

Progenitor

By Ken Haramiru

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The “Progenitor” stories were actually the first erotic stories I posted anywhere. They were first posted on the now-defunct Impregnorium forum, but when it closed down I reposted them on several story sites. Please note that this is a deluxe, better-edited edition of the free version, but it is not the full eBook version. The commercial eBook is about 2/3rds larger than this.

You may buy the commercial eBook from any of the fine retailers listed at <http://haramiru.com/progenitor-1/>

My new body may live forever, but what does it matter if no one can remember me? Our entire species is genetically incapable of remembering me, and my face changes so frequently now that photographs and video are useless. If go to the government or the scientific community, my keepers will press a button and reduce me to a watery paste within seconds. This diary is my one, small freedom. Through it, some small memory of me will survive, even if it gets labelled as erotic fiction. And I take solace in the fact that a character

thought fictional is often remembered better than a real person. My name is Phillip Young, and this is my story.

Chapter 1: Unwanted Resurrection

Once, I was a man. And as a man I lived, loved, laughed, and died. I'd had more good years than bad, and only a few complaints. When my last breath let out on my hospital bed, my dying mind felt like I was walking into a soft but brilliant light. I honestly wasn't sure whether the light would take me to heaven or hell, and I still believe that a case could've been made for either destination.

What I didn't expect was for the white light to fade away, leaving me lying on my back on a table, surrounded by big-headed slender gray aliens. One of them fixed me with his jet-black, unblinking eyes, and words formed in my head: "You're not going to the afterlife this time."

The only thing I felt was disappointment; the cancerous mass in my chest had rendered my final year increasingly miserable. Today's realization that it was finally ending had felt like the greatest gift I could possibly receive.

The creature cocked its head to the side quizzically and thought to me, "What cancer? Your new body doesn't have cancer."

I suddenly realized that not only did I not feel pain, I also didn't feel drugged. I sat up on the table and looked down at my body, my muscles moving immediately and smoothly, responding faster and easier than I remember since childhood. I looked down in wonder at a body which now bore little resemblance to the wasted, shriveled husk I'd died in just a few minutes ago.

My new body was young and muscular - and naked, actually. I looked down at my hand and clenched my first experimentally, watching my skin flex without wrinkles for the first time since my late 20s. I suddenly noticed a video projection of some sort to my left, where I could see a translucent 3D projection of my body mirroring my movements. I put my hand to my head in surprise, realizing that I was completely bald.

The alien stepped up and touched my arm reassuringly, his words skipping my ears entirely as they flowed into my mind like a tidal wave of sound. “Your colony world is ready to evolve again, and you’ve been chosen to spread the adjusted genes.”

I furrowed my brows in surprise. “What colony world? And you want me to do what?”

“The human variant installed on your world is ready for an upgrade from version 19 to version 20. You are the chosen Progenitor for this release,” the alien stated simply. It gestured at the projection of my body, and to my embarrassment its penis became erect. I looked back at him, just as he touched some kind of control on my bed.

My vision blacked out instantly, replaced by a wave of images cascading through my head. Many were intensely erotic, while several appeared mathematical. The images cascaded into my consciousness, a tidal wave of data which made me feel like my head was about to explode. It stopped abruptly, and my vision returned instantly. I could feel the data now, like a frozen glacier of information just waiting to seep into my conscious mind. I blinked groggily as I felt my mind furiously churning in the background, just beginning to integrate some of the information. Facts began bleeding into my conscious mind, first in an occasional drip, then a light sprinkle which escalated into a monsoon rain of data over the course of mere minutes.

My first major revelation was that although we may believe humanity evolved naturally, it didn't - at least, not here. We began on a distant star, and gradually evolved into the gray beings which now stood before me. The aliens were too fragile to survive on a freshly terraformed planet, so they created us: a devolved version of themselves. Our genetics were simplified, our bodies hardier and our lives shorter. They deposited our primitive ancestors onto Earth millenia ago and watched as we proliferated, quickly becoming the planet's dominant life form.

The system works according to an elaborate plan; each phase of our evolution accomplishes some goal, which then paves the way for the

next wave of our evolution. Whenever we've satisfied the criteria to evolve again, one of our dying souls is intercepted by the aliens and installed into a specially crafted Progenitor body.

Compared to a normal human body, mine has been genetically altered to feature an upgraded metabolism, and to secrete pheromones designed to trigger certain pre-programmed instinctive behaviors embedded into our species. Mechanically, it's mostly human except for being full of self-replicating nanites designed to facilitate the process of this accelerated breeding program. And should the aliens deem it necessary, the nanites were also capable of reducing my entire body to a pinkish goo within seconds. I shuddered as the mental image of that process played through my mind.

"That is only in case you are captured," the alien monitoring my thoughts told me. "Should your government's scientists capture you, you'd consider disincorporation an act of mercy."

Unfortunately, he was probably right. But on a brighter note, the aliens don't mind my leaving this journal behind. In fact, they even encourage it; it will be part of the historical record presented to Earth once they reach version 32 and join their kin in the stars.

Speaking of versions, anyone reading this journal is probably Human version 19. Your generation had a good few hundred years' run, and were the 'pioneer' models which served to tame most of the world's frontiers. My children are version 20; weaker and less aggressive, but they live much longer and don't degrade nearly as much mentally or physically with age. A few hundred years later, they'll be replaced by version 21, with a whole different set of upgrades. Our evolutionary process has 32 steps in all, and the 32nd stage looks just like the aliens who resurrected me. The entire universe is filled with colony worlds just like ours, at different stages of development.

I opened my mouth to say something, but the alien shook his head and waved at me. My eyes reflexively clamped shut as a brilliant flash of light filled my field of visions, and then I was gone.

Chapter 2: The Beach House

All my senses told me I'd reappeared somewhere else. My ears were filled with the cries of seagulls and the roar of the sea, and my nose smelled the salt air. My skin was soaking in the warmth of the summer sun, and my eyes jerked open.

Instead of the dull white of the aliens' room, my eyes brought me the clean blue of the sky. My butt felt like it was burning and I jumped up, brushing sand from my skin as I looked around. I saw that I had been lying buck-naked on a sandy beach, probably somewhere in California, and the sand was scorching without a towel. A small group of nearby college kids broke out in laughter, men and women alike, but I was fortunate that the beach wasn't that crowded today. Thankfully, they seemed to have been the only ones who noticed me.

"Hey Rocky, you gonna stand there at half mast all day?" a female voice called out.

I looked down and noticed that my penis was semi-erect from the excitement. Blood rushed to my face in embarrassment, and my hands darted down as I looked around for something I could cover up with. The girl who'd yelled to me was a busty young blonde in a small bikini about 10 feet away, her body still dripping from the sea. She had a towel in her hand, but she was busy looking at me instead of using it. Her age was around 23, and her sharply defined tan lines suggested that she rarely wore things as revealing as the one she wore presently.

As my eyes scanned her perfect body, I suddenly realized my eyes had stopped being able to see this well back in my 20s, and that girls in the 1940s may as well have been wearing space suits in comparison. Each individual drop of moisture dripping from her hair gleamed in the sun as it dripped down from her hair and then cascaded down her perfectly shaped breasts. Just as my attention leapt to the thin top which served mostly to highlight the location of her nipples, my erection went from half-mast to a raging hard-on. I found myself unable to tear my eyes away from her, but at least I managed to bring them up to her face.

“I'm sorry, I don't know how I got here, miss...” I stammered, trailing off as I realized that I had no idea who she was.

She smiled saucily and started walking towards me, holding out her towel in her outstretched hand. “Then cut back on the booze, buddy. Waking up naked is only awesome if you remember how you got that way.”

I took the towel and thanked her as I wrapped it around my waist. My erection was still pitching a tent in the towel, but at least it was covered. “You sure you can remember my name if I tell it to you?” she asked, smiling impishly as she approached. She was nearly close enough to kiss.

With her perfect body this close to me, I might have forgotten my own name, but not hers. I could smell the faint odor of the ocean on her, mingled with suntan lotion and the dusky remnants of some perfume from last night. “Just try me,” I said.

“Kimberly Donovan,” she purred, pausing between words as she traced her finger down the center of my chest. I wondered if I was dreaming; even when I was young, women had never approached me like this. I glanced over at her friends, some of whom gave each other odd looks as Kim wrapped her arms around my waist and leaned in towards me.

She let out a little hum, leaning in to smell my neck. Where her skin touched mine, it felt like a humming, buzzing electric field. My penis now felt as if it were made of steel, red-hot and quivering with anticipation. Kim's mouth opened and her lips assaulted mine as she deliberately ground herself against my hard-on. I explored her mouth timidly at first, but as she didn't pull away I gained more confidence with each second. Still a bit surprised, I wrapped my arms around her lower back and poured myself into the kiss. I could feel her body molding itself to me, and then I felt someone staring at me. I opened my eyes and looked up as one of the guys she was with approached us.

I pulled back a little, breaking off the kiss a little early. Kimberly pouted for a split second, as if a spell had just been broken.

“Is everything all right here, Kim?” her friend asked. His eyes narrowed a bit as he scrutinized her reaction.

“Yeah, I'm fine. I actually just realized that I met this guy here last year and we really hit it off,” Kimberly lied.

Her friend raised his eyebrow. “Well, he's welcome to hang out with us if he wants to,” he offered. “But he'd better put something on first.”

Kimberly gave a mischievous half-smile. “Thanks John, but I'm just gonna help him sober up and get some clothes on. I'll call before dinner though, ok?”

John looked back at me, clearly concerned for Kimberly. “I think one of us should go along,” he said flatly.

Kimberly shook her head. “Nah, you guys enjoy the beach. I'll keep my phone on me, and you've all got me on your finder apps. Not like you'll have a hard time keeping track of me.”

John was clearly unhappy. “Kim, you don't know this guy. Even if you did meet him last year, and even if you thought you knew him then, you don't know anything about who he is now.”

Kim rolled her eyes and an edge of irritation crept into her voice. “Dammit John, I'm going to do what I want. Your brother and I broke up last month, and he's already dating Jackie anyway. So quit trying to look out for his interests.”

John sighed in defeat and threw his hands up in frustration as he turned and walked back towards his group. Halfway there, he turned and said to me, “You make sure she calls us if you go anywhere. My dad's with the sheriff's department.” He pulled a cellphone out of the pocket of his shorts and held it up for a second before saying, “And I've got a picture of you now too. So if she's in any danger...”

I interrupted him with, “...then you've got a picture of the guy who will have saved her from it. Relax, I'm not going to hurt her. Where I was raised, a man doesn't hurt women.”

John waved dismissively, not wanting to speak further. I certainly agreed with his concern, for that matter. But my hormones were getting

the better of me, and Kim seemed to be thinking the same way I was.

“John’s been a little protective of me ever since I dated his brother. He keeps hoping if he chases off the other guys I’ll eventually go back to his brother.” She pulled me a little closer. “Now, where were we...?” she asked.

“I think you were taking me to get cleaned up and sorted out? I don't even know how I got here.”

Kim raised an eyebrow. “Yeah, our beach house is over this way. C'mon, follow me.” She held my hand and led me towards the sidewalk. The sensation of the hot beach sand under my feet was painful, but refreshing in a way. Feeling anything below my knees was a pleasure, after years of diminished circulation. Part of me I welcomed every scorching grain of sand, savoring the way it shifted between my toes. When we stepped onto the cement, I treasured each step of texture I could feel in the sidewalk. And then there was the scenery once I was there. I'd forgotten what it was like to be on a busy beach in the summer, as women paraded by displaying their tan bosoms to the world. I couldn't help but notice the parade of fine specimens going by, and almost every woman under 50 was noticing me right back.

Kim stepped up to one of the many beach houses rented out to college students for spring break, then reached into her bikini and pulled out an artfully concealed key. As her hand snaked back out with its prize, I caught the briefest tantalizing flash of a nipple. She unlocked the front door and then pushed it open, stepping through and saying, “Now, I hope you don't think I'm easy, or that I do this often...”

I stepped inside with her and drank in the view. It was a well-furnished and functional abode, but it was clearly set up for temporary living. “Do what often?” I asked, my back to her as she closed the door.

“This!” With one yank, Kim snagged the knot I’d tied on my towel and yanked it away from my waist, leaving me naked. I spun around, and when I faced her there was an intense, feral look on her face. My hard-on sprang back into furious life, demanding her body with the same intensity that she demanded mine. I barely had time to

face her before she jumped at me, wrapping her arms around my neck and her legs around my waist like a spider monkey. She kissed me as if she were drowning and I were her only source of air. I wrapped my arms around her waist as I felt her body shifting lower. Her bikini bottoms ground against the tip of my penis with the simultaneously smooth and rough texture of synthetic fabric. Her bottoms were still a little damp from the ocean, but from the heat I felt through them I knew they'd dampen further in a matter of moments. I moved my right hand to her lower back and squeezed, thrusting back at her as she ground against me. The tip of my penis pressed against her bottoms again and again, and a growing wetness formed where my penis was ground against her, dipping slightly into her vaginal opening and pulling the fabric in with it.

Kim moaned with anticipation and ground back against me, trying savagely to ignore the fabric. The tip of my penis managed to push her bottoms in about a quarter inch or so, and I could feel her pussy juices beginning to soak through. Kimberly exhaled sharply and ground her breasts against me, yearning for even more skin contact.

“Where's your room?” I asked.

“First door from the top of the stairs,” she said hurriedly before she went back to kissing me. I carried her upstairs, marveling at the strength of my new body. Kim was still trying to get my penis to drill through her bikini bottoms. My cock had probably sunk in about three quarters of an inch or so when, halfway up the staircase, Kim finally scooted back and tugged her bottoms to the side. I could feel the fabric slide away from between us, and then gravity took care what came next. She let out a gasp as my cock entered her completely, her legs still wrapped around me.

I reached the top of the stairs and turned, then pressed her up against the wall by her door with a thud. Kim let out a startled gasp as she felt my cock bury itself deep within her pussy. Part of me just wanted to keep fucking her right there, but I knew her bed would be even better. My right arm was wrapped around her waist to hold her

there, but my left fumbled around until it found the door knob.

I had work the door blindly because Kim blocked my view as we kissed, her hunger driving her to explore every inch of my mouth. The door gave way with a creak, and I slipped my left arm back around her perfectly shaped butt and lifted. We were back to fuck-walking again, her body bobbing up and down on my shaft with every step. Her pussy tightened around me, her breathing becoming ragged as she neared her climax. I clutched her tightly as she let out the first of a series of little gasps, working up higher and higher in pitch and volume as she ground her hips against me. I felt her pussy clench as she came, trying hard not to scream in my ear as her rock-hard nipples nearly scratched at my chest. Her panting slowly subsided as I located the bed, then turned around and fell backward onto it. Kim gasped as the impact drove my shaft even farther inside her. We wound up with me on the bottom, and her on all fours crouching over me.

The first thing Kim did was to tear frantically at the front clasp of her top, as if it were on fire. She let out a little growl of frustration as her trembling hands slipped and fumbled. With a grimace, she just yanked her top up and off, freeing her magnificent natural 36” breasts as in one fluid motion she pulled off her top and flung it at the window.

I wrapped my arms around her waist and thrust gently, bouncing her up and down in a slow, leisurely ride. My hands burrowed underneath the rear of her bikini bottoms, cradling her ass. Kim looked down for a second, then fumbled with the knot on the side of her bottoms for a few seconds before successfully untying it and working on the other side. I craned my neck upwards and saw her pull the panties out behind her, then throw them in the same direction as her top. Now completely naked, Kim ground her pussy against my cock and commanded, “FUCK ME!” as she thrust to enunciate both words.

I couldn't think of any reason not to obey. I thrust back, lifting her in the air and burying my 7” pole in her throbbing sex. Kim let out a shriek of pleasure as I drew back and thrust again, clutching her firmly as her arms and legs coiled around me like steel cables. She was python

and tiger combined, her legs coiling around mine while her nails scratched at my back. I gasped for air as heat built up between us, the moisture of our sweat sealing us to each other like a single being struggling to achieve nirvana. She ground herself against me, molding her form to mine as if she could make me grow an extra inch if she squeezed hard enough.

One look into her eyes told me that her reason was gone - the only thing left over was pure, unbridled desire. In the face of that urgent need, I felt a fire light itself within me and travel down below my waistline. I closed my eyes for a moment as my orgasm built up, slowly at first and then faster and faster.

From what I could remember of my last life's sexual exploits, the pre-orgasm I was having now had already beaten the best orgasm I'd had in my life. A small part of me was freaking out because I was having completely unprotected sex with a woman I'd just met, but the rest of me deemed that part to be small and irrelevant. The only thing that mattered to me now was to finish, to cum inside this woman and fill her body with my seed.

Suddenly Kim blinked and froze. "Wait a - what the hell?" she shrieked. I was startled, looking into her panicked face with my penis still inside of her, my climax still building. Her hips were frozen in mid-thrust, and her brain was apparently still processing the fact she was busy fucking some man she'd just met.

"Let me go! Get out of me!" she yelled. Her arms and legs were intertwined with mine, making it difficult to disengage. I loosened up a little, but my penis was still inside her, and I could still feel it tightening as my climax built. The orgasm was about to be the best one I'd ever had.

In an impressive feat of strength for her size, Kim pressed at my shoulders, lifting my torso up off of her and looking down to where she could see my penis protruding from within her hot, slick pussy. "Pull out!" she demanded.

I couldn't do it. My hands clenched around her firm buttocks,

trapping her as I thrust upwards with grim determination. My penis shuddered, fully penetrating her as she pushed at me. Her own body betrayed her as I bottomed out, triggering her own orgasm. Kim's vagina convulsed as she came again, and as the sensations ripped through her nervous system she changed her mind about pulling out. She wrapped her arms around me again and pulled hard, crushing me to her as the first blast of my sperm ejaculated into her so hard that it felt like it'd blow a hole through her.

“Oh God!” she screamed out as she felt a jet of my cum strike her cervix, and then another and another. Her orgasm was still going, fueled by my continuing ejaculation, which was fuelled in turn by the rhythmic motions of her pussy. It felt like we were somewhere else entirely, inhabiting a plane of mutual erotic bliss as we clutched each other in the fulfillment of our shared biological imperative. I felt a low trickle of fluid seeping out of my penis as my sperm continued to flow. I felt my cock pulse again and again, slowly draining the last of my semen into this girl I'd just met. Her breathing slowed and normalized as she loosened her death grip, just holding onto me contentedly. Still on top of me, Kim shifted her weight a little to lift herself up a little, then ran her hands down her body. She lingered on her belly for a second and looked down at it, then almost timidly ran her fingers down until she touched her soaking-wet pussy. A finger experimentally poked down further, touching my shaft and confirming that I was actually still inside her.

“Oh shit,” she exclaimed, “we did NOT just do that!”

She pulled herself off of me with a wet sucking noise, letting our commingled sexual fluids drain out of her vagina. Kim flopped down next to me and let out a disbelieving sigh. I rolled onto my side and faced her before saying, “I'm sorry, I just couldn't let go. And you were just so into it until the very end...”

Lying on her side, Kim raised one of her legs a little, and a steady stream of white fluid flowed out of her vagina. “I was, wasn't I? I remember it just fine - but it's almost like something else was in control

of my body, right until the very end.”

I raised an eyebrow. “I give you my word, I didn't give you any dr” - I began.

“No”, she interrupted, “I know you didn't drug me. Hell, you were stark naked when I saw you on the beach, so I know you didn't have anything on you. In fact, you just appeared out of no where, right where I was looking. One moment there was just air where you were, and the next moment I saw a man I had to fuck, even if I had to rape him. I don't blame you.” She ran a finger down to her pussy, and wrinkled her nose as she saw it covered in my white goo. “Well, not much, at least.”

Kim took a deep breath, closed her eyes, and ran her finger back down to her pussy.

“Kim?”, I asked as she inserted her finger into her vagina and began to slide it back and forth inside her.

Her only response was a moan. Apparently-normal Kim was gone again, and the frantic fuckbunny Kim was back in charge. I watched as she began rubbing her clitoris with one hand and using the other to scoop up the sperm which had run out of her. She rolled onto her back and spread her legs wide, raising her ass a few inches off the bed for a better angle as she plunged her sperm-covered fingers back into her pussy. The rapture on her face was only slightly less than she'd shown right before the end of our frantic lovemaking session. I propped myself up on my side to enjoy the show, as well as to wonder what kind of strange life I'd been reborn into.

Kim's hips were thrust upwards, and she was deep in the throes of her third orgasm when she suddenly froze in place with her fingers deep within herself. Her eyes went wide open, and an expression of horror took over her face as she realized that she'd lost control again.

“What - the - FUCK?” she called out as she let her ass go back to the bed. It seemed an appropriate expression, expressing both the general situation and her shock at it.

“That was an interesting episode,” I observed.

She shook her head in amazement, wiping her hand on the bed

sheet. "I have no idea what's gotten into me today. This really isn't like anything I've ever done."

I shrugged. "If it's any consolation, this is a first for me too." I found the afterglow of sex to be somewhat of a relief. For the moment at least, I didn't feel the overwhelming urge to mate that I'd felt ever since seeing Kim.

Kim furrowed her eyebrows and brought her hand up to her navel for a moment. "Something wrong?" I asked.

She scooted up in the bed so that she half-sat up against the headboard, with her hand over navel. She turned to me and said, "I guess all that sex must've upset my stomach a little."

"Wouldn't surprise me," I replied.

Suddenly she bent forward a little, probing intently at her navel with a concerned look on her face.

"Are you ok, Kim?" I asked.

"Not exactly," she said wonderingly. Kim lifted her hand off of her belly, revealing that her formerly firm and flat belly was now expanding outward from a point just below her navel.

I looked in surprise as her bulge slowly began to grow. It was slow, but you could actually see it happening. "Shit," I said, "I think I saw this movie back in the 90s."

Kim locked her eyes on me, terrified. Her eyes begged and pleaded for me to at least explain what I had just done to her. I looked from her eyes, to her expanding belly, and back. Her belly was distending outward at this point, and some small stretch marks began to radiate out as I watched. I reached over and put my hand on her belly, feeling its inexorable expansion. She looked like she was about three months along now, but still growing. Her belly was firm and full, but the rate of growth was slowing. The fear and anguish on Kimberly's face diminished somewhat as the growth slowed, then came to a stop. She cupped her hands around her belly now which, if I had to guess, looked like she was around six months pregnant.

Her expression changed to accusation and disbelief. "What,

exactly, is this?" she demanded, pointing at her swollen belly.

I sighed. "Honestly, I'm not even sure. All I know is that it has to do with the next stage of human evolution."

Kim struggled to sit up, finding it nearly impossible with the new center of balance she'd acquired over the course of the last few minutes. "Human evolution, huh?" she snarled. "What part of human evolution is supposed to get me - ohhh!"

Kim's mouth opened in pain and her hand flew underneath her bulging belly. She jerked as if she'd had an electric shock, breathing roughly for a few moments. "Was that a contraction? If I'm pregnant, it's only been a few minutes!" she said incredulously.

I looked down at her vulva, still dripping with my cum. "I don't know what it was, Kim," I replied.

Then Kim gritted her teeth as her belly visibly flexed with tension. She grimaced as she clamped down, the pain playing across her face as the contraction built up to its crescendo. She started panting with exertion just before I heard an audible pop, and clear fluid began to drip out of her vulva. "Looks like you were right, Kim," I said, still amazed at what I was seeing.

The contraction lasted for a few seconds, and then Kim seemed to get a break for a moment. She looked at me and opened her mouth to say something again, but then groaned as another contraction started almost immediately afterwards. I put my hand on her belly; it felt as hard as a bowling ball, and it was hot to the touch. Something shifted inside of her, and Kim let out a startled shriek which began in pain and ended in pleasure.

"Oh God!" she cried out, "don't stop, don't let it stop!" I felt her pubic region bulge slightly as something began to press downward from her belly, filling her vagina.

Kim's eyes were wild, darting back and forth as she experienced instinctively-conditioned pleasures only experienced by a select few women every few thousand years. The bulge traveled farther down her bikini line, getting closer and closer to her vulva. She spread her legs as

wide as she could, and her vulva began to dilate slowly as her vagina opened from within. Kim pushed back with her legs, lifting her hips upward slightly as something appeared from within her. A pale white object slid out of her pussy, then dropped to the bed sheet. It was oval shaped, and as I touched it I noticed that it was firm but a little flexible. Overall, it was about the size of a soda can, and shaped like an ostrich egg. Kim craned her neck forward to look over her swollen uterus to see it. “What is it?” she asked.

I held up her egg so that she could see it. “An egg, apparently.”

“An egg? What's that doing – oh no!” Kimberly's mouth gaped in dread as she felt another contraction start. She ran her hands down her belly, trying desperately to massage the contraction into subsiding.

There would be no relief. I watched the dread mounting on Kim's face as the contraction intensified, tightening until she let out a little sigh of relief as another egg slid into her birth canal, changing the agony into pleasure. I took the time to feel her belly, trying to see if I could tell how many eggs were still inside her. It seemed that she had several left to go. And now that her once-tight belly was no longer full of fluid, I could feel the outlines of several more eggs within her.

“You're giving birth to a clutch of eggs, Kim,” I said.

She stared at me in disbelief. “No shit, sherlock! Tell me something my pussy doesn't already know!”

One of the pieces of data the aliens left in my head kicked loose at that moment, and I realized something I could do to reduce her distress. I reached up and started to massage her swollen belly.

“Don't, asshole! Let me have a break first, you're going to start my next contrac - ohhh!” This cry, though, was of pleasure. What I'd realized was that the pleasure she experienced when an from an egg was in her birth canal was immense, but unless an egg was there, she experienced normal labor. If I applied pressure to the correct places, I could ensure that she didn't need contractions to get the eggs lined up to pass through her cervix. And since I'd gotten her into this mess, I at least owed her whatever I could do to ease her delivery.

I straddled her, one leg on either side of her waist, as she cried out in pleasure. My hands ran up and down the sides of her belly, feeling her abdominal muscles pulsing as they shifted from relaxation to contraction and back again. I took a moment to kiss her nipple as Kim gyrated her hips, the egg slowly making its way through her birth canal as she ran her hands up and down her own body. At this point, delivering her eggs seemed more like watching her masturbate with a remote controlled vibrator than anything else.

The egg in Kim's pussy dropped free of her pussy, and another one followed it immediately thereafter into her cervix, thanks to the massage I was giving her belly. Her womb was shrinking steadily, as delivery after delivery reduced its size until only one egg was left. I could feel it within her, but I wasn't having much luck in coaxing it into her birth canal. Kim sighed with pleasure as the orgasms from her previous deliveries began to subside, and arched her back as she experienced another contraction. "Oh God that felt good", she said as she thrust her hips in the air, feeling sexual energy coursing through her. I moved the pile of eggs away from where they'd dropped from her pussy.

Kim shifted her weight, both her hands covering the small bulge in her midriff. "I think there's still one inside of me", she said with a catch in her voice.

I nodded. "Feels like it."

"I don't want to go back to that!" Kim's eyes were widening in dread as she started to breathe faster and faster. "Oh shit. Oh shit, it's – OW!" she said as her belly clenched in a contraction.

Kim's hands covered her belly as she pulled her arms and legs towards her, rolling into a ball as the contraction escalated. A few seconds passed, and then she relaxed, although she was still afraid.

"I need it out," she gasped between contractions. "I need it out before – gaaah!"

Her belly tightened again, hardening into a rock-like ball for a few seconds before it relaxed, leaving Kim panting for breath. Pressing my hand against her belly, I could feel that it was presently sideways,

straddling her cervix so that it couldn't descend. It'd probably rotate on its own eventually, but I wanted to speed things up for her.

Kim's belly tightened again, leaving her screaming in pain. Just as that contraction came to an end for her, I heard the door open downstairs.

“Kim!” shouted an angry male voice. Seconds later, multiple angry feet were bounding up the stairs, and something in the back of my head warned me that this was going to end badly. The door to the bedroom, which I'd only pushed partway shut, was practically torn off its hinges as a red-faced, furious man burst into the room. His stare was blazing with hatred, and he was only a step or two away from me. His arm was cocked back to strike, and I could see another guy and three other girls behind him.

...and then the attacker just froze in place. The other guy shoved him aside roughly so that he could come after me too, but then he froze in place as well.

The women, on the other hand, had a different view of things. The three of them pushed aside the frozen men in the doorway, then over the next six feet it degenerated into a cat fight. Moments into it, two of the women began trying to strangle each other while the third took her chance and disengaged. She was a long-haired Asian girl with delicate features and tiny but well-shaped breasts. Her face lit up with a manic grin as she leapt towards the bed and grabbed one of Kimberly's eggs. Kim and I watched in astonishment as the girl turned around and sat down at the edge of the bed, cradling the egg in her hands.

The delicately-framed girl completely ignored me and everyone else in the room, including her two fighting friends as she held the egg in trembling hands. She scooted to the edge of the bed and spread her legs wide, then reached down and snagged the edge of her bikini bottoms with her finger. She didn't care that I was watching as she exposed her vulva, then spread her lips with her fingers. She widened herself just slightly, then took Kim's egg and touched it to her slit. I could smell her arousal as she moaned and caressed her tits with one

arm while her other pressed the egg's tip to her vaginal orifice, gently but insistently.

“What are you doing, Jun-Suk?”, Kimberly asked.

Her friend glanced over at her, but her attention immediately went back to her desperate need. She pressed on the egg, driving it into herself for a few seconds before letting up on the pressure for a few seconds and repeating again. Her entire body was covered in goosebumps as she slid the egg into herself, each thrust entering her farther and farther. Once the egg was halfway in, she stopped letting up on the pressure and just kept pressing it into herself.

Kim's surprise was enough to stop her contractions for a moment. She sat up, which made her beautiful breasts sway side to side as she crawled towards Jun. Jun took one hand away from her pussy to fight with Kim, while with the other kept pressing on the egg as it slid up into into her own birth canal.

“Oh!” shrieked the slender Asian as an orgasm gripped her. I could see the egg's outline on the soft skin underneath her pelvis, and the egg's shape caused the orgasmic contractions to slowly drive it up inside her. As the egg disappeared until only the tip was visible, Jun slowly brought her legs together, gasping in pleasure as the motion drove the egg deeper inside of her.

Kim gave up on wrestling her friend and rose to a kneeling position, slapping her in the face, trying to break her out of it. “Damn it Jun, you don't want - ohhhHHH!” Kim hadn't had a contraction for a few moments, but now her labor was back in force. As the contraction peaked, she doubled over and clutched at her belly as her body desperately tried to expel her final egg. Gasping, she rolled onto her knees and spread her legs, begging and pleading for the birth to end as the contraction mounted in intensity. I was looking into her eyes when the pain abruptly vanished, her delivery finally beginning.

I circled around behind Kim as she pushed, her last egg beginning to dilate her pussy. There was a thud from the other side of the room as one of Kimberly's other friends - a petite brunette - flung Kim's other

friend whom she'd been wrestling with into a closet door. The brunette made a crazed leap for the bed and snatched Kimberly's last egg right out of her vagina as it cleared. In nearly the same motion, the brunette rolled onto her back on the bed, spreading her legs wide open to receive it.

Unlike Jun, she just lined the egg up with her slit and then shoved hard with both hands, ramming it into herself hard until it slipped inside. She panted with sexual pleasure as she shoved it in, bringing it flush with her vulva before clamping her legs together and shrieking in pleasure as her hand flew to her pubic region and began rubbing her clit furiously. It was at this moment that her friend managed to struggle her way back out of the closet she'd been thrown into, and she gasped in horror as her friend's orgasm conveyed the egg into her womb. I hadn't really noticed her much before, but she was a beautiful redhead whose top had burst open during the fight to expose milky-white breasts. She stormed back and forth at the foot of the bed, unsure what to do at first. Then her head snapped around and she leveled a focused, almost predatory gaze at the pile of eggs near Kimberly.

I wasn't about to get in the way. Within moments, all three women were lying on the bed or floor, moaning in orgasmic ecstasy as Kim's eggs were slowly guided up into their birth canals. The men were still standing aside, silently watching or guarding; I wasn't sure which it was. Thoroughly exhausted, Kimberly turned to me and asked, "What just happened here?"

Her question made me think for a second, and it was almost as if something "clicked", as a piece of the information the aliens downloaded into my mind suddenly made sense. "What just happened, is the way evolution really works. It's not a process spread over millions of years. The reality is that it comes in steps, and once in a while these aliens decide we're ready for the next one. And guys like me are how those steps happen: we come back from the dead in a new body, we breed, eggs are laid, and women are programmed to use the eggs to produce children from them. Every time I have sex, it results in a large

number of evolved children, and the genes of the women I choose get a selection advantage over the women who carry the eggs.”

Kimberly frowned. “I think you skipped a whole lot of explanation somewhere along the way”, she said.

I sighed and looked back at Kimberly's slim body, which was now nearly back to its pre-egg-laying shape. Glancing around the room, I saw that the other girls had passed out with smiles in their faces, each one now sporting a barely discernible baby bump. “Unfortunately, even if I did understand everything, explaining it to you wouldn't matter.”

Kim grabbed my arm. “What do you mean it wouldn't matter? I sure as hell care about it!” she insisted.

I looked at the guys, still frozen in their guardian state. I looked at Kim's friends, who were all now carrying our children. And then I looked sadly at Kim, who was sitting up next to me. She was ravishingly beautiful to me right now, partially because she just bore my children and partially because I knew this was the last time I was likely to see her. The part of me that was still Human v19 felt compelled to hug her before I whispered into her ear, “You won't be able to remember any of this, no matter how much you wish you could. You're programmed to forget me. This has happened 19 times before in human history, and there's never a record because no one can remember it afterwards.”

Kim frowned, then the frown gradually softened as her eyes refocused on a distant point that wasn't there.

I waited a few moments, looking around the room to figure out what I was going to do for clothing. When I looked back, I caught movement out of the corner of my eye. Kimberly had selected an egg from the pile and plucked it out, then set it down next to her. I sat down next to her and ran my hand down her thigh as she laid the egg on her belly contemplatively.

I looked into her eyes and saw a resolve that could only be satisfied one way. “You're right, you know...” I raised an eyebrow as she continued, “...I can already feel myself beginning to forget how we

met. As soon as you leave, I'll probably forget everything about you. Hell, I'm sure I'll forget you even if you stay. But I want you to know I don't *have* to have one of our babies, at least I'm not compelled like my friends were. But they're all pregnant now, so it isn't fair that they're all having my babies and I'm not. Now, I could be like them and get myself pregnant, but I want you to do it. I want our baby to have been touched by his father at least once." She spread her legs invitingly, and part of me ached to fill her again with my sperm. Part of me wondered if we should produce another clutch of eggs together, but Kim didn't seem to be interested at the moment.

I kissed her on the forehead. "I'll check up on you, even though you won't know me."

I touched the narrow part of the egg to her vulva and watched her shiver with anticipation.

"Don't wait too long, ok? I want my children close together in age." She closed her eyes as I began to rub the egg up and down her slit, teasing her with it. Wetness was dripping out of her pussy already, and she let out her breath slowly as the egg began to slide into her. I pushed gently as her legs quaked and the egg slid deeper in.

As soon as her vulva closed over the egg she began rubbing her clit, masturbating furiously as the impregnation process began. Her breasts heaved as her breath came in ragged gasps. Meanwhile, her vaginal muscles clenched and released, slowly drawing the egg farther into her. The egg drew up against her cervix and stopped, and Kim moaned faster and faster as she masturbated, pressing firmly against her pubic region as the egg pressed up against her cervix. It began to penetrate slowly, triggering orgasm after orgasm until it finally entered the rest of the way. Kim's final orgasm kicked off just as her womb accepted the egg within her, knocking her unconscious as her climax hit her like a sledgehammer. I mused for a moment over the fact that if the aliens hadn't programmed women to enjoy the insertion process, the cervical stretching would've been painful enough that only the most dedicated would've gone through with it.

I leaned over and kissed Kim's forehead, then counted up the people in the room. There were four unconscious newly-pregnant women, two men standing immobile in a trance, and lastly there was me. I decided that this was the point in the evening where I should leave. I had no idea how long they'd stay asleep, or what would happen if someone else walked in.

There were a set of men's shorts and a t-shirt lying on the floor, and I put them on. I put them on, then noticed that one last egg was left lying on the towel I'd been putting Kim's eggs on. I wrapped the towel around it, then made my way to the front door of the beach house and put the egg into a picnic basket I found by the front door. I locked the front door as I left, given that I wasn't sure how long they'd stay impaired after I left, and I'd feel bad if they wound up getting robbed. It would be interesting to see what explanation they'd come up with for the pregnancies; my money was on a drunken orgy that none of them could remember, or perhaps all of them getting drugged. For my part though, I'd now spread my updated genes per my programming, and it was time for me to vanish.

I stepped out the front door and then looked left and right, nearly expecting to see the police waiting for me. The closest thing I saw was a bicyclist who nodded at me as he pedaled along on his way. "Great," I said to myself, "no money, no ID, no car. Hell, I don't even have anyone to call." I've never felt so alone in my life.

This is effectively the end of the free edition of this eBook. I've included a summary of the next two chapters, which contains all the information you'll need in order to enjoy Progenitor 2.

If you'd rather buy the commercial version of Progenitor 1 for the remaining chapters, choose whichever of the fine retailers listed at <http://haramiru.com/progenitor-1/> best meets your preferences.

A Summary of Chapters 3 and 4

Near the waterfront, Phil encounters a woman carrying a large

bag of cash intended as a bribe for crooked politicians. She begs him to sell her the egg; he agrees, and she impregnates herself with one of the eggs and gives him the money.

A large crowd of women forms as Phil is watching the woman insert the egg, which leads into a breeding and egg laying scene on board a nearby houseboat. He gives extra time and attention to a hard-bodied surfer girl.

Leaving behind a boat full of now-pregnant women, he turns his attention to his next priority: eating his first meal since his resurrection.

At a nearby restaurant, a cute pony-tailed blonde waitress named Katie becomes extremely interested in him. She closes up the restaurant early, then takes Phil next door to a scuba shop for a sexual encounter. She enjoys the egg-laying process so much that she decides to go again, and tries wearing a wet suit in order to prolong the delivery.

The story leaves off with Phil deciding to try to find a hotel for the night, and observing that “This new life of mine was going to be very interesting indeed.”

Afterword

At this point, you're probably most interested in finding out what happens in Progenitor 2. It's available at <http://haramiru.com/progenitor-2/> and there's both a free version and a commercial version of it as well.

For a list of all my stories, check <http://haramiru.com/my-writings/>. I write mostly impregnation / breeding erotica, and my settings alternate between fantasy, science fiction, and contemporary scenarios. You can also keep tabs on my new releases by following me at [@haramiru](https://twitter.com/haramiru) on Twitter, or via [my Facebook page](#).

And now, a brief summary of my other stories:

[“Winning the Genetic Lottery”](#) is what happens when a bored office worker replies to an internet posting asking what he'd do with a billion dollars. He chooses to say that he'd get more women pregnant than any man in history, but has no idea he's saying that to a trillionaire who takes a certain perverse pleasure in making people make good on their promises.

[“Cupid's Armorer”](#) reveals that as the average human heart grows harder with each passing decade, “Happily Ever After” has become a rare dream. Now Cupid's arrows can barely scratch the surface, and St. Michael gives the Cupids one last chance: Clint Mauser, an Army armorer recently killed in Afghanistan. If he can re-arm the Cupids with guns capable of piercing even modern humans' armor-plated hearts, maybe “Happily Ever After” will be more than just a fairy tale again. And he just may win the heart of a beautiful but damaged angel in the process.

[“Progenitor”](#) follows the life of a World War 2 veteran who died of old age, and re-awakened in a body designed by aliens to spread the next stage of human evolution. Now his pheromones make him irresistible to women. But that's nothing compared to what the nanotechnology in his new body does: it alters the human reproductive cycle so that every woman he impregnates, lays a clutch of eggs minutes after having sex! The story continues in [“Progenitor 2”](#), where he starts trying to set up an identity - a difficult task when every woman he encounters wants to rip his clothes off!

[“Cum In Me If You Want To Live”](#) - 47 years in the future, an AI named Worldnet will make Earth a peaceful paradise. Unfortunately, the alien Solrani will attack shortly thereafter. Desperate, Worldnet finds an alternate reality where the Solrani were defeated because of thirteen key people who were never born in its reality. Worldnet sends its most advanced infiltrator back to our time in order to ensure that the

thirteen are conceived - even if she must do it herself!

[*“Merlin’s Magic Wang”*](#) asks, “what if a woman could get pregnant from being eye-fucked?” A college student receives a wooden ring, which turns out to be a magic portal which leads into the vagina of any woman its owner is thinking of at the time he slips it over his penis. The student is conflicted, but the portal is addictive, and soon he realizes that his will is no longer his own. The sequel is [*“Morgan's Curse”*](#), and there’s a prequel called [*“Evil Takes Wang”*](#).

[*“She Only Wore a Shirt to the Funeral”*](#) is my most recent free eBook. While attending a funeral in a church, Brent can't help but notice a girl who sits in front of him wearing, in place of a dress, a simple black shirt over her underwear. From the glimpse of her panties as she sits down, to the knowing grin she gives him as he leaves, there's something special about this encounter. But it's at the reception that things really heat up. Its sequel is [*“She Wore Shorts to the Gas Station”*](#), which features a group of friends who’ve invented a game of chance called “Baby Roulette”.