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## *Chapter 1 – The Horse Ricksperer*

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"In... in my pussy?" Summer was holding what her grandfather called a mega seed in each hand. These brown, wrinkly teardrops of hardened cellulose were much larger than her palms and the pointy ends extended past her middle finger.

"Waaaay up inside there, Summer. As far as they can go and as many as you can fit. You have to do this for me, Summer. These seeds are so important to my research."

"Grandpa Rick, I really don't want to have to do that."

"Well, somebody's got to do it, Summer. The-these seeds aren't gonna get through intergalactic customs unless they're in someone's pussy. They got this new machine, Summer, it detects things up people's buttocks. Lots of these other dimensions, Summer, your brother Morty, he's the sidekick. But in our universe, y-y-you're my Morty, Summer. You're my special girl. And, and, and if I'm being honest, your vagina is a huge pain in my \*burr\*-ass most of the time but we gotta take advantage of it when we can. You gotta do it for grandpa, Summer. You got to put these seeds inside your pussy. Way up inside. Way up in your pussy, Sum..."

"OK, OK fine, I'll try to hide one."

"You're a good kid, Summer. A real trooper. But we-we can't leave until you get at least \*burrp\* 5 in there."

At the intergalactic customs, Rick was dragging Summer by the hand at a much quicker pace than she would have liked, given that every step came with five simultaneous, painful pricks from inside.

A gun-wielding insectoid barked orders at the shambling girl through his mandibles: "You, go over there. Random check. You have to go through the machine that detects stuff all the way up your butt."

"What did I tell you, Summer. These other Ricks are probably, they're probably in big trouble right now but not us. We're getting away scot-free. We, we make a great team."

The machine that detected stuff way up of butts was a metal football covered in rounded spikes attached to a piston two feet in length. A hollow chair was bolted on top of the contraption. For ten minutes, Summer's rectum was pounded mercilessly by the 'detector' until the galactic federation was satisfied she wasn't smuggling anything in there. Having the adjacent cavity chockful of spiky seeds getting scraped against her vaginal canal by the giant mortar made the experience that much more

unpleasant. She grinned and bore it to not bring attention to herself and her illegal cargo while thinking about how she would be sitting comfortably on a regular chair had she gone to math class instead.

“Grandpa Rick, I don’t think I can walk anymore.” Summer had pulled her pants back up and had only managed to leave the checkpoint with the motivation of putting substantial distance between her bruised asshole and the detector.

“It’s OK, Summer, you did great. Take a breather. You can take the seeds out now...”

Summer was so relieved; the damn things had dug themselves in deeper than ever.

“...Then I need you to take those seeds and shove them way up your buttohole.”

“My buttohole? What the hell, Grandpa Rick?”

“The next checkpoint, they-they have this new machine. This new machine, Summer, it detects stuff all the way up your pussy.”

♪♪♪ Rick and Morty intro music ♪♪♪

The Smith family was having another awkward dinner to the only sounds of clanking utensils. Summer and her older brother Morty were staring down at their plates avoiding conversation, while their grandfather Rick chewed his overcooked rice angrily.

“So, how was everyone’s day?” Jerry asked to break the ice without realizing how thin that ice was.

“Dad!? Come on.”

“Dad!? What the hell?”

His children snapped back at his innocuous question that triggered another one of their mother’s sobbing fits.

“Oh... Beth, I’m sorry. Did you lose another horse?” Jerry realized he could have picked up on the same clues as yesterday and the day before.

“There’s an outbreak of Potomac Horse Fever, I just... I feel like they always come to me too late. But maybe it always *seems* too late because I’m a terrible doctor.” Beth resumed her weeping.

Rick stood up, having reached his limit of annoyance: “Alright, family meeting. Not you, *Jerry*.” Family meetings meant that Rick and Summer were going to the living room to plan their next crazy adventure. Only Jerry had trouble grasping that concept and he sat back down dejected.

“Alright Summer, we need to do something about this food situation. Your mom’s way off her game,” Rick said.

"Mom is crying every night and you're worried about the food?" Summer said.

Rick ignored her: "It's these weak Earth horses. Imagine if I had to put you down the first time you twisted an ankle."

"So... do you want to create a cure for that potato fever thing?" Summer asked.

"Ugh, sure Summer; it starts with horse fever, next thing you know everybody's asking you to create an Ebola vaccine or cure cancer or something. It's beneath me, Summer. I have a plan that actually makes sense: we go to Ecuries VI to get some jizz. Gallons of jizz, Summer! At least two Summers of it. And we stick it in some mare's cooch and-and-and contaminate the horse genome to make super horses. Then we just sit back and wait for a generation that doesn't die whenever someone sneezes on them."

"I don't know, Grandpa Rick. It feels like every adventure we go on, something gross and painful happens to me. I spent a whole month with that big worm in my guts and I'm still sore from when you abandoned me on that planet with the rapey six-armed gorillas."

"Gazorprians, Summer. How can you spend a whole weekend immersed in their rich culture and not know that? You gotta stop being so \*burp\* paranoid, Summer. I told you to clench your cheeks in the buttworm dimension, didn't I? If you li... if you listen to me non-non-none of that stuff would happen. It'd just be happy adventures with Rick and Summer with almost no molestation. We could have our own show and most episodes would be rated TV-14 as long as f\*bleep\* and s\*bleep\* were bleeped out. Besides, I thought girls your age were super into \*buuurp\* unicorns."

"Wait, unicorns exist?"

"Yes, Summer, and I want to populate the Earth with their majestic beauty. A real \*buurrrrp\* dick your grandpa is, right? A real, a real jerk pants. Sorry if my plan to make your mother happy and revive a long-lost mythical creature sounds too gross and painful for you, Summer."

"Can I ride one?" she wondered.

"Get your mind out of the gutter, Summer; there are easier ways than that to collect all that jizz."

Rick's rickety space cruiser landed on a lush green plain, next to a quaint, perfectly normal-looking ranch. One might think they had traveled to the Irish countryside, but the farmer waiting for them in his overalls was a freaky reminder of how far they were from Earth. He was a stout, purple humanoid with at least a dozen shriveled saggy man-tits bubbling with white cream between his jeans straps. Summer, who was really hoping not to get raped on this adventure, hid behind her grandfather.

"Don't be shy, Summer, he won't bite. He just... this, this part will be really good for your self-esteem, Summer. He'll let us do whatever we want in his stable if you give him a quick look. Just a quick flash of your boobs and we get the keys to the unicorn kingdom."

"Grandpa Rick? I am *not* doing that. Can't you just pay him?"

"Oh yeah, \*burp\* the American dollar is really strong on Ecuries VI. You know what, Summer, you're right. Who am I to ask to besmirch your honor like that by showing your underdeveloped breasts for like one second? I-I'll just kill him and maybe his family too if he has one. I'll kill \*burrrp\* them all, Summer, then we can get all the jizz we want. That's what I wanted to do, I just didn't know you were so on board with it."

Rick pointed his blaster at the farmer alien's head, who did not react at all. Either he had never heard of a gun before or the bumps of Summer's shirt had him in a carnal trance.

"Wait! Just, fine. For one second." Summer sighed and began rolling up her pink top. If showing her breasts to a stranger was the worst thing to come out of this adventure, it would be the least degrading one so far.

At first sight of human nipples, all 14 chesticles on the alien's torso squirted thick cream all over the girl gone wild.

Rick had taken quite a few steps back after his speech and walked back to Summer's side as she was scooping out what definitely wasn't milk off of her face, trying to not let more of it in her mouth but eager to yell at Rick.

"What the hell, Grandpa Rick? You said I wouldn't do anything gross this time."

"Take it as a compliment, Summer. Ecurian farmers have their genitals on their chest and the female counterparts are super gross. Your perky teen breasts, as unexceptional as they are on Earth, really drives them \*buuuurp\* nuts."

"If those are genitals, am I covered in sperm?!" Summer asked while wiping her sticky hands on the grass.

"This is like a cakewalk. Think of it as a warm-up. Come on, Summer, I'll show you how to milk the horses," Rick said.

After rubbing the cum out of her eyes, Summer headed towards the blurry shape of her grandfather into the stables. When they stopped at the closest horse, she had blinked away most of the goop and realized for the first time these creatures, while almost twice as big as horses on Earth were lacking the one feature that would make them unicorns.

"You said they were unicorns. They don't even have horns?" she said.

"Real unicorns don't have horns, Summer, that's just the ones in fairy tales. Hey, look at that one over there." Rick stabbed Summer in the neck with a syringe when she turned to look at an empty stall.

When Summer looked back at him, he was injecting whatever he extracted from her into a sticky beige ball he produced from who-knows-where. Rick dumped the ball on the dirt floor where it began taking shape. The flesh settled into a young human girl the same age as Summer. Same hair, same everything. The two were identical except that the one curled up on the floor was fully nude. When her

eyes opened, she looked at Rick and Summer as a newborn would its parents and smiled. She was full of wonder and excitement for the world she was seeing for the first time.

Rick picked her up like a rag doll and started rubbing her face against the dangling horse penis of the 'unicorn'. As big as these horses were, their dicks were disproportionally large on top of it. The penis engorged enough to kick some dirt up in the air as it grazed the ground while erecting, all from the simple contact with human flesh. Rick grabbed Summer-2 (or by his count: Summer-53) upside down by the waist and pushed her behind against the cock head of the super horse.

The shock of witnessing her own birth finally wore off and Summer, of course, had questions: "Oh my God... Is that me?"

"You might have been too mind-broken to notice, but how do you think I distracted those Gazorprians when I remembered I left you on their planet? Better cloned than \*burrp\* boned.

"This is so messed up." Summer might have been referring to having a double her herself or the scene of Rick holding her lookalike upside-down by the waist, ramming the doe-eyed girl's backside against the grotesque bulbous cock head of the stallion.

"Just relax, Summer, it can't feel anything," Rick reassured her.

"But... she sounds in pain," Summer concluded... based on the screams.

"Well, obviously, Summer, a clone has synapses and neurons. I meant it's incapable of real emotions like love and \*burp\* vindictiveness. Now you see what I'm doing here?" Rick was holding Summer's clone in place while her ass was getting plowed like a way-too-small fleshlight. His feet her making tracks in the dirt, trying to counterpoise the beast's powerful thrusts. Summer's clone was not having a great first day and her weak arms' flailing did not faze Rick at all.

"I'm not going to ask you to do that, Summer. I-I-I-I hear what you've been saying Summer, about respecting your body. Unicorn jizz can stay fertile for days but it needs to be contained in a warm, nourishing environment. If you don't want to sacrifice your sphincter for science, your stomach will work in a pinch. Just give the ones on that side a quick blowie, Summer. I got this half-covered."

Summer's compassion abandoned her at the same time as her trust in Rick's plan. "Can I use a clone too?"

"Do you think we're in a science fiction movie, Summer? You-you-you think a fresh clone has the muscle mass and procedural memory to walk around and blow horses? You see how much effort it takes to wield this dum-dum? And I'm a grown man, Summer. Just focus on blowing your own horses, Summer. Just a simple blowjob and no one that matters has to get their ass stretched today."

Summer walked to her horse with no real intention of performing her first consensual fellatio. Looking at the size of the dick she needed to milk, roughly the length and girth of her leg, there was no dimension where a Summer could fit it in her mouth. She was only giving it a 'try' to prove Rick wrong and get out of this situation. The top of her head grazed the magnificent beast's belly as she got into position. It was so tall, she didn't even need to kneel. Like in the demonstration, the touch of her fingers on the thick shaft brought it to life instantly and almost knocked her down on its way up.

She was now face-to-face with the knob. Her mouth would barely be able to open wide enough to cover the pee-hole. Summer was eager to share her scientific evidence with Rick and yelled out to him across the stalls: "Grandpa Rick, there's no way it will fit."

"Oh, for \*bleep\*'s sake." Rick was struggling to hold Summer-53 steady against the powerful ejaculate of the horse against the bottom of her warped colon. Her belly was inflating and the sperm cells under her skin were large enough to see squirming inside. He risked freeing one hand to tap a button behind his ear. A metal circlet deployed around his head, equipped with a miniature satellite dish.

Summer grabbed her stallion's dick with both her hands, her fingers were an inch apart around the meaty shaft. She opened wide, so wide it hurt. Behind her focused eyes, she was terrified. She was no longer in control of her body.

"Hanha Hick! Honhing's Hong!"

"Be quiet, Summer. It's hard enough controlling two of you, I can't waste any effort explaining what I implanted in your spinal cord while I extracted your DNA. Just let me do all the work as \*burrrp \* usual."

Without being burdened by self-preservation instinct, Rick mentally commanded all of Summer's jaw muscles to open wide and neck muscles to press forward until her jaw unhinged. In itself, that wasn't enough to open to the cock's width but digging her heels against the thrust of the horse waking up, Summer's lips spread outwards against the bumpy head and, a painful minute later, her throat gagged victoriously.

Rick released his hold over her cervical nerves, knowing the bus drove itself at this point. Fighting against the tingling and numbness of her repossessed limbs, Summer tried pulling herself off of the pole wrecking her mouth. It was too late; the suction effect of her throat and the mushroom shape of the glans made penetration a thousand times easier than evacuation, and now that her partner was putting the strength of his mighty legs into the act, what chance did she have even on a good day.

The head of the cock stretched Summer's entire esophagus until it broke into her stomach. By trying to push herself off, Summer laid a hand on the ball sack of the beast and felt a preview of what was about to invade her gullet through the thin scrotum. It felt like this bulgy sack was holding a swarm of tadpoles.

The ball sack twitched and the horse stopped his violent lunges. Summer would never forget the sound, like oatmeal splashing while being dumped in a garbage bag, that resonated through her body while her head slid back a foot off the cock from the pressure. It was like she swallowed a fireman's hose.

Leaving a trail of giant sperms flopping around her throat then mouth in its wake, the horse cock finally plopped off her overstretched mouth as she fell to the floor on her ass. The well-trained herd was waiting its turn in a neat line. Summer looked at her inflated squirming belly.

"Sorry, mister unicorn, I think I'm full," she said, but her hands reached out for the new member. "Grandpa Rick, don't make me do it again."

Rick had moved on to a second horse, holding the hair of Summer's clone in a ponytail as he used her face to fuck a fresh new horny, horn-less unicorn. He still had the neural controller around his head.

As Summer was still blue-balling the next horse in line, the mouth she had just re-hinged opened, belched and said: "Sorry Summer, hope you don't mind me using your own voice. Seems easier than yelling at each other across the stable."

Summer replied of her own volition: "Grandpa Rick, something is seriously wrong with unicorn semen."

Then she continued talking, but those were no longer her words: "As I said, Summer, it's potent stuff. When one of those things reaches an ovum, there's a second sex scene. Listen, you're doing great sweetie, but we're going to need a lot more sperm than that. Grandpa will help you get started."

Once Summer had satisfied all the suitors on her side of the stable, she was left sitting in a puddle of sperm from what spewed out of her mouth between horse-cock plugs. The spermatozoids were splashing in the seminal fluid, like a swarm of white tadpoles. Some of the damn things had traveled the long way out of her stomach and wiggled across her taint to slither between her pussy lips. The painful part was over but trying not to throw up on the way home while feeling the cum swarm explore every nook and cranny of her insides was not going to be a fond memory from this adventure either.

Summer's bloated clone practically rolled down the stairs to Rick's underground lab when she got pushed down the hatch in the garage. Summer herself depended on the guard rail to support all that cum weight.

*"Foreign life form detected. Foreign life form detected."*

Sirens and red rotating lights took over the steel lair and the entrance hatch sealed itself with thick steel. Summer's clone was freaking out at the assault on her inexperienced senses like a puppy on the 4<sup>th</sup> of July and Summer was acting like the big sister trying to calm her down.

Rick was not panicking. He was holding the bridge of his nose between his index and his thumb while shaking his head. He knew exactly what was happening and how to fix it but was not looking forward to all the extra work.

"Summer... don't you think it would have been important to tell me you're not on the pill before coming with me to a planet full of ultra-virile horses. Don't they give this stuff out at school? Do-do-do you go to school in Alabama, Summer? If a half-Ecurian litter would take over the horse genome, what do you think your hyper-sexual centaur babies will do to the *human* genome?"

"Grandpa Rick, are you saying I'm pregnant!?"

Rick sighed. "Guess we're going with Plan B-\*urrrrp\*."

"Wait, no, wait!" but Rick already pulled the trigger of his blaster and Summer's clone painted the drab walls of the lair and left a puddle of squirming sperm behind.

"How could you just kill her, Grandpa Rick!? She was *me*."

"We-we-we-we don't have time for your existential crisis, Summer. Di-did you want to keep it in your closet for the, for the next 38 years and 3 months?"

Summer was still upset, but that number took her by surprise: "... Why is that so specific?"

"Don't \*burp\* worry, you're statistically more likely to die from a car accident or suicide way before that congenital kidney disorder takes you. And don't look at me. That's aaaall Jerry. Just strip down and get in the tube, Summer. If we want to make an omelet, we have to break some eggs. It-it's not every day I get to use that expression literally."

Bonus post-credit scene:

Summer-49's day started the same way the last night ended. From the moment her eyes opened for the first time, she had been violated by endless waves of Gazorpians. The head of their cocks had two little arms like the head on their shoulders. So really, the two cocks double-penetrating her womb right now were also double-penetrating her fallopian tubes. She didn't consider herself in agonizing pain only because she had yet to experience anything more pleasant. She did love taking that first deep breath after a six-armed ape finished using her face and just before a new one clogged her throat. That was her favorite part of each hour.