

[wet noises fade in] It's been three years since you came to this program. It's been three years since our first meeting. Three years since you've become mine, pet. Clutch after clutch you have delivered, growing our little family into quite the pod. Have kept my word to always keep you full, haven't I?...Growing another clutch in your stomach, you grind against the tentacle currently working you. Inching you closer to the edge with every second that passes, you're so full I don't even have to fuck you myself. Can let the vibrations from the eggs inside you push you over the edge. Going to cum around nothing like a proper broodmare. Already fucked full of eggs, what more do you need?...That's right, you don't need anything else. This is all you are. This is all you have ever aspired to be. Living your dream as my personal incubator, every clutch you grow inside you sinks you further into your place, makes you feel that much better. It's a wonderful haze that you never want to leave, huh?

...Fucked so often you barely can form a thought beyond what you need to do for the eggs. Your life revolves around taking tentacles, taking eggs, and giving birth. You've turned into a proper incubator. When you aren't being filled, you're taking care of the other clutches. That's all a broodmare can be trusted to do, right?...Yeah, just listen to you. Getting closer as your hips rock against me, pushing your sensitive parts even further into me. Trying to get more friction, you can't help but groan at the sensation. It feels so good to be edged towards your orgasm, doesn't it?...Oh listen to that moan. Have you been holding back on me?

...Naughty, naughty. You should let those noises out. I know your close, breeder. I know your body better than my own. After all these years you have certain tells. Your thighs are starting to shake. The gasping as you try to get words out but it's just too much effort. The vibrations start to pick up as you deny how good it feels. Seems the eggs are wanting to be more honest than you, pet. Seems I'm going to have to start listening to the eggs more than the host incubating them. At least they speak the truth. You're trying to make it last longer, fighting your own pleasure, denying yourself. So cute how you don't think I notice, how you think I can't feel your body trembling against me. My own need grows as you continue to moan, sounding more desperate by the second. It's okay, pet. If you cum for me right now, I'll see how many of my tentacles you fit inside you tonight. How does that sound?...Oh, I know. That's probably your favorite game that we play. If you want to earn it, be a good broodmare and cum for me. Let it all out. Cum for me **[listener orgasm]** Just like that, yeah, what a good broodmare, listening to me, doing what you're told. I'm so proud of you, breeder. It's moments like this that remind me I made the right choice. You really were made for this, weren't you?

...I'm so proud of my pet. You've come so far. You wouldn't even recognize the person that walked into the clinic all those years ago. So much about you has changed, you've matured so much in the past few years. You've grown into a confident breeder. A human who knows how important the work is and has assimilated into Xul culture. You don't want to return back to the world you once knew, do you?...It's safer here. You can live out your dreams as a broodmare as well as help an endangered species continue to grow and thrive. Think about how many families dreams you have made real simply by creating eggs like this. You are doing such important work. I'm so proud to call you my breeder everyday. You make the strongest eggs, always take the best care of however many are growing inside you. It doesn't matter to you because you love each and every single one of them. Love how it feels to be bred, love how it feels to grow them, love how it feels to birth them. You're happily trapped in a cycle you never want to end. It is so nice to see a human actually following their heart, you wouldn't believe how many humans want this but deny themselves it. Not you. You know your place, you know what you are and have never been happier. This is where you belong, isn't it?

...Safe and protected in my tentacle's embrace. Come here, pet. **[kiss]** You taste just as sweet as the first time. I'll never get tired of this. Feeling you against me, the glowing from your eggs letting us know they are happy. You feel yourself relaxing against me, letting yourself go completely pliant. You trust that I'll hold you up, I've never failed you before. It's okay, pet. Close your eyes, get some rest. You're growing your ninth clutch inside you, you need all the sleep you can before the sextuplets come. **[chuckle // kiss]** You are the best thing to have ever happened to me. I will always love you, pet. Always. **[kiss]**

| Inclusivity Stuff |

Pet Names: pet, host, incubator, breeder, and broodmare

Body Parts Mentioned: stomach, sensitive parts, and thighs

Pronouns Used: You/Your

Included: time skip, epilogue, in media res, tentacle job, teasing, talking you through it, sweetly mean, lovingly humiliated, supportively degraded, praise, compliments, a tinge of it all, breeding, pregnancy, egg laying, oviposition, tentacles, grinding, humping, listener orgasm, aftercare (l-bombs, affirmation, and implied falling asleep together)