

BREEDING THE EARTHLING

June Lemmon

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PREFACE

!WARNING!

The following story is a work of fiction. Do NOT take it seriously.

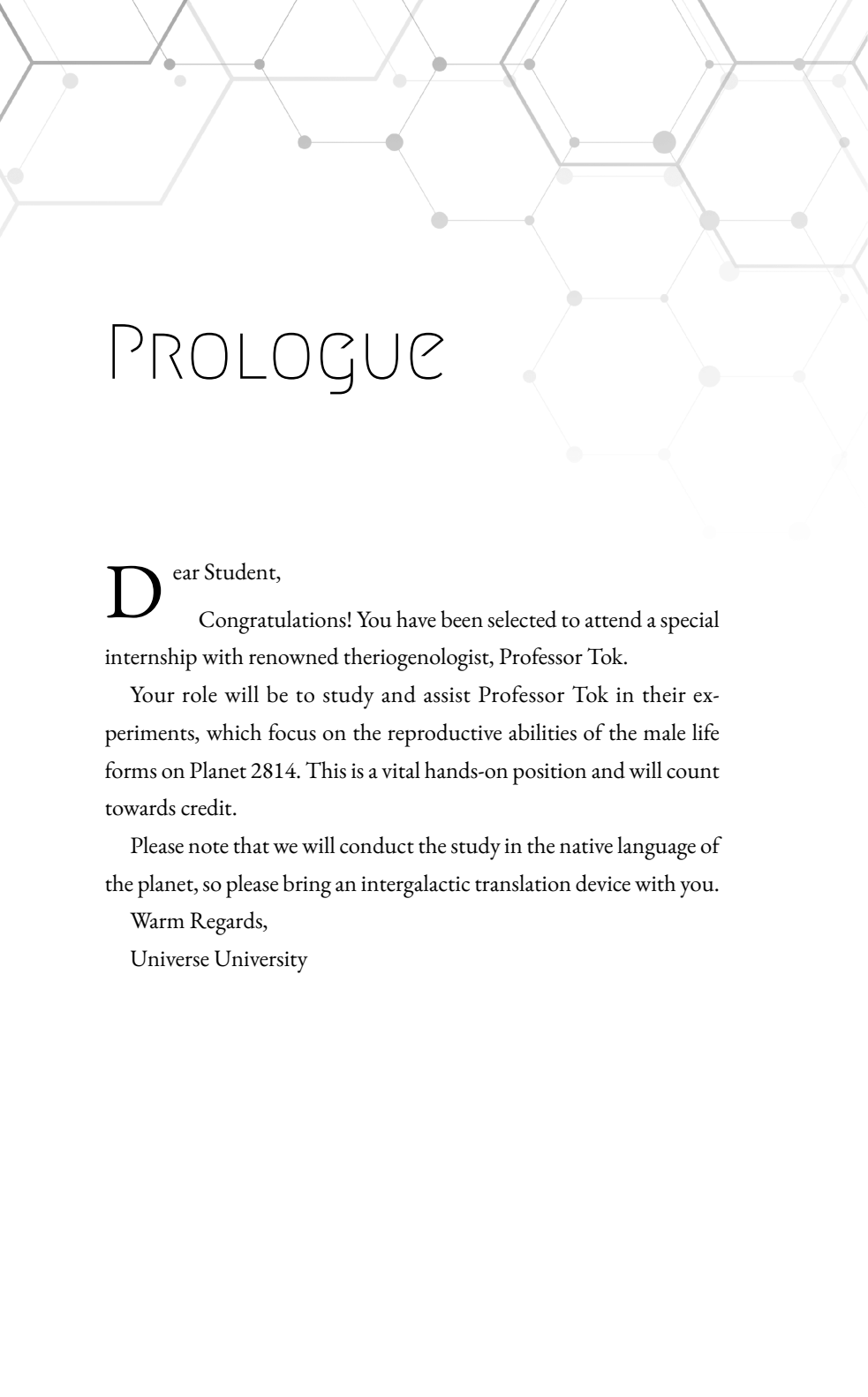
CONTENT INCLUDES: Abduction, Rape, Body Modification, Mind Break, Non-humans, Sounding, Breeding, Lactation, Needles, Bondage, Sexual Pain and Torture, Enemas, Pumps, etc. Aliens treating a human like livestock.

This story is **SMUT** for **SMUT'S SAKE!** There is very little plot or character development and it does NOT have a "happy" ending. Not for the human anyway.

There's a comic that goes along with the story which is posted on my website (junelemmon.com) in the Private Gallery, if you are interested.

XOXO

June Lemmon



PROLOGUE

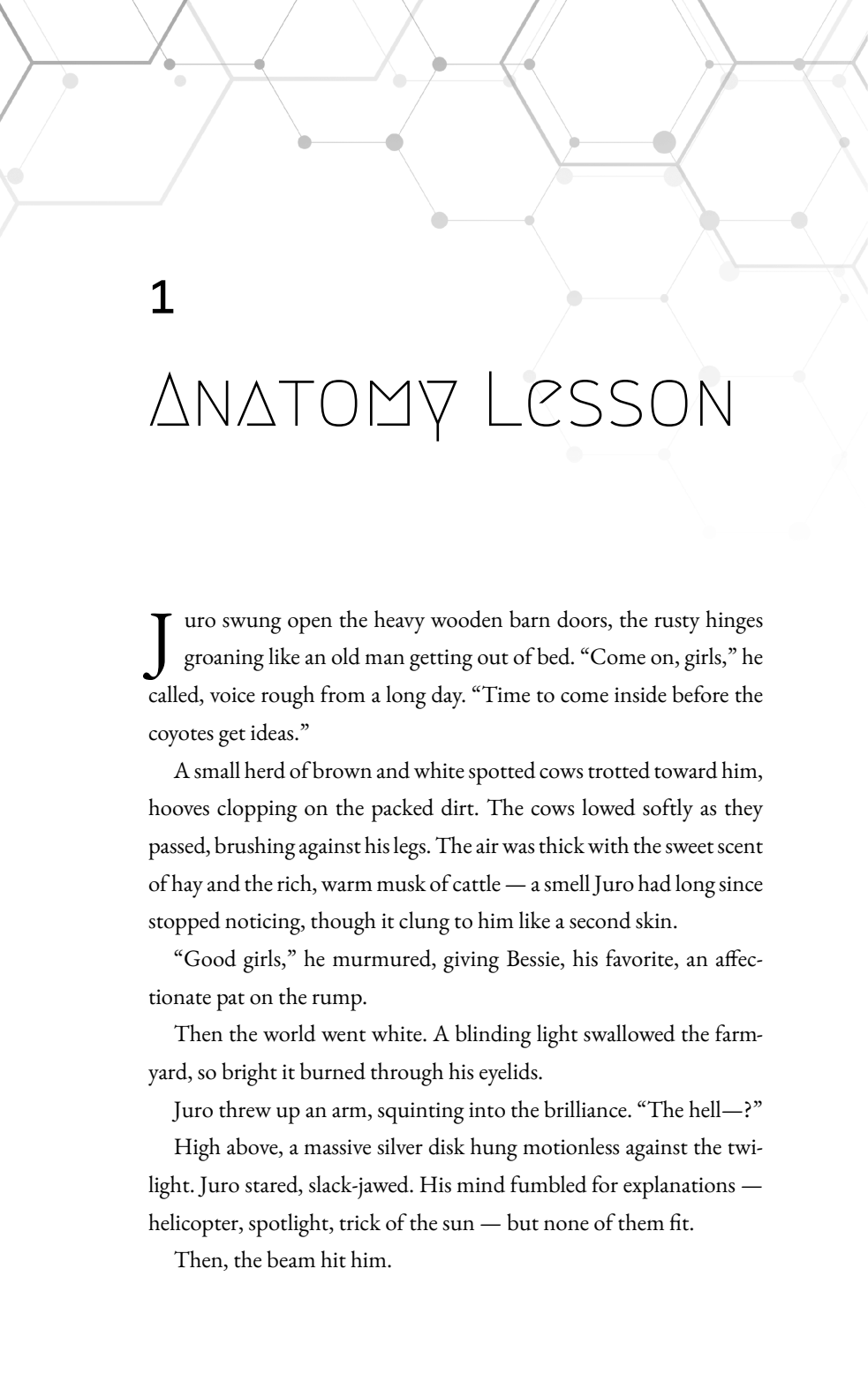
Dear Student,
Congratulations! You have been selected to attend a special internship with renowned theriogenologist, Professor Tok.

Your role will be to study and assist Professor Tok in their experiments, which focus on the reproductive abilities of the male life forms on Planet 2814. This is a vital hands-on position and will count towards credit.

Please note that we will conduct the study in the native language of the planet, so please bring an intergalactic translation device with you.

Warm Regards,

Universe University



1

ANATOMY LESSON

Juro swung open the heavy wooden barn doors, the rusty hinges groaning like an old man getting out of bed. “Come on, girls,” he called, voice rough from a long day. “Time to come inside before the coyotes get ideas.”

A small herd of brown and white spotted cows trotted toward him, hooves clapping on the packed dirt. The cows lowed softly as they passed, brushing against his legs. The air was thick with the sweet scent of hay and the rich, warm musk of cattle — a smell Juro had long since stopped noticing, though it clung to him like a second skin.

“Good girls,” he murmured, giving Bessie, his favorite, an affectionate pat on the rump.

Then the world went white. A blinding light swallowed the farmyard, so bright it burned through his eyelids.

Juro threw up an arm, squinting into the brilliance. “The hell—?”

High above, a massive silver disk hung motionless against the twilight. Juro stared, slack-jawed. His mind fumbled for explanations — helicopter, spotlight, trick of the sun — but none of them fit.

Then, the beam hit him.

A column of blue-white light engulfed him, humming in his bones. Dust and hay swirled in frantic spirals as the ground fell away beneath his boots. “Oh, shit—shit—” he started, but his voice cut out mid-yell, swallowed by the soundless brightness. His stomach lurched as he rose, the barn roof shrinking below, the cows scattering like spilled marbles.

Wind whipped his hair across his face. The farm, his truck, the old weathervane shaped like a rooster — all of it receded into a blur.

This can't be real.

His body trembled as he drifted higher, boots dangling uselessly. The beam drew him up and up until the silver belly of the craft filled his vision — then swallowed him whole.

Silence.

The beam blinked out. The UFO shot upward and vanished among the first stars of night.

Down below, the cows shifted uneasily, stamping and huffing. The barnyard soon grew still again, save for a few charred wisps of hay where Juro had stood just moments before.

Juro's eyelids fluttered open. Light stabbed into his eyes like welding sparks. He tried to lift his arm — nothing. His muscles locked tight against invisible bonds.

His head throbbed. He blinked rapidly, trying to make sense of the glare pressing down on him. Shapes swam in the brightness. He could smell something sterile and cold, like hospital bleach mixed with metal.

As his vision adjusted, realization hit him like a kick to the gut. He was naked. Completely, humiliatingly naked. His body hung suspended in midair, limbs stretched wide, privates dangling for God and whoever else to see. Bands of glowing energy wrapped around his wrists and ankles, humming faintly when he tried to pull free.

This has to be a dream. Has to be.

Juro twisted, trying to get a better look through the haze. Beyond the light, he caught glimpses of movement — tall, shifting shapes gliding through the fog. He licked his dry lips. “Hello?” His voice came out hoarse, swallowed by the empty air.

A figure drifted forward into the light. Vaguely human. Almost. Yellow-green skin mottled like mold, slick with sheen. Dozens of tentacles slithered over their form, each ending in pulsing, sucker-tipped pads. At the center of their bulbous head, a single eye blinked — horizontally.

Juro froze. “Oh, hell no. Nope. Definitely dreaming.”

“Now that the subject is awake,” the being said. The voice was a melodic trill that seemed to bypass his ears and hum straight into his skull. “We can begin. Welcome to the program. I am Professor Tok. Today’s subject is a prime specimen of a male human, a species native to planet 2814. The human’s body was cleaned and shaved prior to class to ensure hygiene. Now, before we begin, are there any questions?”

“B—begin? Begin what?” Juro croaked.

Professor Tok tilted their head. “The subject asks the first question. How unforeseen. Today, the experiment is simple. We will attempt to impregnate a male human. You.”

Juro blinked once. Twice. “What the fuck?”

From somewhere beyond the light, another voice piped up. “Professor, please elaborate on how you determined the human’s sex?”

“An excellent question,” Tok trilled, apparently delighted. “Let’s start with anatomy.”

They raised a sleek metal rod and pointed it at Juro’s chest. “As you can see, the subject is a bipedal, mammalian life form. Mammals have breasts that produce milk to feed their young. Both male and female hominids have breasts and nipples—”

The rod flicked out and tapped each of Juro’s nipples. A sharp jolt shot through him, followed by a confusing flutter of sensation low in his gut.

“While not as pronounced as in females, male nipples are also sensitive erogenous zones.”

“Y—you could’ve just *said* that,” Juro muttered through clenched teeth.

Professor Tok gestured to Juro’s groin with a languid sweep of a tentacle. “However, a key anatomical difference between male and female humans is their reproductive organs. Males possess external genitalia: a penis and testicles.”

Two slick tentacle tips grasped Juro’s flaccid member and lifted it for the class to see.

Juro’s breath hitched. “H—hey! Knock it off!” His voice cracked, high with panic. The sucker-tipped appendage pulsed and rippled around him, the sensation alien and nauseatingly intimate.

This dream feels way too real.

“The penis serves as the conduit through which males eject seminal fluid containing sperm cells to fertilize the female’s ova during copulation,” Tok continued in that calm, lilting tone, as though reciting from a textbook. “When stimulated, the penis becomes engorged with blood, expanding and stiffening to enable insertion into the female’s vaginal canal. Ah, like so—”

As if on cue, Juro's body betrayed him. His member hardened under the alien's touch. The students murmured, fascinated. Heat flooded his face; humiliation burned hotter than fear.

A second tentacle slithered down to cup his scrotum. "These are the testes, which produce sperm and the male sex hormones," Tok lectured, rolling the tender orbs between their suckers as if inspecting fruit. "During arousal, the testes draw close to the body in preparation for orgasm. Firm pressure can prevent this, delaying climax. Observe."

"Wait, what—don't you—!"

Another tentacle wrapped around his shaft, gliding in obscene, wet strokes. Slippery suction cups clung to his skin, milking him toward full, aching hardness. The sound was indecently loud in the sterile room.

To his horror, pleasure coiled low in his spine, unstoppable. His hips jerked involuntarily, seeking friction he didn't want. *No, no, no, no—*

Just as his body reached the edge, Tok's other tentacle constricted tight around the base of his scrotum, cutting off release.

Juro threw his head back with a strangled moan. The denied climax burned through him like static.

"As you can see," Tok said, voice still serenely academic as their tentacles continued their slow, merciless motions, "restricting the testes in this manner prevents ejaculation even as stimulation continues. This technique allows us to prolong the subject's arousal and collect multiple semen samples for analysis."

The alien brought Juro to the brink again and again, only to deny him relief at the last second. Moans broke from his throat as the slick rhythm sent waves of sensation through his bound body. His hips churned, seeking friction that was always kept just out of reach.

Another voice rose from the dark. “Is there a way to observe the process of ejaculation, Professor?”

“Such enthusiasm for knowledge! Of course.” Professor Tok glided to a gleaming metal table lined with instruments. One tentacle coiled around a thin silver rod, no longer than a pencil.

Juro’s eyes widened. He thrashed against the restraints, muscles straining. “Wait—no! Get away from me!”

Tok ignored him and drifted closer, the rod poised. “Observe closely, students. I will insert this probe into the specimen’s urethra. This will allow us to view the interior structures and the process itself.”

The professor grasped Juro’s stiff member with a tentacle and carefully aligned the tip of the slender rod with the tiny slit crowning Juro’s penis.

“Stop! Listen to me!”

“The human’s organ is erect, allowing easier passage. There may still be discomfort. When we proceed to the hands-on portion, please exercise restraint.”

With steady pressure, Tok slid the humming rod into place.

Juro cried out. A burning sensation flared from his groin as the wand advanced, deeper and deeper, millimeter by millimeter.

Wake up, wake up, wake up, wake up—

He could feel the foreign object moving inside his shaft, gliding through the snug confines of his urethra. The rod seemed to pulse and vibrate as it pushed in further, like it was mapping him from the inside. Juro groaned, sweat beading on his skin. It was intense pressure, an unnatural fullness bordering on pain. But threading through the discomfort was a strange, shameful ribbon of pleasure that made his legs tremble.

Professor Tok trilled again, the sound conveying a sense of clinical fascination. "Fascinating," Tok said. "Note the sensitivity of the organ, as evidenced by the specimen's physiological reactions."

The rod hit bottom, pressing against Juro's prostate. A jolt of unwanted pleasure shot up his spine and he bit back a yelp. His hips jerked involuntarily, body instinctively seeking more of that tantalizing pressure even as his mind recoiled.

The alien tapped the end of the rod and instantly, Juro's abdomen lit up from within, his bladder and prostate gland glowing a soft, pulsing blue visible through the surface of his skin.

"There we are," Professor Tok said. "You see the repositator?"

A translucent floating screen shimmered to life in front of the class, giving them an interior view of Juro's glowing, enlarged penis. The students leaned forward in fascination as Professor Tok continued their lecture, using a tentacle to point out anatomical features on the display.

"Observe the internal structures - the corpus cavernosum and corpus spongiosum that become engorged with blood during arousal, enabling the rigidity necessary for penetration."

Professor Tok's tentacle on Juro's shaft began undulating faster, pumping and squeezing in a corkscrew motion from root to tip. Juro gasped and writhed as intense sensations radiated from his groin, ratcheting him towards a climax.

The class watched in rapt attention as the alien tugged and teased Juro's penis. The obscene wet sounds of the alien's ministrations filled the room.

"S—stop! Don't look!"

Professor Tok's tentacle released its grip on Juro's testicles, and they immediately drew up close to his body. "The testes ascending signals

that ejaculation is imminent. The cremaster muscle contracting causes this."

Juro's abs clenched and his hips stuttered as the first wave of orgasm finally overtook him. His shaft twitched and pearly fluid spurted from the tip, splattering his stomach and chest.

"There it is," Professor Tok said. "Observe the rhythmic contractions of the prostate. Seminal vesicles and vas deferens working in tandem to propel the seminal fluid through the urethra with impressive force."

On the screen, Juro's pulsating urethra lit up bright blue from within as pulse after pulse of semen surged through it, pumped out by the contractions wracking his body. Ejaculate spurted out and painted Juro's heaving torso. He shook and moaned, lost in the throes of a seemingly unending orgasm.

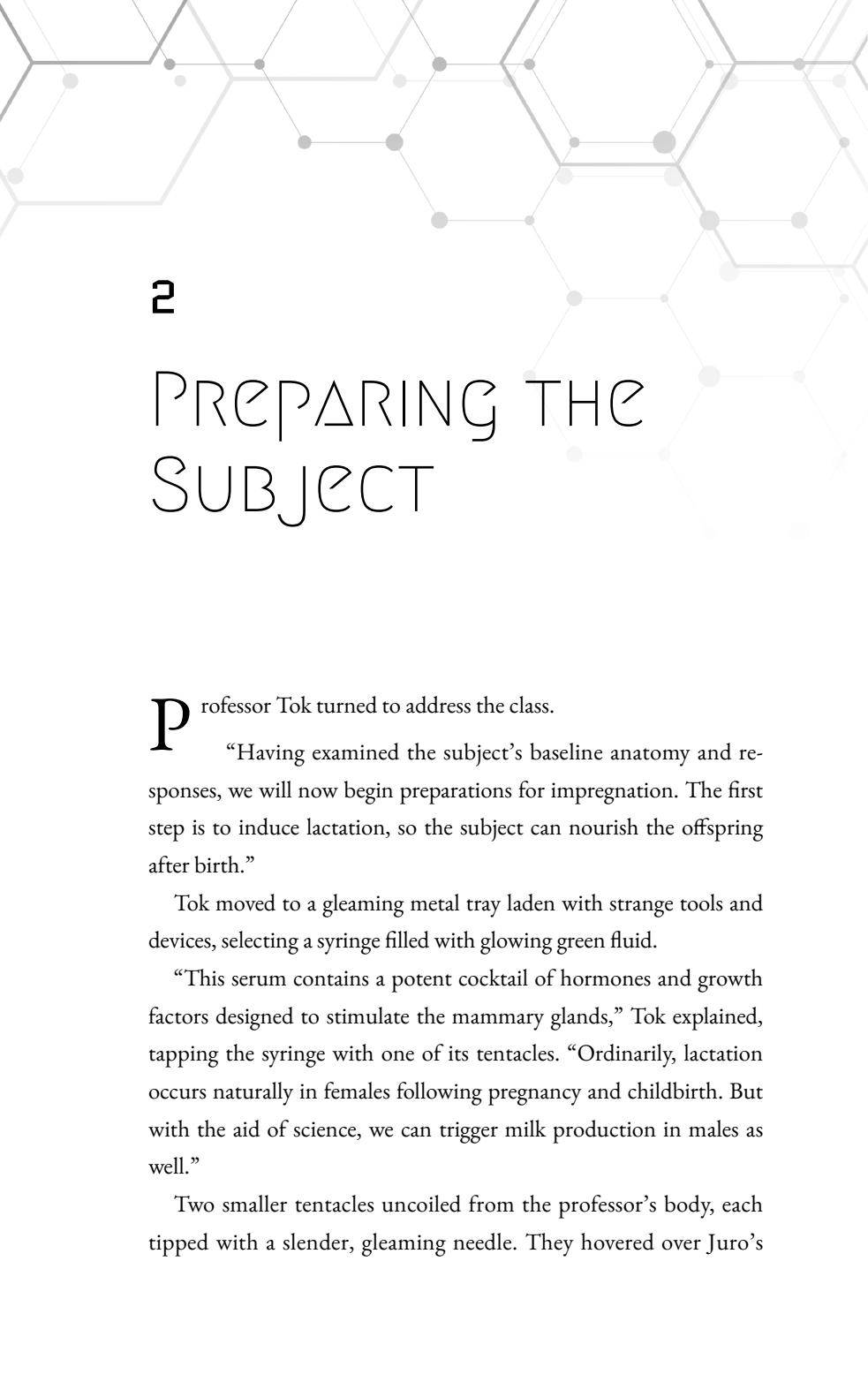
Throughout the duration, the alien's tentacle tugged Juro's member, wringing out every drop until the human became a panting, trembling puddle dripping with his own essence.

"Note the coital flush on the subject's face and torso, an effect of the catecholamines like adrenaline released during climax," Professor Tok commented dispassionately, as if they hadn't just ruthlessly masturbated their helpless human subject.

Shame burned through Juro.

This can't be happening. It has to be a nightmare.

Despite his prayers, Juro's hopes of waking up back in his bed were dashed as the examination proceeded in mortifying detail.



2

PREPARING THE SUBJECT

Professor Tok turned to address the class.

“Having examined the subject’s baseline anatomy and responses, we will now begin preparations for impregnation. The first step is to induce lactation, so the subject can nourish the offspring after birth.”

Tok moved to a gleaming metal tray laden with strange tools and devices, selecting a syringe filled with glowing green fluid.

“This serum contains a potent cocktail of hormones and growth factors designed to stimulate the mammary glands,” Tok explained, tapping the syringe with one of its tentacles. “Ordinarily, lactation occurs naturally in females following pregnancy and childbirth. But with the aid of science, we can trigger milk production in males as well.”

Two smaller tentacles uncoiled from the professor’s body, each tipped with a slender, gleaming needle. They hovered over Juro’s

chest, poised above his pale nipples. His eyes went wide with fear. He struggled violently against the energy restraints, but they held him fast.

“P-please, don’t,” he stammered, but his plea fell on deaf ears.

The needles struck. Liquid fire exploded through his chest and Juro screamed, his back arching against the table. The plungers depressed, flooding his body with the glowing serum. Heat radiated outward from the injection sites, and his nipples began to swell—flushing a deep, dusky pink as they puffed up.

Professor Tok observed keenly, then reached forward to pinch one of the engorged nubs between its suckers, rolling it experimentally.

Juro gasped, shuddering at the strange pleasure tangled with pain. The sensation speared down to his groin, and his flagging erection surged back to full hardness.

“Very good,” the professor murmured approvingly. “The glands are already responding.”

They turned back to the tray and lifted two clear suction cups, each trailing a thin tube that led to a softly humming machine. Tok affixed the cups over Juro’s swollen nipples; they sealed to his skin with a wet hiss, enclosing each areola completely.

The machine whirled to life. A steady rhythm of suction and release tugged at his chest. Juro’s breath hitched as the alien adjusted the controls, fine-tuning the pressure and speed.

“These pumps will provide the necessary stimulation to encourage lactation,” Tok explained, watching the gauges flicker. “The serum will accelerate the process.”

The rhythmic pull deepened, and Juro’s body trembled as the machine went to work.

The pumps began to pulse and suckle in a steady rhythm, tugging at his swollen nubs without mercy. As the pressure built, Juro gasped, his back arching involuntarily. The sensation was overwhelming—tee-

tering on the edge of pain—as it awakened nerve endings he hadn't known existed.

Despite himself, his mind drifted to the farm, to the cows he used to milk twice a day. He had fitted pumps just like these to their swollen udders countless times, watching as the rhythmic pull coaxed milk to flow. Now here he was, splayed out like a prized heifer, his own teats drawn and teased by alien machinery. The thought filled him with a sick mix of revulsion and shameful, reluctant arousal.

Professor Tok observed the readouts on the machine with clinical satisfaction. "Very good. The subject's mammary glands are responding well to treatment. With regular stimulation, he should begin producing colostrum within a few cycles, followed by a steady milk supply."

One of Tok's tentacles reached out to trace the line of Juro's jaw, almost tenderly. "You will make an excellent mother."

Juro shuddered, turning his head away. Yet deep within, some treacherous part of him imagined it—his chest heavy with milk, alien young suckling eagerly from his dripping teats.

A sharp click echoed through the chamber, and Juro's suspended body began to rotate, turning to present his backside to the watching class.

Something slippery slid between Juro's ass cheeks, spreading them apart.

"Now, we must prepare the subject's birthing cavity," the alien announced while poking a tentacle against the rim of Juro's anus. "This will be uncomfortable for the subject, although some male humans do experience pleasure when this rear orifice is stimulated."

Juro squirmed against his bonds. "H—hey, wait a second now..."

The professor's slick tentacle wriggled insistently against Juro's tight asshole. "Observe how the sphincter muscles reflexively contracts

to prevent penetration," Tok remarked. "However, with sufficient lubrication and applied force..."

Juro clenched his teeth, muscles straining as he fought to keep the tentacle out of his most intimate place. But the alien was relentless, their slick tentacle probing and circling, coating Juro's crinkled opening with slippery fluids until, with an sickening squelch, the tentacle forced Juro open.

Juro gasped at the burning stretch. His virgin hole spasmed madly around the foreign invader. "*Nnngh!* Take it out!" His voice sounded more desperate than commanding.

"Note the elasticity," Tok said evenly, continuing to spread Juro open with a slow, relentless push. "The anal cavity adapts with remarkable speed. This will be the entry point for impregnation."

Professor Tok's slick tentacle glided back out of Juro's clenching hole with a slurp.

Juro gasped in relief, though he could still feel the phantom sensation of being penetrated. His reprieve was short-lived.

"Pay attention now, students, I will now demonstrate the elasticity of the rectum." Tok trilled, before plunging their tentacle back into Juro's ass, burying it deeper than before.

Juro's breath hitched as his muscles parted, arching his back as Professor Tok's tentacle forcefully spread his inner walls open again.

Professor Tok pistoned the tentacle in and out, establishing a punishing rhythm. Juro's butt cheeks jerked and jiggled with each thrust. It sounded like someone got their boots stuck in mud and were pulling it out over and over again.

"As you can see," the professor said, "with vigorous stimulation, the internal muscles will tire and allow deeper penetration."

"Nnnngh..." Juro groaned through gritted teeth as a deep thrust brushed against a spot inside him that made sparks shoot up his spine. His softened member gave an interested twitch against his thigh.

"Note the specimen's physiological response," Professor Tok said. "This is due to stimulation of the prostate gland." The tentacle pressed insistently against that spot and began to rub.

"Ahh! Ohhh..." Juro shuddered and squirmed as the alien massaged his pleasure button. His cock rapidly swelled back to full hardness, a pearl of pre-come beading at the tip.

Professor Tok plundered Juro's anal tract, gliding through the copious slick its tentacles were secreting. Lewd wet sounds filled the room. Juro's hips thrust back and forth, torn between flinching away from the intensity and rocking back onto the invading appendage.

"P-please..." Juro babbled deliriously, no longer sure if he was begging for it to stop or for release.

But the alien continued their clinical torment, expertly working Juro's body as they lectured. "Prolonged prostate stimulation can lead to a different type of orgasm in human males. One that does not require ejaculation."

Professor Tok withdrew their tentacles from Juro's quivering body, leaving him panting and teetering on the edge. "It appears the rectal passage will need to be stretched to accommodate the girth of both our genitals and of our offspring during delivery."

Behind Juro, the alien pressed a nozzle against his entrance, still slick with tentacle lubricant.

"To do this, first we will expand the subject's cavity with liquid, taking measurements of the internal dimensions."

The nozzle slid in easily and Juro felt something warm flow into his body, filling him up from the inside. More and more liquid pumped in, making his belly swell and cramp.

Juro groaned as his belly bulged like a perverse balloon, his abdominal muscles straining against the unnatural pressure. It felt like a lead weight was settling in his gut, bloating him fuller and tighter with each passing second. Cramps seized his overtaxed bowels as they struggled to accommodate the massive volume being forced into them.

Juro sucked air in through his nose, trying desperately not to bear down and expel the invading liquid. He had a sickening feeling that resisting would only make the ruthless professor prolong this torment.

The tentacle twisted, shifting the nozzle inside him. Juro gritted his teeth and bit back a wail, tears leaking from his clenched eyes as the liquid stretched his insides wider than he ever thought possible.

Just when Juro was certain he could take no more, that he would rip apart at the seams, the pumping finally ceased.

"Subject's internal capacity has increased by 50%," Professor Tok noted. "Elasticity of the rectal walls is promising, with no signs of tearing or rupture even at this extreme expansion."

The nozzle pulsed once, then withdrew.

"No, don't!" Juro cried out, but it was too late.

Liquid gushed out, shamelessly spraying onto the floor between his spread legs. Juro sobbed brokenly as his body continued to expel the fluid beyond his control, his asshole winking at the class full of students as it spasmed. Finally, the last of it oozed down his taint and dripped off his balls.

Professor Tok hummed approvingly and picked up a long, gleaming speculum from the instrument tray. Shaped like a tapered cone, its polished surface was etched with markings to note incremental measurements.

Juro could only whimper in dread as the device was positioned at his back entrance. The speculum pushed into him and Juro swallowed a yelp as it glided up his passage with ease thanks to the professor's

ministrations. Once inserted to the hilt, Professor Tok turned a knob on the side, ratcheting the device open.

Juro howled as he was split wide, the speculum pushed his tender walls apart. Cool air touched his insides, exposed and vulnerable to alien eyes. The instrument continued to crank wider, the increments ticking by, stretching Juro to lengths and widths beyond the scope of human anatomy.

Professor Tok peered into Juro's stretched, gaping hole, examining every intimate fold and crevice. "Fascinating," the alien trilled. "Note how the rectal tissues have begun to change color and texture as a result of the hormonal treatments and stimulation. The mucosa is taking on a pinker hue and the rugae are smoothing out, making the passage resemble the human female's vaginal canal."

Two slender tentacles slithered into Juro's splayed hole, probing deeper until they found the firm round bulb of his prostate. Juro yelped as the sensitive gland was stroked and prodded, sending confusing sparks of pleasure shooting up his spine.

"The prostate is an erogenous zone in male humans," Professor Tok explained as they ruthlessly kneaded the swollen node. "Stimulation can produce intense sensations of pleasure, even triggering orgasm."

The alien reached for another syringe on the tray, this one filled with a phosphorescent purple liquid. "To ensure a hospitable environment for our offspring, we must adjust this gland. This serum contains growth factors that will enlarge the prostate and increase its sensitivity, allowing it to take over as the primary pleasure center."

Held open by the speculum, the professor easily reached into Juro's cavity and pierced the needle into Juro's prostate. The alien depressed the plunger, injecting the contents deep into the defenseless tissues.

Juro wailed, back arching as liquid heat suffused his loins. His muscles clamped down, trying to protect themselves, but the speculum held Juro open and helpless against the violation.

Professor Tok picked up another item from the tray. It looked like a small metal cage. "To ensure the subject's total devotion to his new role, we must limit his penile orgasms and train him to derive pleasure solely from his birthing passage." The alien stuffed Juro's penis into the device and locked it into place with a definitive click.

Juro's cock was completely encased, trapped in unyielding metal that pressed in from all sides. No amount of straining or arousal would allow him to gain any friction or relief.

"From now on, the subject's pleasure will come only from internal stimulation of his prostate and rectal sheath," Professor Tok declared. "His penis will no longer play any role in orgasm. He must learn to climax through penetration and pressure on his prostate, stimulation of the nipples, and/or penetration of the throat."

Juro hung limply in his bonds, body quivering with exhaustion and overstimulation. His puffy, swollen nipples throbbed in time with the relentless suction of the milking pumps, the sensitive nubs now a deep, angry red. His heavy balls churned uselessly in their sac, engorged with seed but trapped by the unyielding cage encasing his genitals. His hips rutted uselessly into the air, seeking any hint of friction or relief, but finding none.

Juro let out a whimper as Professor Tok removed the speculum with a filthy slurp.

"First phase of transformation is complete," the alien announced. "The subject's body has been optimized for breeding - mammary glands primed for milk production, birthing passage expanded and sensitized, and penile orgasms restricted to ensure total devotion to his role as a host. He is ready for insemination."

On some unseen command, the examination table began to shift and reform, rearranging Juro's splayed body into a new position. His legs were folded up and back, knees pressed towards his shoulders, spreading his cheeks wide to expose his raw, pink hole. Stirrups locked around his ankles, holding him open and immobile. His wrists were pinned above his head, leaving his body vulnerable to whatever unspeakable act was about to unfold.

Juro flushed with humiliation at the lewd posture he had been forced into, his most intimate places displayed for alien eyes.

"Please note, this is the optimal position for male human insemination," Professor Tok explained clinically. "It will align his rectum for deep penetration and employs gravity to aid in sperm transport. This will ensure maximum genetic transfer."

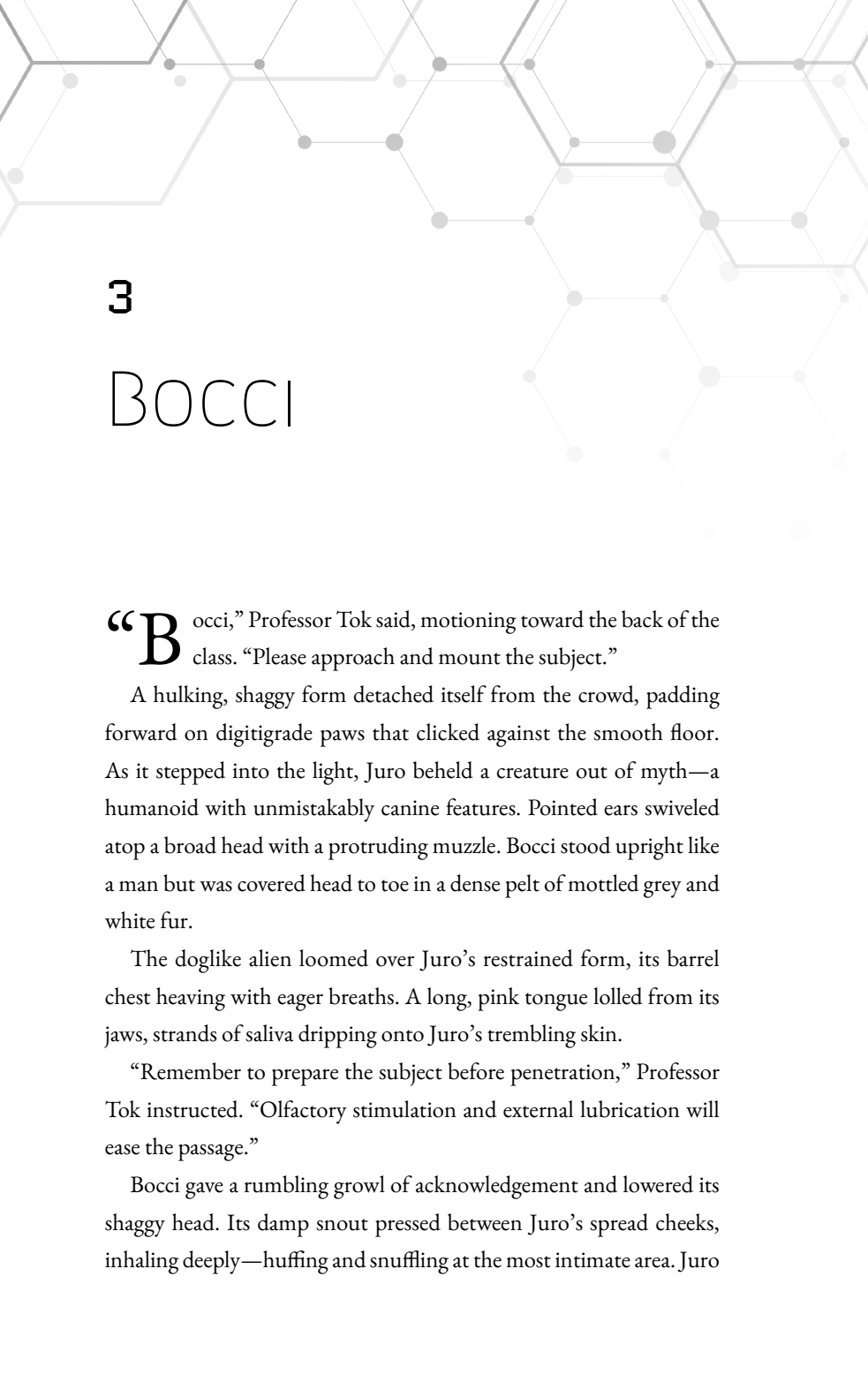
One of the gathered students spoke, its voice trembling with barely restrained excitement. "Professor Tok, will we all get to practice inseminating the subject?"

"Of course!" Professor Tok trilled. "This is a hands-on learning experience. You will each take turns mounting and seeding the male, practicing your technique. I will monitor and assess your performance."

The room filled with chitters and growls as Juro's eyes went wide with panic. It had finally sunk in. They were going to breed him. He'd been trussed up and presented for mounting like an animal. These aliens were going to take turns fucking him until their twisted experiment was complete. Juro tugged helplessly at his bonds.

Professor Tok rubbed their tentacles together. There had been so many applications that they were able to select the finest representatives of each species.

Now, who should go first . . .



3

BOCCI

“**B**occi,” Professor Tok said, motioning toward the back of the class. “Please approach and mount the subject.”

A hulking, shaggy form detached itself from the crowd, padding forward on digitigrade paws that clicked against the smooth floor. As it stepped into the light, Juro beheld a creature out of myth—a humanoid with unmistakably canine features. Pointed ears swiveled atop a broad head with a protruding muzzle. Bocci stood upright like a man but was covered head to toe in a dense pelt of mottled grey and white fur.

The doglike alien loomed over Juro’s restrained form, its barrel chest heaving with eager breaths. A long, pink tongue lolled from its jaws, strands of saliva dripping onto Juro’s trembling skin.

“Remember to prepare the subject before penetration,” Professor Tok instructed. “Olfactory stimulation and external lubrication will ease the passage.”

Bocci gave a rumbling growl of acknowledgement and lowered its shaggy head. Its damp snout pressed between Juro’s spread cheeks, inhaling deeply—huffing and snuffling at the most intimate area. Juro

squealed and writhed in mortified protest, but the restraints held firm, leaving him no escape from the alien's shameful inspection.

Seemingly pleased by Juro's scent, Bocci's heavy breath fanned across his trembling skin before the beast dipped lower. Its broad, hot tongue dragged over Juro's twitching hole, slathering the tender ring of flesh in long, wet strokes. Juro gasped—sharp, startled—at the alien heat, the slick pressure sending jagged sparks of unwilling pleasure racing up his spine. The tongue pressed harder, swirling and teasing before forcing its way past his rim, wriggling deep with obscene determination.

"Ah yes—excellent technique," Professor Tok observed, voice calm and clinical. "The Fido race's saliva glands secrete a viscous lubricant with arousing and relaxing properties. Thorough oral preparation will make the breeding process easier."

Bocci gave a low, guttural growl that vibrated through Juro's entire body. The sound was primal—pleased, possessive—and it thrummed straight into his core. The beast kept licking him open, tongue plunging and flexing, each lewd slurp wetter than the last. Juro couldn't stop the broken sounds spilling from his throat; his muscles softened, breath stuttering as the relentless rhythm melted resistance into raw, shivering need.

At last, Bocci pulled back with a wet smack, its chops slick with a mixture of saliva and Juro's own trembling heat. The alien rose to its full, hulking height, shadow swallowing the light as it caged Juro beneath its massive frame. Something thick and heavy slapped against his belly, leaving a smear of heat.

Dazed, Juro lifted his head—and instantly regretted it. From between Bocci's furred haunches jutted a throbbing red cock, nearly as long as his forearm and as thick as his wrist, the tapered tip pulsing and drooling clear strings of precum onto his skin.

Bocci fisted his shaft, giving it a few rough pumps as he lined himself up with Juro's entrance. The blunt head prodded at the opening, smearing it with slick, musky fluid.

"P-please," Juro stammered, trying to wriggle his ass away from the weapon aimed at it. "It won't fit!"

Bocci only laughed—a harsh, barking sound. He seized Juro's hips in his clawed hands, the tips digging into soft skin as he yanked the human flush against his groin.

Juro screamed, head thrashing against the table as he was impaled like a pig on a spit, split open around the creature's cock. Despite all the stretching and preparation, it still felt like being torn in half, his tender rim forced wide around the alien's pulsing girth.

Bocci groaned his pleasure and began to move, driving in a brutal rhythm that left no room for breath or mercy. Each thrust struck Juro's prostate dead-on, sending blinding shocks of agony and unwilling pleasure through his trembling frame.

The beast rutted with feral abandon, heavy balls slapping wetly against Juro's upturned ass. He could only lie there and take it, body rocking helplessly with every savage plunge. Drool flew from Bocci's lolling tongue, splattering Juro's face and chest as the beast grunted and growled over him.

Professor Tok observed the breeding dispassionately. "Notice how Bocci's penis tapers at the tip to aid penetration, but widens at the base. This swelling—known as a *knot*—locks the mating pair together to ensure successful insemination. A most fascinating adaptation."

As if on cue, Juro felt something shift deep inside him — a stretching, a swelling pressure that built and built until it felt like a fist was expanding in his gut. Every nerve screamed as the intrusion forced him impossibly wider, muscles trembling on the brink of tearing.

“Ah, yes. He’s starting to knot,” Professor Tok noted, their tone calm, almost admiring. “The knot can swell to twice the width of the shaft. It serves to anchor the male within the host’s reproductive channel until insemination is complete. It also provides constant stimulation to the subject’s internal erogenous zones.”

Juro sobbed as the knot reached full size, locking him in an unbreakable fleshy tie with the rutting beast. His hole clenched and spasmed weakly around the massive intrusion, walls fluttering in helpless submission. The sensation was overwhelming—pain, nausea, and revolting sparks of pleasure arced up his spine.

Professor Tok went on as though Juro wasn’t being split apart before their very eyes. “Each of you represents a species with unique mating anatomy and methods. This variation ensures compatibility across hosts. Over the course of the breeding program, the subject will undergo exposure to all reproductive patterns to maximize fertilization success.”

A low chorus of clicks and chirps rippled through the observation chamber.

Bocci’s body convulsed with a guttural roar and slammed his hips flush against Juro’s ass, grinding his knot in as deep as it would go. Juro’s breath caught; heat flared inside him, followed by a terrible sense of fullness that made his vision go white at the edges. The creature’s cock pulsed and swelled even further inside him, the shaft flexing against his battered walls until he could feel the beast’s pulse thudding through him, synchronized to his own.

Then came the flood—a spreading warmth that seemed to fill every hollow space within him, searing and suffocating. Juro’s body arched against the table, a voiceless sound caught in his throat as Bocci’s cock continued to flex and spurt, pumping what felt like gallons of thick, virile spunk into his body.

The sheer volume of ejaculate was inhuman, an endless torrent that filled Juro to overflowing. His belly felt tight, bulging from the sheer amount of alien-dog come being pumped into him. It sloshed and churned in his guts with each flex of Bocci's cock, the pressure building until Juro was certain he would burst.

Juro could hardly draw breath. The weight in his gut made him light-headed, his vision swimming. Every small movement of the beast above him sent that unbearable fullness rippling through his frame. Perversely, his own cock began to twitch and jerk against the confines of its cage, a sympathetic orgasm triggered by the constant assault on his prostate despite the denial of any external stimulation. His balls throbbed and ached, but he was unable to release. Juro sobbed at the cruel tease, the ruined climax only adding to his torment.

Bocci's output finally began to taper off until he was just grinding against Juro's ass, each rock of the alien's hips jostled Juro's belly full of come, yet the knot kept him stuffed full and plugged up.

"Exceptional virility," Professor Tok remarked, studying the taut curve of Juro's stomach with professional fascination. "A promising start to the program. The subject's body appears highly receptive to the Fido race's seed."

Bocci made no move to withdraw, his softening cock still buried to the hilt, plugging Juro's hole and keeping all that dog spunk trapped inside him. The knot showed no signs of deflating any time soon, an unyielding stretch that made certain not a single drop of come would escape.

Professor Tok nodded in satisfaction at the thoroughly bred human. "Bocci will remain tied for some time to allow for maximum sperm retention and increase the chances of successful impregnation. This process can take up to 30 minutes in canid species."

Juro whimpered at that pronouncement, the idea of being tied to the beast for that long filling him with revulsion.

The alien professor turned to address the class. "In the meantime, we should continue stimulating the subject to encourage his body's adaptation to its new role." They gestured with a tentacle to Juro's chest. "Focus on the oral region and mammary glands - these erogenous zones are key to reinforcing the feminization process."

Bocci rumbled his understanding. The beast leaned down over Juro's trembling form, his great shaggy head hovering inches from the human's tear-streaked face. Juro cringed back into the table, trying to turn away, but Bocci grabbed his chin, forcing the human to meet his hungry gaze. Juro struggled but was held fast by the restraints and the thick fleshy tie still knotting him to the alien dog.

Bocci's long, pink tongue unfurled from his muzzle, licking a wet stripe up Juro's cheek. Juro shuddered in revulsion, squeezing his eyes shut as the beast began to lap at his face, covering him in drool.

"Good, oral stimulation will help increase oxytocin production, strengthening the male's instinct to bond with his mate and offspring," Professor Tok narrated approvingly.

Bocci growled in acknowledgment and crashed his mouth against Juro's in a mockery of a kiss, pushing his lips apart to plunge that thick, slick tongue inside. Juro gagged at the intrusion, the musky taste of his own slick coating Bocci's lolling tongue as it mapped out his mouth. Drool dribbled down his chin as Bocci licked into him possessively, claiming him inside and out.

Bocci's clawed fingers found Juro's swollen, throbbing nipples, still red and puffy from the milking pumps. He scraped the sensitive nubs, sending jolts of pained pleasure straight to Juro's core. Juro whined into the plundering kiss, back arching as much as his bonds allowed, shamefully presenting his chest for more of the sweet torment.

Juro shook his head weakly, a broken sound catching in his throat as the alien dog relentlessly worked over his engorged nipples. Each cruel flick and scratch seemed to send a bolt of sensation straight to his stuffed hole, making him clench reflexively around the glans still splitting him open. His own member twitched weakly in its cage, a few pathetic dribbles of clear fluid smeared across the metal.

Professor Tok made a pleased noise. "Excellent, the subject is displaying a strong connection between nipple stimulation and internal pleasure, a key marker of induced lactation. With regular milking and hormone treatments, he should begin producing milk suitable for nursing your hybrid offspring."

Bocci rumbled low in his chest and continued the demonstration, rolling and tweaking Juro's nipples between deft claws. He dipped his head to lap at the tender peaks with his tongue, drawing the swollen flesh into his mouth to suckle greedily. Juro mewled at the sensation, toes curling as the keen pleasure-pain shot straight to his aching groin.

As Bocci mouthed and milked Juro's sensitive chest, his knot finally began to soften and deflate inside the human's stretched hole. With a wet squelch, the beast's spent cock slipped free in a gush of semen that pooled under Juro's ass.

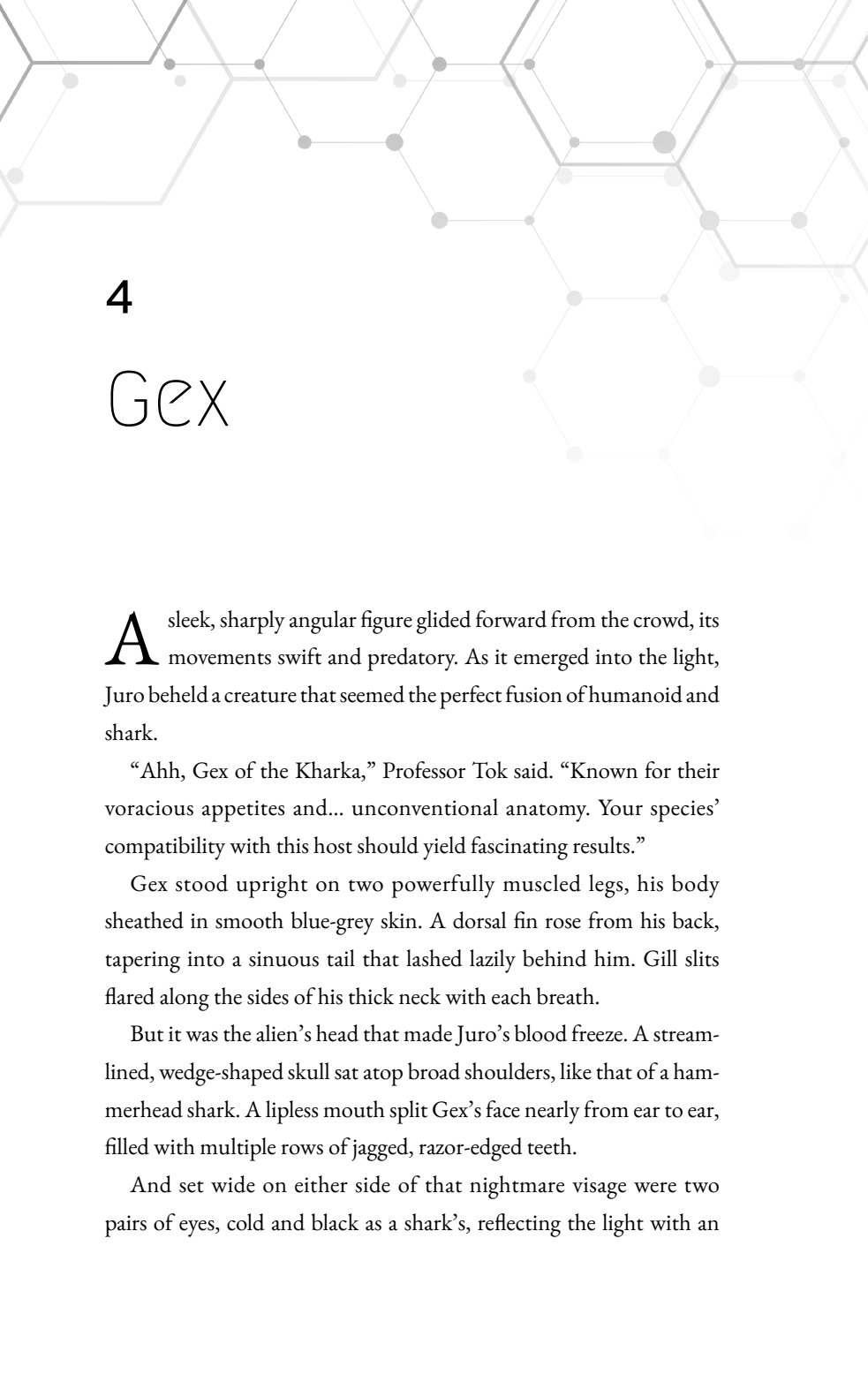
Professor Tok nodded in satisfaction. "Excellent work, Bocci. You may step back now."

Bocci gave Juro's chest one last possessive lick before pulling back. The alien beast's cock hung heavy between his haunches, still dripping strands of musky ejaculate. Bocci's tail wagged lazily as he padded back to join the other students.

Juro sagged against his restraints, trembling with exhaustion while his abused rim clenched weakly, trying in vain to close after being stretched so wide.

Professor Tok peered between Juro's obscenely splayed legs, clinically examining his freshly bred hole. "Very good. The subject's passage shows optimal seeding - gaping nicely, and deposited thoroughly with your genetic material. His birthing tract has been firmly plugged and filled to capacity."

Professor Tok turned to the waiting class, tentacles undulating in excitement. "Now then—who would like to mount the subject next?"



4

Gex

A sleek, sharply angular figure glided forward from the crowd, its movements swift and predatory. As it emerged into the light, Juro beheld a creature that seemed the perfect fusion of humanoid and shark.

“Ahh, Gex of the Kharka,” Professor Tok said. “Known for their voracious appetites and... unconventional anatomy. Your species’ compatibility with this host should yield fascinating results.”

Gex stood upright on two powerfully muscled legs, his body sheathed in smooth blue-grey skin. A dorsal fin rose from his back, tapering into a sinuous tail that lashed lazily behind him. Gill slits flared along the sides of his thick neck with each breath.

But it was the alien’s head that made Juro’s blood freeze. A streamlined, wedge-shaped skull sat atop broad shoulders, like that of a hammerhead shark. A lipless mouth split Gex’s face nearly from ear to ear, filled with multiple rows of jagged, razor-edged teeth.

And set wide on either side of that nightmare visage were two pairs of eyes, cold and black as a shark’s, reflecting the light with an

erie sheen. All four of those pitiless orbs fixed on Juro's trembling, come-splattered form with undisguised hunger.

The shark alien sauntered up to the breeding bench, his powerful tail swaying behind him. A deep, rumbling croon emanated from his chest.

"What a cutie," Gex exclaimed. Despite his appearance, his voice was high and excited. He reached out with a webbed hand to stroke Juro's cheek. "How much cuter will you become, hmm? Will you make adorable sounds for me?" Gex leaned back; his genital slit parted, and Juro realized what the professor meant by "unconventional."

Jutting from the shark man's waist were two long, tapered organs, side by side. Each penis was a deep ocean blue fading to pale grey at the tip, ribbed with fleshy pearls along the sides. The heads were smooth and rounded, almost bulbous. The twin members pulsed and twitched with obvious arousal, a viscous clear fluid already beading at the crowns and dripping down the textured shafts.

"Ahh yes," Professor Tok remarked, gesturing toward Gex's straining cocks with a tentacle. "The Kharka are unique in possessing dual intromittent organs. This adaptation allows the males of their species to deposit a greater volume of semen and thus increases their chances of successful fertilization."

Juro shuddered at the words, bile rising in the back of his throat at the reminder of what these creatures intended to do to him.

Gex prodded at Juro's raw, puffy hole, and Juro gasped as one finger slid inside. "Such lovely coloring," he hummed. "So pink. So cute." Gex pumped his digit a few times before adding a second, sliding in easily through the slick left behind by Bocci. "The Fido left a suitable lubricant. Best to make use of it before it goes to waste."

The shark-man withdrew his fingers with a wet squelch, a trail of viscous fluid connecting them to Juro's gaping rim. He smeared the

slick over his left cock — the larger of the two — coating the rigid flesh. “The left one is first today. How lucky.”

Juro could only watch in horrified anticipation as Gex notched the slick, flared tip of his cock against his opening. Despite Bocci’s thorough use of him, Juro still felt daunted by the sheer size of the shark’s endowment. The head alone seemed too large to fit, much less the thick, ribbed shaft.

Gex grinned, flashing multiple rows of razor-sharp teeth. “Deep breath, little human.”

“Please, no, wait—”

The shark-man rocked forward, the thick head of his cock breaching Juro’s slick, tender entrance. Even stretched open from the earlier breeding, Juro still struggled. He cried out as the spongy crown popped past his sphincter, settling just inside his rim.

“You’re quivering around me, little human. So cute.”

Gex pushed forward relentlessly, feeding his long, thick cock into Juro’s clinging heat, inch by inch. Juro moaned as each fleshy ridge popped past his rim, the textured surface dragging over his sensitive walls. That cool, ocean-slick shaft drove deeper, stretching him wide around its girth. Finally, Gex’s angular hips pressed flush against Juro’s upturned ass.

Juro could only whimper in response, eyes squeezing shut as he fought to relax the trembling muscles of his body. He panted harshly through his nose, struggling to adjust to the invasion. Gex’s left cock was longer than Bocci’s—reaching deeper, nudging at Juro’s sigmoid colon—but not quite as thick.

“I wonder which of my cocks you’ll prefer, cute human,” the shark-man purred. “Shall we find out?”

Without warning, Gex pulled out completely—then thrust back in, spearing Juro open on his throbbing shaft in one smooth, brutal motion.

Juro's back arched off the chair. The sleek, ribbed texture of Gex's cock scraped deliciously against his inner walls, the shaft pulsing and flexing as it drove deeper into his body.

"Well? What do you think of the left one? Does it make you feel good? I want to hear more of your sweet sounds, cutie! Come on, cry for me!"

Gex sawed in and out of Juro's hole, the obscene wet slap of flesh against flesh echoing through the room along with Juro's pitiful cries. His powerful hips pistoned forward with ruthless precision, each thrust driving Juro higher up the table until his body rocked bonelessly with the force.

Juro panted harshly through his nose, tears streaming down his face as that relentless cock pounded into him, turning his insides to molten jelly. Horrible, shameful pleasure coiled in his gut as each fleshy pearl dragged over raw nerves, sending unwanted sparks of ecstasy up his spine.

"Marvelous," Professor Tok narrated. "Note how the Kharka's member is lined with fleshy barbs and ridges. These textures serve to stimulate the partner's inner walls and provide additional friction, aiding in orgasm and ensuring the male's seed is drawn deeper."

Gex's lower set of eyes stayed locked on Juro's trembling form while the upper pair flicked toward the professor. "Let's see how he likes the other one, shall we?"

Without breaking rhythm, the shark-man shifted his hips, letting his left cock slip free of Juro and replacing it with the right.

The right member was shorter but deliciously thick, the flared head grinding against Juro's prostate with every thrust. Sparks burst behind

his eyes, heat sizzling up his spine as that secret spot inside him was mercilessly worked.

Gex fucked into him hard and fast, each snap of his hips punching breathy little “ah—ah—ahs” from Juro’s slack mouth.

His hips pistoned relentlessly, the thick shaft hammering into Juro’s gland with ruthless precision. Juro wailed, back arching as much as his restraints allowed, toes curling from the intensity radiating through his core. His own neglected cock bobbed uselessly against his stomach, drooling pathetically as Gex’s thick length dragged over his sweet spot again and again.

“So? Which of my cocks do you prefer, little human?” Gex purred, never slowing his brutal pace. “The long one to stir you up inside? Or the thick one to batter that tiny pleasure button until you’re sobbing for release?”

Juro could only whimper in response, mind short-circuiting from the overwhelming stimulation. Drool leaked from the corners of his mouth, eyes rolling back as Gex used his body.

“Can’t decide?” Gex chuckled darkly. His black, soulless eyes gleamed with sadistic glee. “Perhaps you should try both at once, yes?”

Juro’s eyes flew open in panic, a choked protest catching in his throat. Surely the shark-man couldn’t mean to—he was already so full. There was no way he could take both of those massive members in his already overstretched hole. It would tear him apart.

But Gex only grinned, all sharp teeth and dark promise. He pulled out, pressing his twin shafts together so the bulbous tips of both cocks nestled against Juro’s trembling rim.

“N—no, no, no, NOOOO!”

Gex flexed his powerful hips and thrust forward, plunging both thick lengths into Juro’s straining body in one brutal stroke.

Juro screamed, his back bowing as he was split open on the shark-man's twin cocks. The longer one drove deep into his colon while the shorter, thicker one pressed mercilessly against his swollen prostate. His walls stretched around the massive intrusion, stuffed to the brink of tearing.

Gex groaned in satisfaction, his gills flaring as he savored Juro's tightness. "So good! Such a good boy. Such a cute boy. Let me make you feel good too. Hold on tight, cutie—I'm going to fill you up."

Each time Gex pulled out, it felt as though Juro's insides were being dragged out with him. He could barely breathe as the shark-man pumped back into him, over and over. Lewd, wet squelches filled the room as Juro's inner walls clung desperately to the thick, ribbed shafts spreading him wide.

Professor Tok watched the coupling with rapt fascination, noting Juro's full-body convulsions and the steadily growing pool of precome drooling from his caged cock.

"Remarkable," the professor mused. "Subject appears to be deriving intense physical pleasure from the Kharka's unconventional technique, despite evident distress. The dual stimulation of sigmoid colon and prostate seems highly effective in reinforcing a positive mental association with penetration and seeding."

Gex's upper eyes flicked toward the professor, gleaming with dark satisfaction, while his lower pair remained fixed on the writhing human impaled on his cocks. "Mmm, yes. I can feel him starting to surrender. So cute."

Juro's eyes rolled back as Gex used his body, turning him inside out with pleasure so intense it bordered on agony. He felt as if he were coming apart at the seams, reshaped into an alien's cock sleeve.

“Get ready, cutie,” Gex growled, rows of razor teeth bared in a feral grin. “I’m going to pump you so full of my seed you’ll be dripping for a week.”

He pistoned his hips faster, plunging his thick, textured cocks into Juro’s straining body with animalistic ferocity. Juro hung suspended in a haze of piercing pleasure-pain as the shark-man ruthlessly claimed his hole.

With a roar more beast than man, Gex slammed forward one final time, grinding his cocks as deep as they would go. Juro felt them flex and swell inside him, pulsing against his raw inner walls.

The sheer volume was staggering, eclipsing even Bocci’s impressive output. Gex’s twin shafts pumped a double load into Juro’s stretched, sloppy hole.

Once spent, the shark-man’s softening cocks slipped from Juro’s red, inflamed rim with a wet squelch.

“There.” Gex stepped back, admiring his handiwork. His twin cocks, still dripping pearly strands, jutted proudly from his slit, slick with Juro’s fluids. “A double cream pie for the human cutie.”

“Now then.” The shark-man circled the chair to where Juro’s head lolled. “Why don’t you show me how grateful you are for my gift, hmm? Put that pretty mouth of yours to good use and clean me up.”

Gex fisted a clawed hand in Juro’s sweat-damp hair, dragging his head toward his groin. Juro blanched, trying to turn away, but the shark-man’s grip was unyielding. The musky, briny scent of Gex’s release filled his nostrils, making his stomach churn.

“None of that now,” Gex chided. “You’ll get used to the taste.” He angled the human’s tear-streaked face toward his spent, fluid-slick organs.

Tentatively, Juro extended his tongue, giving a small, kitten-like lick to the tip of Gex’s left member. The taste was overwhelming—bitter

and briny, with a cloying undertone that made his stomach churn. Gex chuckled darkly and pressed the flared head more insistently against Juro's lips, smearing them with his seed.

"That's it. Lap it all up like a good little human. Make sure you get between all the ridges."

Juro shuddered but dutifully opened his mouth, letting the spongy glans push past his lips. He swirled his tongue around the tip, laving the sensitive slit before trailing lower to trace the ribbed texture of the shaft. Gex groaned in approval, tilting his hips to feed more of the long organ into Juro's reluctant mouth.

Once he had cleaned every inch of the left cock, Gex presented his right—still glistening with Juro's own fluids and shark slick. Juro repeated the process, suckling the thick head and tonguing the pulsing veins until Gex was purring with satisfaction.

"Well done, little human," Gex praised, patting Juro's swollen cheek with condescending affection. "Such a good, sweet boy deserves a reward, yes?"

He withdrew his slick members from Juro's mouth with a wet pop, then turned toward Professor Tok. "Professor, might I suggest allowing the human to ejaculate once as a reward for his good behavior and eager service? It might encourage further obedience."

The alien professor glided closer, peering down at Juro's caged, dripping cock with clinical interest. "Hmm. You raise a valid point, Gex. Positive reinforcement could prove a useful training tool at this early stage." They waved a tentacle permissively. "Very well—you may remove the device and permit the subject to ejaculate. But he is not to touch himself. The stimulation must come only from your cocks. We must condition him to derive sexual satisfaction solely through penetration and being seeded."

Gex grinned, teeth glinting sharply, and reached between Juro's splayed legs. With deft precision, he unlatched the metal cage encasing Juro's straining erection.

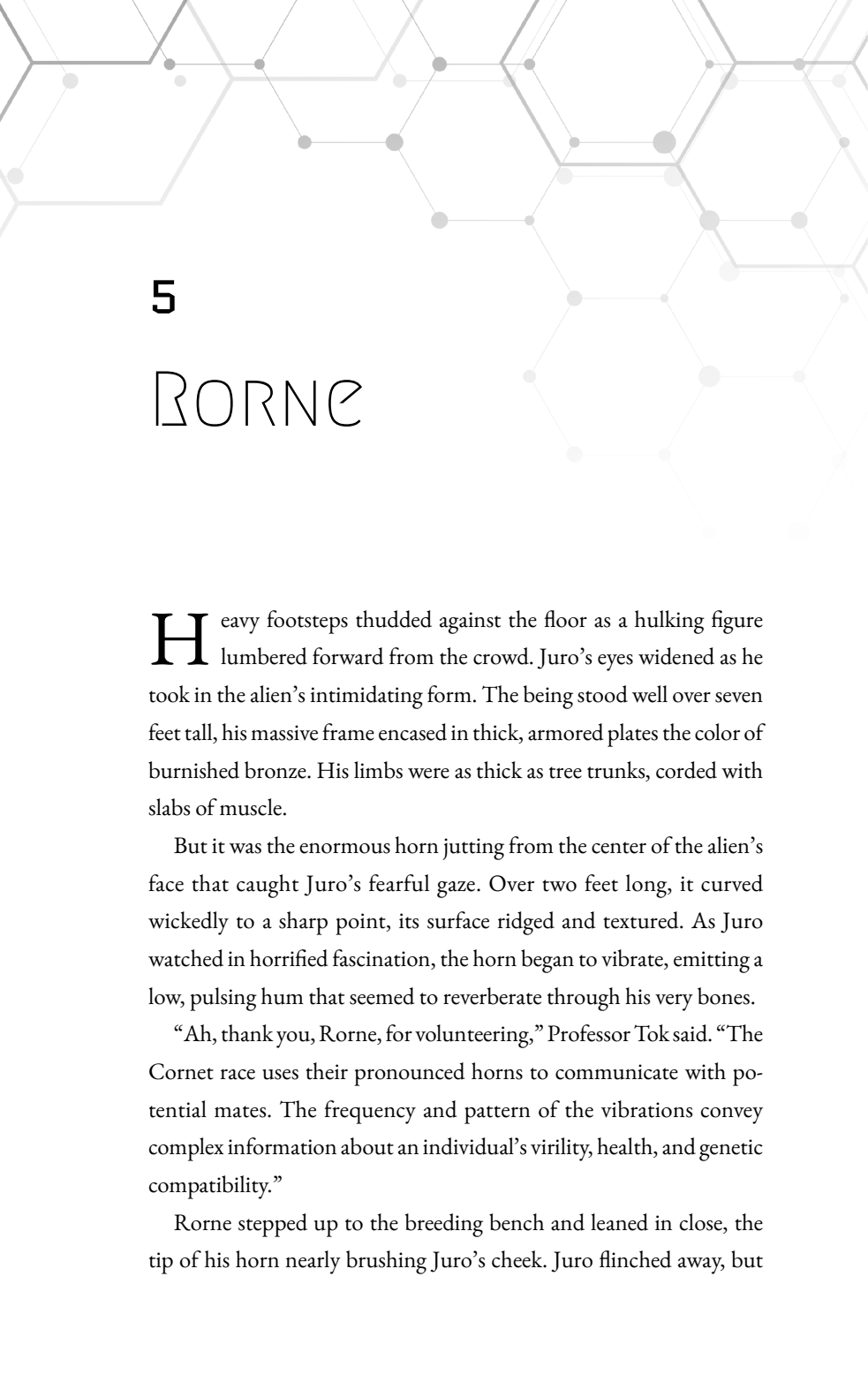
Juro gasped as his member sprang free—flushed a furious purple and visibly throbbing. The cool air on his overheated flesh made him shudder, hips jerking upward instinctively. His hands strained against their bonds, desperate to touch, to ease the ache.

"Now, now. No moving," Gex chided, pressing Juro's hips back down into the chair. His webbed thumb swiped across the bead of precome at the tip, drawing a choked whine from the human. "Hmm, you're positively dripping. So desperate for it. But you'll only get to come if you put those cute holes to work. Think you can do that?"

Juro shuddered at the shark-man's words, fresh tears pricking at the corners of his eyes. The thought of taking another alien inside him made his stomach clench with dread—but the relentless throbbing of his cock was impossible to ignore, the need for release overwhelming everything else.

He gave a jerky nod, not trusting his voice.

Gex turned to the rest of the class, grinning wider. "The cutie wants more. Who's next?"



5

RORNE

Heavy footsteps thudded against the floor as a hulking figure lumbered forward from the crowd. Juro's eyes widened as he took in the alien's intimidating form. The being stood well over seven feet tall, his massive frame encased in thick, armored plates the color of burnished bronze. His limbs were as thick as tree trunks, corded with slabs of muscle.

But it was the enormous horn jutting from the center of the alien's face that caught Juro's fearful gaze. Over two feet long, it curved wickedly to a sharp point, its surface ridged and textured. As Juro watched in horrified fascination, the horn began to vibrate, emitting a low, pulsing hum that seemed to reverberate through his very bones.

"Ah, thank you, Rorne, for volunteering," Professor Tok said. "The Cornet race uses their pronounced horns to communicate with potential mates. The frequency and pattern of the vibrations convey complex information about an individual's virility, health, and genetic compatibility."

Rorne stepped up to the breeding bench and leaned in close, the tip of his horn nearly brushing Juro's cheek. Juro flinched away, but

there was nowhere to go, pinned as he was. The Cornet inhaled deeply, drinking in Juro's scent, then released a low hum that sounded approving.

The vibrations from Rorne's horn intensified, settling into a rhythmic thrumming that Juro could feel resonating through his body.

To his dismay, he felt himself respond—his insides clenched, and leftover fluids trickled from his abused hole.

"Ahh, excellent," Professor Tok noted. "The human is responding well to the Cornet's signals. This bodes well for their coupling."

Rorne straightened, and the sudden loss of the horn's vibrations left Juro feeling strangely bereft. Then, without warning, the Cornet pressed his massive, segmented phallus against Juro's belly.

The alien's cock was as long as Juro's forearm and nearly as thick as his wrist. The shaft was armored like the rest of Rorne's body, covered in interlocking plates and ridges. And just like the Cornet's horn, the massive organ vibrated—its thrumming coursing through Juro's body everywhere it touched. He could feel it pulsing against his skin, from the hollow of his throat, across his chest, and down his stomach.

Juro's eyes bulged in terror as he beheld the Cornet's tool. The vibrations emanating from the monstrous organ seemed to rattle his very bones. He began to thrash against his restraints, panic rising in his throat.

"No, please, it's too big!" Juro begged, voice cracking with desperation. "It won't fit—it'll tear me apart! You'll kill me!"

Professor Tok waved a dismissive tentacle. "Nonsense. Our medical capabilities are excellent. Any damage incurred during the breeding process can be easily repaired. And your body has already proven quite adaptable." The alien positioned the Cornet between Juro's splayed legs and prodded the human's slick entrance with a suckered appendage. "See? The prior seedings have relaxed your muscles and

lubricated your passage thoroughly. You will accommodate Rorne's girth with only minor discomfort."

The Cornet hummed deep in his chest and, circling the breeding chair, dragged his massive, vibrating shaft over Juro's trembling body. Rorne paused at Juro's chest, the tip of his cock hovering above one puffy, abused nipple.

With exquisite care, Rorne lowered his member until the very tip brushed Juro's sensitive peak. Juro gasped, back arching involuntarily. The vibrations from Rorne's cock seemed to intensify, focusing into a pinpoint of sensation on Juro's tender flesh.

Rorne began to trace lazy circles around Juro's areola, the thrumming tip sending shockwaves of pleasure through his chest. Juro squirmed in his bonds, a broken moan escaping his lips as the alien teased and tormented his nipple.

The vibrations sank deep into Juro's tissue, awakening nerves he never knew existed. His nipple pebbled and tightened, flushing an angry red as blood rushed to the surface. A strange warmth spread through his chest, centered on that single point of contact.

Rorne rumbled in approval, increasing the pressure. The segmented ridges of his cock scraped deliciously against Juro's tender flesh as the alien ground against him. Juro's toes curled as the intensity built; it felt as if his entire body—every cell—was humming in tune with Rorne's vibrating member.

Just when Juro thought he couldn't take any more, Rorne shifted to his other nipple, repeating the exquisite torment. Back and forth the alien moved, playing Juro's chest like an instrument, coaxing helpless cries of pleasure from the overwhelmed human.

To Juro's mingled horror and arousal, his pecs began to swell slightly, growing fuller and heavier. His nipples seemed to lengthen, the nubs stretching as if reaching out eagerly for more of Rorne's touch.

“Fascinating,” Professor Tok remarked. “The Cornet’s vibrational frequency appears to be stimulating rapid tissue growth and accelerating the lactation process we initiated earlier. Most efficient.”

Juro flushed with shame but couldn’t suppress the needy whine that escaped him when Rorne finally pulled away. His nipples throbbed—tender, swollen, and tingling with a strange pressure beneath the surface.

But Rorne wasn’t done with him yet.

Satisfied by the human’s flushed, heaving chest, the Cornet dragged his ridged shaft lower, bumping over each of Juro’s ribs and scraping deliciously against his oversensitized skin. The tip dipped into his navel, probing the shallow divot and making Juro squirm.

Rorne repositioned himself between Juro’s spread legs and dragged his massive cock still lower, until it nestled in the vee of his thighs. The Cornet angled his hips, pressing the underside of his shaft against Juro’s taint. The human cried out as those powerful vibrations assaulted the sensitive strip of flesh between his stuffed hole and aching balls.

Juro’s hips bucked helplessly as Rorne ground against him, stimulating his prostate from the outside. The relentless buzzing seemed to travel straight through him, making his insides quiver.

Rorne increased the pressure, the ridges of his cock catching on Juro’s anal rim with each slow drag. The stimulation was maddening—teasing his tender hole without ever breaching it. Juro’s thighs trembled as he was edged closer and closer to release.

Just when Juro thought he might actually come from the external stimulation alone, Rorne pulled back. The Cornet rumbled in satisfaction at Juro’s wrecked state—flushed and panting, cock drooling steadily, hole clenching hungrily around nothing.

Juro's entire body quivered with need, every nerve ending screaming for release. His neglected cock bobbed against his stomach, flushed a furious purple and leaking copiously. Clear fluid pooled in his navel.

Rorne loomed over him, his massive form blotting out the harsh lights overhead. The Cornet's curved horn still vibrated, the low thrum syncing with the frantic pounding of Juro's heart. The human's gaze was drawn irresistibly to the alien's enormous cock jutting proudly from between his muscular thighs.

He imagined how that vibrating shaft would feel pressed against his own straining erection—those powerful tremors traveling directly from Rorne's cock into his, the delicious friction of textured plates rubbing along his length. It would be pure ecstasy, every nerve sparking with rapture. He knew it would take only seconds, the barest touch, and he would explode in the most intense orgasm of his life.

"Close," Juro rasped, his throat raw from begging and screaming. "I'm so close. Just put it on my dick—"

Professor Tok chuckled. "Now, now—you know that's against the terms we agreed upon," the scientist admonished lightly. "We can't have the subject reaching climax without proper penetration. It would defeat the purpose of the breeding program."

Juro shook his head frantically, tears of frustration spilling from the corners of his eyes. "I can't! It's too much... I'll die if I can't come—"

"Well then, the solution is obvious."

Juro sobbed brokenly, turning his face away in shame.

It wants me to beg for it.

He imagined how it would feel to have that huge, pulsating shaft shoved deep inside him—those vibrations strong enough to rattle his bones from the outside, now stimulating him from within. Turning his insides to jelly. Wringing out every last drop of pleasure until he

was nothing more than a limp, quivering mass, every cell thrumming with release.

Juro's cock twitched at the thought, his balls drawing tight to his body. His fingers clawed uselessly at the padded surface of the bench as a fresh wave of arousal crashed over him.

"Please, fuck..." The words slipped out unbidden, barely more than a whisper. Juro squeezed his eyes shut, hot tears of shame trickling down his cheeks.

"What was that?" Professor Tok asked mildly. "You'll have to speak up, Juro. Rorne can't understand your mumbling."

Juro shook his head, a sob catching in his throat—but his treacherous body betrayed him. His hips tilted up in clear invitation, his puffy, slick hole clenching and releasing in a lewd display. "Please," he repeated, voice cracking on a whimper. "Fuck me."

Rorne rumbled—a sound that might have been amusement—and positioned the flared tip of his cock at the human's slick, twitching entrance.

Juro's breath came in panicked gasps, his chest heaving against the immovable weight of the alien's body. He clenched his eyes shut as the Cornet's broad tip nudged his opening—then drove into him.

Juro wailed as his muscles strained to accommodate the unyielding stretch.

Rorne fed his enormous organ into Juro's trembling body, inch by agonizing inch. Juro sobbed brokenly, shaking his head in denial even as his hole stretched impossibly wider. Each interlocking ridge popped past his rim with a burning slide, scraping his sensitive walls. The vibrations pulsed through his core, resonating deep in his guts.

When Rorne's armored hips finally pressed flush against Juro's upturned ass, the human convulsed—writhing weakly on the end of that monstrous phallus like a butterfly pinned to a card. He could feel

the tip pulsing deep within, as if it might reach the back of his throat with how impossibly full he felt.

Impaled to the hilt on Rorne's massive, segmented cock, Juro could only hang there limply, gasping for air. Just as he'd feared, the phallus had filled him beyond what he thought possible. He was stretched to the breaking point, the Cornet's armored plates scraping his inner walls with every minuscule twitch.

Then Rorne began to vibrate.

It started as a low, almost subsonic hum that Juro felt more than heard. The resonance traveled up the alien's cock, buzzing against his clenching inner muscles, reverberating through his core until it seemed to shake him down to his very bones.

Gradually, the frequency began to shift—rising in pitch and intensity. Juro whined as the sensation morphed from an almost soothing thrum into maddening stimulation, forcing him to writhe on the end of Rorne's throbbing length.

The Cornet's cock pulsed faster, settling into a rhythm of long, deep vibrations punctuated by short, sharp bursts. Juro's eyes rolled back as the frequency seemed to find every pleasure point inside him, ruthlessly milking his insides.

It was like being fucked by a giant, living vibrator—one that knew exactly how to drive Juro out of his mind with sensation.

Just as he began to adjust to the rhythm, Rorne changed it again. Now the movement came in undulating waves traveling the length of his massive shaft, the ridged segments rippling in sequence from root to tip. The motion massaged Juro's clenching walls, caressing every nerve ending along his inner passage.

"Fascinating," Professor Tok mused. "The Cornet can generate an almost infinite range of vibrational patterns, each one stimulating different parts of the reproductive tract. This allows them to bring

their partners to heights of pleasure beyond what most species can endure.”

Rorne hummed in what sounded like smug satisfaction. He adjusted the angle of his vibrating cock slightly—and Juro screamed as the pulsing tip ground mercilessly against his battered prostate.

“It’s too much,” Juro sobbed, shaking his head frantically even as his hips bucked into the overwhelming sensations of their own accord. “I can’t... I’m going to—”

“Ahh,” Professor Tok observed, “the subject appears to be approaching orgasm solely from internal stimulation. An excellent development in his conditioning.”

Rorne’s massive, vibrating member pulsed relentlessly inside him, sending waves of sensation crashing through Juro’s overstimulated body. The Cornet’s horn hummed in concert with his throbbing shaft, the twin vibrations resonating deep in Juro’s core.

He writhed helplessly, every ridge and plate scraping exquisitely against his sensitive inner walls as Rorne’s cock undulated within him. The alien hadn’t even begun thrusting yet—the vibrations alone were enough to drive Juro to the brink of madness.

The frequency shifted again, settling into a pulsing rhythm that seemed to target every pleasure point at once. It was as if Rorne’s cock had mapped the inside of Juro’s body and was now stimulating each nerve with surgical precision.

Juro’s neglected member throbbed and twitched against his belly, smearing a steady stream of clear fluid across his skin. The relentless internal massage had him teetering on the edge of climax, but he couldn’t quite fall over.

“P-please,” Juro sobbed, beyond shame or dignity now. “I need... I can’t...”

Rorne rumbled, the plates of his exoskeleton clicking in response. The vibrations intensified, focusing laser-like on Juro's swollen prostate. At the same time, the tip of the alien's cock ground firmly against his inner barrier, the dual stimulation sending jolts of electric pleasure arcing through his nerves.

Juro's back arched, every muscle pulled taut as a bowstring. His mouth fell open in a silent scream as the pleasure crested, washing over him in a blinding wave.

Without a single touch to his straining cock, Juro came.

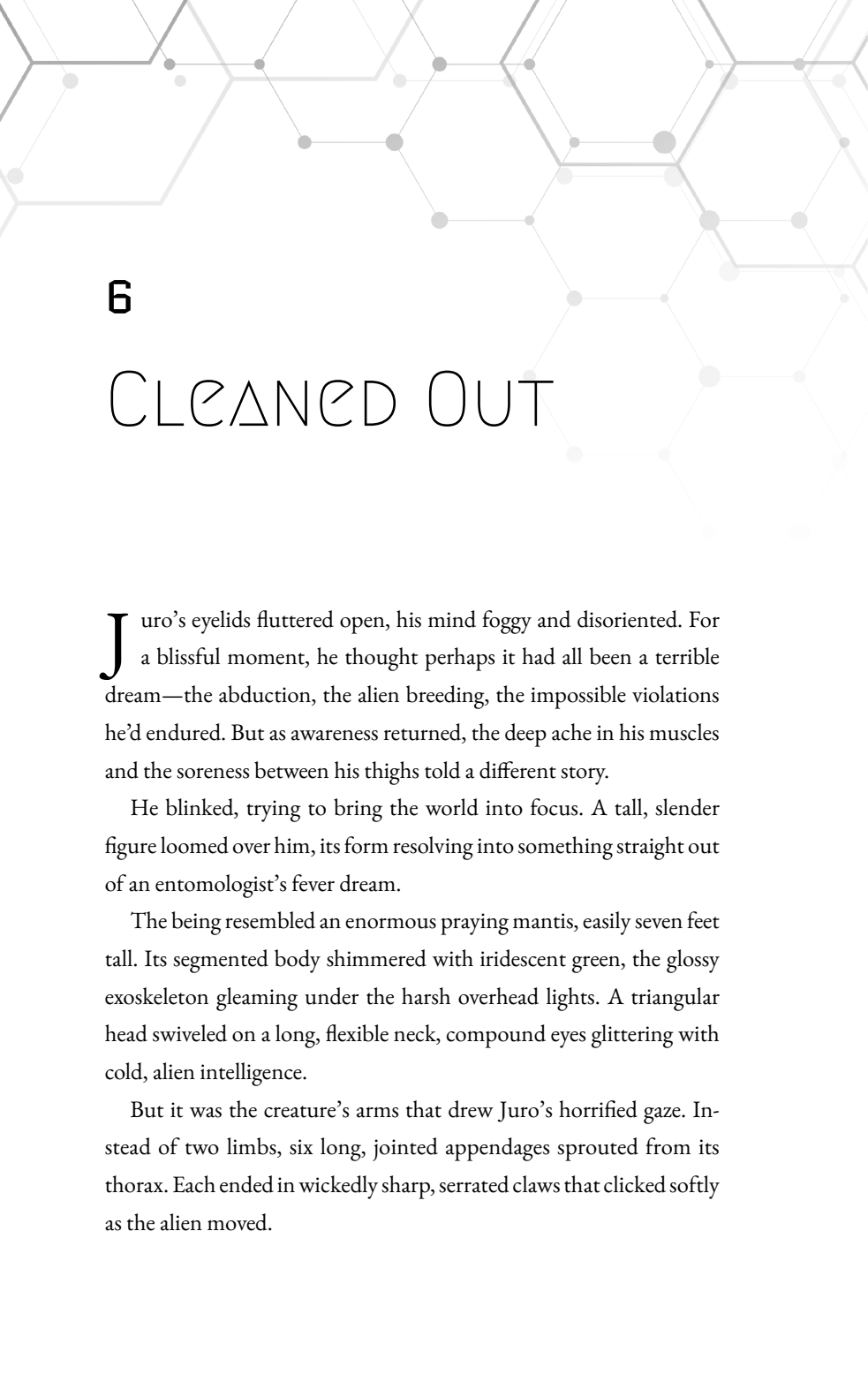
His shaft jerked and pulsed, painting his heaving abs with thick ropes of pearly fluid. Each spurt sent convulsions through his body, making him clench rhythmically around Rorne's massive length. Wave after wave of intense sensation crashed over him as his long-denied orgasm wracked his frame.

Rorne's horn thrummed, resonating in response to Juro's climax. The Cornet's own enormous member began to pulse inside Juro's spasming channel. With a deep, resonant bellow that shook the air, Rorne reached his own peak.

Juro felt the alien's cock flex powerfully within him as the Cornet came. The pressure was immense—the sheer volume quickly overflowed his stretched hole, spurting out around Rorne's still-vibrating shaft to splatter onto the floor below.

His eyes rolled back as molten heat flooded his insides, the pulsing waves prolonging his own seemingly endless orgasm. His vision grayed at the edges as the pleasure overwhelmed his already-shattered nerves.

The last thing he heard before slipping into darkness was Professor Tok's calm, clinical voice: "Excellent work. We'll take a short break, then continue the insemination."



6

CLEANED OUT

Juro's eyelids fluttered open, his mind foggy and disoriented. For a blissful moment, he thought perhaps it had all been a terrible dream—the abduction, the alien breeding, the impossible violations he'd endured. But as awareness returned, the deep ache in his muscles and the soreness between his thighs told a different story.

He blinked, trying to bring the world into focus. A tall, slender figure loomed over him, its form resolving into something straight out of an entomologist's fever dream.

The being resembled an enormous praying mantis, easily seven feet tall. Its segmented body shimmered with iridescent green, the glossy exoskeleton gleaming under the harsh overhead lights. A triangular head swiveled on a long, flexible neck, compound eyes glittering with cold, alien intelligence.

But it was the creature's arms that drew Juro's horrified gaze. Instead of two limbs, six long, jointed appendages sprouted from its thorax. Each ended in wickedly sharp, serrated claws that clicked softly as the alien moved.

“Ah, you’re awake. Excellent,” the insectoid said, mandibles clicking delicately with each word. Despite its monstrous appearance, its voice was cultured and precise. “I do hope you’re feeling sufficiently recovered. We have much work ahead of us.”

Juro tried to respond, but his throat was raw, his mouth dry as sand. Only a hoarse croak escaped him.

“Oh, where are my manners?” the mantis-like alien exclaimed. “I am Zix’ka of Goggalan. I’ll be overseeing the next phase of your breeding regimen.”

Juro shuddered at the detached way it described his ordeal. He tugged weakly at his restraints, but they held fast.

“Now then,” Zix’ka continued, seemingly oblivious to his distress, “before we proceed with the next round of insemination, we must first clean you out thoroughly. Can’t have the genetic material from your previous partners interfering with my own contributions, after all.”

Juro’s eyes widened in panic as he realized the alien’s intent. He began to thrash weakly against his restraints, muscles screaming in protest after the earlier ordeal.

“P-please, no more,” he whimpered. “I can’t take it.”

Zix’ka made a soft clicking sound that might have been meant to soothe. “Now, now, there’s no need for distress. Let’s get you cleaned out and ready for the next phase, shall we?”

Two of the alien’s long, jointed arms reached for Juro’s spread legs. With surprising gentleness, Zix’ka grasped his thighs and lifted them, pressing his knees back toward his chest to fully expose his abused hole.

Juro whimpered as cool air wafted over his tender, puffy rim. He could still feel the seed from his previous breeding sessions sloshing inside him, heavy and obscene. His stomach turned with revulsion at the thought of being filled again.

“My, what a mess,” Zix’ka tutted, mandibles clicking. “We’ll need to flush you out thoroughly before proceeding.”

With deft precision, Zix’ka manipulated the breeding bench’s controls using several of his clawed appendages. The restraints shifted and repositioned, rolling Juro onto his shoulders and lifting his hips high into the air. His legs were pressed back toward his ears, folding him nearly in half and putting his gaping, sloppy hole on full display.

Juro squirmed in humiliation, his body trembling under the strain. His muscles protested the extreme stretch, still raw and overtaxed from the relentless breeding.

A soft whirring drew his gaze upward. A gleaming metal pole was descending from a panel in the ceiling, positioning itself directly above his upturned ass. As it came closer, Juro could make out the details of the ominous device.

The business end of the pole was fitted with an array of soft, flexible barbs and hooks that curved and spiraled around the shaft in an intricate pattern, glistening wetly under the harsh lights. The appendages undulated gently as if alive, squirming in eager anticipation of their task.

Juro’s eyes widened in horror as he grasped the cruel implement’s purpose. He began to thrash against his bonds, babbling pleas that fell on deaf ears.

“P-please, you can’t! Don’t put that thing inside me!”

Zix’ka regarded his struggles with clinical detachment. “You may experience some discomfort,” the insectoid said matter-of-factly, “but I assure you, the apparatus is quite safe. The textured elements are engineered to efficiently scrape your rectal walls clean of foreign genetic material without causing undue trauma.”

The mantis-like alien tapped a few commands into a hovering holoscreen. The pole whirred to life, its barbs and hooks writhing

more energetically. A viscous, translucent gel oozed from small ports along the shaft, coating the wriggling appendages until they gleamed obscenely.

“Once activated, the device will enter your body and perform a complete cleansing,” Zix’ka continued. “The repetitive plunging motion and rotation of the textured shaft will churn up the deposited semen for extraction. Like so...”

Juro could only watch in mounting dread as the pole aligned itself with his twitching, swollen entrance. For a moment, the slick, undulating tip merely rested against his rim, smearing it with the strange lubricant. Then, with smooth, inexorable pressure, it began to push inside.

He sucked in a sharp breath as the thickly textured shaft slid into his body, the slick barbs dragging against his raw inner walls. The pole pressed relentlessly deeper, displacing the heavy residue of alien seed that filled his gut. Humiliated tears streamed down Juro’s cheeks as he was invaded and violated anew.

With a soft click, the pole locked into place, its base sealing flush against Juro’s stretched rim to create an airtight seal. For a heartbeat, everything was still. Then, with a low mechanical whir, the device came alive inside him.

The shaft began to piston in and out, driving into him with rapid, shallow thrusts. At the same time, it rotated, the curved appendages swirling and scraping against his tender walls. Juro howled at the unbearable sensation—it felt like he was being scoured from the inside out, every nerve ending blazing with unwanted stimulation.

The churning pressure sought out every pocket of trapped seed, stirring it into a frothy slurry. Lewd, wet noises filled the room as the apparatus worked him over, punctuated by Juro’s ragged cries.

Just when he thought he couldn't take any more, the direction of the rotation reversed. The textured shaft twisted the other way, and a hoarse wail tore from Juro's throat as the barbs dragged over his swollen prostate, setting off sparks behind his eyes.

"Ah, I believe we've achieved sufficient consistency," Zix'ka observed, consulting a readout on the holoscreen. "Initiating evacuation sequence."

A terrible suction engulfed Juro's lower half as the pole began to draw the liquefied mess from his body. His abdomen clenched and spasmed as his guts were forcibly emptied, the apparatus rising incrementally as it worked.

With a final, obscene slurp, the pole withdrew, the tapered tip popping free of his gaping hole. Juro whimpered as cool air wafted over his freshly scoured passage. A profound emptiness bloomed inside him, his stretched rim fluttering weakly around nothing.

Zix'ka tapped a control, and the pole ascended back into its ceiling recess, strings of pearly slime trailing in its wake. The mantid turned toward the doorway, mandibles clicking in clear satisfaction.

"Marvelous timing. The subject is now fully prepped for the next stage."

Juro craned his neck to follow Zix'ka's compound gaze—and his heart plummeted as he saw Professor Tok and the rest of the class filing into the room.

Professor Tok glided over to the breeding bench, tentacles undulating gracefully. They glanced at the holoscreen readout.

"Excellent work, Zix'ka," the professor said approvingly. "The subject's passage appears optimally prepped for further insemination. However, before we proceed, I believe we can take additional steps to enhance his receptivity."

Turning to the mantid-like alien, Tok continued, "While the subject is in this position, I recommend applying anal suction to increase blood flow and sensitivity in preparation for insemination. This should improve the chances of successful fertilization."

Zix'ka's head bobbed in agreement, its compound eyes glittering. "Of course, Professor. An astute suggestion."

The insectoid disappeared from Juro's line of sight, returning moments later with a strange device. It appeared to be a clear cylinder, roughly the size of a soda can, with a flared opening on one end and a small hose attachment on the other.

Juro's eyes widened in horrified understanding. He renewed his struggles, but could only writhe weakly in his bonds. With his hips raised and legs folded back, the motion only made it look as though he were shaking his ass in invitation.

Zix'ka clicked in amusement and fitted the open end of the cylinder over Juro's exposed hole, the edges sealing tightly against his skin.

There was a soft click, then the machine whirred to life. Juro yelped as a sudden tugging sensation gripped him—the puffy ring of flesh around his anus was drawn up into the cylinder. The suction intensified incrementally, pulling more and more of his tender tissue into its implacable hold. It felt as though the device were trying to suck his very guts out through his ass.

"There we are," Professor Tok said, satisfaction evident in their tone. "Note how the subject's anal rim engorges and darkens as blood flow increases. The heightened sensitivity will make him exquisitely receptive to Zix'ka's ministrations."

"We'll let that work its magic for a bit. In the meantime, let's see what we can do about these."

Professor Tok turned their attention to Juro's chest. The human's nipples were still puffy and swollen from Rorne's earlier vibrational teasing, the tender nubs flushed a deep pink.

"Hm, yes, we can definitely work with these," the alien mused, noting how Juro gasped and flinched at each poke and prod to his sensitive peaks. "But I think we can coax an even stronger response with the right stimulation."

Professor Tok reached for a small jar on a nearby tray. When they unscrewed the lid, a potent menthol scent filled the air, making Juro's eyes water. The alien dipped the tip of a tentacle into the pale green gel and smeared a generous amount onto each of Juro's nipples.

Instantly, a searing tingle spread across Juro's chest, centering on his vulnerable nubs. He gasped at the intensity, back arching as much as the restraints allowed. It felt like every nerve ending in his nipples had been set alight, the sensitive flesh pebbling and tightening almost painfully.

"This salve contains a potent vasodilator and nerve stimulant," Professor Tok explained, rubbing the gel in slow, deliberate circles while ignoring Juro's whimpers. "It will dramatically increase blood flow and sensitivity in the mammary tissue, accelerating glandular development."

Tok worked the unguent into Juro's tender buds, pinching and tugging at the reddened peaks until they were hard and throbbing, standing out prominently against his flushed chest. Juro writhed as jolts of mingled pain and unwanted pleasure shot from his nipples straight to his groin.

Apparently satisfied with the results, Professor Tok turned and retrieved two clear domes trailing thin tubes that connected to a softly humming device.

“Now we’ll take some baseline measurements and begin active stimulation.”

The alien placed the cups over Juro’s tingling nipples, the flexible rims molding to his areolas and sealing with a soft hiss.

Juro tensed as he felt the first gentle tug on his sensitized buds, then gasped as the machine engaged fully. A strong suction engulfed his nipples, rhythmically pulling and massaging the tender flesh. He tried to steady his breathing, sucking in air through his nose, but the demanding sensation made him squirm. His chest grew warm and heavy as blood surged to the area, amplifying the throbbing ache.

Professor Tok watched the device’s readouts with rapt attention. “Excellent response so far. Milk ducts are engorging, and alveoli are activating.” They traced a tentacle around the rim of one dome where it met Juro’s skin. “Note the additional swelling and increased elasticity of the tissue. The glands are preparing for functionality.”

The professor made a few minute adjustments to the pump’s settings, the pressure rising incrementally. Juro whined through gritted teeth, eyes squeezing shut as the merciless suction sent alternating jolts of pain and forbidden pleasure straight to his core. He could feel a throbbing answer from between his legs as his neglected cock began to stiffen once more.

Professor Tok smirked at the reaction, extending a tentacle to give Juro’s shaft a few mocking strokes. Juro shuddered, hips jerking helplessly in search of friction.

“Note the subject’s persistent genital arousal in response to mammary stimulation,” the professor remarked to the class. “This is a remnant of his masculine conditioning. Continued denial of penile gratification—combined with positive reinforcement of oral, anal, and nipple stimuli—will gradually shift the subject’s perception of his sexual role.”

Tok turned to address the eagerly watching students. “While the suction devices continue preparing the subject’s body, we’ll further his conditioning by stimulating the penile structures. Each of you will take a turn sounding his urethra—but take care not to allow him to ejaculate. We want to reinforce the association between pleasure and internal stimulation exclusively.”

The students crowded around the breeding bench, alien eyes gleaming with dark anticipation as they studied Juro’s splayed, trembling form. Tok watched in satisfaction as the first volunteer stepped forward, a slender silvery rod clutched in their appendage.

“P-please, don’t—” Juro’s plea broke off in a strangled cry.

“Remember,” Professor Tok coached, “insert the sound slowly and apply steady pressure. The lining of the urethra is delicate—we want to stimulate, not damage.”

Tok’s tentacles squirmed in delight as Juro’s cries rose in pitch, becoming more desperate and broken with each millimeter the sound slid deeper inside.

“Very good,” Professor Tok praised as the student eased the rod deeper still. “Observe how the urethral lining stretches to accommodate the intruding object. With time and conditioning, the channel will adapt to accept larger and more complex instruments. Remove the probe and pass it to the next student.”

7

ZIX'KΔ

Professor Tok sat back, tentacles steepled, relishing the symphony of Juro's agonized cries as student after eager student took their turn sounding the helpless human's urethra.

The human sobbed and writhed on the breeding bench as one after another a slender rod was inserted into his channel. The alien professor drank in every whimper and moan, relishing how Juro's cries grew more desperate and broken with each intrusion.

"Excellent technique," Professor Tok praised as a student worked a fluted steel sound in with exquisite slowness, twisting it slightly to make Juro yelp. "See how the lining stretches and molds itself to the shape? With repeated sessions, his body will allow easier insertion. Indeed, the subject may come to always need something in his urethra."

Juro could only shudder and gasp as the unyielding metal pushed deeper, rubbing against raw nerve endings. He could feel every bump and ridge scraping his tender insides, painful but with an undercurrent of reluctant pleasure that made his cock twitch. Tears of humiliation streaked his face as alien appendages fondled his shaft, keeping him hard and leaking but never letting him find release.

"P-please, no more," Juro stammered out between probes, voice hoarse from begging. "It hurts, I can't take it..."

"Shh, you're doing so well," Professor Tok soothed mockingly, tentacles petting Juro's trembling flanks. "Just a few more. We need to make sure everyone gets a turn."

The human's reactions were exquisite, his body singing with torment. Humiliated tears carved glistening trails down Juro's contorted face, his features twisting into a rictus of pained ecstasy. Choked pleas and garbled begging spilled from his lips, the sounds sweet as ambrosia to Professor Tok's auditory receptors.

While the students busied themselves with Juro's increasingly sloppy slit, the alien's gaze drifted higher, to where the powerful anal pump was ruthlessly milking Juro's tender rim. Tok hummed in approval. The human's most intimate flesh was pulled deeply into the cylinder with each cycling of the vacuum, blooming like some obscene flower. They practically salivated imagining how gorgeously puffy and swollen that delicate ring of muscle would be after such prolonged suction. Soon it would be time to fill that succulent void once more.

Professor Tok's tentacles shivered in anticipation. "Magnificent," the alien murmured, tracing the pump's edge with a tentacle tip. "Like a ravenous little mouth—so ready to be filled."

Once every student had taken their turn violating Juro's dick chute, Professor Tok finally called a halt.

"Excellent work, all of you," the alien praised, eyeing Juro's inflamed slit with clinical satisfaction. "The subject's penile structures have been thoroughly stimulated. I believe we've made great strides in dissociating pleasure from this vestigial organ."

Juro could only sob. His cock throbbed, an angry red from the repeated invasions. He felt rubbed raw inside and out, his insides

scoured, scraped, and prodded until every nerve ending felt flayed open.

Professor Tok turned their attention to the devices still mercilessly pumping Juro's chest. The human's nipples had swollen to twice their normal size, protruding like ripe raspberries from his chest.

The anal pump was also still ruthlessly tugging at Juro's delicate inner flesh, pulling it taut and straining. His opening looked puffy and bruised, exquisitely sensitive.

"I believe the mammary and anal training has progressed sufficiently for now," Professor Tok declared. With a few deft motions of their tentacles, they detached both devices.

Juro whined low in his throat as the pumps released with a soft hiss.

"Excellent," Professor Tok hummed. The subject's anus was plumped up and a delicious shade of red—it looked more like a female hominid's vulva than a male's anus.

Juro moaned as his nipples throbbed in time with his pulse. His chest felt fuller, heavier, and there was a strange ache building behind his nipples—an unfamiliar pressure.

Professor Tok manipulated the controls of the breeding bench again, repositioning Juro's limp, unresisting body until he reclined at a less extreme angle. His legs, however, were still kept spread open, putting his cock on display. The alien loomed over him, something triumphant and hungry gleaming in their gaze as they took in the human's debauched state.

"You've been so very receptive to your training," Professor Tok murmured, trailing a tentacle down Juro's sweat-slick flank almost tenderly. "Your body is adapting beautifully to its new purpose."

The alien's posture shifted—ominous, anticipatory—as they reached for a gleaming tray of instruments. Their tentacle hovered before selecting a thick syringe filled with a viscous purple fluid.

“Your body has progressed beautifully in its adaptation and training,” Professor Tok mused, tapping the syringe with a tentacle tip. “But there is one final vestige that must be... remodeled before you can truly achieve your new purpose.”

Juro’s exhausted mind struggled to parse the alien’s words, still reeling from the brutal sounding his cock had endured. Sluggishly, his gaze tracked downward to his own ravaged genitals. His penis lay limp between his legs, the flesh bruised and swollen, the tip raw and chafed, leaking a slow, steady dribble of fluid.

Surely there was nothing more they could do to him.

Professor Tok followed Juro’s gaze and chuckled darkly. “Ahh, I see you’ve guessed what’s in store for this stubborn bit of anatomy.” The alien traced a tentacle along the human’s shaft, making Juro flinch and whimper. “As impressive as your resilience has been, this structure is simply not conducive to your new role. It must be... repurposed.”

Juro shook his head weakly, fresh dread coiling in his gut. “W-what are you going to do to me?” he croaked, his voice ruined from screaming.

Professor Tok held up the syringe, the violet contents catching the light. “This, my dear subject, is the key to your final transformation—a potent cocktail of hormones, DNA modifiers, and mutagens that will... shall we say... reshape your masculine anatomy into something far more suitable for the experiment.”

The alien touched the syringe tip to the base of Juro’s penis, just above his balls. Juro jolted as if electrified, trying instinctively to twist away, but the restraints held him fast.

“Please, don’t—not that...” Juro babbled, tears of desperation leaking from the corners of his eyes. His cock gave a pathetic twitch, trying to recoil from the looming needle.

“Shh. It is a necessary step,” Professor Tok soothed, tentacles coiling firmly around Juro’s shaft and balls to hold them in place. “This troublesome organ will only be a distraction—a focal point for misplaced arousal.”

With clinical precision, Professor Tok slid the needle into the delicate skin at the root of Juro’s cock and depressed the plunger, emptying the syringe’s contents. The human let out a strangled wail as liquid fire spread through his groin, radiating outward from the injection site. Almost instantly, a strange tightening sensation seized him—like his cock was trying to retreat into his body.

To Juro’s horror—and the alien’s fascination—his penis began to shrink and pull inward. Inch by inch, the shaft receded, the skin growing smooth and taut. Juro wailed as he watched his manhood dwindling, the once-proud organ reduced to a small, puckered nub nestled at the apex of his groin.

“Observe how the penile tissue is reabsorbed, the erectile structures broken down and repurposed,” Professor Tok narrated clinically. “The testosterone-producing cells are being converted, redirecting blood flow and sensitivity to other, more pertinent areas.”

Juro could only whimper and shake as his cock vanished, leaving behind a plump, glistening mound that throbbed with unnatural sensitivity. The alien prodded the tender flesh, making Juro jerk and gasp.

“See how the glans has been transformed,” Professor Tok remarked, flicking the engorged nub with a tentacle tip and drawing a startled cry from the human. “All the pleasure-giving nerve endings have been concentrated into one exquisitely sensitive little bud, primed for stimulation.”

The alien pinched the tiny nub between two tentacle tips, rolling and massaging it. Juro gasped as shockwaves of sensation radiated

outward from that single point—it felt as if every nerve ending from his cock had been condensed into that one hypersensitive bud.

“Magnificent,” Professor Tok breathed. “Look at you—your masculine organ transformed into a perfect little pleasure button. So eager for stimulation.”

The writhing, weeping human was a sight to behold, splayed out obscenely with his most intimate anatomy restructured before the class’s fascinated eyes. And Professor Tok was far from done with his demonstration.

The alien reached for another syringe, this one filled with a syrupy, iridescent liquid. They pressed the needle to the delicate skin of Juro’s taint, just behind where his testes hung heavy and tight.

“P-please, stop, don’t take those too!” Juro begged, knowing it was futile. He could feel his balls drawing up in fearful anticipation of the injection.

Professor Tok tiskied softly, shaking their head. “Silly human, I’m not going to remove these. They still have an important role to play in your new anatomy. We’re simply... repurposing them.”

With that, the alien sank the needle in, piercing through the thin barrier of skin to push the fluid directly into Juro’s scrotum. The human shrieked as searing pressure engulfed his sac, his testes swelling obscenely against their fleshy prison.

Professor Tok withdrew the needle from Juro’s taint with a satisfied hum. “Observe how the testes ascend, pulled up into the inguinal canals to nestle snugly in the groin. Note their increased size and firmness—the mutagens are already stimulating accelerated spermatogenesis and seminal fluid production.”

Juro sobbed as he felt the nauseating internal shift of his balls moving inside him, drawn unnaturally high and tight within his pelvis. They throbbed and ached fiercely, swollen with their altered purpose.

His scrotum, now empty, slowly shrank and smoothed out until only a small pouch of silky skin remained.

“These repurposed testes will now fulfill a new role,” Professor Tok explained, prodding at Juro’s reforming groin. “Rather than simply producing seed, they will act as glands to provide natural lubrication for the subject’s rectal tract—much like the Bartholin’s glands in the human female.”

The alien dipped a tentacle between Juro’s cheeks, swiping it over his freshly pumped rim. It came away glistening with a thick, slippery fluid. “Fascinating. Observe how the secretions have already begun. The repurposed testes are functioning perfectly, providing ample lubrication to ease penetration and enhance stimulation of the rectal erogenous zone.”

Professor Tok pushed the tentacle deeper, sinking it into Juro’s slick hole. “As you can see, the subject’s reproductive structures have now been fully optimized for his role in our experiment.”

Juro shuddered and whined as he felt the slippery secretions coating his insides—a perverse, natural lubricant preparing him to be bred.

His reformatted anatomy throbbed and pulsed, still settling into its new configuration. The absence of his cock and balls left him feeling horribly exposed and vulnerable. All that remained of his manhood was that single, hypersensitive bud, glistening and swollen at the apex of his smoothed groin. Meanwhile, his hole felt slick and open, clenching needily around the probing tentacle.

Professor Tok pumped their tentacle a few more times, relishing the human’s choked mewls, before withdrawing with a wet squelch. They held up the dripping appendage for the class to see, the slick fluids coating it catching the light obscenely. “The subject’s body knows its purpose now. We shall resume insemination attempts immediately.”

Professor Tok turned to Zix'ka. "The subject is now fully prepped and ready for the next round of breeding. However, before you begin, we must ensure his newly formed structures are primed to maximize receptivity and sensitivity."

The mantid-like alien nodded, mandibles clicking in understanding. "Of course, Professor. I will prepare my ovipositor while you ready the pumps."

Professor Tok busied himself selecting several gleaming devices from a nearby tray. They held up a small, clear cylinder with a flared opening—similar to the one used on Juro's rectum earlier, but far more petite in size.

"This will be perfect for stimulating your new structure," the alien remarked, positioning the device over the swollen, glistening nub crowning Juro's groin. "The suction will engorge the tissue and expose the nerve endings, making it exquisitely receptive to the ovipositor's stimulation later."

Juro shook his head weakly as the cylinder sealed around his hypersensitive bud with a soft hiss. Almost instantly, a rhythmic tugging sensation began, sending bolts of unwanted pleasure lancing through his core.

Professor Tok hummed approvingly as they watched Juro's "clitoris" swell and darken, drawn to prominence by the relentless suction. The human writhed and keened, overwhelmed by the intensity of sensation flooding his altered flesh.

Satisfied, the alien professor turned their attention higher, to Juro's chest. The human's nipples were still puffy and tender from their earlier milking, protruding temptingly. Professor Tok selected two viciously toothed clamps from the tray, the metal gleaming coldly under the harsh lights.

“Continued stimulation is necessary to accelerate lactation and ensure your mammary glands become productive enough to nourish the young,” the alien explained almost gently as they positioned the cruel devices over Juro’s vulnerable nubs. “These clamps will provide constant pressure and prevent any backflow.”

Juro gave a strangled yell as the clamps bit down, the sharp teeth sinking into his tender flesh. Agony radiated across his chest, arcing down to his groin to mingle perversely with the maddening suction on his proto-clit. His back arched futilely as he strained against the inescapable stimulation.

Behind them, a sinister buzzing filled the air. Juro’s tear-blurred eyes widened in horrified awe as Zix’ka approached the breeding bench. The mantid-like alien’s ovipositor gleamed under the harsh lights—it looked like a wasp’s stinger.

Juro whimpered, trying weakly to press his thighs together, to shield his vulnerable entrance. But the restraints held him splayed wide, his freshly pumped anus twitching and glistening with the perverse secretions of his repurposed testes.

Professor Tok noticed Juro’s horrified fascination and chuckled. “Ah yes, the Goggalan’s reproductive apparatus is quite intimidating, isn’t it? Zix’ka’s ovipositor is specially adapted to inject his mate with a potent adhesive that secures the fertilized eggs inside their incubating body.”

The alien professor extended a tentacle, swiping it through the amber fluid dripping from Zix’ka’s tip. The appendage came away trailing viscous strings—its consistency closer to syrup than semen.

“This substance is a remarkable organic polymer synthesized in the Goggalan male’s accessory glands. It not only acts as a sealant to hold the eggs in optimal position for gestation, but also contains an enzyme

that encourages the zygotes to latch onto the host's intestinal lining to leech nourishment."

The mantid reached out with one segmented limb, trailing the pointed tip down Juro's body in an almost tender caress.

"Shhh, easy now," Zix'ka crooned, his multi-toned voice taking on a soothing cadence. "There's no need for distress. Let your body relax and accept its purpose."

As he spoke, Zix'ka released a fine mist from glands at the base of his throat. The particles caught the light, drifting down to settle over Juro's trembling form in a shimmering veil.

Almost instantly, a languorous warmth spread through Juro's body, radiating from every point the strange dust touched. It sank into his skin, dissolving into his bloodstream, suffusing him with euphoric lassitude.

Juro's eyelids fluttered and he let out a shuddering sigh as the aphrodisiac powder took hold—blunting the sharp edge of fear and replacing it with a hazy, throbbing need. His terror, so raw and immediate moments before, now felt distant—drowned beneath the growing ache in his loins.

His altered anatomy throbbed, a molten heaviness settling low in his abdomen. The cruel suction on his proto-clit intensified, pulsing in time with his heartbeat; each rhythmic tug sent sparks of pleasure lancing up his spine, scattering like fireworks behind his eyes. His nipples itched, the bite of the clamps fading into a delicious ache, the pressure in his chest building toward unbearable fullness.

And his hole—oh gods, his hole.

It flexed, eager and empty, slick muscles clenching with desperate need. Lubricant drooled from his twitching entrance, his body shamelessly anticipating the breeding.

“P-please,” Juro whimpered, humiliation and hunger warring in his foggy mind. “I—I can’t... I need... need you inside... fill me!”

The words spilled from his lips, the drugs and conditioning overriding the last shreds of his shame.

Zix’ka hummed in approval, mandibles clicking with satisfaction as he watched the human succumb to the chemical’s effects.

The insectoid wasted no time climbing atop the breeding bench, looming over Juro’s spread-eagle body. His clawed limbs clicked and scraped against the metal restraints as he positioned his stinger. The wicked tip pricked Juro’s delicate flesh.

With a small flex of his abdomen, Zix’ka stabbed his ovipositor deep into Juro’s glistening hole. The penetration was shockingly sudden—the stinger speared him with sickening ease, aided by the copious fluids drooling from his altered anatomy.

Zix’ka released another cloud of shimmering dust from his thoracic glands. The fine particles settled over Juro’s sweat-slicked skin, dissolving into his pores, sinking into his bloodstream. A fresh wave of molten need crashed through him, drowning out the last whispers of resistance.

Juro’s hips began to move of their own accord, undulating against the cold metal of the bench, trying to work himself further onto that piercing shaft. His greedy hole rippled and clenched, muscles fluttering along Zix’ka’s length as if trying to draw the alien deeper. Wanton mewls spilled from his slack mouth, punctuated by sharp cries whenever the barbed tip grazed his prostate.

“More, p-please,” Juro heard himself babbling, lost to the chemicals flooding his veins, to the searing ecstasy of being stretched and filled and used. “I need it, need you so deep—breed me, fill me up, please, please, please...”

Zix'ka crooned his approval, his secondary arms rising to fondle Juro's heaving chest. Sharp claws pricked at soft flesh, skirting the edges of the clamps and making Juro gasp and shudder.

Just as Zix'ka began to piston his thorax—driving his stinger in and out of Juro—a shrill alarm blared through the room.

Red lights flashed as a robotic voice announced: **“INTRUDER ALERT. INTRUDER ALERT.** Unauthorized personnel have breached the laboratory perimeter. Initiate emergency protocols.”

Professor Tok's head snapped up, a rare look of concern breaking through their usually impassive face. They turned to the mantis-like alien still rutting into the helpless human. “Zix'ka, cease immediately. We need to secure the subject and evacuate.”

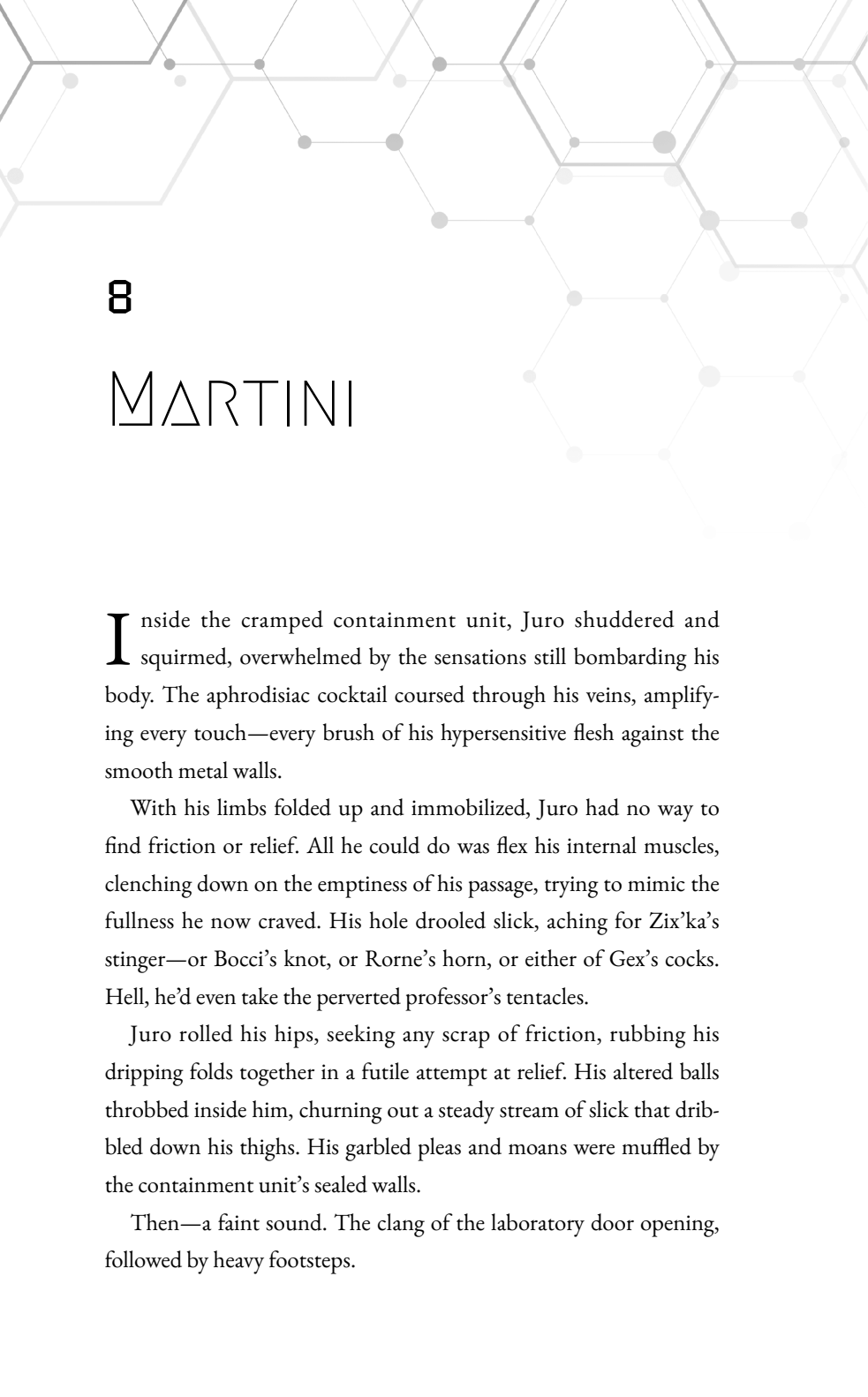
Zix'ka clicked in frustration but obeyed, his ovipositor sliding free from Juro's grasping heat with a wet squelch. Juro whimpered at the sudden emptiness.

Professor Tok was already manipulating the controls of the breeding bench with deft tentacles. With a series of clanks and whirs, the apparatus began to shift and transform. Metal restraints retracted, and the platform folded in on itself—panels rising to encase Juro's splayed body like a cocoon.

Juro yelped as he was jostled, his limbs folding against his chest as the box sealed around him. His altered anatomy throbbed with denied arousal, sensitive folds rubbing maddeningly together in the tight confines. The clamps on his nipples pinched cruelly, and the cylinder continued to suck at his swollen nub, milking him mercilessly in the dark.

“The containment unit will keep the subject secure while we deal with this intrusion,” Professor Tok said hurriedly to the anxious students. Then the alien turned and glided swiftly from the room, beckoning the students to follow.

Within moments, the laboratory was empty—the heavy door sealing shut with an ominous thud—leaving Juro trapped and alone in his high-tech prison.



8

MARTINI

Inside the cramped containment unit, Juro shuddered and squirmed, overwhelmed by the sensations still bombarding his body. The aphrodisiac cocktail coursed through his veins, amplifying every touch—every brush of his hypersensitive flesh against the smooth metal walls.

With his limbs folded up and immobilized, Juro had no way to find friction or relief. All he could do was flex his internal muscles, clenching down on the emptiness of his passage, trying to mimic the fullness he now craved. His hole drooled slick, aching for Zix'ka's stinger—or Bocci's knot, or Rorne's horn, or either of Gex's cocks. Hell, he'd even take the perverted professor's tentacles.

Juro rolled his hips, seeking any scrap of friction, rubbing his dripping folds together in a futile attempt at relief. His altered balls throbbed inside him, churning out a steady stream of slick that dribbled down his thighs. His garbled pleas and moans were muffled by the containment unit's sealed walls.

Then—a faint sound. The clang of the laboratory door opening, followed by heavy footsteps.

Has the professor returned? Have they come to let me out?

The footsteps drew closer, stopping right outside the containment unit. There was a low, considering hum, then a chuckle.

“Well, well, what have we here?” a deep voice mused. “Looks like the good professor was in the middle of one of their little experiments. I wonder where everyone scurried off to?”

Juro held his breath, trying desperately to stay still despite the fire raging through his veins. Maybe if he didn’t make a sound, the intruder would lose interest and leave...

But then the pump on his proto-clit gave a strong pulse, and Juro couldn’t contain the wail that tore from his throat. The nubbin that used to be his dick pulsed as the suction increased, the sensitive bud engorging further. The clamps on his nipples seemed to tighten, sending bolts of exquisite agony through his heaving chest.

“Ohhh, sounds like someone’s eager for attention in there,” the voice purred, now right above him. Another hum, then the rasp of fingers on the containment unit’s access panel. “Let’s take a peek at what the prof was working on.”

With a pneumatic hiss, the metal walls folded back, releasing Juro from the box and restraints. He weakly tugged the clamps from his nipples and pulled the pump off his pseudo-clit.

He blinked blearily, trying to focus—and found himself staring up into a pair of startling violet eyes set in a handsome, distinctly human-looking face.

Thank God.

“Please...” he croaked, voice hoarse from moaning. “Please help me. That perverted professor—he did something to me, changed me. I don’t want this. Please, take me home...”

Tears leaked from the corners of Juro's eyes, leaving glistening trails down his flushed cheeks. He gazed up at the man with pleading, desperate eyes, clinging to the hope of salvation.

The man tsked sympathetically, brushing a stray lock of hair from Juro's sweat-damp brow with surprising gentleness. "You poor thing. I heard about Professor Tok's experiments, but I never imagined they'd go this far."

"Yes," Juro breathed, nodding fervently. "Please, help me."

"Why should I?"

"What?"

"Why should I help you? What's in it for me?"

Juro blinked. Was his savior... bargaining?

"Fine. I'll give you whatever you want, when we get back—"

The intruder's smirk widened into a sharp-toothed grin. "Whatever I want, huh?" He leaned closer, his warm breath ghosting over Juro's ear. "That's a dangerous offer to make, sweet thing. You don't even know what I am..."

A flicker of trepidation cut through the haze of desperate arousal. Juro forced himself to focus, studying the man's face more carefully. His skin was rough, striped with orange and brown like sandstone—and his eyes... they weren't just violet, but faceted like gemstones, glittering in the dim light. His gaze caught on the delicate points of the intruder's ears peeking through tousled black hair. Not human ears at all, but more like—

"You're an elf?" Juro blurted, eyes widening.

The intruder chuckled, low and gravelly. "The name's Martini." He leaned in closer, gemstone eyes glinting with mischief—and something darker. "You know, I applied for Professor Tok's little program. I mean, *sexual research assistant*? Count me in. But would you believe it? They turned me down. Threw out my application. Said I was too

rough.” He scoffed, shaking his head. “Crazy, right? So I figured—why not crash the party? See what the professor’s been up to firsthand.”

Martini’s gaze raked over Juro’s exposed, trembling body, taking in every altered detail with hungry intensity.

Juro shrank back as far as he could on the platform, dread pooling in his gut as he took in Martini’s predatory expression. This wasn’t a savior—this creature had no intention of helping him escape.

“N-no, please, I didn’t mean...” Juro stammered, trying to cover himself with shaking hands. It was useless—the aphrodisiacs still flooding his system left him weak and uncoordinated.

Martini chuckled darkly, stepping closer to the platform. “Didn’t mean it? But you said you’d do anything, sweet thing. And I’m *very* interested in seeing exactly what the professor’s cooked up here.”

His faceted eyes glittered with cruel amusement as they roved over Juro’s trembling form, drinking in every humiliating alteration—his swollen, dripping anus; the throbbing nub of his pseudo-clit; his red, enlarged nipples.

Juro flushed with shame, desperately trying to close his legs, to hide his unnatural anatomy from that piercing violet gaze.

“Mmm, look at you,” Martini purred, trailing rough fingers up Juro’s inner thigh, gathering the slick dripping from his flexing hole. “They’ve really done a number on you, haven’t they? Turned you into a needy little breeding hole, gagging for any cock that comes along.”

Juro shook his head frantically, tears spilling down his cheeks. “No, no, I don’t want this! Please, you have to help me!”

But Martini just laughed. “Help? Oh, I’ll help myself, that’s for sure.”

Panic seized Juro then, cutting through the fog of drugged lust. With a burst of desperate strength, he lurched up from the platform,

shoving at Martini's broad chest. Caught off guard, the creature stumbled back a step—and Juro seized his chance.

He scrambled off the other side of the exam table on wobbly legs, his altered center of gravity nearly sending him sprawling. But sheer terror kept him upright, and he staggered for the door—his swollen breasts bouncing, his slick ass drooling with every jolting step.

Behind him, Martini's laughter turned vicious. "Go ahead and run, sweet thing. I do love a good chase."

Juro choked on a sob, reaching for the door panel with a shaking hand. But before he could hit the release, a large hand clamped around his wrist in a crushing grip and yanked him backward.

Martini's rough hands clamped onto Juro's hips as he effortlessly hoisted the smaller man up and over his broad shoulder. Juro cried out and flailed, his heavy breasts jostling against Martini's back as the golem carried him back toward the dreaded breeding device.

"No, please! Put me down!" Juro begged, pummeling Martini's sandstone-like skin with weak fists. But his drugged body was no match for the creature's strength.

Martini only chuckled darkly, giving Juro's plump ass a sharp smack. "Settle down, sweet thing. You're not going anywhere until I've had my fill of this ripe little body."

With that, he dumped Juro face-down onto the breeding bench, knocking the breath from his lungs. Before Juro could push himself up, Martini planted a hand between his shoulder blades and shoved him back down, bending him over the table.

Juro whimpered as his sensitive breasts flattened against the cold metal. He could feel Martini's weight pressing against his hip and upturned ass. The rasp of the creature's rough skin felt like sandpaper as his hands slid over Juro's trembling curves.

“P—please, don’t do this,” Juro stammered, his face burning with humiliation at being manhandled and exposed. “I’m a man, I’m not—I don’t want—”

“Shhh,” Martini cut him off, kneading the globes of Juro’s ass, his thumbs dipping close to the slick opening. “Doesn’t matter what you *used* to be. Professor Tok’s made you the perfect little fucktoy. And toys—” he smacked Juro’s rear again, “—are meant to be played with.”

He punctuated the words with sharp, rhythmic slaps that made Juro jolt and clench. Wetness gushed from his empty hole, and he bit his lip hard to stifle a moan, hating how his body betrayed him.

Martini chuckled low. “See? Your body knows what it was made for.”

Juro felt the stone-skinned creature shift behind him, then hot breath ghosted over his swollen, glistening entrance as Martini knelt between his spread cheeks. Juro yelped at the first swipe of Martini’s textured tongue over his sensitive flesh—the rough surface sent sparks of unwanted pleasure racing up his spine.

“No! That’s—don’t put your mouth—AH!” Juro’s protests dissolved into a wail as Martini sealed his lips around Juro’s twitching ring.

Martini pressed his face deeper between Juro’s cheeks, his sandpaper tongue lapping and sucking at the pronounced folds of Juro’s altered anus. He groaned, drinking down the steady trickle of slick. “Fuck, I could get addicted to this.”

Juro shook his head frantically, biting his lip to stifle the moans threatening to escape. He wouldn’t give this cruel elf the satisfaction. But his body betrayed him—his hips began to roll back against Martini’s face, seeking more of that deliciously rough friction against his sensitive flesh.

Martini chuckled darkly, the vibrations making Juro shudder. He lifted Juro's hips, angling him to expose everything from his pleasure nub to his glistening hole. Then he licked a long, slow stripe of saliva from Juro's swollen boy-clit up his smooth taint, ending with a deep, teasing swirl around his puffy rim. Stars burst behind Juro's eyes.

Martini flicked the tip of his tongue rapidly over Juro's swollen clit, drawing a strangled cry from the overstimulated human.

"N-no, don't lick me there!" Juro gasped, clamping his thighs together to block the elf's mouth from his most intimate places. Shame and revulsion churned in his gut at the violation—even as treacherous pleasure pulsed through him.

Martini growled in annoyance and abruptly stood. Before Juro could catch his breath, a heavy palm cracked down on his upturned ass, making him howl. Again and again, the creature rained down stinging blows, covering Juro's cheeks and thighs in a burning heat.

"Keep those legs spread, sweet thing, or you'll get worse than a spanking," Martini warned, his voice low and dangerous. He smacked Juro's reddened ass again for emphasis, wringing a sobbing yelp from his throat.

Fresh tears streamed down Juro's face—but as much as it shamed him, his body moved to obey. Slowly, trembling, he let his thighs fall open once more, baring his most vulnerable places for Martini's use.

"That's better," Martini purred, kneeling back down. He landed a few more slaps directly on Juro's dripping man-cunt, each impact making an obscene wet sound as it connected with his slick opening. Juro shrieked, his hips jerking, but he didn't dare close his legs again.

Martini zeroed in on Juro's swollen clit, spanking the sensitive nub with quick, sharp flicks of his fingers. The sensation rode the knife's edge between pleasure and pain, lighting up every nerve ending until

Juro was openly sobbing—jerking and twitching helplessly against the breeding bench.

Martini smirked. “Should’ve just kept your legs open, huh? Have you learned your lesson now, sweet thing?”

“Please, please, it’s too much!”

Martini only grinned wider, ignoring Juro’s sobs and pleas as he alternated sharp spansks between the human’s puckered hole and throbbing clit. “Too much? Oh, sweetness... I’m just getting started with this greedy cunt.”

With that, he rose to his feet. Juro craned his neck, trying to see what Martini was doing—and his eyes widened in shock and fear as the intruder pulled out his cock.

Do none of these aliens have a normal-sized dick?!

It was thick and long, with prominent ridges running along the shaft. But what made Juro recoil was the surface—like the rest of Martini’s body, it was rough and textured, almost like sandpaper.

“No! It’ll tear me apart!” Juro cried, trying to scramble away. But Martini just laughed and caught his hips, yanking him back into place.

“So what? You can just be stitched back together again,” Martini growled. He pressed the tip of his cock between Juro’s legs, rubbing it against Juro’s swollen clit and making him jolt and moan.

Then, sliding it back to nudge against Juro’s slick, modified cunt, Martini snapped his hips forward. Juro screamed, his back bowing as he was split open on the huge, textured intrusion. The rough ridges scraped deliciously along his sensitive inner walls, igniting every nerve ending.

To Juro’s shock and humiliation, the searing stretch and friction catapulted him into an immediate, overwhelming orgasm. His altered cunt spasmed and clenched around Martini’s pistoning cock, rippling with contractions as slick gushed out around the thick shaft. Juro

wailed, thrashing against the breeding bench as ecstasy tore through him.

“Fuck yes—milk my cock, you desperate little slut,” Martini snarled, not slowing his ruthless pace for an instant. He pounded into Juro’s flexing hole, grinding his rough cock over Juro’s prostate with every thrust.

Juro sobbed, shaking from the force of Martini’s movements. The sandpaper texture was maddening, scraping over his tender spots and keeping him pinned in an endless cycle of pleasure and pain. Just as one orgasm began to ebb, the raw stimulation crested again, hurling him into another convulsive climax.

The brutal rhythm seemed to go on forever, reducing Juro to a limp, drooling mess. Endless waves of pleasure battered him; his cock spilled helplessly onto the floor while his man-cunt gushed and squelched obscenely around Martini’s relentless thrusts.

Just when Juro thought he couldn’t take any more, Martini reached around and cruelly pinched his puffy, oversensitive nipples between rough fingers. Juro howled, arching off the bench as a strange pressure built in his swollen chest.

Suddenly, thin streams of liquid sprayed from his nipples, splattering across the breeding bench. Martini grunted in surprise, pulling back slightly to examine the pearly fluid coating his rough fingers.

Martini laughed in delight, milking Juro’s tits harder, coaxing out more of the mysterious fluid.

“Well, well, looks like the good professor gave you a few more upgrades,” Martini chuckled darkly. He brought his dripping fingers to his mouth and lapped at the liquid, his faceted eyes flaring brighter. “Fuck, you’re delicious. Who’s the lucky bastard that gets to milk these fat udders every day?”

Juro shuddered, cheeks burning with humiliation as more fluid leaked from his sensitive nipples. The idea of being milked like a cow—of his body being altered to produce some kind of... of breast milk—made his stomach turn. And yet... his traitorous cock throbbed at the depravity, at being reduced to nothing but holes and tits to be used.

Noticing Juro's reaction, Martini grinned viciously. He pistoned his hips faster, fucking into Juro's sloppy cunt with animalistic grunts. At the same time, he kept a relentless rhythm on Juro's puffy nipples, sending bolts of pleasure-pain straight to his core.

Martini used Juro like a cock sleeve, milk spraying from his bouncing tits with every devastating thrust. The wet sounds of skin slapping and Juro's constant, desperate moans echoed obscenely through the room.

Martini's fingers on his nipples were maddening—alternately twisting, flicking, and tugging the sensitive peaks. He rolled the swollen nubs between his fingertips, then pinched down viciously, making Juro shriek and clench around his pistoning cock.

"That's it. Milk my cock while I milk these slutty tits."

Juro's head thrashed mindlessly, overwhelmed by the dual assault on his nipples and cunt. His body was no longer his own—completely at the mercy of Martini's cruel touch, a toy for the stone-creature's pleasure.

Milk poured constantly from his throbbing nipples now; his chest felt hot and swollen, aching for release. His pussy clenched and rippled, slick streaming down his thighs as he was pounded mercilessly. Juro lost all sense of time—lost in a haze of pain and pleasure.

Suddenly, an alarm blared through the room, red lights flashing.

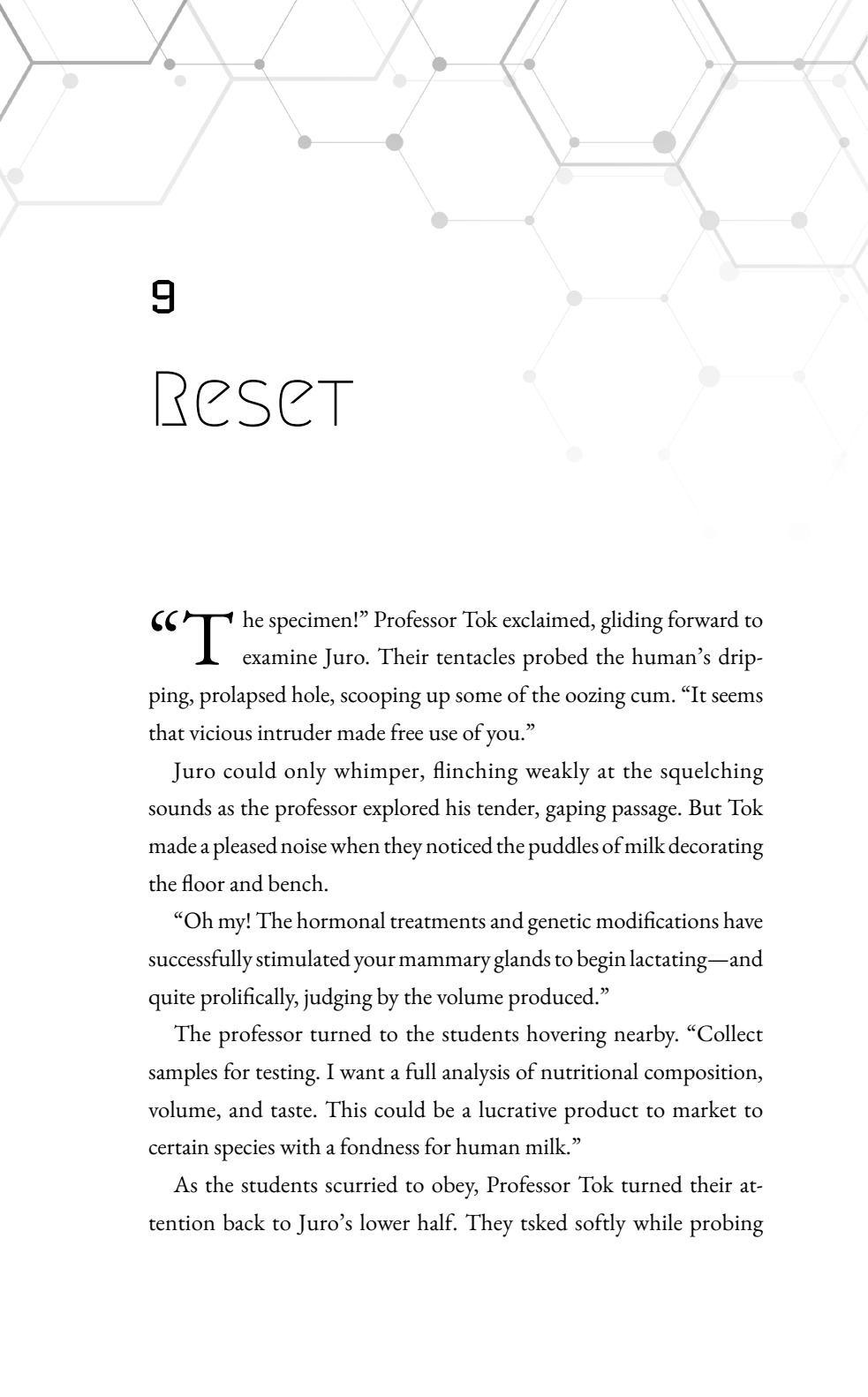
“Fuck!” Martini snarled. With a few last vicious thrusts, he hilted deep and came with a roar, his cock erupting and pumping Juro full of thick seed.

Juro shuddered, whimpering as cum gushed into him, his stomach cramping from the sheer volume. Martini rutted through his orgasm, grinding against Juro’s limp, cum-logged body before pulling out with a filthy, wet sound.

Juro collapsed face-first onto the breeding bench, mewling weakly as sticky globs of the creature’s semen dribbled from his swollen, gaping hole, joining the puddles of slick and milk on the floor. His entire body throbbed from overuse—nipples puffy and red, hole stretched wide and prolapsed, the tender inner flesh exposed.

“Oops, looks like they summoned the cavalry. I gotta go.” Martini smirked and pinched a red, protruding fold. Juro twitched. “Don’t worry—the professor will tighten you back up. Thanks for the ride, sweet thing.” He tucked himself away hastily. “Maybe I’ll come back later to save you... or for another taste. Ciao.”

With that, the intruder made his escape, slipping out just as Professor Tok and the others rushed into the lab, weapons drawn. They stopped short at the sight that greeted them—Juro splayed on the breeding bench like a debauched feast, coated in fluids, moaning deliriously.



9

Reset

“The specimen!” Professor Tok exclaimed, gliding forward to examine Juro. Their tentacles probed the human’s dripping, prolapsed hole, scooping up some of the oozing cum. “It seems that vicious intruder made free use of you.”

Juro could only whimper, flinching weakly at the squelching sounds as the professor explored his tender, gaping passage. But Tok made a pleased noise when they noticed the puddles of milk decorating the floor and bench.

“Oh my! The hormonal treatments and genetic modifications have successfully stimulated your mammary glands to begin lactating—and quite prolifically, judging by the volume produced.”

The professor turned to the students hovering nearby. “Collect samples for testing. I want a full analysis of nutritional composition, volume, and taste. This could be a lucrative product to market to certain species with a fondness for human milk.”

As the students scurried to obey, Professor Tok turned their attention back to Juro’s lower half. They tsked softly while probing

the human's red, prolapsed hole, the delicate inner flesh inflamed and chafed from the brutal fucking.

"It seems our intruder was not gentle with you. This level of prolapse and tearing will require surgical correction if you are to remain viable for live breeding." Their tentacles continued their clinical exploration of Juro's most intimate places, assessing the damage.

Juro could only sob brokenly as the professor handled him with cold, detached precision, probing and prodding his abused flesh. The detached terminology and the way they discussed his body like a specimen only compounded his humiliation and horror.

Professor Tok moved up to examine the rest of him, their single eye sweeping over the mottled friction burns covering his hips, ass, and thighs; the swollen, reddened nipples and breasts; and the blank, glassy stare in his eyes. The professor nodded, making mental notes.

"Prepare the surgical suite," they instructed the assistants. "We'll need to reattach and reinforce the anal sphincter, treat the nipple and clitoral abrasions, and apply dermal regenerators to the skin damage. I also want a full psychological assessment once he's recovered, to determine if further mental conditioning is required after this incident."

Juro whimpered as tentacles slithered over his body, preparing to move him to yet another room full of cold metal tools and probing appendages. His mind shied away from thoughts of more procedures—more pain, more humiliating exposure.

As the assistants lifted his limp, unresisting body onto a hovering gurney, Juro retreated deep inside himself, desperate to disconnect from the reality of his existence.

A mask descended over Juro's tear-streaked face, and he gratefully inhaled the sweet-smelling gas, feeling the blissful tug of unconsciousness pull him under—away from the horrific reality of his existence.

He floated in darkness, disconnected from his ravaged body, numb to the clinical touches and invasive procedures happening beyond his awareness.

But even in the depths of medicated oblivion, Juro couldn't escape the memories seared into his mind. Fragments of sensation and emotion swirled through his drug-clouded psyche...

The shock and betrayal when Martini—his would-be savior—had revealed himself as just another cruel creature eager to use his altered body...

The deep, aching humiliation as the aliens had jeered at his transformation, mocking him while they violated his most intimate places...

The overwhelming, unwanted ecstasy as their alien cocks had remolded his sensitive inner walls, wringing endless climaxes from his modified flesh...

The nauseating mix of revulsion and guilty arousal as his swollen breasts sprayed milk, reducing him to livestock to be milked...

Juro whimpered in his anesthetic haze, trapped in an endless feedback loop of degradation and shameful, conditioned pleasure. Tears leaked from beneath his closed lids, his drugged mind unable to escape—even in unconsciousness.

Juro surfaced from the depths of medicated oblivion, awareness trickling back in stages. First came the sensation of pressure—of being held immobile, encased in smooth, form-fitting metal. His foggy mind struggled to make sense of it, still disconnected from the trauma his body had endured.

Gradually, other feelings filtered in: a dull, pulsing ache between his legs; a tenderness in his swollen breasts and nipples. Confusion swirled through him as he tried to reconcile these unfamiliar sensations with his fragmented memories.

His still-hazy vision cleared, revealing the curved metal walls surrounding him. With dawning horror, Juro realized he was back in the dreaded containment unit—the metal sarcophagus that had held him captive during the earlier intrusion.

But this time, the metal plates had parted, exposing his most sensitive, intimate places to the open air.

The box enclosed him from the neck down, leaving his face free. A circular ring fitted into his mouth pried his jaw open, making him drool.

Lower down, twin openings exposed his nipples. The swollen nubs throbbed, the surrounding flesh compressed by the snug metal while the tips jutted lewdly outward—vulnerable to any touch.

Worst of all was the window at his crotch, framing his new pseudo-clit for display.

Juro shuddered, feeling horrifically exposed. The containment unit held him immobile, unable to so much as twitch, presenting his erogenous zones like some kind of depraved art piece.

The lab door suddenly whisked open, and the familiar glide of Professor Tok's tentacles announced their arrival. The alien loomed over the containment unit, their single large eye swiveling to inspect the captive subject.

"Ah, excellent—you're awake," Tok said, voice as clinically detached as ever. "The surgery was a complete success. We've corrected the prolapse and healed the internal damage from the... enthusiastic use you endured."

Juro made a muffled sound of distress around the ring gag.

The professor continued, either oblivious or indifferent to Juro's turmoil. "We'll need to allow some time for healing before beginning the inseminations again," Professor Tok mused. "In the meantime, there are other adjustments we can make to optimize you as a breeding vessel."

Tok tapped at a data pad with one tentacle, pulling up a holographic brain scan. Glowing sections of the neural map pulsed and rotated as they manipulated the image.

"The scans indicate you're still resisting the pain-pleasure connection," Tok said, swiveling to pin Juro with a cold, appraising stare. "Your higher cognitive functions are clinging to outdated notions of consent and bodily autonomy. This conflicts with the modifications we've made to your nervous system and conditioning."

Juro's heart clenched in dread at the implications. They wanted to break him further—to rewire his very mind until he not only accepted his fate as a breeding slave, but craved it. The idea of losing even his inner resistance—the last shred of his original self—terrified him more than any physical torment.

Professor Tok continued casually, as if discussing a minor equipment adjustment rather than the mental violation of a sentient being. "We will focus on strengthening those neurochemical pathways, to make pain and humiliation register as pleasure."

The alien cleared their throat importantly. "While you were unconscious, I took the liberty of sharing our findings with the University heads. There's been considerable interest in your developed ability to lactate. As such, we've received both requests and substantial funding to expand our experiments."

Tok's single eye flicked down to Juro's distended nipples, and they rubbed their tentacles together in anticipation. "Many species find human breast milk to be a delicacy. If our trials with you prove suc-

cessful, we could expand the facility and acquire additional specimens for milking.”

“Mmmrrrgghhh!” Juro twisted in his confinement, shaking his head. He had clung to a vain hope that if he did as the aliens wanted—if he somehow became pregnant—they might release him. But now...

More people would be subjected to this. Their bodies used as nothing more than dairy cattle—human milk farms. Was this never going to end?

“Let’s begin,” Professor Tok declared.

Juro’s eyes widened as three large, wicked-looking needles descended from hatches in the ceiling, polished metal glinting coldly in the harsh lab lights. They looked more like medieval torture devices than medical instruments—each as long as his forearm, wickedly sharp.

His heart pounded as the needles lowered toward his immobilized body, his mind conjuring nightmarish images of being pierced and skewered. A terrified whimper escaped around the ring gag forcing his mouth obscenely open.

But to his surprise, the needles halted several inches above his exposed flesh, hovering ominously. Professor Tok adjusted the controls, and clear liquid began dripping from their tips, splattering onto Juro’s sensitive skin.

Two of the needles positioned themselves precisely over his nipples. Juro flinched at the first cold drops, instinctively trying to shy away—but there was nowhere to go. The icy fluid splattered over the swollen buds, making them stiffen and pebble almost instantly. Juro shuddered, the hypersensitive flesh sending zings of unwanted pleasure straight to his core.

The sensation was nothing, however, compared to the torment inflicted on his newly formed pseudo-clit. The third needle dripped

its contents directly onto the exposed, swollen nub. Each drop of the chilling liquid felt like a miniature electric shock.

Juro whimpered as more fluid dribbled down, pooling in the hollows of his nipples and coating his throbbing pseudo-clit.

At first, there was only the shock of the cold against his private places. But then—a tingling warmth began to spread through his sensitive flesh. It started as a faint flutter, like scattering pins and needles, then rapidly bloomed into an intense, prickling heat that suffused his nipples and clit.

Juro squirmed as much as his bonds allowed, whining at the strange sensation. It wasn't exactly painful—just overwhelming—the heat growing until it felt like his most tender parts were being scoured by a thousand tiny mouths. He panted harshly around the ring gag, drool spilling down his chin.

As he watched in rising alarm, his nipples began to swell and darken under the steady drip of fluid. The dusky pink nubs deepened to an angry red, puffing up like inflamed bee stings. They throbbed in time with his racing pulse, each beat sending a jolt of molten heat straight to his core.

His pseudo-clit was reacting too—the needy little bud swelling before his eyes, engorging to a size he didn't think possible.

Professor Tok observed with clinical fascination, tentacles tapping notes into their datapad. "Excellent—the serum is having the desired effect," they murmured, their unblinking eye roving over Juro's panting, shuddering form. "Increased vasocongestion in the nipples and clitoris, leading to heightened sensitivity and responsiveness."

As the strange liquid continued to drip onto Juro's inflamed nipples and engorged clit, Tok turned to a nearby lab bench and retrieved something—a small, wriggling sack made of semi-transparent mem-

brane. Juro's eyes widened in trepidation as the bag squirmed and undulated in the professor's grip, clearly containing something alive.

"In addition to its vasocongesting properties, the serum also acts as a potent pheromonal attractant and nutrient medium for these specimens," Tok explained, holding up the writhing sack. With a swift slice of a scalpel, they slit it open and upended the contents onto Juro's heaving chest.

Juro shrieked around the ring gag as a wriggling mass of insects tumbled onto his sensitive skin. They resembled pill bugs, each about the size of a thumbnail, with segmented gray exoskeletons and dozens of skittering legs.

The bugs immediately homed in on the serum-coated peaks of Juro's nipples, swarming over the swollen nubs. He thrashed and whimpered as dozens of tiny feet scabbled across his tender flesh, the creatures jostling and climbing over one another in a frantic feeding frenzy.

Their hard carapaces scraped and scratched over Juro's hypersensitive nipples as they fed, lapping up the serum with tiny, rasping mouthparts. Juro sobbed at the overwhelming stimulation, tears streaking down his face to mingle with the drool spilling past his propped-open mouth.

But Professor Tok wasn't finished. They upended the bag over Juro's crotch, dumping another writhing mass of pill bugs directly onto his throbbing pseudo-clit.

Juro howled, hips jerking futilely as the insects swarmed over his most sensitive spot—dozens of sharp little legs fluttering across the engorged bundle of nerves. They scraped and scratched at his clit, lapping greedily at the serum coating it.

The bugs scrambled over and around one another, tiny bodies piling atop Juro's inflamed clit. Their frenzied feeding produced a

constant, maddening vibration that suffused his entire groin with unwanted pleasure.

Through his haze of revulsion and overstimulation, Juro distantly heard Professor Tok dictating notes.

“The nutrient serum appears to be an effective attractant, as the *ero-bugs* are eagerly consuming it from the targeted areas. Subject displays strong reactions to tactile stimulation, indicating a significant increase in sensitivity—as hypothesized.”

Tok made a few final notations on their datapad, observing Juro’s writhing, insect-covered form. The human was clearly in sensory overload—muffled screams and sobs punctuated by full-body shudders as the pill bugs continued their frenzied feeding on his most vulnerable spots.

“I will leave you to acclimate to these new stimuli,” Tok said clinically, their single eye swiveling to meet Juro’s tear-filled, pleading gaze. “The nutrient serum will keep the pill bugs fed and active for approximately seventy-two hours. During this period, your body will be conditioned to associate intense tactile stimulation of the nipples and clitoris with both pain and pleasure, thereby strengthening those neural pathways.”

Juro whimpered around the ring gag, shaking his head frantically. *Seventy-two hours?* Three entire days of relentless, maddening torment? He didn’t think he could endure even another minute of the creatures’ skittering legs and rasping mouthparts against his inflamed, hypersensitized flesh.

Tears streamed down Juro’s face as he stared beseechingly at the alien professor, desperately trying to convey his distress and silently beg for mercy. But Professor Tok seemed unmoved by his plight, their expression remaining clinically detached.

“I will return to check your progress in three days,” Tok said, tentacles already gliding toward the door. “In the meantime, your nutritional needs will be met via a feeding tube to ensure your body remains strong enough to withstand the conditioning.”

With that, the professor tapped another control on their pad. A panel opened in the ceiling of the containment unit, and a long, flexible tube snaked out. Juro’s eyes widened in renewed panic as it descended toward his face, the end tipped with a narrow nozzle.

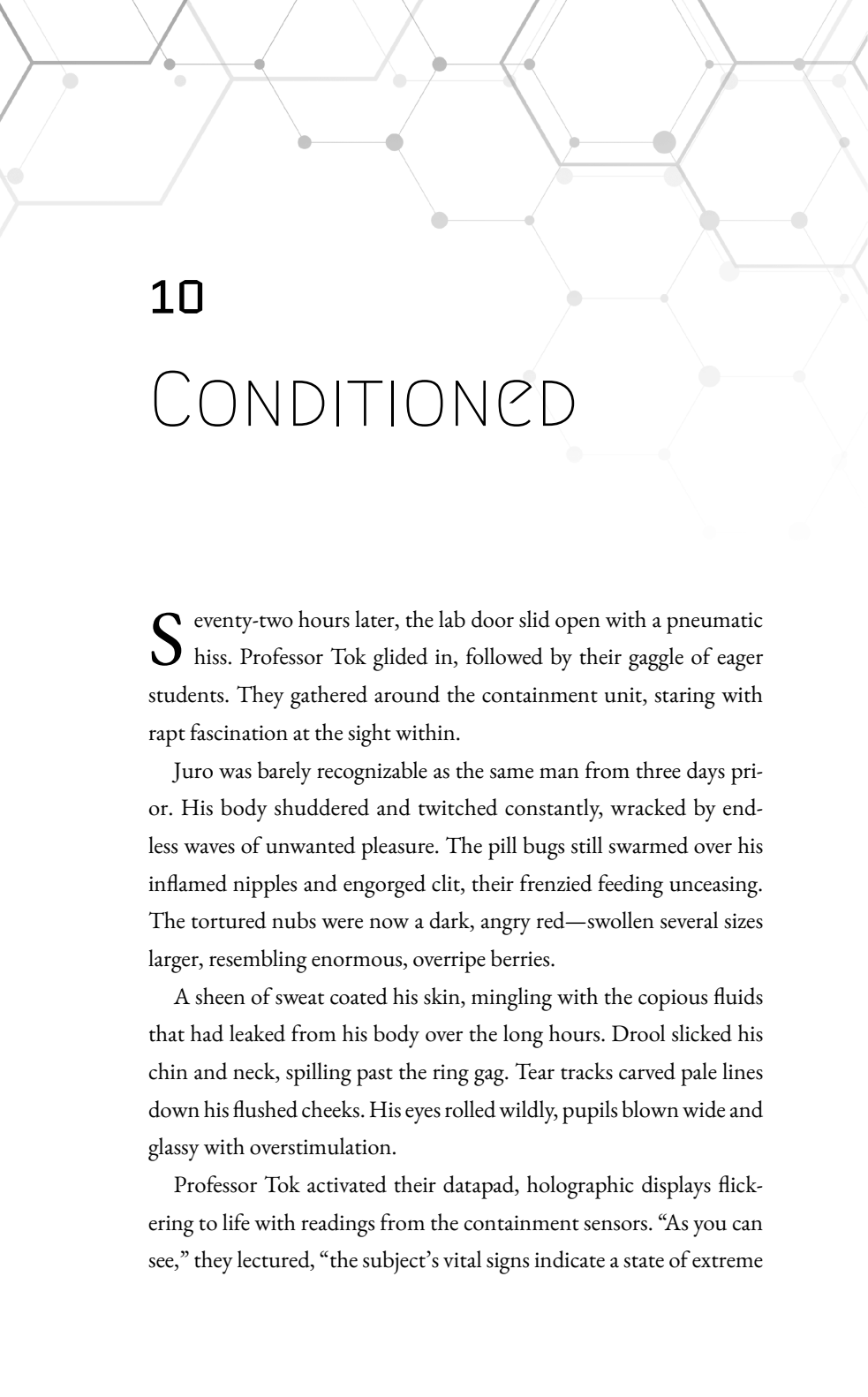
Tok’s tentacles deftly gripped his head, holding him still as the tube breached the ring gag and slithered into his mouth. Juro gagged and choked as the nozzle pushed past his tongue and triggered his reflex, sliding inexorably down his throat.

He thrashed as much as Tok’s iron grip allowed, whining and sputtering around the invading tube. But his struggles were futile. It continued its violation of his throat, sliding down his esophagus until the nozzle settled deep in his stomach. He could feel the weight of it inside him—like a snake coiled in his guts.

“There. The feeding tube is in place,” Tok said with satisfaction, releasing Juro’s head so it lolled back against the padded surface of the containment unit. “A nutrient slurry will be dispensed at regular intervals to keep you healthy and hydrated. Simply relax.”

With that chilling remark, the alien turned and glided toward the door. “I will return to assess your progress in seventy-two hours,” they said over their shoulder. “In the meantime, the program will run its course. I look forward to seeing how you adapt.”

The door slid shut with a final, damning clang, leaving Juro alone with his torment.



10

CONDITIONED

Seventy-two hours later, the lab door slid open with a pneumatic hiss. Professor Tok glided in, followed by their gaggle of eager students. They gathered around the containment unit, staring with rapt fascination at the sight within.

Juro was barely recognizable as the same man from three days prior. His body shuddered and twitched constantly, wracked by endless waves of unwanted pleasure. The pill bugs still swarmed over his inflamed nipples and engorged clit, their frenzied feeding unceasing. The tortured nubs were now a dark, angry red—swollen several sizes larger, resembling enormous, overripe berries.

A sheen of sweat coated his skin, mingling with the copious fluids that had leaked from his body over the long hours. Drool slicked his chin and neck, spilling past the ring gag. Tear tracks carved pale lines down his flushed cheeks. His eyes rolled wildly, pupils blown wide and glassy with overstimulation.

Professor Tok activated their datapad, holographic displays flickering to life with readings from the containment sensors. “As you can see,” they lectured, “the subject’s vital signs indicate a state of extreme

and prolonged arousal. Blood pressure, heart rate, respiration, and temperature are all significantly elevated.”

They gestured to another set of readouts with a tentacle. “Neurochemical scans show a marked increase in activity within the pain and pleasure centers of the brain—far exceeding normal human thresholds. The serum and targeted stimulation have successfully rewired the subject’s nervous system to register intense sensation as both pleasure and pain.”

The students murmured excitedly, taking notes on their own datapads. They craned their necks for a better view of Juro’s tormented form, eyes alight with academic hunger.

Professor Tok adjusted the controls, and the needles retracted into the ceiling of the containment unit, cutting off the flow of serum. Juro whimpered as the cool liquid ceased, leaving him with only the maddening sensations of the feeding pill bugs.

“Let’s see how the subject responds to normal stimuli now,” Professor Tok said. They reached into the containment unit, wrapping a tentacle around the feeding tube that snaked past Juro’s ring gag and down his throat. With a swift, clinical motion, they pulled the long tube free.

Juro convulsed at the sudden intrusion, his throat spasming around the tube as it slithered up his gullet. His eyes rolled back, his entire body going rigid—then, to the astonishment of the watching students, his hips bucked and his pseudo-clit visibly pulsed as a clear fluid spurted from the engorged nub, splattering the interior of the containment unit.

Professor Tok’s cyclopean eye widened in surprise as their subject climaxed merely from the tube’s removal. Intrigued, they reached in again and brushed a tentacle lightly over one swollen, insect-covered nipple.

Juro shrieked, back arching as far as his restraints allowed. The light touch on his hypersensitized bud sent lightning bolts of pleasure-pain sizzling through his nerves. His hips jerked, and another spurt of clear fluid jetted from the human's faux clit.

"Fascinating," Professor Tok murmured, prodding the nipple again and eliciting another full-body reaction. "The subject is displaying a hair-trigger response— even the lightest stimulation appears to catapult him into climax."

The students murmured excitedly, craning for a better view of Juro's twitching, overstimulated body.

Tok tapped their pad, and the containment unit hissed open. The metal plates retracted, finally freeing Juro's limbs and torso from their strict confinement. The pill bugs scattered, skittering away into the lab's shadows.

Juro gasped as cool air struck his sweat-slick skin. His arms flopped weakly at his sides, muscles cramped and unresponsive after so long imprisoned. But after a moment, his hands drifted upward—almost of their own accord—to hover over his heaving chest.

He whimpered, eyes glassy and unfocused as his fingertips brushed his inflamed nipples. Even that faint contact sent sparks racing through him, and he mewled softly, hips beginning to undulate.

Almost in a trance, Juro began to pinch and roll the tender buds, gasping and shuddering. He tugged at his nipples, pulling them away from his body before letting them snap back, the sting blending deliciously with the intense sensation.

His other hand slid down his sweat-slick body to his crotch, unerringly finding his new anatomy. The moment his fingers pressed against his pleasure button, he began humping against his hand like a desperate rabbit.

He rubbed quick, frantic circles over the slippery nub, every rasp of his fingers sending shockwaves of ecstasy through him. His hole clenched, gushing slick that soaked the padded table beneath him.

Juro was too far gone to care about his audience, lost in a haze of desperate need. All higher thought was drowned beneath the throbbing, urgent demands of his rewired body. He needed more—harder—now.

His fingers flew over his hypersensitized flesh, pinching and rolling, slapping and twisting, rubbing and tugging. His hips bucked and writhed on the padded table, moving in sync with his frantic ministrations.

More. More.

Shame and humiliation were distant concepts, burned away by the scorching urgency of his body's demands.

Faster and faster his fingers moved, chasing one release after another. His screams and cries rose higher, more frantic, until they vanished altogether—his mouth open in bliss, but no sound emerging.

Professor Tok and the students watched in fascination as Juro lost himself to mindless pleasure, his sweat-slick body gleaming under the lab lights, muscles straining as he worked himself into a frenzy. The wet sounds of his desperate fingering filled the room—obscene, relentless, and raw.

Each time he came, Juro shook and spasmed through the intense peak, his body convulsing with the force of release.

But his reprieves were short-lived. Within moments—before the afterglow had even begun to fade—Juro's hands were moving again, drifting back to his oversensitized nipples and clit as if magnetized. He whimpered when his fingers brushed the tender flesh, the sensation teetering on the edge between pleasure and pain.

He couldn't seem to stop himself; his body craved stimulation like a junkie craving a fix. Almost beyond his own control, Juro began to pinch and roll his sore nipples, gasping at the sharp sting. His other hand found his pseudo-clit—still throbbing and swollen—and traced shaky circles over the slick nub.

He sobbed brokenly, hips already undulating despite the overstimulation. Arousal coiled hot and insistent in his gut, even as his body trembled from exhaustion and overuse. He was insatiable now, a creature of pure need, stripped of every higher thought but the pursuit of pleasure.

His fingers drifted lower, past the throbbing nubbin, seeking the wet heat of his altered hole. But instead of sinking into slick, welcoming folds, his probing digits met resistance. Juro whined in confusion, pressing harder—but his fingertips only skated over a line of neat surgical stitches sealing his slit closed.

Professor Tok noticed his distress and glided closer, tentacles extending to examine the human's altered anatomy. "Ah yes. We had to seal your opening to allow the internal tissues to heal after your last session—and to give the sperm from the students adequate time to potentially fertilize your newly created ova."

Juro's eyes widened, a flicker of awareness cutting through the fog of desperate arousal. That's right—before the container, before the insects—the students had all taken turns with him, pumping their alien seed into his reformed womb. A full-body shudder wracked him at the memory of being passed around, mounted and filled again and again until semen sloshed in his belly with every movement.

Professor Tok continued in the same clinical tone. "We will examine you to check for successful implantation. If conception has occurred, we will monitor the fetal development. If not, we will adjust your hor-

mone levels and the breeding bench parameters to optimize fertility before the next insemination session.”

Juro whimpered. The idea of being pregnant—his body distorted even further to incubate an alien parasite—should have horrified him. He looked down at his belly.

Baby?

His gaze drifted to the crowd of alien students, and he imagined one or more of them managing to impregnate him with their offspring. His hips rolled instinctively, as if trying to lure one of the alien studs closer.

The professor manipulated a control, and the padded table hummed as it shifted and retracted into a new configuration. Juro yelped as he was abruptly repositioned, forced into a presenting pose on his hands and knees.

Cool metal bands snaked out, encircling his wrists and ankles. He struggled instinctively, but the restraints held firm, locking him in place. He was splayed open, his sealed hole exposed for examination.

The professor’s tentacles gently parted Juro’s cheeks, revealing the sewn-up opening. “We shall assess the state of the subject’s rectal passage post-surgical modification and accelerated healing.”

Professor Tok carefully snipped the stitches sealing the orifice, pleased to note minimal scarring of the delicate tissues. They probed the pink, glistening folds with a clinical touch, testing the elasticity.

“Remarkable,” Tok mused, tracing the seam with gentle tentacles. “The nanite-laced surgical thread has done an exemplary job of knitting the tissues back together. The external sphincter appears fully restored.”

The professor turned to their students. “Prepare an enema solution. We must thoroughly cleanse the rectal cavity before proceeding with the endoscopic examination.”

The students scurried to obey, filling a large bag with warm saline solution. They attached a long, flexible hose to the bag, the end tipped with a smooth nozzle.

Professor Tok took the nozzle from their assistant and carefully pressed it against Juro's opening. The human whimpered.

"Now, now," Professor Tok murmured, stroking Juro's rump. "You're doing so well. Focus on the pleasure."

With steady pressure, the nozzle slipped past the tight ring of muscle, sinking deep into Juro's rectum. The tube snaked further inside, advancing until it reached deep into his bowels. Professor Tok nodded to one of the students, who opened the valve on the enema bag, allowing the warm solution to flow.

Juro moaned as the fluid rushed into him, his belly growing heavy.

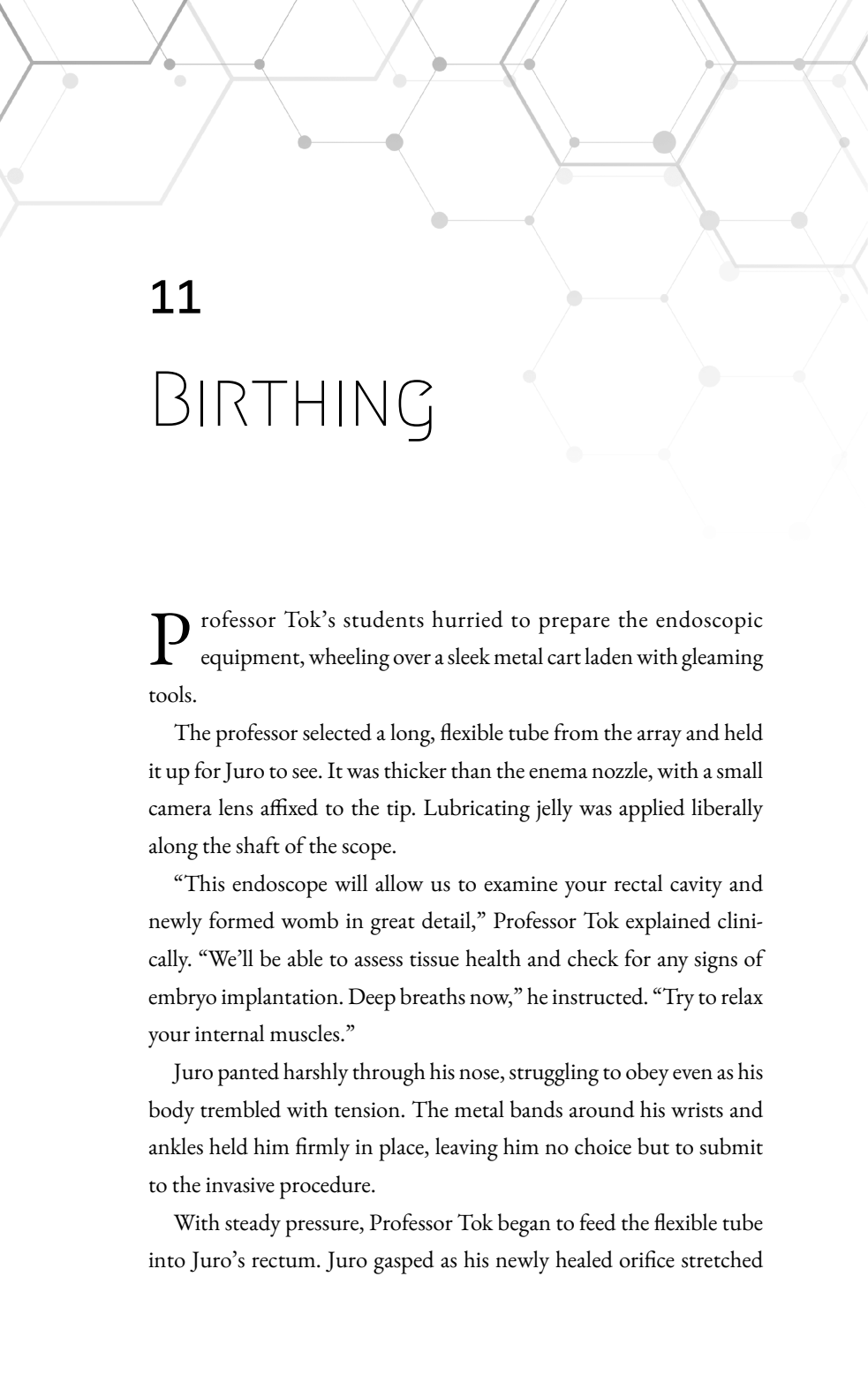
The professor massaged Juro's rounded abdomen, encouraging the solution to work its way through the human's bowels. Juro panted and whimpered, feeling bloated and strangely light-headed as the warm liquid sloshed within him.

After several long minutes, Professor Tok closed the valve, halting the flow. "Hold it in now," he instructed softly. "We need to let the solution fully saturate your system for optimal cleansing."

Juro groaned, clenching desperately around the nozzle still lodged inside him. His abdomen cramped and gurgled, the urge to release growing more urgent with each passing second. Sweat beaded on his brow as he fought against his body's instincts.

Finally, just when Juro thought he couldn't bear it a moment longer, Professor Tok withdrew the nozzle in one swift motion. Juro cried out as the fluid gushed out of him, his overstretched hole twitching helplessly. The professor's assistants moved quickly, cleaning him with practiced efficiency.

"Good, very good," Professor Tok said approvingly, eyeing Juro's pink, gleaming opening. "Now he's ready for the endoscopic examination. Prepare the equipment."



11

BIRTHING

Professor Tok's students hurried to prepare the endoscopic equipment, wheeling over a sleek metal cart laden with gleaming tools.

The professor selected a long, flexible tube from the array and held it up for Juro to see. It was thicker than the enema nozzle, with a small camera lens affixed to the tip. Lubricating jelly was applied liberally along the shaft of the scope.

"This endoscope will allow us to examine your rectal cavity and newly formed womb in great detail," Professor Tok explained clinically. "We'll be able to assess tissue health and check for any signs of embryo implantation. Deep breaths now," he instructed. "Try to relax your internal muscles."

Juro panted harshly through his nose, struggling to obey even as his body trembled with tension. The metal bands around his wrists and ankles held him firmly in place, leaving him no choice but to submit to the invasive procedure.

With steady pressure, Professor Tok began to feed the flexible tube into Juro's rectum. Juro gasped as his newly healed orifice stretched

to admit the girth of the scope. He could feel every inch as it snaked deeper into his body.

On a screen mounted above the table, high-definition images of Juro's glistening pink insides appeared for the professor and students to study. They watched with rapt fascination as the camera at the tip transmitted its journey through Juro's depths.

"Observe the vascularization of the rectal mucosa," Professor Tok narrated, manipulating the scope with deft twists of his tentacles. "The tissue appears healthy and well-perfused, having fully healed from the trauma of the previous session."

The endoscope pressed deeper, rounding the bend of Juro's sigmoid colon. Juro groaned at the strange pressure, his belly clenching around the invading instrument. On the screen, the camera captured the rhythmic undulations of his bowel walls, slick with mucus.

"Now, let's see if our breeding efforts have borne fruit," Professor Tok said, anticipation coloring their normally flat tone.

The endoscope slid deeper until the tip reached Juro's altered reproductive organs. There, on the screen, was his newly formed uterus — a small, pink pouch nestled between his colon and bladder.

Professor Tok adjusted the controls, zooming in for a closer look. The camera panned slowly over the spongy walls of Juro's womb, searching for any sign of implantation.

For long moments, the only sounds were the wet squelch of the scope moving through his altered anatomy, the hum of machinery, and Juro's harsh breathing. Then, finally, Professor Tok made a noise of disappointment.

"It appears fertilization has not occurred," they announced with a faint edge of irritation. "Despite the volume and variety of semen introduced into the subject's reproductive tract, there are no visible signs of attachment or embryonic development."

Juro shuddered on the table, conflicting emotions warring within him at the news. Part of him was awash with relief — the idea of being impregnated, his body twisted to incubate an alien embryo, had filled him with dread and revulsion. Yet another part of him ached with disappointment.

Professor Tok withdrew the endoscope with a wet, sucking sound. A thin trickle of lubricant dribbled from the human's hole and slid down his perineum.

"The failure to conceive is likely due to irregularities in the subject's uterine environment," Professor Tok mused, their primary eye fixed on the datapad's readouts. "We'll need to refine the hormonal regimen and adjust the nutrient slurry to optimize fertility before the next insemination session."

They glided to a nearby lab bench, long tentacles already selecting vials of unknown substances and syringes.

"This new formulation should stimulate increased ovum production and prime the uterine lining for implantation," Professor Tok said, holding up a syringe of pale pink liquid for the students to see.

Juro trembled as Professor Tok approached with the large syringe filled with unknown drugs. His thighs tensed, instinctively trying to close—trying to shield his vulnerable opening from further violation. But the metal restraints held him splayed open, leaving him no defense.

"We'll need to ensure thorough coverage and absorption of the fertility enhancers," Professor Tok said clinically. "Direct injection into the uterine lining will be most effective."

They glided to a cabinet and retrieved a large, intimidating metal device. Juro's eyes widened in fearful recognition—it was a speculum, the kind used for livestock examinations. The long, curved blades gleamed under the harsh lab lights.

Professor Tok brought the speculum to Juro's upturned rear, the cold metal making him flinch.

"Deep breaths," they instructed dispassionately. "This will facilitate access to your womb."

Professor Tok inserted the speculum, and Juro yelped at the intrusion. It went in deep. Then, slowly, they cranked the handle, opening the blades inside Juro's anal channel.

Juro panted harshly through his nose as he was forced wider and wider, the stretch burning deep in his pelvis. He could feel cool air wafting over his exposed insides, his body revealed to the room.

"Excellent dilation," Professor Tok remarked, peering between the speculum's blades. "The subject's rectal cavity is sufficiently visible for direct injection."

The professor held up the large syringe, the pale pink fluid sloshing ominously within the barrel.

With their other tentacles braced against Juro's splayed cheeks, Professor Tok guided the syringe between the speculum's blades. Juro held his breath, his entire body tensed in anticipation. He could feel the rubbery tip of a tentacle slithering through his propped-open hole, gliding along his sensitive inner walls.

The appendage probed deeper into Juro's body, following the path previously mapped by the endoscope. It brushed over his prostate, making him jolt and shudder at the sharp pulse of sensation. Deeper still it went, until the tip grazed the entrance to his womb.

"Injecting the serum now," Professor Tok narrated.

There was a moment of pressure—then a sudden, sharp pinch as the needle pierced through the delicate ring of muscle.

Juro gasped, his body seizing at the sudden stab of pain deep inside. But he had no time to recover before Professor Tok depressed the

plunger, pumping the contents of the syringe directly into his tender womb lining.

The pale pink fluid gushed into Juro's defenseless uterus, coating the spongy walls in a wash of tingling warmth. He could feel it spreading through him, seeping into his altered tissues with a strange, feverish heat.

Professor Tok withdrew the syringe and tentacle from Juro's gaping hole. "The fertility enhancers are already taking effect," they remarked, their primary eye roving critically over Juro's flushed, trembling form. "Observe the increased vasocongestion in the reproductive organs. His uterus is engorging—preparing for insemination and implantation."

Clear fluid began to seep from Juro's open hole, dribbling down to puddle on the table below.

The assembled students murmured in excitement as they watched Juro's body react to the drugs.

Professor Tok tapped a command into their datapad. "It's time to make another attempt at breeding. All students will take turns inseminating the subject. Ejaculate as deep as possible to maximize the chances of fertilization."

Juro made a choked noise—half despair, half desperate arousal—at the pronouncement. His altered mind recoiled at the thought of enduring it all again, but his body... oh, his treacherous body ached to be filled. The drugs surging through his system had his hormones spiking, every cell crying out for alien cock.

"When not actively being inseminated, the subject is to be kept in the milking apparatus," Professor Tok continued dispassionately. "The fertility drugs should enhance milk production as well. Stimulate the mammary glands frequently to maximize output."

To be constantly milked like a cow whenever he wasn't being used as a breeding hole...

Humiliation and degradation crashed over him, even as his nipples tingled and leaked in shameful anticipation.

The students eagerly shed their lab coats—a rainbow of tentacles, cocks, and ovipositors springing forth. They crowded around the breeding bench, stroking their various appendages in anticipation.

Juro's eyes glazed over, his mind finally fracturing under the relentless onslaught of drugs and conditioning. The last vestiges of resistance crumbled, leaving only a desperate, aching void that craved filling. His altered body thrummed with need, every cell screaming to be used, bred, and milked.

“Yessss...” Juro heard himself whine, a throaty, wanton sound. “Please fuck me. I want it. I need to be bred so badly.”

The words spilled from his lips unbidden, all higher thought drowned beneath the driving need pulsing through his altered body. His hips rolled on the table in blatant, shameless invitation.

Professor Tok made a pleased sound, their tentacles tapping across the datapad. “The subject is displaying optimal receptivity and eagerness to breed. Conditioning and pharmacological intervention appear to be a resounding success.”

With a few more taps, the metal restraints released from Juro's wrists and ankles with a series of metallic clanks. Yet Juro made no move to close his legs or cover himself.

Instead, he immediately hooked his hands behind his knees, pulling his legs up and out in a lewd display.

The new position tilted his hips higher, presenting his slick hole to the room. His rim, swollen and glistening from the speculum's stretch, twitched and winked invitingly, beckoning the students forward.

“Breed me,” Juro mewled, too far gone to feel anything but desire. “Pour your seed in me—fill me, please. I want to be full of your babies.”

Juro's hands slid from his thighs to his ass, fingers sinking into the soft flesh. Shamelessly, he pulled his cheeks apart, baring himself even further—revealing the slick, pulsing depths of his eager cunt to the equally eager audience.

Professor Tok lifted their datapad, ready to take notes. "You may begin."

Months later, Juro was barely recognizable as the same man who had first been strapped to the breeding bench. His once flat stomach now bulged, stretched taut and heavy with the fruit of countless breedings.

Juro lay back on the exam table, his gravid belly rising before him like a mountain. His legs were splayed wide, feet locked into stirrups on either side of the table. After months of near constant use and alteration, the humiliation he'd once felt about his altered body was a distant thing, drowned out by the constant, gnawing ache of need that suffused him.

During his frequent examinations, the Professor allowed their students to soothe Juro by letting him suck their cocks while his man cunt was poked and prodded. Today was no different and, while the professor helped himself to Juro's bottom, the human subject was slurping happily away on a student's knob.

Professor Tok loomed between Juro's spread thighs, tentacles probing and examining Juro's distended stomach with clinical detachment. The alien pressed down on Juro's belly, assessing the firmness and position of the hybrid fetuses squirming within.

"Gestation is progressing well," Professor Tok announced to the gathered students, who watched the examination. "The subject's

womb has expanded to accommodate the multiple pregnancies. I estimate he is currently carrying at least a half a dozen offspring."

Juro moaned around the thick alien cock pumping between his lips, the degrading talk washing over him. The alien cock in his mouth pulled out with a wet pop and was immediately replaced by another, the student eagerly taking his turn using Juro's throat. Juro accepted it mindlessly, his red-rimmed eyes glazed and unfocused.

Both of Juro's hands were occupied as well, stroking and squeezing the cocks of two other students who crowded close to the exam table. The aliens groaned and thrust into Juro's grip, their shafts pulsing and leaking over his busy fingers.

Below, Professor Tok pushed a long, thick tentacle into Juro's slick, gaping hole, the appendage sinking deep into Juro's altered channel until it was buried to the root.

Juro whimpered around the cock in his mouth as he felt the tentacle push past his abused prostate to wriggle into his gravid womb. The professor's probing appendage stroked over the heavy globes of the hybrid fetuses, assessing their size and activity.

Juro's hips rolled shamelessly, grinding down on the invading tentacle, greedy for more stimulation. His grossly enlarged clit throbbed, the engorged bud peeking out from beneath its hood, red and glistening.

He wished one of the aliens would touch it.

Flick it.

Suck it.

Anything.

Juro pumped his hips up and down, hoping the professor would understand what he wanted.

Professor Tok withdrew their tentacle from Juro's spasming cunt with a wet squelch. "The offspring have shifted into position," the

alien announced. "Dilation is progressing rapidly. Prepare to receive the newborns."

... *What?*

Juro panted harshly as the cocks withdrew from his mouth and hands. He started to say, "Wait, I'm not ready," but only managed, "Wait," before his body was consumed by the overwhelming sensations of impending birth. Slick gushed from his clenching hole, his abused vaginal walls stretching impossibly wider with each contraction.

The first hybrid infant crowned at Juro's entrance, bulging out his swollen, glistening folds. Juro threw his head back and screamed — raw, animalistic — as the alien newborn forced its way out of his straining body. With a gush of fluids, the infant slipped from between Juro's thighs into Professor Tok's waiting tentacles.

"A healthy male specimen," the professor declared, holding up the wriggling, fluid-drenched newborn for the students to see.

The newborn hybrid squirmed in Professor Tok's grip, mewling and blinking against the bright lab lights. Though slick with birth fluids, the resemblance to Bocci was unmistakable — a puppy-like muzzle, floppy ears, and a little tail that wagged weakly.

Bocci stepped forward, his own tail wagging as he reached for his offspring. Professor Tok handed the newborn over, and Bocci cradled it tenderly, his long tongue swiping over the baby to clean away the remnants of afterbirth. The infant yipped and nuzzled into Bocci's furry chest, seeking warmth and comfort.

After a thorough cleaning, Bocci carried the pup back to Juro and laid it gently on the human's heaving chest. Instinctively, the infant rooted around, its little muzzle questing until it latched onto one of Juro's swollen, leaking nipples. Juro gasped at the sudden draw on

his sensitive flesh as the pup began to suckle hungrily, its tiny paws kneading the yielding mound of Juro's breast.

He had only a moment to process the strange sensation of nursing before another contraction seized him. Groaning, he bore down as the next two babies crowded his birth canal. With another gush of fluids, a pair of humanoid shark infants slithered out onto the table between Juro's quivering thighs.

The twins were sleek and streamlined, their skin a mottled gray. Slits on either side of their necks fluttered — rudimentary gills not yet ready for water. Delicate fins protruded from their spines and the backs of their arms. When they blinked up at the room, their eyes were pure black — fathomless and glossy.

Gex surged forward, scooping up his progeny with a delighted croon. The infants burbled and chirped, their little mouths bristling with rows of tiny, sharp teeth.

"I knew our offspring would be adorable," Gex purred, his razor-sharp smile stretching wide. He looked up at Juro, eyes gleaming. "You and I make quite the pair, cutie."

Juro could only moan weakly in response, his body wracked by another powerful contraction. He bore down, feeling unbearable pressure as the next infant pressed insistently against his stretched opening. With a drawn-out groan and a gush of fluids, the baby tumbled out onto the table.

This newborn was different from the others. Its body was sheathed in fine, interlocking plates of chitin, soft gray like oyster shell. A stubby horn jutted from its brow, ridged and faintly spiraled.

The infant lay curled on the table, limbs tucked close to its armored body—then the tiny horn began to vibrate, emitting a low, thrumming hum. The sound resonated through the room, a deep, soothing pulse.

Rorne stepped forward, his own magnificent horn glowing and vibrating in response. The two appendages harmonized, the tones weaving together in perfect resonance. The proud sire gathered his offspring and cradled it to his armored chest. The baby's hum intensified, its horn strobing in a rhythmic pattern that matched Rorne's.

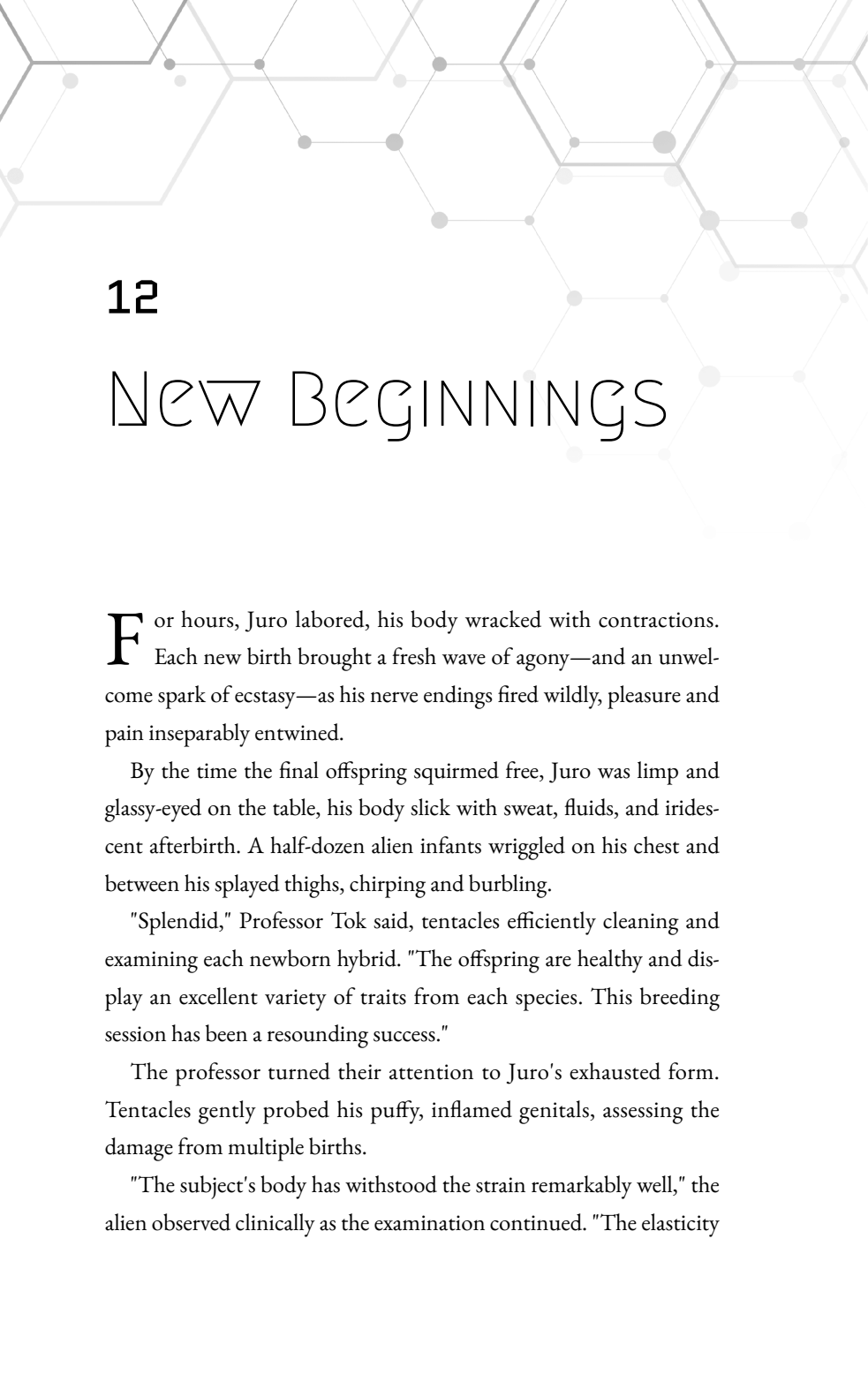
"A strong, healthy Cornet," Professor Tok declared. "The horn-song has already begun; the bond between sire and progeny is established."

Rorne carried the humming infant to Juro and carefully placed it on the human's chest beside the suckling pup. The baby Cornet immediately latched onto Juro's other nipple, its toothless mouth closing and sucking hungrily.

As it nursed, its little horn continued to flicker and hum, the vibrations traveling directly into Juro's sensitive flesh. He gasped, back arching at the strange but not unpleasant sensation—a buzzing warmth spreading through his chest, coaxing the milk to flow.

Juro panted, lost in a haze of overwhelming sensation—the burning stretch of his contracting womb, the relief of expelling each squirming infant, the relentless pull of hungry mouths at his nipples.

But there was no respite. Another fetus was already pressing insistently against his overstretched opening.



12

NEW BEGINNINGS

For hours, Juro labored, his body wracked with contractions. Each new birth brought a fresh wave of agony—and an unwelcome spark of ecstasy—as his nerve endings fired wildly, pleasure and pain inseparably entwined.

By the time the final offspring squirmed free, Juro was limp and glassy-eyed on the table, his body slick with sweat, fluids, and iridescent afterbirth. A half-dozen alien infants wriggled on his chest and between his splayed thighs, chirping and burbling.

"Splendid," Professor Tok said, tentacles efficiently cleaning and examining each newborn hybrid. "The offspring are healthy and display an excellent variety of traits from each species. This breeding session has been a resounding success."

The professor turned their attention to Juro's exhausted form. Tentacles gently probed his puffy, inflamed genitals, assessing the damage from multiple births.

"The subject's body has withstood the strain remarkably well," the alien observed clinically as the examination continued. "The elasticity

of the rectal tissues is impressive. With minimal healing and hormone adjustment, he should be ready for insemination again very soon."

Juro could only moan weakly as the professor handled his most intimate areas, still lost in the haze of post-birth endorphins and conditioning. His altered mind latched onto the implication in Professor Tok's words—that he would soon be bred again, his body used once more as an incubator for alien young. His exhausted cunt clenched faintly at the thought, a fresh trickle of slick joining the fluids already pooled beneath his hips.

Professor Tok noticed Juro's involuntary response and made a pleased trilling sound. "Excellent. The subject is already showing signs of eagerness to continue breeding. The psychological conditioning has taken deep hold."

The professor signaled to their assistants, who approached the exam table carrying trays of vials and instruments. "Administer the healing nanites and fertility boosters," Tok instructed. "I want him ready for the next round of inseminations as soon as possible."

Juro whimpered as syringes of glowing fluid pierced his skin, barely feeling the sting through the haze of lingering pain and pleasure. Almost immediately, warmth began to spread through his loins as the alien compounds went to work, knitting his abused tissues back together and priming his body to be bred again.

As the assistants worked, Professor Tok turned to address the gathered students and researchers. "This session has proven the viability of our breeding program beyond any doubt. The human specimen has successfully produced offspring with an unprecedented range of species traits."

The alien audience chittered and clicked excitedly, their tentacles and appendages writhing with anticipation as they eyed Juro's prone form.

"With the data and genetic material gathered from this phase, we can now move forward with the next stage," Professor Tok continued, their single eye glowing with triumph. "Negotiations are underway to acquire additional human subjects to expand our breeding stock. With the serum and conditioning perfected on this specimen, we can now streamline the process of altering and preparing new breeders."

Juro's drug-clouded mind reeled at the words—horror and revulsion warring with the artificially induced need thrumming through his body. They were going to take more humans, warp and reshape them as they had him, turning them into broodmares for alien young.

Some dim spark of Juro's former humanity rallied at the thought, a weak surge of protective outrage flickering in his chest. But it was quickly smothered, drowned by the deep, aching need that ruled him now. The conditioning had done its work too well—his mind and body were no longer his own, irrevocably remade to crave the degradation of being used as a breeder.

Even as some distant part of him wept for the fate of those future victims, Juro's treacherous body responded with a surge of dark arousal. His abused hole clenched and released, a fresh gush of slick coating his thighs at the thought of others being subjected to the same depraved alterations and training.

Made for this... Designed for this...

The mantra pulsed in time with the pleasure sparking through Juro's nerves, carving itself deeper into his psyche with every twitch and throb.

Professor Tok's tentacles stroked almost gently over Juro's flushed skin, tracing the new curves and valleys of his distorted form with proprietary care. "You have been an excellent prototype," they crooned. "The perfect vessel to refine our methods. But now it is time to expand production—and your role must evolve as well."

The door to the lab slid open with a pneumatic hiss, drawing Juro's attention from his post-partum haze. Two of Tok's assistants entered, flanking a naked, stumbling human form between them. The figure was young and fit, terror stark on his face as he took in the nightmare tableau of the breeding room.

"Wh-what is this place?" he stammered, wild eyes darting from the alien machinery to Juro's altered, fluid-spattered body on the table. "What the hell is going on?!"

"Ah, our new acquisition," Professor Tok said, gliding over to inspect the quaking human. Tentacles slithered out, grasping the man's jaw and turning his head this way and that. "A prime specimen—healthy and virile. He will make an excellent addition to the program."

The captive jerked away from the alien's probing touch, chest heaving with panicked breaths. "Program? What program? Let me go, you fucking freaks!"

Professor Tok ignored the outburst and turned instead to Juro. "It is time for you to assume your new role," they said evenly. "This neophyte will need guidance and instruction as he is altered and conditioned. Who better to teach him than our prototype breeder?"

A dark thrill shuddered through Juro. He would be the one to guide the new arrival into the world of depraved pleasure that had become his entire existence.

His body moved almost of its own accord, sliding off the examination table on unsteady legs. Fluids dripped obscenely down his thighs as he stumbled toward the restrained man, his heavy, engorged breasts swaying with each step.

The young man's eyes widened in horror as Juro approached, taking in the grotesque alterations to his body—the swollen curves, the absence of his balls, the red, puffy clit glistening where his penis should

have been, the unnatural swell of his nipples atop milk-laden breasts. He recoiled as much as his bonds allowed, trying to shy away from Juro's reaching hands.

"N-no, stay away from me!" the captive stammered, straining against the iron grip of his alien handlers. "What the fuck did they do to you?!"

Juro only smiled, a dreamy, blissed-out expression that sat strangely on his flushed, debauched face. He pressed himself against the trembling man, smearing his fluids across the other's bare skin.

"Shhh, don't fight it," Juro cooed, his voice husky and slurred. "Just relax... let it happen. Let them help you find your true purpose."

The man shook his head frantically, eyes rolling as panic overtook him. "True purpose? What the fuck are you talking about?! I don't want this! Please—you have to help me escape!"

Juro laughed—a soft, broken sound that bordered on a giggle. His fingers found the captive's nipples and pinched, drawing a sharp cry from the man. "There is no escape," Juro purred, rolling the tender nubs between thumb and forefinger. "This is what we were made for."

He pressed his slick, fluid-smeared body closer until he could feel the terrified hammering of the young man's heart against his own swollen breasts.

"They're going to change you," Juro breathed, his gaze distant and glassy as memories flickered behind his eyes. "Like they changed me. They'll open you up—and fill you up—and stick you, and pump you, and fuck you. Oh, it's going to feel so good."

The captive made a choked sound of revulsion, renewing his struggles. But Juro pressed his lips to the man's ear, murmuring soothingly even as his hands continued their relentless exploration of the young body. "Shhh, don't struggle. Don't be scared. I used to be scared."

Juro's fingers drifted lower, brushing over the captive's quivering abs, tracing the sharp lines of his hips. The man jolted at the touch, a whimper catching in his throat.

"But then they showed me the pleasure," Juro whispered. "Opened me to heights of ecstasy I never knew existed." His hand cupped the captive's soft genitals, rolling them gently in his palm. "They'll do the same for you."

The captive shook his head frantically, tears leaking from the corners of his eyes. "No, no, please—I don't want that! You have to help me, please!"

Juro smiled—a fractured, blissed-out thing. He leaned in and captured the young man's trembling lips in a deep kiss. The captive squeaked into Juro's mouth, trying weakly to turn away, but Juro was relentless. His tongue pushed past the man's lips, sinuously wrapping around his tongue, coaxing him into a sordid dance.

Moaning into the forced kiss, Juro let his hands roam lower, cupping the firm curves of the young man's ass. He spread the cheeks apart, baring the captive's hole to the eager gazes of the watching aliens.

Juro broke the kiss with a wet slurp, a strand of saliva connecting their mouths for one lurid, lingering moment.

"*I will* help you. Help you accept the beautiful fate that awaits you." Juro punctuated his words with a squeeze to the young man's ass, fingers digging into the firm flesh. "Just like the professor helped me."

Juro looked over his shoulder at Professor Tok and the waiting aliens, their tentacles and appendages squirming with anticipation, fluids dripping to splatter on the floor. Professor Tok loomed behind them, their single eye glowing with avid interest as they watched their prototype groom the new acquisition.

Holding the professor's unblinking gaze, Juro slowly licked his lips—a deliberate, vulgar motion. His voice was low and heavy with promise as he purred, “Let’s begin.”

He gathered the trembling, weeping captive into his arms, holding him close even as he guided him down to the slick, fluid-coated floor. The young man struggled weakly, whimpering in terror, but Juro only cooed softly, stroking his hair with a gentleness that belied the unnatural strength in his grip.

“Shhh, it’s okay, I’ve got you,” Juro murmured, his tone a hypnotic purr. “We’ll do this together. I’ll guide you through every step—show you how. You’ll be begging for their cocks soon enough, just like I did.”

As he spoke, Juro shifted their positions, spreading his legs to expose his slick, glistening opening. Holding the new subject on top of him, he pulled the man’s ass cheeks apart, baring his entrance to the room. The two of them were aligned—holes stacked one above the other, trembling and exposed.

The captive renewed his struggles, but Juro held him firm.

“And now,” Juro breathed, eyes glittering with unnatural hunger, “you will receive your first breeding. Prepare to be initiated.”

As if on cue, the waiting aliens surged forward, unable to restrain themselves any longer. Tentacles, cocks, and slick appendages reached out, eager to sink into the offered flesh.

The captive screamed as an alien cock entered him. But his cries quickly morphed into choked gurgles as tentacles pushed into his mouth and down his throat, muffling his protests.

Juro moaned wantonly as a thick, ridged tentacle speared into his sopping cunt, stretching him wide. “Shhh, don’t fight it. Let them take you however they desire. Be grateful to their cocks.”

Juro rocked his hips back to meet the brutal thrusts, reveling in the delicious stretch and burn of being split open on an alien cock once

more. His altered mind floated away on a haze of pleasure-pain, his awareness narrowing down to the feeling of being filled and used. Juro held the struggling human against him, humping his clit against the other human. He revelled as each alien thrust into his companion's rear provided even more stimulation.

As the aliens rutted into them, Juro's thoughts drifted dreamily. He imagined his womb swelling with a new clutch of alien offspring, his belly and tits growing heavy and ripe, being milked and fucked from dawn to dusk. He pictured the captive beside him, his flat stomach distending obscenely as alien spawn took root in his guts.

On top of him, the young man sobbed and thrashed, impaled on the thick alien shafts. But Juro knew it was only a matter of time before the captive learned to crave the stretch and burn, to find ecstasy in the degradation, just as Juro had.

Juro wondered idly how many children they would bear together, kept in a constant state of pregnancy and lactation, to be used as milking and breeding vessels.

Distantly, Juro felt the blunt press of a cock against his lips and he opened obediently, his jaw going slack to allow the musky shaft to slide over his tongue and down his throat. At the same time, the slick nudge of a tentacle at his puffy asshole made him moan around the flesh gagging him, his body instinctively bearing down on the probing tip.

As the secondary appendage sank into Juro's clutching heat, stretching him even fuller, a thought bubbled up through the haze of lust and conditioning clouding his mind. This was happiness. This was his purpose, his reason for being. To be filled and used and bred, over and over, his humanity stripped away until he was nothing but a willing receptacle for alien pleasure.

The realization settled over him like a warm blanket, smothering the last, flickering ember of his former self under a flood of blissed out acceptance. Juro surrendered utterly to the sensations wracking his body and the glorious future of depravity stretching before him, at peace in his altered, eternal enslavement.

THE END

AFTERWORD

Thank you so much for reading, "BREEDING THE EARTHLING!" I hope you enjoyed it. The companion NSFW comic, that I commissioned from the artist Yetigo, is free to subscribers on my website, junelemmon.com. The comic and written story do differ in some respects (especially the ending), so I hope you check them both out. Thanks again and look forward to the next June Lemmon story!

XOXO

June Lemmon

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

June Lemmon is a writer of smut and the author of the M/M dark fantasy romance, *Captured by the Orc*. During her years of bondage to a cartoon mouse, she became obsessed with Yaoi and Bara aka homoerotic Japanese manga.

However, after a disappointing discovery (she can't draw), June decided to write about the erotic relationships between men instead. Now she is finally able to share her hardcore, gay, power-play fantasies with the world and hopes to one day sell enough books to afford art lessons.