

Cucking Krillin

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"Do—do you like that?" Krillin panted.

Android 18 sighed to herself, then put on the most radiant, convincing smile she could and beamed at him between her watermelon-sized breasts.

"Oh, Krillin!" she gasped, "Yes! Yes, fill me with your potent seed! Give me the baby we both need!"

The bald human's face lit up, a twinge of lust making his diminutive, two-inch-long penis twitch.

"Y—yeah?" he asked. "W—well, get ready! Here I go! Hyah!"

"Oh," 18 said, her voice going flat as her husband climaxed.

His penis wiggled a little bit, and a few drops of watery cum escaped the tip, barely enough to moisten 18's passage and not quite enough to feel.

"Ahh," Krillin sighed as he pulled out.

"O—oh, you're done... already?" 18 asked, trying hard not to look *too* surprised.

"Don't you worry, my love," Krillin said, patting her shoulder, "That was a *big* one; I'm sure that this time, we'll get pregnant for sure!"

His wife managed a tight-lipped smile and a nod just long enough for him to turn and go to the bathroom, and then she sighed, rolled her eyes, and pushed a stray shoulder-length blonde hair back behind her ear, out of her face.

Android 18 wanted a baby. Her husband had promised her one over a year ago, yet despite trying every day, she was no closer now than the day she was made. While the notion rankled her that she was to blame—she *was* an android, after all, and perhaps Dr. Gero, despite his knowledge, had failed to make that part of her function properly—she had nevertheless in secret gone to have herself inspected, her fertility assessed.

The results were unequivocal: she was *not* the problem.

But, if her husband could not do the deed, what was she to do? Where could she turn to receive the blessing she so desperately craved? It would be one thing if she lived in a bustling city full of virile men, but living on an island with naught but her landlord and Krillin—

"Who's a slug-a-bed?" a lively, old voice croaked.

18 looked up and gasped, reflexively backhanding Master Roshi and sending him flying across the room on catching him gawking at her still-exposed privates.

"You dirty, old man!" she cried, quickly closing her legs and sitting up on the bed, "Why, my husband is only on the other side of that wall!"

"A pity," Master Roshi replied, picking himself up and grinning wantonly. "If he knew what was good for him, he'd be buried in those flotation devices!"

He leapt towards her with aim to motorboat, but she decked him instead, saying she'd let him drown before she'd use her tits to let him float.

"All right, all right," Master Roshi said, knowing he wasn't going to win this time as he turned to go, "But, when you get tired of trying and decide it's time," he said conspiratorially, "Just let me know."

To emphasize his point, he made the motion of several deep thrusts just as Krillin returned from cleaning up.

"Well! Are you ready to go train?" Krillin asked just as the old man left.

Thoughtfully watching the old pervert leave, 18 started on hearing her husband's voice.

"O—oh," she said. "Fine."

It happened that Krillin had gone out one day several weeks later, giving Android 18 some time to herself. Master Roshi's offer had stuck in her mind and, like corrosion spreading, had preoccupied her more and more with each passing day, until it was all she could think about. Day in and day out, Krillin had triumphantly dumped his little drops and promised her a baby, yet night after night, she went to bed without the faintest hint of new life. Now, with her husband away, she hatched a plan that would give her what she wanted, one that would let him believe that he had upheld his promise to her.

But, it required some cooperation from her landlord. That much she thought she could get, but his *discretion*—well, that was not as sure a bet.

"Master Roshi?" she called, stepping into the main room and looking for him on the couch.

"Hm?" the old man asked, looking up from the TV. Seeing her, his eyes narrowed knowingly. "Where is Krillin?" he asked pointedly.

"He's out," 18 said, flushing slightly at being so transparent. "I've given your offer some thought..."

"You don't say," the geezer replied, returning his attention to his show.

18 started. "I—I've come to take you up on it," she stammered. "I had expected you'd be more enthusiastic."

"Young lady, half the joy for me is the thrill of the chase, the chance for rejection, the thrill of getting what I want over your protests. And now, you come to me, throwing at my feet that which I have pursued for all these years. Where's the fun in that? My offer stood in the heat of the act, but now you'll need to sweeten the deal."

18's face turned scarlet then purple.

"You filthy, *nasty* old man!" she scowled. "I give you what you want, and you demand *more*?"

"You give me nothing," Master Roshi scoffed. "You've come to take; there's the door."

The woman's jaw dropped, speechless with anger and disillusionment. For several seconds, she grasped the air, and then, seeing him staring at the TV, she turned to go.

A baby's cry came from the screen. 18 gasped and turned to look, her heart leaping into her throat as she saw a newborn being cradled in his mother's arms. Swallowing hard, she turned back to Master Roshi.

"What must I do?" she whispered.

"Hm? Speak up; I'm old, and the TV's loud."

"What do you want from me?" 18 asked. "In exchange for"—she gestured to the TV—"giving me a child?"

"Hm. Well, if you want me to give you *that*, you'll have to get me in the mood," Master Roshi replied. "These old muscles don't work the way they used to, you know."

18 thought back to the last time she'd seen the old man hold his own against a horde of adversaries and opened her mouth to argue, then thought better of it.

"How... would I do that?" she asked.

"Well, for starters, you can lick my ass; get me good and relaxed," Master Roshi replied. "I'm an old man, you know—a *nasty* one, at that—and it's hard to bend down to wipe quite right. A nice, clean buttohole would sure be a good start to getting me in the mood."

18 recoiled, a look of astonished disgust on her face.

"Wipe your own ass, you filthy, old man!" she spat. "There's dirty, and then there's downright contemptible!"

She strode out haughtily. Child or no child, she would not stoop to *that* level!

But even after Krillin returned, Master Roshi would not let Android 18 forget their discussion. At dinner one day, he let rip a pungent fart, then as the other two fanned their faces with streaming eyes, he said to her, "It wouldn't be so bad if I could get myself properly clean."

Another day, as the three sat and watched TV together, a foul odor came from the old man's rump. Krillin tried to pretend not to smell it, but when even holding his breath didn't work, he finally leapt up and went outside, where the other two heard him noisily gasp in breath after breath.

"Having a clean backside shouldn't be too much to ask," Master Roshi said pointedly. "After all, once you've had the child, don't think for a moment that wiping *his* ass will be any easier."

It continued on this way for several weeks before Krillin went out again.

"So," Master Roshi said, looking up from the TV as 18 walked in, "Have you come to accept my counteroffer?"

Feeling nauseated at the idea but now desperate to have a child, 18 nodded slowly.

"Well!" the old geezer said, throwing open his robe and grabbing his ankles, "Dig in!"

18's eyes bulged. The old man's penis was over a foot long and hung down like a shriveled elephant trunk. It sat beneath a hoary sprout of gnarled pubic hair, nestled down between his aged thighs. His ball-sack was extremely wrinkled and flopped about as he moved, his nuts sprouting hairs in every conceivable direction.

But, the thing that had caused the android such shock was the codger's buttohole itself. 18 had no idea what to expect—and certainly did not expect to be presented with the old man's third eye at that moment—but nothing could have prepared her for the swollen orifice, red and angry at its constant contact with feces, sweat, and piss. It was puckered, and a small chunk of turd clung to it like a fly. All around the fetid ring were bits of crusted feces and hairs that had long since given up but could not escape, trapped in the gluey crust of detritus and excrement. Even as she stared, the ring quivered and pooched out, and fetid air filled the room, making her eyes water.

"Best get busy," Master Roshi advised. "Your husband will not be gone for too long, and you've still got to get me hard!"

18 gave him an incredulous, beleaguered look, which he returned with an expectant one of his own.

"Eh?" he asked, wiggling his butt invitingly.

18's cheeks puffed out like she was going to throw up then and there, but taking a deep breath, she went to him and knelt between his legs.

"Best to just plunge in all at once," Master Roshi suggested. "If you think about it too long, you'll talk yourself out of it!"

18 swallowed hard, grimacing, and then stuck her face up between the geezer's legs. She was about to stick her tongue out when a sudden puff of rancid air struck her face.

"Ugh!" she cried, reeling backwards. "It stinks so badly!"

"I'm an old man," Master Roshi retorted indignantly. "I have old-man farts."

"Cripe, you could peel an onion with that fart!" 18 protested.

"Time's a-wasting," he urged.

Recomposing herself, 18 took a deep breath, held it, then plunged her face between the old man's legs. Squeezing her eyes closed, she refused to look as her nose made first contact with a substance that was both crunchy and mushy at once. Shuddering and forcing herself to overcome her revulsion, she thrust her tongue out. A few bits of crusted crap stuck to it, making her sputter.

"Hey, hey!" Master Roshi protested, "Don't make a mess of the couch! You swallow that!"

Gasping, 18 threw herself backwards again.

"*Swallow* it?!" she cried. "It's *feces*, Master Roshi; it's *poop*! It should be in a toilet, not clinging to your anus, and *certainly* not in my mouth!"

"A deal's a deal," the aged mentor chided her. "If you want a chance at receiving *this*"—he grasped his limp, 18-inch dick and wagged it at her in a scolding manner—"then you'd better get swallowing! And quick, now," he warned. "Krillin will not be gone all day."

If Krillin only knew what lengths his impotence has driven me to! 18 fumed.

But, he mustn't know. It must be her secret—hers and Master Roshi's—and let her hapless soon-to-be cuckold believe the child were his.

As if...

But, before *that* could happen, she had to get Master Roshi to breed her, and before that...

She shuddered as she stared at his brown, now-smeared hole.

The old man offered her no more words of encouragement. In fact, for such a chronically horny bastard, he seemed infuriatingly indifferent about the whole affair. He hadn't even reached for her breasts or tried to peek at her underwear under her pants!

Snorting with frustration, she got back into position and thrust her pointed chin into his crevice again.

The crusted bits were there once more to greet her tongue as it began to explore. Shuddering, she forced herself to take a few of them into her mouth and swallow them. Their taste was bitter, with notes of dirt; their texture was at first crunchy, but they dissolved on her tongue into a sticky paste studded with little sandy granules. 18 shuddered at the thought of which beach visit had picked them up.

But those little turdlets were merely the appetizer, for her tongue had not even made contact with him, yet. After clearing the cobweb-like clingy bits, she finally pressed her tongue to his buttock—or at least to the layer of grime that covered it.

As had the little crap-crumbs, the grime clung to her tongue and dissolved, oozing down her throat and leaving the bitter taste and sharp stink of shit on her breath. Fighting hard to keep from throwing up, she licked and lapped, yet her ministrations only removed the faintest layer with each stroke, and it took more than fifty for her to finally clear a patch. The old man's flesh tasted weirdly bland after the initial assault on her taste buds, yet she was certain by its stretchy, wrinkled texture that she had reached his flesh at last.

The old man felt it, too.

"Ohh," he mumbled, shifting his position a little.

Something sticky, hot, and awful struck 18's tongue.

"Master Roshi!" she cried, "You're *pooping!*"

"Am I?" the turtle teacher asked, sighing contentedly. "Well, you must be doing a good job, then: your tongue relaxed me. It's a compliment!"

"Ugh! Go to the toilet and get rid of it, and then I'll finish," 18 said, staring at the growing turd as if it were a centipede out to get her.

"And spoil the mood?" Master Roshi asked incredulously. "No, I'm comfortable. You'd better gobble it down. You *do* still want a ride on my penis, hmm?"

A whimper escaped 18's lips. She nodded slowly, looking ever-more nauseous.

"Then lick and suck and chew and swallow!"

So help me, if I'm not pregnant by the end of the day, I will murder every good-for-nothing man in this house! 18 seethed.

"That's it," Master Roshi said as she leaned back in, "Give it a good suck, then tug it out of there."

The android's body shuddered violently, her breasts jerking against the couch as she pressed her lips again to his butthole. The turd, which had retreated a bit, poked back out and slipped between her lips. It tasted like rotten vegetables, stomach acid, and decomposing animals.

Her eye twitched involuntarily.

"Give it a good suck," the old man said again. "Sometimes it needs a little help coming out."

Not believing what she was about to do, 18 braced herself, then closed her mouth around the turd, feeling its greasy stickiness on her lips. Then she sucked with her tongue. The turd resisted a moment, then gave way and slid fully into her mouth and halfway down her throat before she could react. By the time she did react, it was too late. She retched, but the turd was gone, already sliding down her esophagus.

"Ahh," Master Roshi sighed, "Thank you for that; that one's been crowning for days. Finish cleaning me up, and then we can move on."

Contenting herself that at least nothing could be worse than swallowing a literal turd straight from the source, 18 hurriedly licked at the old man's buttohole until it and the skin around it was pink and clean.

"I haven't felt this refreshed in years!" the turtle-man said, reaching down and feeling of his buttohole with his finger. "Why, you've got that as clean as the day I was born!"

18's eye twitched.

"Y—you just touched your ass," she stammered.

"Yes, and it feels very clean!"

"With your finger."

"Well, how *e/se* am I going to feel whether it's clean?"

"But, you said you were too old to wipe..."

"Oh. I lied. I just wanted to feel your tongue on my buttohole."

"But it was *filthy*!"

"Yes! I have a reputation to live up to, you know."

Had 18 had something in her hand, she would have crushed it. Master Roshi's skull seemed a prime candidate to her at that moment.

"But, I'm a man of my word," the old man continued. "You've given me what I wanted. Now, you may get me erect."

It was at that time that 18 turned her attention to the ostensible object of her desire, but seeing it (without the shock of the old man's unkempt ass to distract her) made her recoil. It was as gnarly as the hair above it, lumpy all over and covered in liver spots. A drop of what she hoped was only piss hung from the folds of his long foreskin, and even the outside of it was covered in a layer of grayish grime and smelled like month-old cheese.

And yet, that aged, shriveled, grotesque thing was her only hope for having a baby, and having already literally eaten shit to get what she wanted, she reasoned that jacking the old man's filthy penis wasn't that much worse.

Or, at least, she thought until she pulled his foreskin back.

The sight of the unhealthy red, irritated flesh intermixed with white and yellow substances that ranged from runny to cheesy to crumbly made her skin crawl, yet that was nothing compared to the cloud of noxious odor that hit her nostrils.

The stench of old smegma nearly bowled her over as effectively as his fart had. Beneath his prepuce, sweat, smegma, and pus had combined with what hoped to be a yeast infection when it grew up and had fermented, creating a smell that was too disgusting for words but that one assumes smelled something like a dirty gym bag combined with an abscess, the vilest parts of a cheese-making operation, and a hint of stale beer.

18's cheeks puffed again. Her eyes bulged then squeezed closed as she clapped her hand (*not* the one that had grasped Master Roshi's penis) to her mouth. For several seconds, she dry-heaved but forced herself to keep it all down.

"How can you *live* like this?" she asked at last. "There's pus on your penis; doesn't that *hurt*?"

The incorrigible old man shrugged. "You get used to it," he replied. "It was my *ass* itching that really bugged me, but you've taken care of that quite nicely. As for the pus, I'm sure it'll go away as you start jacking me off and sucking me."

"*Sucking* you?!" 18 cried. "There is no way in *hell* I'm putting that in my mouth!"

"And yet you're eager to have it in your pussy," Master Roshi replied. "What's one orifice or another? Either way, my dick gets clean."

"*Disgusting* old man," 18 muttered.

Pursing her lips in a thoughtful grimace, she wondered whether she could wipe enough of the stuff off his dick that maybe she wouldn't have to taste it. On that front, she wasn't holding her breath.

On the front of trying to get him erect while not smelling his vile rod, however, she most certainly *was* holding her breath.

Her hand was curled around his girth—despite being as flaccid as a gym sock, it was already as big around as she could grasp and still touch her finger to her thumb—and she was stroking forward and back with foot-long strokes. All the while, she was holding her breath, looking away and gasping into her armpit, using her sleeve to filter the tainted air.

This went on for some minutes, but by the time her arm was starting to ache, there still was no response in the old man's penis. It was still as limp as a wet noodle.

"What's *wrong* with it?" she muttered at last. "For all your comments and groping, are you telling me you can't even get it up?"

"I'm *old*," Master Roshi retorted sharply. "Let's see *you* show visible arousal when you're even *half* my age!" Huffing indignantly, he added, "The equipment still works, but it's been asleep for a long time; it takes it a while to wake back up. Besides, if *that* half-assed jerking you're doing is the best you can do, no *wonder* Krillin hasn't gotten you pregnant, yet!"

18's eyes flashed with ire, but before she could say anything, Master Roshi pointed to his penis.

"If you're going to use that anger to run your mouth, you might as run it up and down my shaft."

18's jaw dropped indignantly, but the old mentor took that in stride, too.

"That's right: now just put my penis in there," he said.

18 huffed and glowered, but inevitably, she did as he bade her. Squeezing her eyes closed so she didn't have to see the awful mess she was about to put in her mouth, she held her breath, leaned forward, and closed her lips around his meaty cock-head.

The taste was indescribable beyond words. It was the vilest, most repulsive thing she had ever encountered, and to have it—of all places—in her *mouth* made it all the more intolerable. She desperately clung to the image of the child she was hoping to have, forcing herself to bring her tongue to bear on the disgusting collection of fluids that ranged from snot-like to crunchy. The taste and texture, coupled with the knowledge of what she was doing, were just too revolting to bear, yet she knew that if she pulled away, she would never be able to bring herself to try again. And so she froze, fighting like mad the urge to pull off the old pervert's penis and run away.

It was some thirty seconds before she was able to move again, and as she slowly slid more of the lecher's length into her mouth, the feeling of the various fluids slipping into, out of, or smearing on her lips made her freeze again. It took less time to recover this time, but once she finally pushed through it, she was able to begin stroking and sucking his cock in earnest. It did not make the ordeal any less gross—scabs and lumps slipping into her mouth and rubbing against her tongue would always trigger revulsion, as would the smell of saliva-moistened smegma and the taste of all that pressed against her tongue—but at least she was able to force all those feelings down.

After quite some time—almost an hour of increasingly vigorous stroking, sucking, licking, nibbling, and swirling—Master Roshi's penis at last began to stir.

It started subtly, a gradual lengthening of his rod that meant 18's strokes had to go longer. She didn't notice at first, but after a few strokes almost two feet in length and then *exceeding* two feet, she glanced down in surprise to see him slowly getting erect.

The next clue was when his girth started to swell. She had been feeling it grow firmer at an almost imperceptible rate for over half an hour, but now her fingers wouldn't close anymore, and as she tried to take him into her mouth, she found herself needing to open her mouth wider and wider, so wide, in fact, that it was starting to make her jaw ache.

It was at that time—when she was trying to wriggle her jaw to get it to open up enough—that a stream of hot, acrid liquid suddenly shot out of the tip.

"Gah!" she yelped, jerking back in surprise.

"Don't let it get on the couch!" Master Roshi cried. "If you ruin my couch, you won't get a drop of my seed!"

In a rush, 18 did the only thing she could think of at the moment and stuffed the tip of his penis into her mouth. Her nose and eyes burned as the old man's pungent piss hit the back of her throat and streamed down her gullet. Her nose began to run and tears streamed from her eyes as his stream kept coming and coming.

After over a minute, the acerbic liqueur finally dribbled to a stop. With a wretched look on her face, 18 pulled the penis from her mouth and coughed.

"Let me guess," she said hoarsely, "I relaxed your penis, too?"

"The student is *learning*," Master Roshi said sagely. "Hurry! I'm beginning to get excited!"

It was true: despite being pulled away from 18's nice, warm mouth, the lecher's penis was bobbing and twitching in front of her, each jerk bouncing almost a foot.

Oh, finally! 18 thought.

She got back up and started to take her shirt off, but Master Roshi stopped her.

"Turn around," he said, "And let me see your panties."

Shrugging—it was far less preferable to anything else she'd done today—she did as he bade her and started pulling down her pants.

"Ah, ah! Slowly."

The lust practically dripped from his voice.

Snorting beneath her breath, 18 slowed down, letting only the waistband of her panties show and giving the old pervert the striptease he wanted.

"Haha!"

The old man's wheezing cackle made 18 turn around. Seeing him, she did a double-take on seeing his penis standing out ramrod straight from his body; it could have been used as a diving board. As for Master Roshi himself, his nose was bleeding, but the ecstatic look on his face told 18 it was just the old fucker up to his usual tricks.

"Well! I see you're hard as a rock now," she said pointedly.

"Yes! Should have led with the strip-tease; might have made getting me hard much easier, hmm?"

18 rolled her eyes. "Ugh. I didn't think of that," she muttered. "Can we—ugh!"

Before she could finish, Master Roshi had grabbed her, pulled her pants *and* panties down around her ankles, and thrown her over the back of the couch.

"M—Master R—Roshi!" she protested, "You could have at least—*ungh!*"

One sight of her slick, juicy tulip, and the horny bastard shoved himself in as deep as he could go.

Ever the size queen, 18 had from time to time fantasized about what it might be like to be taken by a well-endowed wild animal. She quickly learned that wild animals had nothing on Master Roshi for size or stamina.

Or wildness, for that matter.

He fucked her harder than any wild beast could do and with such frenzied energy that she wondered whether he planned to blow her up from the inside. And she, having only taken Krillin's tiny penis and impotent thrusts, was completely unprepared for his length, girth, or the savage way he brought them to bear on her.

Without overture, his meaty cock-head spread her wider than she'd ever been spread—even when she secretly toyed with herself when Krillin wasn't looking. That itself was shocking enough, but three seconds later, his hips were slapping against her buttocks, and his rod was lodged somewhere up where her breathing apparatus should have been. How he hadn't ruptured her uterus—let alone her vagina—was beyond her. Perhaps Dr. Gero had been more prescient than she had given him credit for. Nevertheless, she had little time to think about it because no sooner did the ancient, horse-hung libertine drive his tool into her than he was yanking it back out.

18's eyes rolled back in her head as Master Roshi pulled out of her. The thick veins and hideous lumps that had made her want to gag before now rubbed against her walls and sensitive spots with such fury that she nearly passed out. All the while, the old man's foreskin seemed to have a mind of its own, furling and unfurling on its own schedule and sending such unexpected pleasures up and down her spine that she was grateful for the couch supporting her; her own legs were far too wobbly to keep her upright.

In and out the old man stroked with the frenzied pace of a demon. A cry of ecstasy welled up in 18's throat and rang out sharply, shattering the quiet of the island.

But to 18's mind, all the mind-blowing stroking in the world amounted to nothing if he couldn't get her pregnant, and in that, he was about to prove himself more than equal to the task.

With a hoarse grunt, he jerked himself out, then thrust in partway, and with the focus of a powerful Kamehameha, his balls unleashed their pent-up fury.

18's eyes bulged as the force of the old master's climax lifted her off the couch and thick semen with the viscosity of pitch flooded into her.

"Flooded" might be the wrong term; Master Roshi's semen was so dense that it felt more like being punched with a rubber baton from the inside than being "flooded" by anything.

The sudden impact of so much semen inside of her all at once knocked the wind out of her, and as she gasped, trying to get her breath back, the stuff tried to drip from her pussy. But before a single drop could escape, the lecher's cock fired again, packing the stuff into the back of her womb as if loading a cargo container and again knocking the air out of her.

Six times he fired his load, and by the sixth one, the force blew his penis out of her and spun him around like a baseball player at bat. The force also shoved 18 over the edge of the couch, and with a yelp, she fell forward and landed on her face on the cushion. For a moment, her ass teetered over her head, then pitched forward and flipped her over.

Gasping, she at last managed to regain her breath just as the geezer's semen started to leak out of her.

Looking down, she did a double-take, staring in disbelief as the yellow-brown fluid moved in slow motion, peeking from her pussy, drawing a long, thick thread, and trailing its way down to the ground.

About that time, its foul stench hit her square in the nostrils.

As if being revived by smelling salts, she jerked backwards, the force yanking her slow-motion semen sample and swinging it like a tiny flail. It arced through the air and came down on her clit with a solid thud. She grunted in disbelief, but then covered her nose and mouth with both hands—something she regretted as soon as she remembered using one of them to jerk off Master Roshi.

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Speaking of, the old man had, after finally climaxing for the first time in many a decade, passed out on his back on the floor, his penis at first standing like a maypole before eventually slowly drooping forward, shrinking, and curling up between his legs.

"I'm home!" Krillin called. "Did I miss anything?"

18 and Master Roshi exchanged conspiratorial smirks as the short, balding man walked in.

It had taken some doing to get the old man back on his feet after he passed out—and that was after dealing with the slow but determined drip of his copious seed. Eventually giving up on mopping the excess out of herself—for if Master Roshi's boasts and the color of his jism could be believed, a single drop contained over a trillion sperm—18 finally resorted to wearing dual layers of panties that effectively trapped the brick of semen inside of her until she could figure out how else to dispose of it. Cleaning up her hand, face, clothes, and the space around the couch had also been non-trivial, but she had finished just as her husband turned the doorknob.

It wasn't long before 18 noticed something off about her period—namely, that it seemed to have turned off. Making some excuses to get away from Krillin and get her hands on a pregnancy test, she sat in the bathroom and watched anxiously for the lines to appear.

"Krillin!" she cried, "Come look!"

The good-natured man jumped and hurried to the door.

"18? What's the matter? Are you okay in there?" he called.

"Yes, yes! Come in! Come and see!"

The thought briefly crossed his mind that if his wife were into potty role-play, he'd be up for it, but on opening the door, all thoughts of that quickly vanished as 18 shoved the test into his face.

"Look!" she cried.

The man took the test and held it in both hands, staring at it for a long time.

"Krillin," 18 said, beaming, "We're pregnant!"

Dr. Gero had apparently decided for whatever reason that androids should gestate more quickly than the average human, and within six months, 18 was ready to burst. That fact was much to her chagrin, for 18 had very much enjoyed the experience. While she did experience some of the morning sickness, back pain, and mood swings of a typical pregnancy, their effects were relatively mild, and above all, she found herself dwelling on and even fetishizing the idea of giving birth to a great host of babies. Ever since she had felt the first kick and the realization sank in that Master Roshi had indeed impregnated her, the idea of being bred to him over and over again had provided her with more than enough titillation to endure the adverse effects. In her mind's eye, she imagined being turned into a veritable baby factory, or perhaps a dairy cow, impregnated within days of giving birth to ensure a constant stream of produce.

She had, of course, shared this fantasy with Master Roshi.

"M—my water just broke!" she suddenly cried.

In a flash, Krillin and Master Roshi grabbed her and hurried her to the hospital.

Her labor was relatively short, lasting only four hours. During that time, Krillin was a fixture at her side, offering whatever he could to make her more comfortable. While she appreciated his care, his constant hovering over her was finally beginning to get to her, so she sent him on an errand to bring her some obscure ice cream flavor.

Minutes later, her contractions started in earnest. She endured them with stoic determination, and by the time Krillin arrived with the ice cream, their daughter, Marron, had already been born.

"She's beautiful!" Krillin said breathlessly, reaching out to take her as 18 offered her up. "Little Marron, my beautiful girl."

A squeak escaped 18's lips.

"18? Are you okay?" he asked worriedly.

His wife's face was flushed.

"O—oh, y—yes," she said. "J—just a little postpartum, uh, you know."

Krillin *didn't* know, but as long as she wasn't in obvious pain and he had his baby girl in his arms, he was the happiest man alive.

Well...

Perhaps *second*-happiest, for at that moment, Master Roshi's penis was lodged inside of 18's pussy, flooding her recently-vacated womb with the seed that would start the process all over again.

With all the excitement of holding his daughter, Krillin didn't notice the way the sheets moved between 18's legs.

A powerful stink suddenly filled the room, the kind powerful enough to peel onions.

"O—oof!" Krillin gasped, looking, mortified, at his daughter. "How did such a little thing make such a *big* stink?"

"Y—yeah," 18 said, jerking down the covers over herself and smiling innocently. "You know how kids are..."

Krillin *didn't* know, but it seemed reasonable to assume that little Marron was filling her diaper for the first time.

"I—I'll take care of it," he said, stepping into the hall and looking for a nurse.

18 breathed a sigh of relief the minute he was out of the room, then threw back the covers to expose Master Roshi and the steaming turd between his legs.

"I am gonna put *you* in a diaper!" she hissed, eliciting a deranged cackle.

Imagine Krillin's delight when his wife showed him another positive pregnancy test only a few days later.

"It's—it's a miracle!" he gushed. "After all that time it took us, we just had to break the dam down, and now here they all come! Isn't that right, little Marron?" he asked, making a baby voice and bouncing her up and down.

She giggled and cooed.

Another rapid pregnancy later, and Marron had only celebrated her six-month birthday two days before when everybody rushed back to the hospital.

The labor this time was surprisingly short, shocking the doctors and nurses alike. It had been so fast that Krillin hadn't even been sent off on an errand, and he stood beside his wife holding Marron as 18 delivered their second child, a boy.

No sooner was his umbilical cut than 18 gasped in surprise. At only a few minutes old, his penis was already larger than Krillin's, and if it was going to grow proportionally to the rest of him, it would be truly huge by the time he reached adulthood.

"Just like his dad," 18 murmured.

"Huh?" Krillin asked, startled. "Oh, yeah, spitting image! Look at that little, bald head!"

From beneath the covers, Master Roshi's eye twinkled. With a quiet grunt, he thrust forward and fertilized 18's third child where she lay.