

Seeding Willow

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Waking to the sound of her parent's arguing in the next room, Willow rolled over and glared at the clock which read seventeen minutes after three. "We're not having this conversation again," her mother said with voice on the edge of breaking down. "I want another child as much as you do but you heard the doctor. I can never get pregnant again."

"I know, but I have a possible solution if you'll hear me out."

"I'm listening."

"Willow."

Hearing her name, Willow sat up in bed and did a better job of paying attention to what was being said on the other side of her bedroom wall – her heart pounding rapidly in her chest.

"What about her?"

"I know this is going to sound completely and totally insane, but what if we asked her to be a surrogate?"

"I am not asking our daughter to carry a baby for me. Jesus Christ, Logan, she just turned eighteen last month. She's starting college in the fall. There's no way in hell I'm going to burden her with the responsibility of carrying a child she'll have to give up."

"Then we find someone else. What about Veronica?"

"Oh, hell no! Even if we were talking she has more drugs in her system than a freaking pharmacy."

"Then we make her get clean."

"Yeah, fat chance of that happening. Look, I appreciate you trying to find alternate means of having another child, but let's face it, we were lucky to have the two that we had and that's just going to have to be good enough. Now please drop it."

Knees pulled up to her chest, tears freely flowing down her cheeks Willow cried as her heart broke. Unable to fall asleep, she stared at the walls in silence for a good hour before getting up and pacing around her room – her mind deep in thought until her parents getting up a little before eight broke her train of thought. Going downstairs, she put on a pot of coffee and then did something new. Started cooking breakfast.

Coming down to the intoxicating aromas of fresh brewed coffee and frying bacon, Logan and Abbie Kaur walked into the kitchen to see their daughter pouring pancake batter into a pan. "Who are you and what have you done with the real Willow?" her mother asked.

"Breakfast will be ready in ten," Willow answered, not turning around for fear of losing her resolve. Absent-mindedly swaying her hips to the music in her head, she focused all of her attention on cooking.

Bacon, eggs and pancakes piled up on a platter, Willow carried it to the dining room and sat it in the middle of the table before taking a seat opposite her father. Unable to look either of them in the eyes, she put some food on her plate and took a few bites if only to curb the hunger. Ever so accidentally dropping her fork, she grumbled and then bent down to pick it up. Eyes shifting to the left, she looked under the table to see her father's dick standing at full attention confirming her suspicions.

The Kaur's were a nudist family and while her father and brother both had amazing self-control for men in a house with two very attractive naked women walking around, she had noticed the older and more developed she got, the less control they maintained to the point they were almost constantly popping boners around her. Until last night she thought nothing of it, but

now it all made sense. Her father suggested her to be the surrogate because he wanted to have sex with her and that threw Willow's mind for a huge loop that took her half the night to accept.

"What's wrong, sweetie?" her mother asked. "And don't give me that 'nothing' nonsense. I'm your mother and I can tell when something's on your mind."

It's now or never, Willow thought. "Can we talk?"

"Of course."

"In the living room?"

"I'd rather sit here and finish breakfast," her father said a bit too quickly.

"You mean you'd rather sit here until your dick gets soft," Willow shot back."

"WILLOW!"

"What? It's true. I saw it when I picked up the fork. Anyways, I want to talk in the living room right now." Clenching her fists to hide the fact she was trembling like a leaf in a tornado, Willow walked out of the dining room and into the living room and a moment later she was joined by her parents who sat on the couch with about a foot between them.

"What's going on, Willow?" her mother asked again. "Are you okay?"

"I'm fine." Taking a deep breath, she walked over to the couch, but instead of taking a seat she jumped up and landed with her knees on either side of her father's legs and the head of his cock firmly pressed into her vulva. "I'll do it." And with that she slammed herself down taking all eight inches into her no longer virgin pussy. "Ooohhhh god!"

"WILLOW!" her mother screeched. "What in the hell do you think you're doing?"

Wrapping her arms around her father's neck, Willow hugged him tight while adjusting to the sudden fullness in her womanhood. "I heard you arguing last night. I know you want another child and this is the only way for you to do it so please let me help."

"Jesus Christ, Willow, even if I did agree to let you do it this isn't how it should be done!"

"How else is dad going to knock me up? Besides, we both know he wants me so I'm doing you both a favor."

"Your mother is right, Willow, this is wrong."

"Do you love me?"

"Of course I love you but..."

"And I love you too daddy," Willow purred as she slowly started fucking herself on her father's throbbing cock. "I also know how much you want another child and I'd be honored to carry it for you so please just accept my gift and fuck your load into me." Looking over at her shocked mother, she did something she never imagined. Placing her left hand on the back of her mother's neck, Willow drew her in and then kissed her hard on the lips. "I love you mom, but to make sure there's no jealousy you're going to need to join us. Please lay back so I...so I can eat your pussy while dad fucks me."

"I am not bisexual, Willow."

"Neither am I, but I want you both or not at all. Please mom, I'm offering myself to you both to use as your surrogate so please just do this for me at least once so you can't get mad at dad for fucking me." Slowly lifting herself off of her father's cock, Willow looked down to see a small amount of blood. "By the way, thank you daddy."

"For what?" he asked, stunned at what had just happened.

"For popping my cherry," she replied, pointing at his dick. "Go clean that up while I make mom a little more comfortable."

"Honey, I think..."

“I think you need to go clean your dick and then get back in here and fuck me,” Willow said, cutting him off. “I’m not going to take no for an answer, dad, so just accept the fact that you’re going to knock me up and do as you’re told.” Turning to her mother, Willow gently guided her back onto the couch. “I’ve never had sex with anyone until now but I’ll do everything I can to make it feel good.”

“I really appreciate what you’re trying to do, Willow, but this is not what we want.”

“You want a child. Dad wants to fuck me. I’m pretty sure this is exactly what you both want and I’m willing to give it to you mom. Trust me, I know exactly how fucked up this is, but at least this way we’re all on the same page. Now please lay back and let me at least attempt to make you feel good.” Hands on her mother’s shoulders, Willow gently pushed her back and when her mother’s resistance finally eroded and she fell into a lying position Willow kissed her on the lips. Neck. Between her collar bones and down to her breasts where she latched onto her mother’s right nipple. Sucking, she was shocked when something hit the back of her throat. “Holy shit! You’re lactating? But how?”

“Your father loves drinking it so I never stopped after you were born,” her mother confessed.

“WOW! I didn’t know you could produce milk for that long.”

“I didn’t either until we tried it.”

“Cool.” Latching back on, Willow sucked the sweet milk down, stopping only when her father walked back into the room. “I don’t want to hear any excuses. Just get on the couch and fuck me.” Lowering her head, she suckled at her mother’s left nipple this time. A moment later her father was on the couch behind her rubbing his steel hard cock along her vulva. He grabbed her hips. The head of his cock went in and after a brief pause the rest followed. “Uuhhnnn! God damn that feels good!”

“Honey, it’s not too late to change your mind,” her father grunted between thrusts.

“If you and mom want another baby then I’ll give you another baby.”

“That’s just it,” her mother said. “I don’t just want one.”

“Then however many you want.”

“You don’t understand, sweetie. Before discovering I can never have kids again your father was using me as his breeding cow. That means he was going to knock me up as often as humanly possible. We wanted a huge family, Willow, and as much as we appreciate you doing this for us we cannot ask you to...”

“You’re not asking me anything mom. I’m volunteering.” Looking over her shoulder, Willow gave her father a wide smile. “I’m your breeding cow now daddy.”

“You have no idea what you’re agreeing to, Willow,” her mother said. “Please, just stop and...”

“God damn it mom! I’m trying to do something nice here. Why are you trying to ruin it?”

“Because what you don’t understand is that your mother and I had planned on having somewhere between eight and ten kids,” her father replied. “And by offering yourself as my breeding cow in her place means you’ll be picking up where she left off.”

“OH MY GOD! You mean...”

“He’ll knock you up six to eight times,” her mother finished the sentence.

“HOLY SHIT! C-Can’t we just stop at one?”

“No,” her father answered matter of fact. “Make up your mind now, sweetie. If you want me to use you as my breeding cow then stay as you are and enjoy the ride. If, however, six to

eight kids is too much then stop now and we'll forget this ever happened. Better think fast because I'm about five minutes away from making my first deposit."

"If I let you cum in me you're going to force me to have kids whether I want to or not?"

"Never! If you let me cum in you right now you're telling us both you want to be used as a breeding cow and I'll use you as such for as long as you're living under this roof. This is very serious, sweetie. If you don't want a bunch of kids then please stop."

Heart pounding. Head spinning. Clit tingling with excitement. Body trembling with fear. Willow's loving plan to help her parents conceive another child was quickly turning into a nightmare as she suddenly saw her future change a dozen different ways before her very eyes. "I love you both so much. Do it," she whispered. "Use me as your breeding cow." No sooner were the words out of her mouth than she felt her father's semen blasting deep inside.

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After showering, Willow and her parents met back in the living room to talk about what had happened and what lay ahead for the Kaur family. "You can never tell anyone about this, Willow," her father said.

"I'm not stupid, dad."

"I never said you were, but as much as we love you for what you're doing, the outside world will see it as abuse and not you doing the most loving thing possible."

"You understand you can't have sex with other men now, right?" her mother said.

"I understand. Also, breeding cow? Eight to ten kids? What other kinky shit are the two of you hiding? Seeing as how we're going to be lovers for the foreseeable future you might as well come clean about everything."

"I'm submissive and your father is my Master," her mother admitted. "Do you know what that means?"

"I may have been a virgin an hour ago, but I know what bdsm is. I've been all over this house including your bedroom and I don't recall ever seeing anything resembling a dungeon or so much as a sex toy though." Seeing the raised brow look from her mother, Willow continued. "What? I've read fifty shades. Are you going to dominate me daddy?"

"Do you want me to dominate you?"

"Yes! I mean...I'm willing to do whatever it takes to be your breeding cow and if that means being trained as your submissive then so be it."

"I think we need to take it a little slower," her mother replied. "Don't get me wrong, seeing you bound and gagged while your father breeds you is something I'd like to see, but this is a lot to take in and definitely not something you want to rush. Being in a bdsm relationship takes a lot of trust and..."

"I trust you and dad more than anyone in the world, mom, and I want to try it. I want to be trained as a submissive. So, how do we start? Where do we do this? Should I start calling you Master now? Oh god! Are you going to paddle and cane me if I'm bad?"

"Slow down," her father cut in. "I appreciate your enthusiasm, but like your mother said this is not something to be rushed into."

"OH MY GOD! It all makes sense now!"

"What's that?"

"All those times mom wore clothes. It wasn't because you didn't feel like going nude or it was that time of the month. You wore them to hide the welts and bruises from being disciplined! But I don't understand. Where do you do it at if not here?"

Looking at his wife, Logan sighed. “We both know she’s not going to stop asking until we show her everything so let’s get dressed and show her everything.”

“Everything?”

“Everything.”

“I think that’s a terrible idea, but I’ll go along with whatever you desire.”

“I may be new to sex, but I’ve imagined myself in Anastasia’s place and I liked it so I don’t think I’ll have much difficulty submitting to my own father,” Willow confessed. Giving them each a quick kiss on the lips, she ran to her bedroom. Knowing she would most likely be naked moments after arriving wherever they were going, she opted for a burgundy summer dress and matching heels with nothing on underneath.