down, then used cable ties to get both wrists together behind her back, dragging her down the walkway before both of them disappearing from the Cuntboy’s view, he could still hear her shouting and screaming.

“See you got a taste for what’s about to happen next, boy.”

The Engineer interrupted the boy’s distressed thoughts, unlocking the stall and entering, holding a chain leash.

“We gonna’ sort out that little horny cunt of yours and get you nice and bred.”

He latched the leash onto the Scout’s collar at his throat, Number 56 didn’t fight it because in the Texan’s other hand was that cattle prod, he learned quickly. He was dragged out of the cage and walked down the hallway. Instinctually he held his buttocks up, thighs trembling as he crawled behind the man. He looked into the eyes of the other Level 4 Cuntboys, all watching, hands on the cage bars, they watched him go, and none of them had any idea what awaited Number 56.

He was soon walked into the next room. Windowless with almost too cold air conditioning, the Cuntboy looked around, completely overwhelmed and dizzy. He trembled, his body swaying from side to side as he tried to take in his new surroundings. The room wasn’t quiet for long, the sound of growling and snarling was heard and the Texan walked the Cuntboy over to the brute that was making such a racket. Number 56 recoiled in fear, quickly backing up and pulling against the chain at what he saw. That Feral man was throwing himself at the bars, the Scout’s scent driving him crazy with lust. His red cock was throbbing and hard, dripping and oozing, he whined and growled aggressively like a wild animal, following the Cuntboy wherever he was lead. The Engineer was sure to parade the Scout around the cage, dragging him along and forcing him to make a few laps around the oval shaped prison.

“You like this smell big boy?”

The Engineer had the Scout sit up on his knees while he moved behind him. He groped and fondled those large leaking red tits in front of the brute. Number 56 was conflicted, he cried and sobbed, tears running down his cheeks as he shivered all over, but his cunt throbbed and ached with need and that frightened him. The Medic moved through the door briskly, lab coat whooshing behind him like some kind of deranged super hero.

“Sorry about that, I was just making our new guest a little more…comfortable.”

He chuckled, adjusting his glasses and watching as the Engineer walked the Scout over to the cage door, who pulled reluctantly, squealing and sobbing with fear.

“You ready then Sawbones? Got a feeling this is gonna’ be a good one!”

What happened next was a simple but effective procedure. The Medic held the Scout tightly by the throat, collar and leash removed. The Engineer stood beside him and held the cattle prod. The Feral brute kept his distance, knowing this routine by now, knowing his patience would be rewarded. The Engineer opened the cage door and the Medic pushed the Scout in, as soon as the German had taken
two steps back the Texan shut the door, bolting it immediately.

Number 56 immediately rushed to the door, hands balled into fists as he smashed them against it.

“Get me out of here! Please!! Help me! D-Don’t do this!”

He was hysterical, his body pressed up against the door as the Feral brute approached. He moved on his hands and feet over to the Scout, beginning to sniff at his cunt. A thick wet tongue would suddenly slide along the surface before forcing its way inside him, giving the Cuntboy a good tasting. Number 56 jolted, his entire frame frozen with fear as he fell onto his back, thighs spread like a good breeding bitch. A thick wet tongue would suddenly slide along the surface before forcing its way inside him, giving the Cuntboy a good tasting. Number 56 jolted, his entire frame frozen with fear as he fell onto his back, thighs spread like a good breeding bitch. In moments the Feral Brute was on him, his entire frame engulfing his smaller, moving on top and forcing him down onto his back. He was extremely aggressive, and it took him a few thrusts before that fat, bulbous cock was forced into that hot dripping cunt. Once he was inside he didn’t stop, he growled, howling and whining noisily as he pinned the small Cuntboy down against the cage floor. He fucked him just like he could a lifeless sex toy without any consideration. He was breeding him, long and hard.

“Good boy…that’s it, take his cock. Let him sire some good healthy young for us.”

“He’s going to look so good fat and carrying. Such a good breeder bitch! Let him fill you up. Good boy.”

The Cuntboy closed his eyes tightly, lifting his hands up and grabbing onto the Feral brute’s shoulders, he wailed softly, his sounds of fear and distress drowned out by the aggressive brute’s howls of pleasure. That huge cock tore him wide, each thrust he could feel an uncomfortable probing against his womb, he squirmed and squealed when the knot would suddenly expand. His cunt forced to take the huge rounded knot, locking them together.

“Help! Please! Please!”

“Sssh…ssh…good breeder, good. Let him. Just let it happen.”

“Help! Please! It’s…Its hurting! Stop it! Stop him!”

The Feral brute squirted load after load into the boy, shooting it up into him. It was endless, he could feel a taunt strain on his womb, his entire body would spasm as he sobbed.

“Got another few more hours yet, so get comfortable little bitch, got to make sure you take all of his seed.”

Number 56 only sobbed harder, eyes closing when he felt a tongue against one of his sensitive nipples. He panted softly, opening one eye to look up at the scruffy, mistreated wild man on top of him. The Scout blinked back the tears as he tried to lie as still and as uninteresting as possible. The knot kept them tied together, there was no escape. That mouth wrapped one of his nipples and the brute began to whine softly, immediately latching on and nursing on one of those swollen tits. The Cuntboy managed a small sound, a mix between a moan and a shocked gasp, he watched, blinking back and panting as the large brute grew docile and relaxed as he sucked. It was as if the notion had calmed him down immensely, as if it’d soothed him. Number 56 lifted a hand to gently touch the Feral male’s cheek, who winced and shrunk back and it was then that the Cuntboy realised.

That the brute was just as frightened as he was.

He was beginning to feel sympathy, until that knot had shrunk. As soon as the Feral man knew he could thrust again he immediately started the mating all over. The Cuntboy shook his head, bringing a hand up to try and push the brute off of him, but it was no use. He accepted the breeding, he
couldn’t even take himself to another place with his imagination because the Feral Sniper was so loud and demanding that he kept taking him back to the cruel reality almost instantaneously. The brute was also rough, he scratched and grabbed and bit as he rutted, latching onto the Cuntboy’s throat and mounting him as he ploughed him against the cage floor. Number 56 would feel a sudden hard strain against his cunt, feeling full and warm for a moment before he felt the hot urine trickle down between his thighs and into his ass crack, squirting noisily with each thrust from the brute, he’d gotten so excited about fucking the Cuntboy that he’d pissed inside him.

After each load of cum, it happened again. The gentle side came out, the nursing on the breast, the slight cuddling up and the sounds going soft and quiet. The Cuntboy lay there, taunt and round, full of hot sticky seed. He begged the pair watching to let him go and after two hours were up he got his wish. Both the Feral brute and the Cuntboy were shot with tranquilizers and the very full, exhausted Number 56 was removed.

“Job well done. Take him to the holding pen. The pregnant bitches will look after him there.”

XXX

Miss Pauling slowly opened her eyes. She blinked back rapidly in confusion, disorientated and wondering where she was. Sudden jolts and pulling against her chest speedily brought her back to reality and she lifted her eyes to look up at the Medic who was watching her. Without her glasses everything was a blur.

“I can’t have you leaving, and if I’m going to keep you around I might as well make a use for you, my dear.”

He chuckled, leaning down and turning the switch on the milking machine. She cried out, realising her mouth was occupied with a feeding tube. She looked up at him, those eyes now wide with fear as the machine began to repeatedly pump at her hanging tits, she tried to shake her head but the metal frame around her neck prevented her from moving.

“Now...be a good girl and sit tight, I’ll come and check on you tomorrow.”

She tried to protest, but got a throat-full of hormone laced slop, which she was forced to swallow down. She watched his turned back as she pulled in her restraints, struggling and squirming. She never believed in a God, but now she hoped and prayed that someone would come looking for her.

And after witnessing first hand the horrors that were occurring here the sooner the better.
Level 4

Chapter Summary


Roughly drawn diagram of the facility can be found here:
http://41.media.tumblr.com/b3d911b1e57ebb5c198eece8d2a02b77a/tumblr_nwbt2oRrov1tb20vo1_1

Number 56 was warm.

His back felt scratchy and sore, but his sides and face were pressed into something much smoother and softer. He curled his body into the warmth, his hands trembling as they lowered down to touch his own belly. He was swollen and round and immediately he began to cry.

“Sssh…sssh..”

Came a soft voice, soon bringing the traumatised Scout back to reality. He was in a holding pen for the pregnant level 4 Cunt boys, he was lying on his back in a nest of straw and he realised he was holding on tightly to another boy, also swollen and fat with young. The Cunt boy with the soft brown eyes continued to sssh number 56, stroking his face carefully and guiding the boy to his huge nipple. Number 56, without even thinking latched on and began to nurse, suckling hungrily as he sobbed.

“The comfort never lasts but you’re safe for now.”

The brown eyed boy whispered, watching as Number 56 hungrily nursed, milk dribbling down his chin as he eventually let go. It tasted delicious, whole and bursting with flavour. It was creamy and filling, not too thick but just perfect.

“Where am I? Am I free?”

Number 56 managed, blinking back slowly as the brown eyed Scout backed away to reveal his location. It was a large square cage, around fifteen by ten feet. A large section of the top left corner was the nest the boy was currently lying in. Down the front and by the door was a long feeding trough, not unlike one used for cattle. In front of the trough were steel bars, wide enough for the pregnant Cunt boys to stick their heads through in order to feed. The bars were adjustable, in case the workers needed to trap a Cunt boy there in order to force feed him if he was refusing food.

The environment was very different from the previous setting that Number 56 had grown used to. He was able to roam around the cage and he was able to touch other Cunt boys. One of the first thing he noticed, when sitting up was a pair of round bellied Scouts, desperately fingering one another’s dripping cunts. To Number 56’s horror as soon as they cried out from orgasm they panted and whimpered in a needy manner, desperate to come again.

“You’re far from free, I’m sorry.”

The brown eyed Scout interrupted Number 56’s chain of thought.

“Do you not feel it inside you?”
Number 56 followed the brown eyed Scout’s gaze down to his swollen belly. He touched his own, it was only slightly taunt, a far cry from the other Scout, who was positively bulging so heavily he was beginning to struggle to crawl.

“What happened to you? What is happening?”

The newly made level 4 was beginning to panic, realising more and more about his predicament. The violent fucking, the knotting, the word “breeding”.

“You’ve figured it out on your own, haven’t you? My number is 42, what is yours?”

“No..No no. I’m…I’m not a number. I’m not. My name is Bailey. I’m not a number!”

He shouted, startling some of the other heavily carrying Cunt boys, who began to huddle up together, huge tits leaking as they pressed against one another’s bodies.

“My name is Bailey! I’m not a number! I’m a Scout. I’m a hard worker! I’m strong…I’m a good runner I’m. .”

“A breeder slut. And you belong to me. You are nothing but a dumb animal, you provide me with milk, which I will sell, you provide me with young with which I will develop my research and you will be docile and obedient.”

The Medic stood at the gate, his gaze burning into the Cunt boy who shrunk back. Number 56 found himself baring his teeth like a wild animal, he backed himself up into a corner, and without realising it he was arching his back.

“That’s right. Like a dumb animal.”

“Fuck you! My name is Bailey! I am a human being!”

The Medic shifted his gaze to a nearby worker, an Engineer, who approached.

“Put Number 56 in isolation.”

Number 56 immediately backed up further in the nest, he could hear himself growling, pushing himself up into a stand as the Engineer entered the holding pen. The other Cunt boys did the same, however they bundled up together in the opposite corner in fear. The Engineer was holding one of those electric cattle prods and he didn’t even hesitate to use it on Number 56’s side. The Cunt boy crumpled down onto his side, howling in pain as the Engineer continued, repeatedly shocking the boy who screamed and cried in agony. When the Texan was content that the Scout was docile and in shock, he grabbed him by the steel collar around his neck, yanking him up and proceeding to drag him out of the pen. Number 56 was conscious, but was completely powerless to do a thing, every time he tried to move his leg or lift a finger his body twitched rapidly, his eyes rolling and everything in his vision started to blur.

He could feel himself being put into a cage, forced onto his hands and knees once more. A large ball was pushed into his mouth, straps tight around his head. His wrists were chained to the front corners of the cage, his ankles to the back, as he’d been positioned previously. The Engineer was joined by another labourer, who was hooking the milking machine up to Number 56’s hanging tits. The entire time the Cunt boy tried to stay strong, but instead he began to sob, howling miserably around the huge ball gag between his lips. He squirmed and struggled, his body still suffering from the aftershock of the cattle prod. Suddenly he felt a finger push into his ass, slicked up with lube he was repeatedly probed until the Engineer was satisfied. He squealed when a large, smooth cock shaped metal dildo was pushed into him. It was ice cold and heavy, he felt the tip push against his bowels,
squirming and dipping his body to try and get away from it, but it was lodged in tight. When he tried to expel it a searing pain shot though him, injecting an electric shock inside him.

“I see you tried to push it out. Wouldn’t recommend it slut, it’ll just keep shocking you.”

The labourer laughed with the Engineer, turning the milking machine on, the pumps immediately beginning to squeeze the milk out of the now pregnant cunt boy. Number 56 tried to look up at them with pleading eyes, begging them, but they ignored him, leaving him in isolation, with nothing but that hard heavily cock inside him and that machine repeatedly pumping his huge tits.

XXX

Twenty four hours…perhaps a few more had passed before Number 56 was finally released from isolation. When the Engineer came in to check on him, he was sobbing hysterically around the gag. His tits purple and sore and nipples hard, sensitive from the constant stimulation.

“Have you had a good reminder about what you are, boy?”

The Engineer spoke while removing the cups, taking the milk jugs from the machine and setting them to the side, the labourer was behind the Cunt boy, removing the restraints on his ankles. When the Engineer removed the restraints from his wrists he had Number 56 crawl out of the cage, who squirmed in discomfort of the huge metal cock inside him.

“Do you want it out?”

The Cunt boy begged, cupping his hands, nodding his head, whimpering around the gag. His cunt was dripping, cum mixed with piss oozing down his thighs and onto the floor. The labourer deactivated the metal cock and slowly slipped it out of the boy, sloppy waste followed, slapping down the back of the Scout’s thighs.

“Absolutely filthy, you really are a dumb animal. Hose him down.”

Number 56 was mortified; he buried his face into the floor, hands covering it as he sobbed hysterically. Even the jet of cold water all over his body, spraying the filth from him wasn’t enough to stop him. When the labourer was finished the Engineer grabbed Number 56 by the collar and dragged him back to the holding pen.

“Gonna behave this time ain’t you boy?”

The Texan grinned as he removed the ball gag from the Scout’s mouth, pushing him back in with the others. Immediately Number 56 ran to the nest, in the corner where he felt a little safer. The straw stuck to his cold wet body, which heaved and shook with his hysterical tears. Why was he so emotional? Why was he so helpless? He found himself clinging onto another Cunt boy, who held him in his arms. Another joined, offering their body warmth and soon Number 56 was surrounded by warm, plump bodies, all cuddling in. He felt tongues against his form, licking, lips were kissing and hands were gently stroking. At first it felt so innocent, but soon he found himself being lulled onto his back and his body began to move before his brain had even processed the action. His thighs were spreading and he felt the first fingers inside his sore, dripping cunt. He cried out, turning his head in against a body. Another squeal of pleasure escaped him as another finger entered him, his thighs trembling.

“Sssh…”

He heard the familiar voice of that brown eyed Scout, who held him back, stroking his hair and kissing down his neck. He suddenly felt mouths on his leaking tits; his body flinched in pain,
trembling as he was licked clean of drooling milk. Another finger was moved inside him and he soon found himself fucking against them, he was desperate and needy. Tears ran down his cheeks as he managed a sob, his hands trembling as he held onto one of the bodies. When he sobbed harder a nipple was pushed to his lips and he began to suckle, looking up at the brown eyed Scout with wide, frightened eyes. The brown eyed boy continued to stroke Number 56’s hair back, allowing him to nurse while the others repeatedly fingered his cunt. Number 56 would tighten up, whimpering noisily around the intruding fingers.

“Easy…easy…it gets easier..I promise.”

He heard the whispered words, eyes slowly closing as he drifted off, body instinctively curling in against the other as he fell into a deep slumber.

XXX

Number 56 woke up, being nudged gently awake by another body. He winced, sitting up and pushing himself against the back of the wall, looking around with wide eyes as he slowly adjusted himself, his head pounding and he felt sick he began by familiarising himself with his surroundings once more. He saw some Cunt boys on their knees at the feeding trough so approached to investigate. His stomach felt heavier than before, whatever was inside him was developing rapidly, looking around him he saw that the different Cunt boys were all at different stages of the pregnancy. Some had bellies that were so large that they swung; some only had small pot bellies like himself. There was one in particular that just lay there, so heavy he couldn’t get up. Whatever the sludge was in the trough it looked disgusting and it smelt even worse. However, the boy was desperately hungry and he joined the others, pushing his head though the bars and beginning to eat. There was a row of them, heads down, cunts dripping juices down their thighs and buttocks instinctively raised as they ate.

When he was done eating, Number 56 looked to the other corner of the room, where what appeared to be a large sand pit was situated. He sat down and watched, observing as a cunt boy approached, moving into the sand and squatting like a bitch, pissing. When he crawled away, Number 56 continued to watch the heavily pregnant cunt boy squirm in discomfort as he scratched and brushed away as much of the sand as he could. The heavily pregnant cunt boy held his thighs open and Number 56 observed as another approached, beginning to lick the sand from the boy’s folds carefully, cleaning him up, they then nuzzled and pressed their cheeks together.

It was like watching domesticated animals, Number 56 was so confused by the display. He was distracted from his thoughts when he heard a shrill scream, he jolted, backing up in fright, looking around. Eyes moved to the heavily pregnant Scout, backing up in fear as the others began to approach. They stroked the screaming boy’s hair, rolled him onto his back. The brown eyed boy had got their first, whispering gently into the heavily pregnant boy’s ear, stroking his belly. Immediately the Engineer came in and of course the Medic not far behind.

“Why is it even still in here? Should have moved it this morning, look at the size of it!”

The German began to shout, hurling abuse at the Engineer and his team as they got to work. The other pregnant Cunt boys backed off in fear, huddling up into the corners and watching as they injected the now hysterically screeching boy, who writhed in pain and fear.

“DON’T TAKE THEM! NO! DON’T TAKE THEM! THEY’RE GOING TO HURT THEM! THEY’RE GOING TO TAKE MY BABIES! PLEASE! HEL-..”

His eyes were huge, he was staring forward but Number 56 felt as though he was staring directly at him as he was dragged away, the drug evidently fast acting as the screaming boy was reduced to just
heavy breathing in moments.

Soon everything went back to normal, as if this was a regular thing; the Level 4s went about their business of pleasuring one another and eating. Number 56, traumatised by what he’d seen once more retired to the nest, he sat up, holding himself tightly as he rocked, eyes squeezed shut. A hand on his shoulder, another wrapping around him, he felt himself being held, lips gently pressed against his ear.

“My name is Jake. I am not a number. I am a human being.”

Number 56 looked up into those brown eyes, and immediately he was soothed.
Development

Chapter Summary


Roughly drawn diagram of the facility can be found here:
http://41.media.tumblr.com/b3d911b1e57ebb5c198eece8d2a02b77a/tumblr_nwbt2oRrov1tb20vo1_1

“Defective.”

“That comes as no surprise.”

Beyond the door of the breeding room was the laboratory and testing area, along with the medical bay. The walls were thick to not only let any sound out, but to not allow the high pitched and often aggressive and constant noises coming from the Breeding room next door. The Feral brute never seemed to sleep, always bashing on the bars, wailing or growling, whining and screaming. At first the breeding room was the only one that was sound proofed, however when the Medic received his next big payment from his milk shipment, he’d decided to splash out and not only soundproof the entire place but also reinforce it and build an extension. The labourers, engineers and other workers were appreciative of the extension, they now had a place to go to chill out or get away from the constant moans and sounds coming from the main facility.

“Using the corpse or tossing it?”

“Give it here.”

Frowning, the Medic snatched the corpse, sniffing it and turning his nose up. This particular Doctor had a very…very good sense of smell, he’d trained himself to pick up the scent of certain drugs such as narcotics, honing in on the tiny particles that flaked off from the substance or the users hands. He was hunched over the table in the main laboratory; beside him was the head lab technician, whom of which handled all the specimens passed on through the breeding facility. The technician had a face full of freckles, curled black hair and eyes that’d seen way too much shit than the average human. The vacant, far away stare and the curious nature of the man had been what had attracted the Medic upon interviewing him, not to mention he was as sadistic as they came, having no problem with strangling a new-born baby. The Doctor without warning gripped the technician’s gloved hand, sniffing it like an excited bloodhound.

“Spironolactone? Just how much did you use? No wonder this one is dead!”

The pair of them were looking over the litter produced by Number 41, the heavily pregnant boy they’d extracted from the Level 4 section only a few days back. Three of them in all, minus the one in the Doctor’s hand. The young were small for humanoid shaped babies, at two days old they could crawl and were drinking milk and a mixture of porridge. Thanks to a formula pumped into them, they’d rapidly grow and within two weeks they’d be walking and talking teenagers.

“Their…their Aldosterone levels were low, as usual..I just upped the medi—”

“Sssh.”
At just only a month old they should have been ready to be introduced into the facility as Level 1s; however there was a very big problem that the Medic and his technicians just couldn’t solve.

None of them survived over two weeks.

In fact, looking down at this current litter the Medic knew, just by examining them that they wouldn’t even make the new couple of days. Something in the formula, the very formula he was pumping into them to rapidly develop them, was also killing them. It made their skin red, it began to shut down their organs one by one and usually by the time they could speak, their first words were cries for help. At first the Medic thought it was radiation from the computer he hooked them up to, the same machine that force fed information directly to their brains, this was how they’d been able to speak without learning the English language. The Medic didn’t have time to be a teacher and the Engineers had been working on the technology for years, so why not put it to use? Sometimes they blurted the wrong words, or when in pain would shout something completely irrelevant to their predicament, but it was progress and the Medic LOVED progress. Previously he’d experimented by not putting a litter though the speech progress and putting them in quarantine away from any and all machines in the area. He isolated them from everything and had any lab technicians entering the room to wear hazmat suits, which would be blasted clean with each exit and entrance. Still, upon reaching the second week, one after the other they died, screaming in agony and fitting about the cage as foam began to pile at their lips, unable to breathe as their throats closed up.

“Have you ever thought about..you know, aging them up normally? Without the drugs and shit being pumped into them?”

The technician suggested.

“…O-Oh…yes, well…no. the process would take far too long.”

“Surely you’d get better results than these constant deaths? I feel like we’re missing something important here, Doc.”

“There is enough money coming in on the milk and renting the bitches out alone, you and I both know this is just a little side project. Who knows? Perhaps we’ll find something that’ll stop the aging process of a human being? Perhaps we’ll develop something to cure all diseases or…or or..using the technology, the Engineer’s machine, we might even be able to extract knowledge from a human brain and implant it into another, maybe even clone that information! Do you not understand the possibilities? Don’t you appreciate the fact that we’re sitting on a new age of human evolution? We could become Gods, Victor, Gods.”

“…Just because you slapped some tits on some strays and milked ‘em for cash, it don’t make you a damn God, Doctor.”

The two stopped talking, glancing over their shoulders at the labourer in the doorway. The Engineer unfolded his arms before removing his hard hat and approaching the table, taking a good look at the writhing, squirming litter in the tank on the table top.

“You ain't God, Doctor, you’re playing God and it just ain't right.”

“Then what, prey-tell is right, my dear Engineer? Those are pretty hollow words coming from the man who fucks my stock on a regular basis and takes advantage of their crippled mental states.”

“But Doc! You said so yourself, you encouraged the staff to take advantage of the stock, enjoy them, you said! Said they’d benefit from being fucked.”
“When you ask a guest in your home to take a biscuit, they don’t often snatch the entire bowl, Dell. You have a problem with my lab work but when it comes to the practical work that goes on in the facility it’s all fine as long as you get a quick fuck? Engineer, I have a suggestion. Walk through that door and get back to work and I’ll forget what you said her-..”

The Medic Smirked. The Engineer was already gone.

XXX

“I-I..I could do nothing to protect them.”

Number 41 lay in the nest of straw, surrounded by some of the carrying Level 4s. They cuddled up to him, to keep him comfortable, nuzzling and kissing him. Some rubbed his now empty but still distended belly for him, keeping him company in his darkest of hours. In the short time he’d been carrying he’d bonded with his young, had promised this litter he wouldn’t let them go without a fight. However, as soon as the time came he was completely powerless and once more his precious young had been snatched from him.

“Couldn’t even touch their tiny hands, kiss their little heads, and reassure them they were safe.”

He whispered, cheek pressed to the thigh of another Scout, who wiped the tears from his cheeks. Number 56 sat away from the scene, observing from afar. Beside him was the brown eyed boy, Number 42, the pair of them listened in silence, 56 lying in 42’s arms. Their situation was always dismal, but with another litter snatched from its carrier, mourning, the entire enclosure was bathed in a sombre hush.

“I didn’t even get to say goodbye.”

XXX

The wooden box had two holes. One for a head and on the opposite end, a hole perfect for a waist. The box, on a table, was wheeled into the workers living quarters by the Medic and the German proceeded to clear his throat to gain the attention of the men within.

“I have a little gift for you, for working so hard… A little prototype if you will.”

All eyes were on the box. Protruding from one hole was Miss Pauling’s head, her mouth held open wide by a surgical steel gag, it was evident that the dental gag had been there for quite some time because drool rolled down her chin, along her neck and dripping down from the box’s surface. Her head was forced up by her hair, which had been tied into a tight pony tail with rope and tied tightly to a D ring situated on the top of the box. This ensured that she could not move her head.

Most of the eyes however were situated on her protruding lower body. From the waist down she was naked save for the leather binds on her ankles, knees and upper thighs, keeping her legs closed tightly. Her ass was covered in red welts from a lash and her cunt was presented for all to see. The rest of her body, squirmed weakly, was situated inside the box; also occupying the space was a small milking machine, which continued to work her tits.

The Medic didn't need to say anything more and he left as the first worker was unzipping his overalls, removing his fat cock and approaching. The box was on a wheeled table, which could be locked down anywhere. Murmurs and mocking laughter was heard as her plump buttocks were firmly spread with large, dirty fingers and cock plunged into her waiting cunt. Another worker was approaching her head; cock was rubbed against the inner walls of her mouth, coating the length with thick threads of saliva before forcing into her throat, fucking it relentlessly. She gagged and retched,
emerald eyes closed tightly as her throat closed around cock after cock. As soon as one worker was done coming inside her, another replaced him, sticky seed running down her chin in thick beads. Her lower half wasn't fairing any better, both holes were repeatedly rutted over and over, until they were gaping, red and oozing cum. Some liked to cum on her ass cheeks and down her thighs, others wanted to finish on her face, some came directly inside her.

“Let’s get this bitch fucking pregnant.”

They all laughed at her cum covered face, a cock pushed to her forced open lips before beginning to spray hot piss down her throat. She coughed, fat tears running down her cheeks as she choked on the salty warm liquid.

Eventually, and not much unlike a toy that the children had lost interest in, she was wheeled aside and the workers went back to doing their duties in the facility. Every now and then one would return to piss in her mouth or use one of her holes. No doubt she’d end up in the bathroom, a human toilet, whose only purpose was to take the hot piss into her mouth and holes.

XXX

There was one Engineer who hadn't been indulging in the Medic’s gift.

This particular worker had been ridiculed only a few hours previously by the Medic himself. He stood in the small kitchen area of the worker’s quarters, waiting until everyone was gone before taking out the tiny zip locked bag he’d kept in his overalls. The contents looked like sugar, however the skull and cross bones on the bag told a very different story. He began to brew two cups of coffee, setting them on a tray before emptying the contents of the bag into one of the cups, stirring both before lifting the tray.

He exited the living quarters and made his way to the Medic’s office.
Party Night

Chapter Summary

Roughly drawn diagram of the facility can be found here:
http://41.media.tumblr.com/b3d911b1e57eb5c198eece8d2a02b77a/tumblr_nwbt2oRrov1tbg20vo1_1280.png

For some of the level 3 Cunt boys, the worst possible experience was Party nights.

As the facility was beginning to get fuller with captive Scouts, the Medic loaned the boys out to his perverted clients and friends for long nights of debauchery, violence and never ending objectification and sex. They often hired out a private venue, or the parties were hosted at large stately homes belonging to those clients. Today, the Medic was boxing up fifteen level 3 Cunt boys to be used and abused. Each was gagged, hogtied, heavily drugged to cause disorientation and placed in separate wooden crates before being loaded up into one of the facilities’ large white vans. The Medic often visited these parties too and if he didn’t drive the van himself with a worker beside him, he took the passenger seat, it was too great of an opportunity to miss watching these boys get used in the way his clients did, they were creative.

It was an hour before the party was to begin and he’d parked the van up at the venue for tonight’s party. The place itself was a large manor house with two floors. It had a grand main entrance hall, which lead off into an even larger dining room with a table that could seat thirty. The entire home was ivory stone, lavished with gold paint; the grand staircase had a crimson carpet and at the top of the stairs stood the owner.

“Doctor! Welcome back to Grey manor.”

The frail old man made his way down the stairs, holding his hands out. He was dressed in an immaculate white suit and behind him was his bodyguard, a giant of a man with a miserable face. When he descended from the last step, the Medic lowered his form to take the older gentleman’s hand, kissing his cheek in greeting.

“I trust you’ve been well Mr Greymann?”

“Excited for tonight!”

Then he added boisterously.

“Are you staying good friend?”

“How could I not?”

They shook hands and the Medic for a moment exchanged glances with the Heavy behind the old businessman, a glint in his eyes behind those glasses as he grinned.

“My men and I will begin setting up then.”

XXX
The party was in full swing and the manor house was a hive of activity. Some of the guests opted for masks and formal wear, others remained in white collar, some? No clothes at all! The main dining room was the place to be and the upstairs sections of the house were closed off to guests. The large rectangular table was laden with a buffet of exotic food and drinks, lined with punch bowls, platters of eccentric seafood and pretentious finger foods. Of course, lying in the middle of the table was one of the fifteen cunt boys that’d been hired out for this evening. He was on his back with a spreader bar attached to his ankles, the spreader bar had been pulled so that the middle of it was behind the boy’s head, forcing him into the uncomfortable position and leaving his naked body completely vulnerable to the revellers that surrounded his terrified, shaking form. His huge leaking tits were hanging over his face, tears running down his cheeks when he felt fingers pinching and pulling on his sensitive teats. His asshole, that was forcefully presented high in the air due to the position, was spread wide and at one point a dipping sauce pot had been inserted into it. However, one of the guests approached while talking to another, both Frenchman, they patted the Cunt boy’s buttocks before one of them removed the pot. The boy looked up at the two pleadingly and whimpered when a finger was pushed into that open cunt, beginning to finger the Scout who tried desperately to rock his hips.

“Boss wasn’t kidding when he said these things are like desperate sluts.”

One murmured while lifting up the sauce squirt bottle, he spread the Scout’s folds and inserted the bottle’s nozzle, beginning to squirt the sauce deep inside the squirming boy. It was cold and messy, filling the Scout up who cried out and tried to struggle away frantically. His mouth was gagged, he could only make desperate sounds in fear as the Frenchman removed the nozzle and took a chip, dipping it into the boy’s cunt and eating.

Across the room and in the far corner by a stone fireplace was a pool table, occupied by some guests. One boy was lifted on top of it, thrown onto his back as a client forced his fat cock into the squealing Scout. The other Cunt boy was on his hands and knees over the other boy on his back, another client was on top of the table, repeatedly fucking the Scout’s dripping cunt. The pair of them sobbed desperately, the one on his back latching onto the other’s tit for comfort and sucking as he was fucked. Soon one was pulled off and thrown onto a couch, the fucking continuing, while the other was grabbed by multiple guests and forced onto his back upon the pool table. Hands grabbed his wrists and ankles, spreading him out with bent knees, his cunt dripping juices down onto the green felt beneath.

“Wonder how many we can fit inside this slut’s holes?”

Said one of the guests as he rolled out some of the balls from beneath the table, he watched the terrified boy squirm in the strong grip of those around him.

“Spread him out, nice and open.”

They brought the first ball to the Scout’s waiting cunt, beginning to push it inside, the boy sobbed and squealed as the man forcefully applied pressure, palming and pushing the ball until it disappeared inside the wide, used hole.

“It’s like a fucking bucket!”

They all laughed as the guest picked up the next ball while applying pressure to the boy’s cunt, making sure he doesn’t attempt to expel the ball. He pushed the next one inside and the Scout squealed in discomfort, rocking his hips as he tossed his head from side to side, tears running down his cheeks as the second ball was inserted. In moments it shot out and once more the small crowd around the table erupted with laughter.
Next they tried the Scout’s asshole, having him spread his thighs nice and wide as they repositioned him on his belly. Buttocks were smacked and fondled and scratched as the lubricated ball from his soaking cunt was forcefully pushed into that spread open and used asshole. They watched eagerly as the yellow ball was swallowed by the greedy asshole, the boy feeling a heavy sensation against his bowels as he tried to expel it immediately. They wouldn’t give him a chance, one of the guests sticking a finger inside him as they readied up the next pool ball.

The boy on the couch was forced to ride multiple cocks at once, repeatedly bounced on laps, passed around like an object. When one was done cumming inside him, he was handed over to the next, sliding down onto that cock and forced to repeatedly take it. While a client fucked him in his lap, the boy’s head on his shoulder, another client moved over and pushed his cock into the boy’s waiting ass, forcing him to take both as they fucked him in a matched pace and rhythm. Then, another client approached behind the couch, moving over to take the boy’s hair, having him lift his head before feeding a cock into his mouth, all while the other two were fucking him from beneath and behind.

Other boys were walked around the room in various arrangements of bondage; some had O gags in their mouths for easy access. One guest, a woman, was lying back on the couch, her thighs wide open, while one of the Scouts had a gag with a dildo on the end. She held the boy by his collar, forcing him to repeatedly fuck her with the large rubber cock as she moved against him, moaning and crying out, her juices all over the whimpering boy’s nose and cheeks. Another cunt boy was rigged up to a fuck machine, repeatedly taking the large vibrating cock while having a table strapped to his back full of drinks. Every time a glass was knocked over he was forced fed the contents, his belly so swollen and full of booze. He’d pissed all down his thighs, sick and heavy globs of drool running down his chin.

Over by the drinks table, another Cunt boy was being used. He was tied bent over the table, wrists behind his back, collar tied tightly to the table to ensure he couldn’t squirm or move. His ankles spread with a bar to keep them nice and wide. Before the party had begun an enema had been administered twice, followed by an enema of wine. Then, instead of a butt plug being applied, they’d pushed a lockable faucet up into his hole. The boy’s belly was swollen so large it was straining like a balloon full of air; his mouth was plugged tightly to stop him from whimpering and complaining. When a client wanted a drink they put the glass beneath the faucet and turned the handle, some of the wine inside the boy’s bowels gushing out into the glass. The boy begged and sobbed around the gag, desperate for more people to drink so they could remove the stuff from his insides. The wine was beginning to get absorbed into his system, making him light headed and disorientated.

XXX

The unisex bathroom was also a place where the Cunt boys could be used. The downstairs toilets looked not so different from extremely expensive and lavish public bathrooms. One wall was lined with urinals, the other with stalls, and then a mirrored sink beside the door. Of course, the row of urinals was altered by the use of those Scouts. The Cunt boys were positioned up-side-down on and with their backs to the wall. Their mouths were held wide open with large O gags and their assholes were also stretched open around a hollowed out steel cylinder, their ankles tied to the urinal, nice and spread. The guests could see directly down into the boy’s bowels. They were chained in these positions to the urinals, waiting in the cold, sterile bathroom for guests and clients to come in and use them.

“I can see right down into this one!”

One of the guests said while taking his cock out from his expensive designer pants. He brought his length to the gaping hole, laughing in surprise when his cock didn’t even touch the insides of the cylinder. He began to piss, filling the boy’s bowels up with the hot liquid, watching as it overflowed
and ran down the boy’s belly, over his huge leaking tits and over his cheeks and in his hair. The other client simply pissed directly into the boy’s open mouth, or at his nostrils, causing him to cough and choke. All of the boys in the bathroom were used at least twice, all of them hoping and begging a client or guest didn’t need to go for a number two.

XXX

Another attraction for the parties was a set up mimicking the cage back at the breeding facility itself. Not only did this advertise the Doctor’s milk and allow the guests to try some of it, but it also educated and demonstrated exactly how everything worked back at the facility. Two of the boys were set up, their large breasts being repeatedly milked as they squirmed in their cages, spread thighs trembling as juices rolled down in visible beads.

The boys walking or being dragged around by leashes were also available to not only be fucked, but be milked too. Pinned down to the floor or couches, or even against the wall, clients took advantage of those leaking, sagging sacks of milk, latching onto the sensitive teats and sucking at them, there wasn’t even one person who disliked the taste of that slut milk.

XXX

When the party was over and all the guests were gone, the boys were shoved back into the crates, filthy and some still with equipment or bondage attached to them. They were pushed into the van and left in there for the remainder of the night and next morning while Greymann’s maids and servants cleaned up the place, ready for the next day. The boys, to the Medic, Greymann and those guests were nothing but objects to be used then boxed away.

The Scouts were so terrified and frightened, cramped up in those tiny boxes, urinating and throwing up on themselves, full of alcohol, piss, cum, condiments and other unmentionables…But it was nothing a cold shower and a violent milking and machine fucking wouldn’t fix!
Number 68

Chapter Summary


Roughly drawn diagram of the facility can be found here:
http://41.media.tumblr.com/b3d911b1e57eb5c198eeec8d2a02b77a/tumblr_nwbt2oRrov1tbgl20vo1_1

It had been five weeks since Number 41’s litter had been taken from him and the Cunt boy had already been bred to the feral beast once more. Lying amongst the other level 4s, there was a sombre and silent moment amongst the group. One of their oldest, Number 33 had no longer been able to produce a litter no matter how much he’d been fucked by the Stud, the Scout had been taken away two days ago and the remaining Level 4s were worried for the safety of their missing friend.

Number 56 was extremely round now; he was no longer able to move and had to rely on Number 42, the brown eyed boy, to bring him food from the troughs. When he wasn’t being fed, he was being pleasured. The other Scouts took it in turns to lick at his swollen wet heat, fingers of all shapes and sizes forcing their way between his puffy red folds as he came over and over around them. His breasts had hit record size for the facility, huge, round and heavy. They constantly leaked milk, sore and red, sometimes the surrounding Level 4s suckled and drank from him, which made him cry and squeal, due to how sensitive and sore those swollen tits were.

XXX

The Medic had finished with his paperwork; rising and removing his cap from the desk he replaced it upon his head before draping his lab coat over his shoulders. He made his way from the privacy of his office and up through to the soundproof breeding room. Taking a clipboard from one of his workers he thumbed through the notes with a satisfied, perverted grin before making his way into the room.

Inside, the sight was glorious. Within the brute’s cage and pushed up against the bars had been that one particular Engineer, Dell. The Medic approached, removing his glasses and wiping them clean on the lapel of his coat before replacing them, getting a better look at the Engineer. The worker was being fucked repeatedly by the wild brute, evidently from the lack of noise coming from the Texan; the Doctor could only assume he’d been in here for a few days now and had lost the ability to not only struggle but to also cry out for help. The Medic’s lab technician, a man with a face full of freckles and a sadistic mind, had been informed of and then put in charge of the punishment after the Texan’s encounter with the German had gone terribly wrong.

XXX

Five weeks ago the Doctor had been working in his office, signing paperwork and packaging samples of milk to various companies. He could have had workers do this, but he had promised strict confidentiality between himself and the clients. It was then that there had been a knock on the door and from behind it the Engineer, whom entered. He’d had with him a tray with two cups of coffee, steam suggesting they were very freshly brewed.

“Doctor, I…just wanted to apologise for my words earlier. I was wrong to say them.”
The Engineer began; setting the tray down; making sure the Doctor’s coffee was the one closest to the still seated German.

“It’s none of my business what you do with the stock, fella. From now on I promise I’ll just put my head down and work hard to make this facility the best there is.”

The Medic looked over the two cups of coffee; if he was suspicious he was extremely good at hiding it as he took the cup between his gloved hands to warm them before leaning back in his seat.

“You didn’t have to come all the way up here to tell me that…but I’m glad you did. You show such promise, Dell. Take a seat.”

Dell’s heart pounded so loudly in his chest that for a moment he was frightened the Medic would hear it. Slowly he sat down on the provided chair, mimicking the Doctor as he picked up his cup and held it between his hands. He took a sip from the brew before leaning back in the seat, keeping his posture as relaxed as possible.

“I’m…real glad. You’re the best employer I’ve ever h-..”

The Medic interrupted him.

“How did you know I didn’t like my coffee black?”

Raising the cup to his nose, nostrils flared before an unsettling smile spread across the Doctor’s features as he spoke. Slowly he set the cup down, folded his hands in his lap and leaned back in his chair.

“Oh er…I’ve..seen how you’ve made it before.”

“How observant of you, my dear Dell…however you still need to do your research.”

The Engineer stumbled over his words, cheeks flushing with his panic, glad for the goggles obscuring his trembling visuals.

“…Of course..I can..I can make it again Doc!”

He stammered, lifting his form into an awkward stand and reaching out to the cup of coffee. However, the Doctor grabbed his wrist, effortlessly slamming his back to the wall of his office. Applying his weight, the taller male tutted softly as he restrained the worker beneath his frame.

“Hemlock, Dell? Really? Are you aware that Hemlock can only induce death at its worse? Oh you poor, sweet boy, did you really think, if I had drank your little concoction, I’d have died from such a small amount?”

The Medic paid no mind to the patch of warmth that’d collected at the Engineer’s crotch, feeling it against his leg as he brought his face inches from the others.

“I’m actually quite insulted you’d do so little research, here I thought my death would be so much more important to you…But no matter…I’m sure I can make up for your lack of tactical planning with a creative and suitable punishment, ja?”

XXX

They’d subjected the ex-worker to the Cunt boy treatment. Putting him under the knife and immediately beginning the hormone process. Then of course, after healing, he’d begun to be fucked
by that machine. The Medic made sure each Engineer worker on his team had time to work with Dell, using him as a constant reminder as to what would happen if they were to betray their employer. Many looked upon Dell with sadness and fear; many were already beginning to whisper quietly amongst themselves.

His name was no longer dell but Number 68. The Medic had gone to great lengths to make sure the treatment was just as cruel and harsh as it was to the Scouts within the facility. It meant having to readjust an entire set up just to fit the Engineer’s robust frame. When it came to the Level 3 stage, the Engineer’s breasts were so big and swollen, he could barely lift them already, the hormones and treatment had increased the Texan’s hips and belly too, making him the largest breeder in the facility by far.

When they’d subjected him to the breeding process, the Feral brute was so excited by the new, considerably larger arrival that he’d not known what to do with the Engineer at first. The Lab technician took notes on how the brute pushed his cock between those huge S cup breasts, rutting between them before ejaculating in heavy loads all over the Engineer’s face. Number 68 was so top heavy that he could only lay there and take the brute’s cock. He wailed and cried sadly, tears running down his cheeks as he was repeatedly pummelled, womb filling up over and over with hot sticky seed. Usually the Cunt boys were only left inside for five hours, some a whole day, depending on how well they’d behaved or how fertile they’d previously been. The Engineer was instead left inside with the brute for two and a half days now, two and a half days of almost constant fucking. His stomach was swollen further, cum sloshing around inside him and constantly leaking out, only to be filled back up with more sticky seed. The only time he got a break was when food was thrown into the cage, which the beast surprisingly shared with him, but only by regurgitation. The Medic made sure to call his workers in, in shifts. Having them take it in turns to watch over their ex-employee, simply more scare tactics and reminders as to not defy their employer.

It’d gotten to the point where the Engineer had begun fantasising about escape, pretending he wasn’t there. He’d been fucked so much he was numb and exhausted. He thought of his family back home, past holidays and jobs, his friends and ex-lovers, anything to escape the cruel fate that’d been bestowed upon him.

XXX

Number 56 squealed out in agony, his entire body fitting against the wall of the Level 4 enclosure. It was just gone 2pm when the boy had gone into agonising labour. He had never in his life felt pain like this before; his entire body would spasm, jolting as he repeatedly smacked his head against the cage wall, desperate to knock himself out, to rid himself of this pain. He screamed and cried for help, his hands on his swollen belly, convulsing. Immediately that brown eyed Scout huddled up close to him, stroking his hair back from his face and kissing his neck.

“Ssssh…sssh…it’s alright, calm down…keep quiet…the longer you can keep quiet, the more the chance you might be able to birth and hold them.”

It was often that the Level 4s fantasised about silently giving birth to their young, holding them in their arms and whispering gently, licking them clean. They often talked amongst themselves about how they would plan to have a litter they’d hide from the Doctor, take it in turns to conceal them, feed them. When they went into labour though, not even but one of them could prevent themselves from crying and screaming in pain, which always of course alerted the workers.

As if on cue, two Engineers moved into the Level 4 enclosure, one behind the other as he readied up the needle, ready to sedate Number 56. The Scout tried to kick at the man, baring his teeth as the other Level 4s moved away, knowing they’d be electrocuted or worse if they interfered. Number 56
shook his head, smacking the Engineer hard in the mouth and kicking one of his legs out as the injection was clumsily applied to his arm. They stepped back and watched it take effect. Number 56 fought the drug in his system, but his eyes were beginning to droop and he was losing control of his body more and more as the minutes passed. Soon, Number 56 was out cold.

XXX

The Stud had been darted and the Medic and his lab technician finally put an end to Number 68s, the Engineer’s, suffering. They dragged him out like he was a swollen sack of potatoes, throwing him onto the cold hard floor. The Engineer winced, eyes barely open as he jolted, curling into a fetal position as the technician sprayed him with ice cold jets of water.

“Look at these ugly fat tits, never seen anything like this before, it’s huge!”

The Medic and technician laughed, groping and pulling on those leaking tits as they rolled the Engineer onto his back. They fitted him with an open mouth gag before taking it in turns, fucking his tired and sore mouth. They squatted above his head and forced both of their cocks in at the same time, causing Number 68 to gag and retch around the hard lengths. When they pulled out, vomit followed and the two laughed before spraying him once more with another dose of cold water.

Once he was eventually cleaned up they threw the pregnant Engineer into isolation, they bound his wrists and ankles and fitted him up with a milking machine then left him there. Number 68 had no energy left to struggle, just lying there and allowing the noisy machine to greedily suck at his huge leaking tits.

XXX

When number 56 woke up, he also was in isolation. Everything ached, his head pounded as he tried to make sense of the situation. Slowly he lifted his form, a small pool of blood between his thighs, as he crawled backwards until his back hit the steel wall behind him.

“…My…my babies..”

He managed, squinting as he looked up, the bright light flooding his senses, causing him to sneeze rapidly followed by hysterical sobs of distress. They’d taken them from him, he felt empty, powerless to protect the very litter he’d carried. The litter he’d promised he’d protect when he brought them into this cruel world was gone, ripped from his body. Now he truly understood the Level 4s sadness, it had once been a feeling he’d never thought he’d understand, the yearning to touch his young’s tiny hands, to hear their cries, to feed and nourish them, those instincts that’d been pumped into him via the hormones. Finally it all made sense to him.

Just as Number 56 was beginning to relax he was interrupted by the door opening, a worker appearing in the doorway before approaching the boy. He felt a hand grip his collar, a leash attached as he was yanked onto his hands and knees.

It was time to be bred all over again.
“Vitals are normal…no sign of malnourishment, poisoning or deterioration of the brain.”

“No troubles with the advanced learning system? No lung issues?”

“He’s talking, learning and growing day by day with little to no issues, Sir.”

The Medic, joined by his technician, peered over the glass enclosure; inside sat what appeared to be a healthy, plump boy of no more than three years old. He had attached to his head some nodes, which connected him to what could only be described as a large steel box. The machine was force feeding the child’s brain with information. The three year old looking boy had the mind of a ten year olds and it was clearly showing. The Medic was able to have conversations and the child had begun to request certain foods and toys, all of which had been taught to him by the machine.

001 was the child of Number 68; the captured Engineer’s offspring had defeated all the odds.

Number 001 was fitter, smarter, healthier and more intelligent than any of the young produced by the Scouts and this was beginning to cause frightened murmurs amongst the Engineer workforce. Number 68 had given birth merely days ago, but thanks to a formula pumped into himself and the child upon being born, and no competition from other littermates, the plump Engineer pup had rapidly grown within four days to the size of a three year old. It was predicted within another two weeks; he’d have almost reached adulthood and would essentially become part of the breeding stock. Needless to say, the Medic was very excited; he spoke in a hushed tone with his technician.

“I have always dreamed of such success! I truly am a God.”

“Sir…we’re surrounded by Engineer workers, an abundance of them, all of which have signed a contract and are tied in for a year… There isn’t anything on that contract stating exactly what the work would entail…”

The technician grinned as he saw that smile growing larger on the Medic’s features, evidently, great minds think alike.

XXX

“It’s exactly what we feared.”

One of the Engineers whispered while bending over a milking unit, his partner, also an Engineer, was screwing one of the cylinders back onto the machine, their voices remained lowered, barely above whispers.

“001 made it?”
“They took him out of quarantine this morning, he’s gonna’ make it.”

Lifting his hard hat and wiping his brow with a damp cloth, the two exchanged weary glances.

“Do you have a plan?”

“Dell was the one with the plans and look how he ended up…”

The two lifted their forms, looking over the milking machine for a moment in silence before glancing at one another, matching smiles crossing their features.

“You thinking what I’m thinking partner?”

XXX

“Non…non non non. I am shocked you’d even ask me such a thing.”

The Frenchman leaned back in his chair, slapping the newspaper down on the counter before lighting up another cigarette. Standing before his desk was an Engineer worker. The Texan sweating in his overalls, wondered how the Frenchman remained so composed and clean in not only a three piece suit, but also a ski mask. The kitchen was as hot as a furnace.

“The guilt’s gotta’ be getting to you, Frenchie…I know you wanna’ do something about this, biding your time, biting your tongue…you’re stuck down here in this damn furnace, surely the morals have gotten to you?”

The Spy turned his nose up, frowning as he flattened his ski mask over his features. The Engineer had him there; after all, he’d supplied the very first Breeder, his own son, to the Doctor in return for a full time job and a very…very nice wage.

“Must be eatin’ you up inside, partner. Knowing what you did to your own boy, we all know you’re a backstabbing scoundrel, but even scoundrels have hearts, thoughts, feelings…regrets.”

“His mother still thinks he’s studying abroad.”

The Frenchman lowered his head, elbow on his knee and hand to his forehead, propping himself up.

“She has no idea that selling her son to that monster, is what keeps the food on her dinner table and the hairs on her head to perfection at the salon…She thinks I’m working away, on a cruise ship.”

Remaining quiet, listening, the Engineer approached and placed a hand on the Frenchman’s shoulder.

“Want a way to redeem yourself? Want a way to end this nightmare? ‘Cause you never know, Frenchie, could be you strapped to that milking machine next.”

The Spy sighed, dabbing his smoke out on the counter and leaning forward in his seat.

“Just tell me what to do.”

XXX

“Did he agree to it?”

The team of three Engineers were in the kitchen segment of the worker’s dining area. They’d met up with the lone Texan, who’d just returned from his visitation with the Spy. To the unknowing eye
they looked like a bunch of fellas having a break time tea, their conversation was considerably more serious and kept to a hushed and lowered tone.

“Yeah...you were right, he was guilty...thanks for letting me in on this bud, Dell was my partner, and fuck if it ain’t killing me seeing him like this.”

“It could be you next, fella. I’ve seen the way that Medic has been looking at us recently.”

“It’s the same look a lion gives an antelope before the chase.”

XXX

They’d stripped him down to nothing but an animal, they’d had him humiliated, used, abused and fucked by a beast, they’d fattened him up with young, and then they’d taken that very young from him. That Medic and his technician, his hate for them was what kept him going. No longer did he think of past lovers, holidays, his family, his life. No, Dell, or number 68 as he was now known, was fuelled by something different. Rage, hatred, revenge. To them he was nothing but a thing to be exploited and used, they’d taken everything from him, stripped him down to nothing.

When he was dragged by the collar towards that beast’s cage, he allowed himself. He felt his limp body lifted by two of his once fellow workers before being thrown into the narrow doorway. His body was heavy, huge tits leaking with milk as he lay there on his back, ready to be mated. When the brute woke up from his sedation, he immediately rushed to the Engineer, who allowed him to suckle on his leaking tit. Instead of fighting the brute, he raised a hand and stroked his hair flat.

“It’s okay partner, sssh..you take what you want.”

He whispered. To his surprise, the Sniper was soothed by his words and the beast practically shivered in response to the positive and kind attention, licking the Engineer’s cheek in return gently. Dell opened his legs for the brute and driven by instinct, he immediately mounted, shoving himself into the Engineer’s heat and beginning to rut excitedly. Dell maintained eye contact with the confused beast, who whined and grunted with each thrust. The Engineer continued to encourage the Sniper, stroking his hair and face, watching him.

“You and me, we’re the same partner. Nothing but toys and money makers.”

It didn’t take long for the brute to cum, filling the breeder up as he knotted with him. The Sniper pulled and whined excitedly, wanting desperately to go again, the Engineer continued to stroke his head.

“You’re a good boy, such a good boy partner.”

Dell praised and whispered.

“What is he saying?”

The technician shook his head.

“Can’t hear him, probably the usual begging not to be fucked.”

The Doctor seemed content with this, and the two continued their observation in silence.

XXX

A week later and Number 56 was heavy with young once more, lying amongst the other breeders
and listening as they whispered quietly amongst themselves. They’d seen the Engineer breeder be taken in a few weeks ago, heard the labour and now they’d recently learned the news that the young had not only survived, but was happy, healthy and growing fast without complications. Not only that, but the Engineer breeder known as Number 68 was soon to be heavy with young once more.

This did not bode well for the Scouts, if this Engineer produced strong and healthy young each time, they’d soon become obsolete.

“They will kill us all for sure.”

One whispered, pressing his cheek to Number 56’s, who tried to remain positive, anything to give his cage mates comfort.

“Maybe…they’ll let us go? We can go home.”

“The Medic will kill us.”

“The workers have been kinder to us, maybe they will help us?”

The brown eyed boy, Number 42 added, remaining positive.

“The Medic will kill us, we’re gonna’ die here, we’re never gonna’ feel sunlight ever again!”

“Sssh! Keep it down!”

The Scouts huddled together in an attempt to comfort one another, watching in unison as two Engineer workers approached. One was holding a spade in one hand and a bucket of slop for their evening meal in the other, the other had a bucket full of sand, and armed with a pen and crossword magazine. The second Engineer would remain outside the cage and keep watch, scribbling in the magazine in hand and involving his partner in idle conversation. The Engineer unlocked and opened up the enclosure as he would any other day, moving in and kneeling before beginning to empty the heavy swill into the trough.

“Hey, nine letters along. A beautiful woman is this to a man.”

“Beautiful? That’s nine letters, ain’t it fella?”

“They wouldn’t give you the answer in the question!”

There was a pause for a moment.

“Desirable.”

“Perfect!”

The Engineer in the cage hummed as he flattened the troughs contents out before carrying the empty bucket to the Scout’s toilet area. The breeders watched in silence, huddled up in the corner and watching as the Engineer began emptying the sand and other unmentionables from the litter tray.

“Alright fella, got another one for you. Five down, got the e from desirable. You go here to conquer your drug pro-..”

“Rehab.”

The two Engineers laughed; the one inside lifting his form before approaching the enclosures doorway, collecting the sand from the second bucket, bringing it in and emptying it into the clean
litter tray. Once he was done, he wiped the sweat from his brow, carrying the bucket to the door and approaching his partner, who held out the magazine.

“Okay, okay. One more! Ten along. A movement that shows resistance and rebellion to an established government or leader.”

“Insurgency?"

“1…2…3..I thought that’d work, but no, it’s gotta’ line up wi-...”

“Revolution.”

Came a voice from behind the two, the Engineers spun around, gaze lowering to the Scout who raised his form in determination. Number 56 lifted his head, shoulders squared as he pulled himself up onto his knees weakly; he stood higher than the other Breeders that surrounded him.

“Say it…partner, say it again...Loud and clear!”

As if on cue, the entire facility erupted with sound, a horrific ringing echoed off the steel walls, the alarm deafening and harsh as water suddenly burst from the sprinkler system. The sound of footsteps reverberated around the establishment, doors slamming, workers rushing forward, cries of anger, confusion and fear echoing all around them.

“Revolution.”

Number 56 repeated.

Please [drop by the archive and comment](#) to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!