

Description: Mike's old owner has found him and managed to get Mike to visit her shop. How will Mike react? More importantly, how will Ahsoka react to being blue balled?

Characters: Mike, Ahsoka, Trandosian Female (Luhwa)

Kinks: Bleached, Humaned, Anal, Deepthroat, Denial, Musk, Stomach Deformation and Cum Inflation, water sports

Submission of Queens Chapter.10: Old Flame

Luhwa approached Mike from the darkness, revealing she was a Trandosian woman in her early forties. The sharp scaled visage of a Trandosian was cut by strong feminine secondary features. Her body was heavy set, yet curvy: around six foot six, strong scaled arms and legs, covered in light armor. Blue interlocked metal plates covered her arms and legs and a large breastplate covered her chest but her face was visible.

Loha's reptile-like snout was very pointed and rimmed by pouty lips common with the females of her species. The larger scales that covered the edges of her cheeks, the nape of her nose and forehead all raised as they reached the back of her head transitioning into little horns that pointed upwards. Her big yellow eyes looked predatory: deep slitted black pupils and a feral look, which gave the woman a look of menace but she softened greatly, becoming overjoyed when she saw Mike.

"Oh Mike!" cried Luhwa, "you're alive, free and—"

Mike was suddenly embraced by Luhwa, her strong arms lifting his little body off the ground, away from Ahsoka as she continued, "I see your work hasn't changed much."

"Who the fuck is this?" spat Ahsoka, her cheeks flush and cunt pulsing as she was brutally denied dick by this random scaly strumpet.

"I am Luhwa and I was the former owner of your—"

"Master," interjected Mike, "I've been living good."

"So you have," cooed Luhwa, her eyes going wide as she noticed Mike's incredibly enhanced cock size, "I assume it has something to do with that monster between your legs. It's gotten quite a bit bigger, can you even accept normal female clients anymore?"

“You’d be surprised how in demand I still am,” said Mike with a grin on his lips, “though I don’t whore myself out much anymore.”

Luhwa let out a little raspy laugh, “so nothing much has changed for you, kid.”

Ahsoka wanted to speak up and force the peasant to kneel before her prince but Mike placed a finger over her lips as Luhwa continued, “why don’t you come back with me to my place so we can catch up.”

“Surprised you’d want to catch up after you sold me,” responded Mike, “besides I was already doing something.”

“I promise, there will be time for that later and besides, giving you up wasn’t completely my choice.” she continued, placing Mike back on the ground.

“Really?”

“The queen demanded a dozen grade S-slaves and you were to be the twelfth, sighed Luhwa, “and I am sure you’ve heard rumors about her royal temper.”

“More like he has experie—*mmmmnn*.” Mike stopped Ahsoka mid sentence with the force, shutting her lips.

“Don’t I know it and sure, it might be fun,” responded Mike as Luhwa turned and started walking deeper into the alley.

“Are we really going to engage with this slaver?”

“Don’t worry, I promise I’ll catch up with her quickly~” said Mike, “and then we can get back to our little date.”

“*Hmmmmph*, just tell her you’re the prince and make her lick your feet, conversation over.” seethed Ahsoka, pouting her lips as she followed behind Mike. She’d be fuming about getting blue-balled until Mike finally decided to pound her cunt into mush but she’d get a consolation prize.

“*Hahaha*, who says I won’t,” he continued, lowering his hand to Ahsoka’s ass and giving her a heavy squeeze, “and maybe if you’re lucky I’ll let you join.”

Ahsoka's cheeks got flush again, a bit of that annoyance melted away as she muttered, "yes master... *mmmnn~*"

Mike groped Ahsoka for the entirety of the walk to Luhwa's place. His fingers constantly kneaded her cheeks as she struggled not to squirt over the dusty alleyway. Her movements almost janky and tired as Mike forced her along, seemingly not getting the attention of their guide. She didn't bother to look back at the pair until they finally got to the establishment.

"We're here," Luhwa had a very deep smoky voice but Mike noticed her tones had a hint of nervousness as she ushered the pair inside.

On the outside the building appeared to be a rather seedy looking bar, large angular neon sign in Aurebesh affixed to the building on a vertical slope read "The Hot Hovel". The windows were all tinted a dark blue, making it hard to see inside and a seedy nightclub-like glow was spilling out from the door but Mike wasn't afraid of being jumped. If anything it would be nice to provide the guards with another fuckmeat donation.

Though the inside was a lot more inviting: booths with a bantha leather like padding filled the isles of a cozy little hostess bar. Dull purple and pink holo emitters bathed the room making all the shadows just a bit harsher. The main staff all appeared to be pleasure droids. Extra thick robots with large baby making hips, tight tummies and massive perky bionic bimbo boobs, covered from foot to neck in faux flesh that made their accessories jiggle as they stepped through the parlor, cleaning the tables and seats.

Mike could've mistook them for real women but their domed heads and lack of eyes gave them away as robots. He almost wanted to try out those enhanced lips they had, the thick cock milkers had a volume that surpassed all the girls of his harem. However, more important things focused his attention.

"We can chat in here," said Luhwa as she opened the door to one of the private rooms. A reasonably large room with a wide couch that could seat at least seven and a large glass coffee table in the center. In the corner was one of those holo projectors that was switching between the faces of slaves for sale.

Ahsoka gave Luhwa a little scowl as she walked inside with Mike right behind her. Luhwa then followed behind, closing the door as she said, "We won't be opening for hours, so there shouldn't be any interruptions."

“So what did you want to know?” asked Mike as he took a seat and Ahsoka joined right beside him, cuddling up close to her master.

“It does surprise me that you somehow escaped the royal slave pits.” Luhwa pulled one of the wall panels down showing off a small bar as she continued, “but I am happy you did, I expected we wouldn’t see each other again.”

“I’m small and the palace is big,” Mike responded, shrugging, “It’s not too hard to slip out out of the palace with the right help~”

“Too true,” Ahsoka gave Mike a knowing smile, helping him keep his secret for the moment.

“Well, I didn’t see any bounties for you, so congratulations on being a free man.”

“Thank you,” said Mike, “slavery has never suited me and I’ve been enjoying being mostly free.”

“Do you already have work?”

“Kind of,” responded Mike, “it’s a little something that keeps me busy.”

“Well would you like to be on my payroll, again.”

“I wasn’t on your payroll before.”

“You know what I mean,” said Luhwa, pouring Mike and Ahsoka drinks. She leaned over and placed a pair of cocktails in front of Mike.

“I don’t drink,” he said.

“It’s just soda but I added something extra to the drink for your... pet?” asked Luhwa, looking to Mike for confirmation.

“Pet works,” continued Mike downing the drink in one swig. Ahsoka looked at him, her lips puckered and cheeks puffed out. She didn’t like being called a pet in public and considered waiting outside, but her arousal had reached the tipping point where Mike could do just about anything and she wouldn’t verbally protest.

“My offer still stands,” Luhwa continued, “you were my best money maker when I worked for the Hutts and now that I’m independent, I can afford to give you a hefty cut~”

“How much,” asked Mike.

“Eighty percent, plus you get your own room.”

“*Hmmmmph*, better than the brothels.”

“Much better, you’ve still got a lot of old clients that remember you, kid.”

Luhwa gave Mike a very lecherous look as she quickly took off her armor, just a few quick latches got flipped and her breastplate tumbled to the floor showing off her not so natural reptile titties. Two mountains of supple breast flesh that were just one thin undershirt away from being completely bare. Each one of her breasts slightly saggy: both nipples bright pink, pointed and pierced by little barbells that ever so slightly squished the flesh. Unlike most of her body, Luhwa (and all members of her species) had a soft light beige underbelly meaning those rep-tits would be soft as any human whore, *buuuuut*—

“I didn’t know Trandoshan could grow massive hu-cow tits,” chuckled Mike, “you must’ve been a late bloomer.”

“*Hahaha*, we both know these tits were anything but natural.” Luhwa put her hands behind her head and gave her tits a little shimmy, knocking them out of her undershirt, they slightly sagged down her pudgy tummy, covering about half her midsection.

“But I know you like them big,” she continued, pointing at Mike’s growing bulge.

“He likes a little more than size,” added Ahsoke, pulling Mike closer. She pressed his head between her teenage titties as she lifted up her robes, showing off her queen of hearts womb tattoo.

“I’m completely devoted to master, how is he to know you’re not just some whore—”

“It looks like we match, dear~” interjected Luhwa as she pulled up her undershirt, revealing a large green Queen of hearts womb tattoo. A big green heart that rippled into smaller hearts leading into a Q in the center and surrounding it were little coiling vines that reached the sides of Luhwa’s slightly scaled hips; which were wider than her shoulders.

“New Ink?” asked Mike.

“*Mmmhmm*, I got it done before you were shipped out.” Luhwa sat beside Mike, shaking the couch as little as she sat down and snuggled up to him, “and I was upset at the thought you’d never get to see it.”

“And you’re part of the perks?” asked Mike.

“Yes, and I’ll even let you keep your pet,” Luhwa teased, “might even let you get more pets.”

“How generous.”

Ahsoka pouted a little bit, tightening her grip on Mike as she spat, “then why did you sell him!”

“I said it wasn’t my decision—”

“But you were happy to profit off of it, right?” Mike grabbed one of Luhwa’s tits, his little fingers sinking into her soft flesh, “and I don’t recall ever hearing from you again, you did even bother trying to get in touch. I was at least expecting a holo message.”

“Well that’s—*mmmmph*,” Luhwa lett out groans as Mike’s fingers squeezed her soft tit flesh, “I knew you were in the queen’s personal slave pits, there was no way I could’ve reached you, Mike *ahhhhhnn~*”

Mike slapped Luhwa’s other tit, his voice mocking as he spat, “but you didn’t even try and that really hurts.”

“Maybe you could punish her a bit, master,” added Ahsoka, “prove that she is really devoted to you and not just another whore.”

Luhwa’s lips curved into a sneer as she spat, “You little whore.”

“I completely agree,” said Mike as he let go of Luhwa’s tits and stood up, unsheathing his massive cock.

“*Ghhhhgghhnn*, *eeh*—it’s so heavy,” she snorted, her little nostrils flaring as Mike’s massive two feet of white meat slapped against her tits.

There was a moment she wondered if this boy was really Mike she was deeply familiar with his cock. Sure Mike's cock was big but the boy in front of her had a cock bigger than most banthas. With smooth heavy boy nuts nearly double Mike's old size (Luhwa had his old measurements memorized). Could augmentation really enhance Mike this much? It seemed very unlikely to Luhwa; yet, the smell and feel were un-mistakeably her former lover. His massive human meat had Luhwa literally salivating as Mike spoke.

"You're a big old lizard, I'm sure you'll be able to manage." he said with a boyish grin on his face. Mike's pants quickly dropped to the floor and Ahsoka helped him get out of his shirt as Luhwa grasped his cock with both hands. Her fingers barely able to fit around his girth as she started to pump his quickly hardening meat.

"I'm not that old," she muttered, her face a little nervous as her tight pumps managed to milk a little precum, "and despite your new size, I still know your sensitive spots."

"Don't get ahead of yourself, you've still got a long way~"

"Mmmmwaaaah~" Luhwa planted a kiss on Mike's cock head, her thick green lips puckering as she muttered, "I know but that's no reason not to tease you."

Mike smiled as he looked over his shoulder, "wanna help the old lady drain my balls."

Ahsoka nodded, her breathing heavy as she looked up at Mike. She'd gotten a good whiff of her master's cock stink and she couldn't suppress her lust any longer. She crawled behind him and pressed her face between his twinkie boy cheeks. He was still sweaty from the day's heat and immediately Ahsoka was greeted by his salty taste as her tongue wriggled into his rim.

"Mmmmmnhhnnmmm—snoooooort~" Ahsoka let out a slobbering groan as her pouty red lips pressed around Mike's anal entrance, her tongue probing inside him, looking for his p-spot as she furiously fingered her sloppy cunt. Ahsoka's brain went blank as she huffed, brain cells popping as tight anus.

"Such a bad boy," commented Luhwa, stroking Mike's cock, "you've made that poor girl into an ass huffing slut."

"How do you know I didn't just find her like that," responded Mike, "she is a Togruta."

"Mmmhnnnngh!" moaned Ahsoka, half sounding like she agreed with Mike but it could've just been another moan as her tongue tickled Mike's prostate.

"I've seen her type before: desperate, horny and willing to do anything for human dick."

"So a lot like you?" asked Mike.

"Mmmhmm," drooled Luhwa as she lapped up a glob of thick white pre-cum that bubbled out of Mike's cock tip, "I'd do anything for this cock—*nnnyyghh!*"

"Then stop talking and put that throat to good use," said Mike, pressing his cock tip against Luhwa's snout, "unless you've gotten rusty in your old age."

"Hhnngh, buh-brat," Luhwa lapped at the underside of Mike's shaft with her tongue, "I'll remind you of my skill."

Luhwa managed to take Mike's meat into her mouth. Her powerful jaw strained slightly as she began to swallow Mike's massive meat. The girth wasn't much thicker than she remembered; really it was thickest near the tip and once that passed into her mouth it wasn't too much of a problem to start sucking. Her long tongue barely enough to wrap Mike's meat as her throat muscles tried their best to squeeze his glands.

"Mmmmmhnnn~" her gurgled groans started filled the room, nostrils flaring up with every movement of her head back. Luhwa's lungs were large but she couldn't impale Mike's meat completely down her throat for too long. The feeling of his hot cock pulsing was enough to completely take her breath away; both figuratively and literally.

"Come on, bitch—"

Ghhuuuggghh!"

Mike leaned over, sinking more inches into Luhwa's esophagus, "you gotta squeeze me tight or you'll spill my seed all over the couch."

"Ghhuuunnkkk, hhhnn—mmmmmmnnn..."

Luhwa's gurgles trailed off, becoming weak as she felt Mike's spunk blast down her throat. It erupted like a volcano, blasting chunks of semi solid seed directly into Luhwa's belly. There was so much seed, too much for Luhwa to properly swallow. The backed up genetic sludge spewed out of Luhwa's nostrils and spilled from the sides of her mouth.

“Awww, you spilled,” spat Mike as he pulled his massive meat out of her throat, slapping his spit and cum coated shaft between her eyes.

“Huuuuff, huuuuff, s-su-sorry,” wheezed Luhwa, tears streaming from her big yellow eyes. She nearly passed out gargling Mike’s thick cum but she didn’t care. Luhwa had spent over a year pining for this cock and even though her throat was Raw she needed more.

“Ahsoka you did a better job than old Luhwa, so you get to ride me first,” said Mike, looking over his shoulder.

Ahsoka pulled her face out from Mike’s cheeks, spit coated her chin and her sloppy lips curved into a smile as she moaned, “Mmmnn, I’ll show her how it’s done.”

“Wait, no!” groaned Luhwa.

“Is there a problem?” asked Mike as he sat down on the couch.

“I haven’t seen you in a year and I was hoping—”

“Well you hoped wrong hag,” Ahsoka straddled over Mike’s cock and pressed his fat tip against her tight teenage slit, slowly sinking his meat deep inside her muff as she continued, “My devoted rimjob was better than your pathetic attempt at head.”

“Togruta filth, your kind should all be wearing slave collars!” shouted Luhwa, intending insult.

“I completely agree!” cried Ahsoka as she started to ride Mike’s meat, every movement of her hips squeezing a few more inches into her slit. This time Ahsoka managed to take over a foot of Mike’s massive meat hammer, squeezing a good chunk of his big white cock into her tight walls.

“Brat you can’t actually think that,” she barked.

“Why the fuck not,” mewled Ahsoka, her voice hot’n sloppy, “Togruta’s are all a bunch of sluts and all our males have *tiny worthless, mmmnngh cooows!*”

Lohwa watched as Ahsoka's tight, toned belly bulged with a clean outline of Mike's massive member. It looked like a bat had been shoved inside but Ahsoka's face was giddy, eyes crossing as she gyrated her hips on Mike's big white dick.

"Just look at this massive meat! A Togruta sissy boy couldn't make me feel like this," Ahsoka gave Luhwa a sloppy look as she said, "and I am sure you feel the same way about your entire shitty space lizard race."

"Less talking, more hopping—"

SLAP!

"Yes master, I'll move faster for you!" shouted Ahsoka as she felt his small hand slap her ass cheek.

Lohwa couldn't help herself and stared intently at the slutty movements, her hand moved down to her needy slit and she started fingering her folds as she watched the thoroughly bleached Togruta move her tight teenage ass. Ahsoka's legs flexed and strained as she squatted her little body up and down Mike's cock. Even stretched there was only enough room inside Ahsoka's folds to fit eighteen inches but Mike seemed happy enough with her performance, thrusting up against Ahsoka whenever she pushed down.

"Well, are you just going to sit there flicking your bean or will you help my poor little slave milk me?" asked Mike as he pointed down.

"I don't know—"

"Suck my nuts and be quick about it," ordered Mike, "unless you don't want a turn."

"No, I will hurry!"

Luhwa crawled off the couch, chest heaving and body trembling as she crawled to Mike's feet. They dangled off the sides of the couch as Ahsoka rode his massive member. Ahsoka looked back and leaned forward, grabbing the back of the couch for support as she spat, "Try not to fry your brain huffing master's nuts."

"*Hmmnnn*, ignorant whore..." Luhwa snarled a bit at the insult but found her brain going fuzzy as she inhaled Mike's scent again. Her nostrils flared as she inhaled and Luhwa quickly found herself gravitating towards his nuts.

Luhwa pushed her snout directly between Mike's heavy nuts and started to inhale like a pig, "*Snooort, snooort! Mmmmmnn~*"

"Keep going Luhwa, I need more than a nut huffer." shouted Mike.

"*Yuussh, buh-baby,*" she mewled as she started lapping Mike's nuts, wrapping her long tongue around the circumference of his heavy cum churners. They were covered in little beads of sweat, tasty little treats for the bleached Trandosian. She could hardly contain her mewls and constantly let out little grunts of pleasure as she slurped up every drop of perspiration covering Mike's balls.

Though her moans were drowned out by Ahsoka's piggish grunts of pleasure. Mike had fully entered her womb and Ahsoka didn't want to let go. Her wombs' entrance held onto Mike's tip with animalistic need, practically sucking the contents of his urethra out. The pathetic mewls she slobbered out were undercut by the piggish grunts of Luhwas' ball snorting which greatly amused Mike.

"Awww, can't continue?" asked Mike, "and you were doing so well, you even took a few more inches than last time."

"*Nyyyhoo!*" Ahsoka started gyrating her hips, determined not to go limp before she made Mike cum, "*hhaahn, eeheh-I just want you deeeep~*"

"Well, you got it," said Mike as he rubbed her cock bulged belly, "and you'll be getting a deep womb filling as a consequence."

"*Hehehe, yeeesh!*"

"Keep licking my nuts until I'm done filling this Jedi pig!"

"*Hmmmm?!*" Luhwa's eyes went wide at the comment and she wanted to ask Mike what he meant but before she could speak he busted a disgustingly fat load of genetic cream into Ahsoka's womb. The once tight teen tummy inflated to the point she looked pregnant and the extra contents spilled onto Luhwa's face, making her brain go blank.

"*Hnnnggh, suuuh-thuu-iiiccssh!*" she squealed, snorting part of Mike's spilt cum load as her tongue lapped up the rest, not stopping as Ahsoka's sloppy seconds oozed down to Mike's nuts. Luhwa just adored the salty, sweet taste of Mike's home made cream and moaned as she swallowed glob after thick white glob. Forgetting to breathe as she

made swallowing every drop of cum her number one priority.

"Very good Ahsoka, you didn't go limp," exhaled Mike as his load abated.

"*Thu*-thanks to your training master," panted Ahsoka, her breaths were quick and deep but her words kept a giddy tone, "I should be ready for more if you—"

"*Puh*-please use me next," mewled Luhwa, pulling her face away from Mike's nuts. She left the boy's balls spit shined and completely cleaned of semen. A bead of drool dripped from her lips and onto her sweaty reptile tits as she looked up at him; eyes wide and needy.

"*Hmmmm~*" Mike hummed to himself as Ahsoka lifted her hips off his cock.

"Don't bother with her, you have still got my ass to stuff," moaned Ahsoka, whispering in Mike's ear, "I'm soooo much tighter than some lizard hag—"

"Please Mike," Luhwa collapsed her hands together, pleading, "I've done all you asked and I didn't act out of turn, so please fuck me like the good old days.

"But it's not the good old days anymore," continued

"You're right but I—*Hnnnggh.*"

"You're just a slutty Trando whore," Mike waved his cock in Luhwa's face, cum dripping off the underside of his shaft and sloping on the floor. He could see her pant, her breath heavy as Mike's smug smile grew, "*Aaaaannd* I want to make sure you're not just using me for a little fun. How do I know you're actually devoted to me?"

Luhwa stared at Mike for a moment, panting like a bitch in heat as she muttered, "I'll give you everything."

"Everything?" said Mike, more than a little surprised.

"I doubt everything she owns is even worth five minutes with you," added Ahsoka as she laid down on the couch giving her tired legs a break.

"I'll give you all my bank account passwords, user IDs and the deed for this place. At least two point two million credits in assets," Luhwa bowed her head, prostrating her big Trandosian body at Mike's feet. The tip of his huge cock was mere inches away from

her face as she muttered, "I'll keep my name on the building so no one realizes your free but you'll be in control of everything~"

"How generous," Mike placed the ball of his foot on Luhwa's snout, "and what do you get?"

"I just want you," mewled Luhwa, "I've thought of you every day since you were sold and I tried to get you back but—"

"But I was already out of your reach," Mike pulled his foot back.

"Yes.... but now you can keep me as a pet. I'll even put on one of the slave collars if you want me to!" Luhwa stood up and clasped her hands together, looking at Mike with wide eyes.

"Back down on the ground."

"*Ahhhngghhh!*" Luhwa felt Mike's hand push on her shoulder but instead of some kids push she was pressed against the floor in an instant. Her head reeling from the sudden jerk. There was a moment she could've sworn that something more than raw strength was pushing her down but before she could gather her thoughts.

"I can't stuff you if your ass isn't pushed up." he continued, shoving his cock into Luhwa's needy pink slit.

"*Ahhhhhnnnggh!*" The air left Luhwa's lungs and all the thoughts in her head went pop as she felt Mike's meat scraping out her folds. All those times he skewered her cunt with his big white cock. Mike's shaft filled Luhwa in ways no custom made toys, high prices hooker or slave ever could.

"Fuck that big alien bitch master~" Ahsoka moaned as she fingered her loose cream packed cunt, her thumb teasing her clit as seed leaked from her holes onto the floor.

"Ruin her fucking cunt," she continued, panting like a bitch in heat as Mike claimed another alien whore.

"Certainly feels like I'm ruining you," grunted Mike, "you've gotten too loose since we last fucked, tighten up!"

"*Hnnngghh, yeeessh maaahsst!*" cried Luhwa as she thought, *I'm gunna fucking die!!*

“That’s the spirit! Get fucking hard bleached your dumb alien whore,” shouted Mike as he grabbed Luhwa’s hips. His fingers gripping her scaly hips tight as he thrust deep into her cunt. Mike could feel his former owner’s womb completely submit to his brutal womb beating thrusts. The feeling of his heavy nuts slapping against her muscled thighs felt like someone was slapping her backside with a bat.

“*Ghhuuunngghh!*” Luhwa cried, as her muscles tightened around Mike’s cock and her soft underbelly bulged to take his dick.

Only a year ago Mike could just barely reach Luhwa’s womb entrance with his tip and that was with the right angle but now his massive meat could easily beat the back of her womb, stretching out Luhwa’s belly like it was a fucking condom. Yet, Luhwa didn’t break in any way that mattered. Her face might’ve contorted into a sloppy, drooling *ahegao*; tears streamed down her cheeks as her long tongue flopped out of her mouth but she held on to consciousness.

Luhwa pressed back against Mike as he thrust, devoting all those cultivated muscles she’s earned to milking her master’s massive cock. Her body had already completely submitted and just focused on squeezing Mike’s glands while he churned up her guts. Luhwa couldn’t stop cumming, the constant cunt breaking thrusts were becoming unbearable. She could feel her brain cells melting with every squirting orgasm, I.Q. spiraling down to the single digits as Mike fucked her stupid.

“You’ve gotten a little sloppy *buuuuut* overall not so bad, better than the Mando’s when they started,” mused Mike as he started rutting deep, his hips squishing between Luhwa’s cheeks.’

“High praise from you, master. Do you think you’ll be keeping her,” asked Ahsoka as she swapped hands, licking the cum off her sticky fingers with glee as she waited for Mike’s reply.

“*Hmmmmm*, probably—”

“*Hnnngghh—yeeeeesssh!*” shouted Luhwa, her moans raspy and weak as Mike’s tip leaked pre-cum directly into her womb.

“*Buuuuuut* I could change my mind,” Mike teased, “it depends on your performance the next few rounds.”

"HNNNUUUGGH, THU-THANK YOU!" Luhwa let out a loud sloppy wheeze as Mike's hot ball snot filled her belly. The load was stupidly thick like literal hot tar was being pumped deep into her womb. She could feel it forcing its way into her ovaries, raping her poor eggs and painting her cunt white. Luhwa was sure she wouldn't get pregnant, Mike was a human but the heat radiating from her belly sure made her feel like she was knocked up with a full clutch.

"You even manage to take the whole load without spilling," exhaled Mike as he popped his cock out of Luhwa's cunt.

"Thu-t-thank you, master." panted Luhwa, she reached back and spread her cheeks, showing off a puffy light green anal donut, "would you like to *mmmnngh, yuh*-use my ass too?"

Mike gave Luhwa's thigh a light slap as he spat, "such a greedy cumdumpster."

"Sorry but I need you," she mewled.

"But it's my turn again, you big lizard bitch," said Ahsoka with a sneer.

"Brat!" groaned Luhwa, "respect your elders~"

"I don't respect hags!"

"Calm down you spunky little slut."

"Aaahhhnn!" Ahsoka let out a little groan as Mike force-slapped her ass.

"I'll fuck you both," he continued, "but first I gotta take a piss. Where is the bathroom in this place?"

"Use me!" shouted Luhwa as she crawled around. Still kneeling as she looked up at Mike, keeping her head low as she opened her maw, showing off her teeth and long tongue as she said, "Piss in my mouth, use your stupid Alien slave as a toilet. It would be an honor to drink your hot human piss."

"Well, I can't argue that the hag would make a good urinal," said Ahsoka.

"I completely agree," said Mike, pointing his tip towards Luhwa's open maw.

“Thank you, *ma—ghhuuugghh~*” Luhwa was silenced by a heavy stream of hot yellow piss. The acrid taste stung her tongue but she loved the musky urine, swallowing every tasty drop Mike shot into her maw. She took incredible care not to spill a single drop of his stream, swallowing his piss while it pooled in her mouth. Luhwa could’ve died happy right now, *but—*

The door to the private room was knocked open, metal around the sides bending open as a latex clad nightsister with a large breacher claw opened up the private room like a can. The sound of shorting cricutes accompanied the sound of metal dropping on the ground as the Nightsister moved into the room. Not a single inch of her venus body was left to the imagination thanks to her latex “armor”.

“Ghhhuugkkk, huh-holy shit!” gurgled Luhwa.

Mike’s piss dripped off her lips as she moved back, scrambling towards the couch. She reached under and pulled out a blaster pistol, aiming at the nightsister who didn’t seem to care as she asked, “Are you alright, your majesty?”

“What?” muttered Luhwa.

Mike snapped his fingers and forced pulled Luhwa’s blaster out of her hands as he looked up at the Night Sister, “I’m fine but what makes you think you can interrupt my piss?”

“Forgive us your majesty,” a second sister poked her head out of the door frame as she continued, “but your royal mother sent us out to find you and we worried you might’ve been captured and held at this slave facility against your will—”

“You got a slave facility here?” said Mike as he looked over his shoulder at Luhwa.

She just stared at Mike, equal parts confused and curious, she had no idea what was going on or what Mike did but she managed a slightly sputtered response, *“yu-huh, got a fresh stock, I—”*

“Hear that retard? I’m fine,” spat Mike as he narrowed his eyes at the royal guard.

“Yes your majesty and we are thrilled to—”

“And I am not finished here, so you can tell my mother I’ll be finishing my walk and the other one can be my seat while one of my pets rides me.”

“Thank you master, please use me.” The guard in front of Mike fell to her hands and knees as the other one climbed into the room, basically the same as her sister save a couple small differences in facial tattoos.

“And I have just sent a message to your mother, master. May I please service you as well—”

“Fine, I need another nut huffer anyways,” said Mike, rolling his eyes as he took a seat on the Night Sister’s back.

“*Mmmnn*,” moaned the sister as she felt Mike’s nuts slap against her back. The other Night Sister joined in and fell to her hands and knees. Her thick dark gray lips pressed against Mike’s smooth sack as her hands cupped his balls, aiding in her passionate worship.

“Wait, wait, wait,” sputtered Luhwa, “why are the royal guards serving you!”

“Dense one, aren’t you,” added Ahsoka as she crawled over and claimed another one of Mike’s nuts, running her tongue up the side before she spat, “you’re looking at the secret heir of Zygerria.”

“Awww, I kinda wanted to see how long she’d try and guess,” sighed Mike as the duo kept slurping his nuts.

“What, how—”

“Come on, you know how.”

Luhwa’s mouth stayed a gape for a moment before it slowly closed and she gave Mike a slow nod, her voice low as she asked, “but why bother with the secrecy? Surely you could’ve just taken my things if you—”

“Oh I don’t give a shit about your stuff,” responded Mike, “I’m just gonna make this place a whore house for the soldiers.”

“Then why did you—”

“Becaaaause dummy~” interjected Mike, his voice belittling as he pretended to sound dumb, “I wanted to see if you were serious. If you knew I was the prince you’d probably give me anything for my favor and I’ve already got enough nobles doing that.”

“That’s... I suppose I can understand,” muttered Luhwa, she had trouble believing Mike’s claims but fully understood the animalistic magnetism he invoked in his lessers, which Luhwa realized included her. There was no doubt in Her mind that Mike could bleach the queen and explained why the crown prince was never seen in public.

“Are you just going to sit there looking dumb or are you going to help my royal fucktoys suck my nuts?”

“Hey!” pouted Ahsoka, “I am much better than these latex clad *buh-mmmmmhhn!*”

Mike used force push to press Ahsoka’s face against her nuts again as he ordered, “less talking mosquito tits and more sucking. You’ve only made me cum a dozen times today.”

“Mmmmmhnnmmm~” groaned Ahsoka, agreeing there were more important duties than her pride.

Luhwa stared for a couple seconds, wondering if she should ask about Mike’s sudden telekinetic abilities but didn’t bother. She just crawled over to him, drooling like a dumb cock drunk whore, tits rubbed against the floor as she reached Mike’s fat human cock tip and took it into her throat. She didn’t need to think about such silly things, she had a cock to suck and was sure Mike would let her know if need be.

“That’s a good little sperm toilet,” exhaled Mike, relaxing on his latex seat, “keep this up and I might call you mommy again~”

“Ahhhnggh, thu-thank you, master, I’m happy to serve your superior cock once more,” she mewled, pulling her lips back long enough to spit a response.

“Good girl and remind me to look at your stock after you’re done.”

