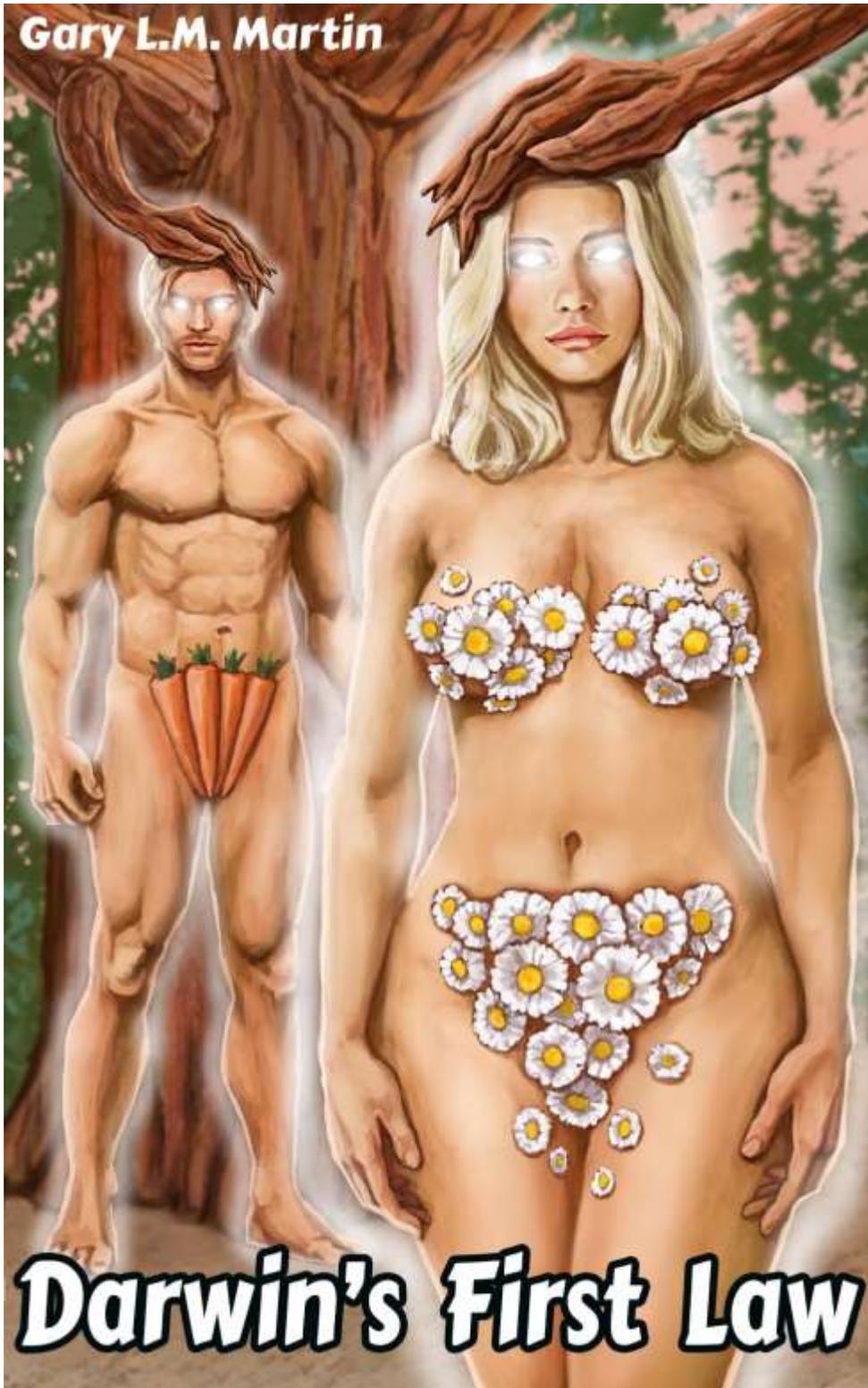


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Darwin's First Law
By Gary L.M. Martin

Prologue

Isaac ran hard into the Somewhat Dangerous Swamp.

He had had a long, happy life. Seven wonderful years. He had fertilized five wonderful eggs, three with his senior wife, Dora, and two with his junior mistress, Mariella. He fondly remembered the first time he had gained access to Dora's innermost chamber. It had taken some time for his curving sex organ to gain access to even her middle chamber of reproduction, much less her third, innermost one. He kissed and hugged her and plunged in and out of the first chamber, bring her to such a state of ecstasy that her inner opening dilated, allowing him entry into her second chamber.

"Oooh!" He remembered how large Dora's eyes had gotten, like saucers, really, when he penetrated her middle chamber. "All right," she had said, with a little smile. "But middle chamber only. No farther, Isaac!"

"No farther," Isaac had agreed, with an insincere smile. No man in his position would have ever meant it, and neither did Isaac. It was what men were made for. From the moment he had emerged from his cocoon in the Birthing Swamp, he knew what he wanted most in life. To be fruitful and multiply, to honor Mamma Earth. Even though he had been physically ready from the day he had hatched, it was two long, frustrating years before he was allowed to consummate with a female. Oh, he had fooled around with yum yum and jub jub plants, inserting himself inside their welcoming orifices, just like every one and two year old his age had; but it was nothing like being inside a woman. A *real* woman.

Isaac had tried with several women, Merriweather Wilder, her mother Donidalle Wilder (two years older than Merriweather), and even the exotic Kamala Washington, but none would let him past their first chamber.

When he had entered Dora's middle chamber, it was a historic first for him. The feeling of her cilia filled chamber rubbing against the tip of his aroused organ felt so wonderful. He knew, despite whatever he said, that he wouldn't stop, he *couldn't* stop, not until he had entered her innermost chamber.

And before long Isaac could feel the entrance to Dora's innermost chamber dilating, and he smiled and thrust forward again even as she gasped and cried out "Isaac!" with shock and surprise and betrayal... as well as *intense pleasure*. But it was too late. There he was, in her innermost chamber. He could feel the tip of his penis rubbing against Dora's large, round fat ovary.

The effect on Dora was instantaneous. "Oooh," Dora moaned, instantly too lost in pleasure to object. As the head of Isaac's penis expertly massaged her ovary, a line developed down the middle of it, and an egg emerged.

Dora was in season! He knew it! Isaac was so excited that he released right then and there, spraying her egg with his pulpy green life giving seed.

Two weeks later, after a junior inseminator (his nephew Ryan) had finished fertilizing Dora's egg, and Dora had successfully transferred the growing fetus to a junior mother (her sister Katie), Isobelle was born in the Swamp of Life. The fact that she hadn't been taken by the Swamp Thing, as most babies were, was a tremendously positive sign for Isaac and Dora. And when Isobelle stepped out of her cocoon, fully nude and fully sexually mature, she looked at Isaac, and, recognizing him immediately, hugged him tightly. He still remembered the feeling of her firm titties pressed against his chest as she uttered her first words. "I love you, Father."

That had been the highlight of Isaac's life. Three of the five children he had seeded in Dora and Mariella had been taken by the Swamp Thing before they could be hatched. Isaac had been a beta male in the Whitman family, number four in line behind Abraham. He and Dora (alternating sometimes with Mariella) slept in an alcove in the family tree a good fifty feet below the Alpha. They had had a good life together, growing happiness plants, and honoring Mama Earth at the orgy festivals.

Isaac had thought that when his time came that he would accept renewal gracefully, without resistance. That he would step into the Glade and enter the beam of light, and be melted down and reborn into the next generation. But as his seventh birthday closed in, he found himself changing in his old age. Not that his body had changed, of course; he looked little changed from the moment he had emerged from the birthing cocoon.

But his perspective had changed. Suddenly, seven years weren't enough. Why shouldn't he live to be eight, or nine, or, Mother forbid, even ten years of age? After all, the Old Man was clearly older than ten years of age. Much older. And as for Marnie Glickman-

Isaac heard sounds of pursuit. Marnie would have called for members of all the seven families to pursue them, and they would have been duty bound to respond. That meant even his own people, the Whitmans, would be engaged in the hunt for him.

Isaac saw the line of rocks which delineated the natural boundary between the Somewhat Dangerous Swamp and the Very Dangerous Swamp. He heard the sounds of footsteps splashing through the soggy jungle behind him. Swamp Thing was much more likely to be in the Very Dangerous Swamp. But at this point, what did he have to lose?

He ran over the border, almost tripping on a rock in his haste. He ran until he was out of breath, and then ducked behind a swamp tree, gasping for breath. He peered cautiously around the corner of it. There was no sign of pursuit. Good.

"Ah, there you are, Father."

Isaac turned around with a start. It was his green eyed daughter Isobelle. He heaved a sigh of relief. He knew Isobelle would stay loyal to him. "Daughter, you've got to help me."

"Of course I'll help you," said Isobelle, her bright eyes shining. Her titty flowers, pink and yellow, perked up enthusiastically. Like Isaac, she wore not a stitch of clothing. Indeed, they didn't even know what clothing was. No one was ashamed of nudity in the Community. Women walked around with their breasts and their titty flowers sticking out, and even spread their legs to allow their friends, male and females, to admire the latest development in their small, triangular garden plots. Isobelle was one of the finest gardeners in the community, growing brilliant red and green tulips in her garden spot tight between her thighs.

Men were as nude as the women. They walked around with constant erections which allowed their penis faces to peer and look around, small fleshy perpendicular circles set back a mere inch from the head of their penises.

"Come," Isobelle said, taking him by the arm. "Let's find the others."

"No!" said Isaac, in a state of shock. *Not Isobelle! Not his own daughter!*

He turned his head suddenly, hearing the sounds of rapidly approaching footfalls in the swamp.

Isobelle raised her voice. "He's over heeeere!" She shouted.

"No!" said Isaac, pulling away from her. "Daughter, how could you?"

"It's time for you to be renewed, Father. It's part of nature's way of making sure nothing is wasted," said Isobelle, with a gleam in her eyes.

"You should listen to her, Isaac."

Isaac turned to see the High Priestess herself, Marnie Glickman, flanked by several members of the Family. Marnie looked taller, more imposing, wearing her tall carrot hat, as well as her long black cape. But otherwise she was as nude as the rest. Around her was Abraham Whitman and Ernesto and Eduardo Gonzalez and Narcus Fambroso and... *Ruthie*.

Ruthie Glickman. Marnie's very unusual and very perilous daughter.

Even as Marnie stepped forward, Isaac shook his head. "No. No, Marnie. It's not my time yet. There's been some mistake."

"There's been no mistake," said Marnie. She smiled as she stroked him under his chin. He trembled at her touch. Marnie's face was taut, almost skeletal; the black shadow coloring around her eyes only made her look even more formidable. "It's time for you to return to Mama Earth," she said, in her deep, gravelly voice.

"No... please," said Isaac, looking around at the other faces, for a sign, any sign of sympathy or support. He found none.

Marnie turned his head to face her. "There's no one here to turn to. No one but me." She looked down at Isaac's small fleshy penis face. She could see the fear written all over it, the furled eyebrows, the squinting eyes, the fleshy frown. She gingerly stroked his shaft, making his penis head gasp.

Smiling, she looked up at him again. "There is one alternative I can offer you, if you decline renewal."

"An... alternative?" said Isaac.

Marnie nodded. She jerked her head ever so slightly towards her daughter Ruthie. Isaac's eyebrows shot up.

Ruthie. Marnie wanted him to mate with her daughter Ruthie.

"No!" Isobelle cried. "Father, you can't do it! You mustn't!"

"If you refuse, you must accept renewal." Marnie's voice was hard and stern.

"Father, accept renewal!" Isobelle cried, grabbing his arm again.

"Renewal is death," said Isaac grimly. "At least with Ruthie, I stand a chance."

Or did he? Thus far, no one had survived a sexual encounter with Ruthie Glickman. Sex with Marnie's daughter had led every man who had entered her to a very unpleasant end.

Ruthie was a gorgeous girl, with long, flowing black hair, a sexy smile, large heavy breasts, gorgeous blooming titty flowers, and a lovely garden of pink and yellow daffodils growing between her legs. If she had been anyone else but Marnie's daughter, Isaac and every other man in the Community would have happily plundered and fertilized her many times over.

"No, Father! If you make love to Ruthie, you'll die forever, and won't be renewed!" said Isobelle.

Marnie gently but firmly removed Isobelle's hand from her father. "Prophecy says that before Ruthie's first year, a man, an unusual man, one with exceptional strength and courage and virtue, will be strong enough to mate with her and produce offspring which will restore the balance and save Mama Earth." Marnie's black framed eyes settled on Isaac. "I believe you to be the man that prophecy spoke of, Isaac."

"Yes. I do as well," said Ruthie, speaking for the first time. She spread her legs slightly, showing the most beautiful red and gold flowers. "Tell me Isaac, and be very honest: Wouldn't you like to fertilize my garden?"

The sounds of Isobelle weeping could be heard as Isaac pumped between Ruthie's spread legs. Ruthie lay right there in front of them, on the sopping wet ground of the Very Dangerous Swamp, as the others watched Isaac pump her fast and diligently.

"I can feel my middle chamber opening up!" Ruthie gasped. "You're so sexy, Isaac!" She kissed him passionately.

He kissed her back. Despite everything, Ruthie Glickman was an *incredibly* sexy woman. At the moment he was as attracted to her as she was to him. Isaac gasped as well as his penis expanded and rubbed the slick insides of her middle chamber. As it grew, it started to scrape against the last remaining barrier, the circular doorway to her innermost chamber. He was getting closer and closer to the end, the end where everyone else before him had perished.

But Marnie had said he would make it. Marnie was the High Priestess of Mama Earth, and she had assured him that he was the man who prophesy said would inseminate her daughter. He felt her inner doorway starting to dilate, and, knowing what he felt, Ruthie smiled at him.

"Do it, lover," she whispered, kissing him. "Go all the way."

Isaac, emboldened, surged through the dilating doorway and entered her innermost chamber. His penis, now nearly 15 inches long, had grown nearly twice its natural size to get this far inside her. He felt an unfamiliar sensation as he entered her innermost chamber. And then, the tip of his penis barely touched something hard and round.

Her ovary.

Ruthie looked up at him with ill-concealed lust in her eyes. "Do it. Do it, lover," she crooned again. "We will make a baby together the likes of which Mama Earth has never seen."

Isaac nodded. He wanted it more than anything. He pressed the tip of his penis against her ovary. And then he froze.

A glowing outline appeared around his entire body. Isaac screamed. He cried out as his body started to glow, and shrink.

And shrink, and shrink, and shrink.

His cries also shrunk, to a tiny whine, and then they stopped abruptly.

Isabelle cried out in fear and horror as Ruthie sat up, plucking Isaac's body off of her.

He was little more than five inches long now, and fit in her hand. A small, lifeless dolly.

"No! Father!" Isabelle cried uncontrollably. She was consoled by her uncle Abraham, who took her in his arms.

Ruthie got up, dusted herself off, and went over to her mother.

Marnie looked at the spectacle behind her and gave her daughter a consoling hug, pressing her firm titties against her daughter's even larger ones. "Well, I suppose that could have turned out better. Still..." She paused, looking back again. "There was no harm in trying."