

Breeding Factory

Alexis Alexandra

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My name is Alicia. I'm thirty-four years old, stand five feet seven inches tall and weigh a healthy one-thirty-four. Which, after giving birth to a small army is pretty remarkable in and of itself but I'll get to that in a little bit. I have long black hair, dark brown eyes and a set of natural D's that have only grown larger and fuller with years of constant lactation. Not to stroke my own ego, but I've been called beautiful by men and women all my life and while I do agree with them, it was the source of my extreme shyness until I started high school.

I had boys and girls lining up to get in my panties, but as freshman with few friends and scared to death of getting a bad reputation – not to mention the fact that I was incredibly timid and shy as a mouse, I poured all of my attention into getting the best possible education as I could and left dating to the less introverted. But that all changed when I met Bret McKenzie. I was a freshman taking AP math classes and he was a sophomore struggling with algebra. I honestly don't remember how it happened, but we were introduced and I agreed to tutor him.

I think what drew me to him was the simple fact that he never once hit on me, or even hinted that he was interested in a relationship beyond learning math so he did not fail. Weeks went by and we started finding every excuse to be together. We were sitting in his room, his parents downstairs when out of nowhere he leaned in and kissed me. I remembered freezing in shock, but not backing away. He took that as a sign to continue and I let him. For the first time in my life I let me carefully maintained guard down and enjoyed the finer things in life.

It did not progress any further than that until he got a perfect score on a math test. I never intended for it to happen, but one thing led to another and kissing turned to groping and then it happened. We had sex and it was the single most glorious moment in my life to that point and I was hooked. Thankfully, he did not brag to his friends about it and for the most part we maintained the appearance of being friends. But that all changed when, to my horror, I was confirmed pregnant three days before my sixteenth birthday.

My parents were disappointed in me to say the least, but they knew there was no way in hell I would ever have an abortion. His parents were beyond pissed with us both, but to his credit, Bret proved what kind of man he was. Instead of denying it was his and dropping me like a hot potato like many boys his age would have done, he took responsibility for the new life he had helped create. Taking a minimum wage after school job, he put every dime he earned into a savings account to help take care of our child and that made me love him even more. And then on my sixteenth birthday, in front of sixty or seventy of our family and friends, he dropped down on one knee and proposed. Almost everyone thought it was a joke, because other than our parents we did not tell anyone I was with child, or that we had grown that serious. Allowing him to place the ring on my finger, I gladly accepted and with that we were engaged.

Our twin daughters Grace and Hannah were born nine months later and Bret had practically moved into my parents' house to be as close to his girls (including me) as possible. He doted on them day and night and I knew he was going to be an amazing father. Using the nearly ten grand he had saved up till then, he bought them everything they needed from diapers and clothes, to toys and helping pay for medical bills.

Our parents tried getting me on birth control, but I was having none of that. Not out of any religious reasons as I'm an atheist, but because it was my body and if I was not meant to have children then I would have been born barren and I would not budge from that stance for anyone unless at least half a dozen different doctors assured me that having kids would prove detrimental to my health. And then, as if history were repeating itself, I found out I was pregnant

again three days before my seventeenth birthday, and again three days before my eighteenth – having a beautiful baby boy at seventeen and a set of twin sons at eighteen.

Raising five kids at eighteen would have been an impossible endeavor had it not been for very loving and understanding parents on both sides who helped take care of them so that Brent and I could finish high school and go to college, get an education and earn enough money to take care of our ever-growing family. My father ran a very successful rental business with more than three-hundred units mostly comprised of apartment complexes, but had a few houses tossed in there for good measure.

After walking across the stage and earning my diploma – a minor miracle for a young woman in my situation, he drove us out to the country and pulled into the driveway of a beautiful ranch home sitting on nine acres. I knew we were having a party at one of his empty homes to have enough space for all the guests, but when he handed me the keys and told Brent and I that we could live there rent and utility free as long as we both went to college, I broke down and spent the better part of two hours crying.

Bret and I were married a month later and beginning our college careers two months after that. Following in his father's footsteps, he went into law and I went into child psychology. Nicknamed the baby factory by my husband and our closest friends as I seemed to get knocked up at the mere mention of the word sex, we added five more members of the family – three more daughters which I happily gave birth to, and two playful huskies named Bandit and Roscoe we adopted from a local shelter. Graduating a year ahead of me, Bret took a job at his father's firm and for the first time we no longer had to feel as if we were mooching off of our families.

I earned my Bachelor's degree a year later, but had a few years more before I could open my own practice which brings me to the night of our first fight in the entire eight years we were together. I was trying for child number nine – ten if I got really lucky and had another set of twins, and then Bret laid a bombshell on me that nearly had me filing for divorce. Our sex lives as healthy as the day we met, we were going at it once or twice a day seven days a week, but as it turned out I was the only one trying to get pregnant. Lying in bed afterwards, he told me he had a vasectomy the day after our youngest daughter Sasha was born.

Devastated, I moved into the only remaining bedroom at the furthest end of the house to be as far from him as I could while living under the same roof if only for the sake of what remained of our family stability. To me, having children was the most beautiful and magical thing in the world and I never wanted to stop. But there was more to it than that. From the first time I saw my belly growing with life, I was hooked and ashamed to admit it. Not at the attention showered on me by family and friends every time I made the announcement, but at the changes it made to my body.

My breasts had grown so much larger and were producing copious amounts of milk that my husband loved drinking every chance he got – a treat he would never taste again as far as I was concerned. And then there were the chemicals swimming through my system at the excitement of bringing another child into the world. It was not until my sixth was born that I was able to put a name to it all. I had a breeding fetish and it had completely consumed me.

It goes without saying that I was pissed for a very long time at having my ability to produce children taken away, but I learned to deal with it and life went on. To cope, I began writing erotica centered on women that shared my fetish. It helped at first, but the urges never went away and the more I wrote, the stronger they got. I stopped for a time, but never for more than a few weeks.

I tried talking Bret into reversing his vasectomy so we could have more kids, but he was adamant about not wanting anymore and forbade me ever speaking of it again – a demand I did not take too kindly, but dropped for the sake of our marriage. But the urges lingered, continued gnawing away at me as they haunted my dreams to the point I resented him for denying my biological need to have children.