

Breeding Humanity

Alexis Alexandra

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Brynn Sinclair – President of the Human Colonies, had just completed the Dhashol Ceremony with her chosen three Asarrians when she looked at those gathered around the enormous conference table. Taking in their shocked faces, she grinned ear-to-ear at her ability to continually surprise those she led. I count seven Asarrians without bands. How many of you would like to join with me? How many of you would like to own and be owned by the Leader of the Human Colonies? How many of you would like to breed and be bred by me?” If that sounds like something you’d like then please join us.”

“Ma’am, are you seriously going to become Dhshol to ten Asarrians?” Lieutenant-Commander Amber Hayes asked. “Not that I’m complaining, mind you, I’m just shocked you went straight for the ceremony is all.”

“Like I said, not even the Leader of the Human Colonies is above aiding the repopulation effort. What sort of leader would I be if I just sat here in my office doing nothing while those I swore to protect and serve are out there doing everything in their power, including being bred by human and alien alike?” President Sinclair said as the remaining unbanded Asarrians stood and approached. “I’m honored you all see me as a worthy and acceptable mate. Thank you.”

“We’re the honored ones, Ma’am,” a lithe, busty capuchin-type Asarrian woman named Elenaril said.

“If all of you become my Dhashol I would be honored to have all of your babies. I want you to breed me at the same time,” President Sinclair said.

“That is so fucking hot!” Amber exclaimed. “I wish I could impregnate you but unfortunately our biology doesn’t work that way.”

“Not yet, but with a few tweaks it’s potentially possible for future human generations to do just that,” Asarrian science officer Elincia replied. Yours wouldn’t be the first alien species we’ve genetically modified to procreate like us.”

“Well, if the President of the Human Colonies can bind herself to ten mates and let them all breed her at once, then we can do the same,” Tess said as she got up from the table. Set my band to release a total of ten eggs and then breed me, my loves.”

“Set mine too,” Amber said.

“And mine,” Ensign Nadia Zeal added.

“You may set their bands, but for the sake of genetic diversity I want them bred by ten different mates,” President Sinclair declared.

“Dhashol are only permitted to breed with those they’re bound to, Ma’am,” rainbow-haired, hamster-type Commander Ashryn replied.

“Then we’ll need more Asarrians in this universe. Is that possible?”

“Absolutely, Ma’am. Give a number and they can be here in a matter of days, but I think we should concentrate on finding you a new home world and building infrastructure first. Unless you’ve got the room and resources of a sudden population growth in the millions.”

“Our colonies can sustain approximately one-hundred-million people. We have around a third of that.”

“Do you want only your females bred, or will your men and women be breeding Asarrians as well? Because if it’s the latter then we can reach that limit in just one generation, Ma’am.”

“I want to believe everything I’ve read and been told, but I want to hear it straight from your lips. Are we really releasing ten eggs every cycle and will our children be one-hundred percent human or will they be half human and half Asarrian?”

“Everything we’ve said is true and your children, as well as those of every Asarrian impregnated by a human will be one-hundred percent human,” Ashryn answered.

“We might not be as advanced as your people in many areas, but we do have the means of determining pregnancy the earth days after conception and paternity after the first week so it won’t take long to prove one way or another. Until then, I do want to trust your people and intentions so I ask the seven remaining Asarrians to perform the Dhashol Ceremony with me and then to celebrate our union with a breeding gang bang.”

“I accept,” Elenaril replied.

“As do I,” a zebra-type Asarrian woman named Kaylessa said.

“I’d be honored to be your Dhashol,” a racoon-type Asarrian woman named Valindra said.

“I think it goes without saying that we’d all be honored to join with and breed you, Ma’am, but Commander Ashryn makes a good point,” a tall, barrel-chested ape-type Asarrian man named Sundamar said. Our laws and customs are clear. Once bound we may only breed our Dhashol. Since you want every human female here to be impregnated by ten partners we should do it before we’re permanently bound to you.”

“Any complaints?” President Brynn Sinclair asked and got none. “Great. Then that’s the plan. The seven remaining Asarrians will breed every human until we’re all pregnant by ten partners. After that, I’ll perform the Dhashol Ceremony with them and we’ll go from there.”

“With all due respect, Ma’am, and I’m genuinely honored you’d want me as your Dhashol, but if I’m being completely honest, I fell in love with Lieutenant-Commander Amber Hayes the moment I laid eyes on her,” an athletic, well-toned equine-type Asarrian man named Varitan said. “I would truly be honored to be her Dhashol.” Turning to face the object of his lust, he continued, “I would be honored if you made me your Dhashol.”

“It would be my pleasure,” Amber replied. “But not until you’ve bred every human woman in this room.”

“Of course.”

“If I’m being honest I’d like to perform the ceremony with Lieutenant Tess Jordan,” a young ibex-type Asarrian engineer named Kivessin said. “I not only love her take-charge attitude, but hope she’ll use it to train me as her sex slave.”

“I’d love too,” Tess replied. “But like Amber said, only after you’ve bred every human female in the room including me.”

“It would be my pleasure.”

“If you’ll have me I would be honored to be your Dhashol,” a red-skinned salamander-type Asarrian man named Nieven said to President Brynn Sinclair. “And I know at least a thousand men and women that would feel the same.”

“A thousand? That’s a lot of partners to pleasure,” the Leader of the Human Colonies replied. “Do you really think I could handle so many men and women?”

“Honestly? I don’t know, Ma’am, but I’d certainly love to see you try.”

“Have you been with a thousand partners?”

“No Ma’am. If I’m being perfectly honest you’ll be my third partner and second human. After Ashryn and Amber.”

“I’ve been with more than six-hundred partners, Ma’am,” Kaylessa said. “And no, I do not have any children yet to you’ll be the first to impregnate me.”

“Six hundred? You look so young!” President Sinclair Exclaimed.

“I’m twenty-four Asarrian years old, Ma’am.”

“Like I said.”

“May I ask how many partners you’ve been with Ma’am?”

“I want to lie and say only two or three, but I’m not a liar so I’ll be as honest with you as you’ve been with me. I’ve been with seventy-seven partners.”

“HOLY SHIT!” Tess exclaimed “Seriously, Ma’am?”

“Seriously. Most of them were during a fifty-one man gang bang when I was nineteen and another fifteen man one when I was twenty-three.”

“Not gonna lie, that’s fucking hot Ma’am!” Amber exclaimed. “I guess since we’re all being so open and honest, I’ve been with nearly eighteen-hundred men in the last four years the Endeavor has been drifting through space in an attempt to perform my duties of aiding the repopulation effort.”

“Eighteen-hundred?” the President gasped.

“That’s actually quite common, Ma’am, Ensign Nadia Zeal said. “While I haven’t been with many myself, I’ve talked to plenty of crew members that have done as many as Amber and in a few cases more. You have to remember that our core directive is to repopulate the human race and what better way to do that than having sex every single day?”

“Fair enough. A thousand partners, huh? I’d have to perform the ceremony with them all?”

“Yes Ma’am,” Nieven answered. I know it’s a lot but think of how many children you’ll have.”

“Well, only with the females.”

“True, but that accounts for about seventy percent of them.”

“We’ll discuss it more after we’ve all been bred and bound,” President Sinclair said. “Now set our bands to make us release ten eggs each and then let’s get this breeding party started.”

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Eggs prematurely released, ceremonies completed, Humans from one universe and Asarrians from another joined together for life, President Brynn Sinclair looked at the large group of men and women – lips curled into the most genuine smile she had ever given. “I cannot express how honored and happy I am to have met all of you. And though we’ve only known each other a few hours I’ve come to greatly respect each and every one of you for your dedication to doing whatever it takes to save humanity. That being said, we have a breeding party to begin. To that end, full disclosure, I’m kinky as fuck! As in there’s virtually nothing I haven’t tried in an attempt to pleasure or be pleased, so instead of fucking each other silly here in this frankly overcrowded conference room I’m going to take you all to my private quarters where we’ll be able to move around more freely while using my massive collection of toys. But to avoid a lot of questions I plan on answering later, we’ll take the secret way through my office so if you’ll follow me…” Letting her words trail off, President Sinclair gave her private security a nod indicating they should lead the way.

“When you say that you have a massive collection of toys do you mean sex toys, Ma’am?”

“Tess asked.

“Of course.”

“Dildos, plugs, beads, and the like? Or do you have kinkier stuff too like clamps, gags, canes, cuffs, and other bdsm toys?”

“Yes,” President Sinclair answered.

“That is so hot, Ma’am. While I don’t have a whole lot of practical experience, I’ve studied the lifestyle extensively and if the last day has taught me anything it’s that I’m definitely submissive and probably a sex slave.”

“To be fair, Dhashol, you’re definitely a sex slave,” Ashryn replied. “That is what it means to be bound. Well, partially anyway. Based on the limited access to human history that we’ve been given by Captain Elza Cane, Dhashol roughly translates to marriage of owners and slaves. I own you and you own me. I am your slave and you are mine. The same goes for everyone we’re bound to. Like it or not, there’s absolutely nothing a Dhashol won’t do to please their partners.”

“I understand, Mistress. I only bring it up because there are a great many old Earth ceremonies surrounding the bdsm lifestyle, especially after the passing of the sexual freedom laws of thirty-nine-sixty-three. But the practice dates back millennia. We have a collaring ceremony of our own that I would like to perform with all of my Dhashol, but only if you all agree.”

“What’s involved, Mistress?” the monkey-type science officer Elinicia asked.

“While it normally involves placing a collar around the slave’s neck, but since we’re already collared we can place it elsewhere on the body. There’s an exchange of vows and for the ceremony I’m thinking of, each slave is given the mark of their owner. In this case it would mean receiving three brands, but I think if we work together we can come up with a symbol that represents us as a group. Unless you want to be branded three times that is.”

“Personally, I like the idea of bearing the marks of all my owners, but that’s just me, Mistress,” quokka-type Asarrian scientist Delimira said.

“As do I,” Tess said. “But I’ll defer to the group.”

“I say all or nothing,” Ashryn added.

“I can’t say I’m looking forward to being branded once, let alone multiple times, but if that’s what the rest of you want then I happily accept,” Elinicia replied. Turning to President Sinclair, she continued. “I must warn you, Ma’am, that there’s a very high probability our pheromones will be released. That means your personal security will fall under their influence and most likely will beg some or all of us to perform the ceremony with them. If you want them for yourself then I suggest joining with them before the breeding begins.”

“Don’t worry about us, Ma’am,” Commander Cody Eckart said as he deployed his spacesuit’s helmet. “If air can’t get in then I doubt your pheromones will either.”

“She brings up a good point,” President Sinclair said. “You’ll all be breeding Asarrians soon enough and since I can’t risk losing my personal security detail you’ll perform the ceremony with me and the rest of my Dhashol. And yes, I know that breaks several laws, but given the state of the human race I think I’ll be forgiven suspending them for the time being. If you wish to keep your positions then you’ll follow us into my play room and join with me. If not, then I’ll accept your immediate retirement.”

“With all due respect, Ma’am, I’ve wanted to fuck you silly and use you as my personal breeding cow for years, but if we’re going to maximize the genetic pool and population size then we’re better off performing the ceremony and breeding ten Asarrians,” Commander Eckart replied.

“Using that logic, then you should breed every human here,” President Sinclair countered. Assuming everything our Asarrian partners says is true then I still have three eggs to fertilize so you and your men can breed me.”

“I’m not going to argue with you Ma’am. If you want my babies then you’ll have them.”

“That’s exactly what I want,” President Sinclair said as the head of her security team stopped in front of a heavy metal door. “This is it. This is the back entrance to my quarters. Once inside we’re all free to engage in whatever acts of sexual perversion that gets you off. No limits, no judgement. Ladies, human and Asarrian alike, if you’ve got unfertilized eggs you will not deny anyone wishing to impregnate you. Is that understood?”

“Yes Ma’am,” the women answered.

“And men, like them or not, you will breed any human and Asarrian woman that still has eggs to fertilize. Is that understood?”

“Yes Ma’am,” Commander Eckart and his team replied as every other man present was very much into both species.

“For the record, I think the Asarrians present are freaking gorgeous, Ma’am,” Lieutenant Terry Bishop of her security detail replied.

“Second that,” Lieutenant Drake Nolan – the youngest member of the team at just nineteen exclaimed. “If I’m being honest I’m a little jealous you asked Ghilanna to perform the Dhashol Ceremony before.”

“You wanted to join with me?” the cute, bee-type Asarrian woman asked.

“From the moment I laid eyes on you.”

“I’m honored. Sorry it’s too late, but if you want I can ask the Council to send more of my type for you to join with and breed.”

“I’d like that, thanks.”

“Okay, in we go,” President Sinclair said as she unlocked and pushed the heavy door open revealing a sparsely but comfortably decorated living room with a small kitchen on the right, bathroom on the left, and bedroom straight back. “Follow me.” Taking them into the bedroom, Brynn slid the closet door open, walked in, and then opened a panel in the wall revealing a palm scanner. Placing her right hand on it, she waited. A moment later the light turned green and something unlocked with a soft click. Closing the panel, she slid the section of wall aside revealing a set of stairs leading down. Not bothering with orders, she descended to a landing and then took another flight of stairs down to another closed door which she opened with a retinal scan. Keeping it open with a foot on the track, she ushered her guests into her huge playroom. “Welcome to my personal dungeon,” she said as she ushered everyone inside.

“Holy shit! This is amazing, Ma’am!” Nadia exclaimed.

“Thank you. And as long as we’re in my home you may all call me Brynn.”

“When you say no limits can we take that to mean we’re not allowed to refuse anything sexual?” Tess asked.

“That is correct.”

“Great! There’s something I’ve always wanted to do so get on your knees.” No sooner were the words out of her mouth, then Brynn got down on her knees in front of her. I have to pee and you’re going to drink it. Spit it out or spill a drop and you’ll be disciplined.

Grabbing Tess by the ass and pulling her closer, Brynn tilted her head back and then rotated it in a circular motion several times before placing it close to the young Lieutenant’s vulva. “I’m ready when you are.”

“You might want to get a little closer.”

“I’m good where I am. You may use me as your toilet whenever you’re ready.”

“Suit yourself, but when you spill it don’t blame me.” And with that, Tess started to pee.

Mouth wide open, throat relaxed, Brynn let the warm, salty fluid flow into the former and down the latter with virtually no resistance or sign of gagging.

“Okay, this is definitely not your first time being a toilet!” Tess said as she watched her pee rapidly flowing down the President of the Human Colonies’ throat.

Waiting for the stream to trickle to a stop, Brynn gave the young officer’s vulva a few licks and then licked her own lips clean. “You’re far from the first and definitely won’t be the last, but thank you for using me as your toilet. That being said, turnabout is fair play do get on your knees, slave.”

“Y-Yes Ma’am.”

Switching position, Brynn stood and Tess knelt. When the Lieutenant’s mouth was over her vulva, she waited for the young officer to make eye contact before letting the stream flow. While not as experienced as the much older President, Tess had no trouble getting and keeping it down. “Looks like I’m not the only trained toilet in this group,” Brynn said.

Waiting for the flow to stop, Tess licked the President’s pussy clean and then her own lips. “I’ve been drinking my own for the last year and started drinking my Dhashol’s once joined. “You have no idea how happy it makes me knowing you’re as big a pervert as the rest of us. Not gonna lie, I kind of wish we were Dhashol.”

“There are no limits to the number of partners an Asarrian can have so every single one of us could theoretically join,” Ashryn said. “Even your security team. And then we could get enough Asarrians to make sure there’s at least ten of us for every human. It would be an impressive group, but not unheard of. It’ll also ensure genetic diversity between us.”

“As exciting as that sounds, I think ten is a good number of partners. That being said, when you’re able I want you to hand select five thousand Asarrian women for me to breed in lesbian gang bangs,” Brynn said. “I want fifty women per day for one hundred straight days and I want them all capable of producing ten children at the same time.”

“Holy shit!” Commander Eckart exclaimed. “That’s fifty thousand children by you alone!”

“You’re right, what was I thinking,” Brynn said as she slowly shook her head. “Make it fifty women a day every single day for two thousand straight days. If my math is correct then that should put me at one million children.”

“I’ll make sure it happens,” Commander Ashryn replied.

“Thank you. Now, let’s get this party started.” And with that, Brynn wrapped her fingers around Nieven and Vesryn’s furry sheaths and started stroking until their cocks emerged. “I want you both inside of me at the same time.”

“Nothing would make us happier, Mistress,” Nieven replied.