

Description: Mike has decided to spend some quality time with his Madalorian pets, and is taking them for a walk to visit Nala Se.

Characters: Nala Se, Bo Katan and Koska

Kinks: Bleached, Humaned Tattoos, Petplay, Collar & Leashes, Futa on Female, Male on Futa, Futadom, FutaSub, Chastity, Spanking, Degradation, Humiliation, Cock Growth, Futafication, Degradation, Spitroasting, Mild Hyper, Cum Inflation, and Lots of Cum

Chapter 8: Pet's in Heat

"Come on Bitches keep up." Ordered Mike as he walked his naked pets Bo Katan and Koska through the royal halls.

The pair of Mandalorian bitches were finally spending some much needed quality time with their master. Ever since they became the prince's concubines they had spent most of their time rooting out spies, and foiling attempts on Miraj's life. It kept them busy, too busy to spend any extended time with Mike. However, this morning the pair finally got to spend some quality time with their master.

Bo-Katan and Koska were dressed up like proper pets. Their arms and legs, bound by tight black leather straps, forcing the pair to walk on their hands and knees. On each of their heads were a pair of big cat ears and around their necks were thick golden collars, equipped with heart shaped tags and a long black leash Mike used to pull them along. The clapping and swaying of their cheeks caught the attention of the various royal guards, night sister slaves and various menial drones that served in the palace.

Their eyes watched the Mandalorians' tits jiggle, both their perfect booties clapping with each step forward. Between each of their cheeks was a long black cat tail, firmly secured to fat pink plugs. Beneath were their drooling slits, which Mike had cruelly edged all morning, while keeping Koska's cock locked in a reinforced steel cage. It kept her fat Amazonian girl dick squished into a three inch sheath, and kept her painfully on the edge.

"Hurry up, pets." Ordered Mike as he waved his and used the force, giving his pets' asses a little spanking.

“Ahnnnggghh!” cried the pair, their bodies trembling from the impact. Mike pulled hard on their leashes and ordered, “You losers can mewl once we’re at Nala-Se’s lab.”

“Hnnnggh, yuh-yes master!” moaned Bo-Katan, her pussy throbbing from the harsh treatment. She’d had groan to love her little master’s stern hand, and mewled happily from his punishments.

However, Koska was having a bit of trouble, and in a rather meek voice sputtered, *“Buh-but master it’s h-hu-hard to crawl in my new cage~”*

“Oh really?” asked Mike, knowing fully that the cage was two sizes too small and constantly crushing his pathetic pet’s little black clit.

“I am still not used to *cuh*-crawling with it on. If I could be let out for a mom—*hnnnnnggh!*” Koska let out a sloppy groan as Mike stepped on her back. She was so weak from the pleasure, that even a boy half her height could easily push her stomach against the floor without much effort. Her big black udders squished against the ground, body trembling, yet she felt so close to orgasm.

“You’re not getting out of your cage that easily, pet.” Mike clenched his fist and squeezed Koska’s nuts with the force as he mounted her like one mounts a horse. His twinkly boy butt squishing against her sweaty back muscles, Mike felt so heavy, and the pain was mind numbing and yet there was more than enough pleasure to push Koska over the edge.

“Hnnnggghhaaaa!” Koska’s face devolved into a sloppy ahgao as she squirted a meek little load over the floor. Her jaw slack and drooling as her master abused her for the next minute or so before he grabbed her long black hair and pulled.

“Now move!” ordered Mike, he took a moment to get comfortable before digging his heels into Koska’s hips, spurring her forward.

“Ghuueeeehhhnn!” groaned Koska as she struggled to move onto her hands and knees.

“Come on pet, you can do better than that.” Mike teased.

“Mnnnggghh, s-suh-soowwwy master, I’m just uhnn-out of practice. I-I’ll m-mu-move quick!”

“Good girl, and I’ll tell you what—” Mike dug his heels into Koska’s sides as he pulled her head back, using her hair as reins as he whispered, “If you make it to the laboratory I’ll give you a bit of time out of your cage, and I might let you use that oversized clitty.”

“*Ahnngggh*, yes master!” Koska groaned as she started pulling herself forward. Her dark nipples hardened as both scraped against the pristine floors.

“You’ve made her such an obedient little bitch, master. Subservience really suits her,” added Bo-Katan as she followed behind, easily keeping up with the leaky futa. Koska had created quite the pathetic snail trail of sex juices and it almost was enough to make Bo-Katan laugh.

“She really makes a much better bitch, than a warrior.” Mike tugged on Koska’s hair as he asked, “Don’t ya?”

“*Hnnnggghh-yeeeeesssh!*” she sputtered, her eyes fluttering as she sped up, trying with all her might to make it to the laboratory before the constant orgasms made her too weak to continue.

“*Mmmnnnggh*, such a pathetic inferior.” Bo-Katan licked her lips, she just loved seeing Mike abuse the inferiors, Koska especially. The black bitch always needed a strong white man (or boy in Mike’s case) to finally break her, and make her obedient. Though Bo-Katan secretly hoped her master would play with her too. She just loved feeling him use the force on her body. His touch in any form made her cum harder than anything else, and soon she might get her wish.

“Only a little bit farther, pet.” Mike barked as the outside of Nala-Se’s lab came into view. It was only a couple feet away. She was trembling, on the edge and about to collapse as she reached the closed door, but she had barely managed to make it. However, Mike had one last torment in mind before Koska got her break.

“*Huff... Huff... Huff—mmmnggghh!*” Koska let out a sloppy groan as she felt Mike stand up on her back. His weight felt like a ton at the moment, his little form felt like he’d crush her if Mike spent more than a moment. Koska started to shiver, her joints aching and body shaking as Mike’s heels pressed against her back.

“Stand still so I can open the door, slave.” Ordered Mike, sparing Koska a steely glance.

“*Hnnnggh*, *suh-soowwy*, master!” Koska couldn’t hold back her orgasm and shot a pathetic load of clear pre-cum all over the floor. Being under her master’s foot was just

too good, and she couldn't help but indulge in a pathetic pain-gasm as Mike used her as a stool.

"Alright bitch take your break." sighed Mike as he let the pair out of their straps with a handwave. The locks snapping open with a loud click. Bo-Katan easily took her binds off but Koska was content to wallow for the moment.

"*Uhnngghh, thu*-thank you," muttered Koska, her joints throbbed and her body trembling from the prior pain-gasm.

Mike just shook his head as he used the force to pull his exhausted pet into the laboratory, which was looking quite busy. It appeared there was all kinds of work being done. At least half a dozen floating disk drones moved samples between the machines, recording the genetic data as it was processed. The only noise was the dull hum of their hovering combined with the clicking and whittling of running machinery. Nala Se appeared to be using the royals funds on real work instead of self-indulgence like mother half-expected.

"Kaminoan scum, she should be here to greet you, master." Commented Bo-Katan as she folded her arms under her sizable breasts.

"*Mmmmm, muh*-maybe the back~" moaned Koska.

"Drones I need you to—*sniff, sniff*, oh my lord and master!" Nala Se entered from a door to the side of the lab. She had a rather cold, and emotionless expression on her face, but immediately it shifted the second she saw Mike's head peak out from behind the lab table. Nala Se dropped to her hands and knees, giving Mike a good look at her enhanced body.

Nala-Se had changed a fair bit in the few months she'd been under Mike's foot, but the past few weeks she'd changed the most. Her face was mostly unchanged, but her lips were much thicker. She finally had a proper pair of dick sucking lips. Full, pouty and coated in a vibrant dark blue lipstick that gave them a little more flair.

Her once petite and lith Kaminoan body was gone. The new Nala Se was a thick alien bitch with the proportions of the thickest MILFs in the galaxy. Her formally small C-cubs now matched Miraj, two enormous breasts that were easily bigger than Mike's head, yet were perky enough her prince could sit on them if he wished. The outlines of her now dinner plate sized areolas were visible and Mike could see her nipples haren the second she saw his face. Her hips and thighs were now extra wide, stuffed with cellulite and fat

which filled out every inch of her latex lab suit. It strained at the seams almost ready to burst as she moved.

Both her massive ass cheeks jiggled as she dropped to the floor. Her thick thighs and calves squished together, squeaking slightly as she prostrated herself at Mike's feet. Nala Se had more than enough time to change her genetic code and fix up the imperfections (all except one) that prevented her from becoming the perfect sex sleeve for her prince. She greatly hoped her new body pleased him, but even if aspects still displeased him, Nala Se could always go back to the growth pods and try again.

"Squueeee, I am so sorry for not being presentable, master!" shouted Nala Se as she peeked up, her big black eyes watering, "I didn't know you were coming, If I did I would have knelt until—"

"Calm down, slave." Mike used the force to give his scientist a little spanking.

"Eeeeehhnn, sooowwwy!" Nala Se groaned as her big Kamineon cake rippled from the impact. It was just a light slap, but Nala Se felt so good from her master's pseudo touch. She had been without attention for weeks and desperately needed to please.

"I'm just here to show the Mandos your exciting little project." Mike grabbed a handful of Nala Se's impressive booty. His finger's sunk into her tight suit, hand swallowed by her extra-soft flesh.

"And I see you've been very busy."

"She looks a lot more.... presentable, my master," added Bo-Katan.

"Mnnnggh, yes my master! I have been hard a work with a few projects," mewled Nala Se before kissing Mike's feet, *"Mmmmmph, muh-may I get ready—"*

"You may get ready for me, bitch." interjected Mike as he shooed Nala Se off like a needy child.

"Yes thank you my prince! I hope my work will please you~" Nala Se sat back up, the crotch of her suite wet as she scuttled back into the back room. Her legs had certainly gotten stronger thanks to her little transformation. After all, they had a lot of new weight to carry.

“Come on pets, let’s see what the royal science slut has done .” Mike gestured for the pair to follow and Bo-Katan happily followed, while Koska could only crawl. Her body was still recovering from the hard hand free orgasm. She felt like another hour or two of crawling was needed before she even attempted to stand.

The new room the group entered used to be an old gallery room. The reinforced sandstone walls had an old feel to them, yet were embroidered with gold filigree and marble mouldings with hand carved designs of cats. The only light source poured down from the glass ceiling above, a dull blue light which was supposed to give the gallery a mystic feel. Which it still did, but instead it gave the same aura to the new clone growth chambers.

At least three dozen glass cylinders, affixed to the floor and ceiling filled the room. Filled with a liquid that grewed a light green in the blue light. The dull hum and sloshing of liquids filled the upper area of the lab. While the cylinder’s contents appeared to be sleeping and looked all too familiar. Humanoids, some aliens a mix of Zygerrians, Night Sisters and Togruta, but the vast majority of the developed samples resembled the Mandalorians?

“Master, what is the meaning of this?” asked Bo-Katan.

“Do you remember when you dumped some fresh sludge for Nala Se?”

“*Mmmnnnggh*, how could I forget,” moaned Koska as she snuggled at Mike’s feet. While Bo-Katan just nodded.

“Well mother had some ideas regarding new palace guards. She just wanted some cloned Zygerrian soldiers, but I found that idea too limiting.” responded Mike, “So, I taked Nala Se to expand the project and create some genetic diversity. Why are you offended, pet?”

“Oh no master!” shouted Bo-Katan, a bit flustered, “I’m just surprised you’ve made perfect clones of us—”

“They won’t be perfect clones!” mewled Nala Se as she entered from the back office.

Her new pet outfit was quite the sight. A pair of lacy silken thigh highs that made little muffin tops. Her tight tummy now had a large queen of hearts womb tattoo, with stylized ovaries and a little crown over the heart. Her Kamineon body was perfectly smooth, flawless pale skin that glistened with just a hint of sweat as she approached, hips

swaying and cheeks clapping. She'd clearly lost whatever shame she once had as she immediately knelt back at Mike's feet. Presenting her sweaty new MILF body for his approval.

"They use you both as a base and I add Mike's DNA to the mix. So, in a way they're like your daughters." She continued, almost sounding excited at that last part.

"*Hmmph*, don't presume a connection, slave." Spat Bo-Katan as she looked down at Nala Se.

"Are you going to neglect your new daughters?" chuckled Mike.

"Of course not, especially if they are yours." responded Bo-Katan, hiding her flushed cheeks, "But I don't want this inferior assuming a thing.

"I'd be happy to train the group of pod bitches." Moaned Koska, seemingly happy with the news, "But I wanna make more sluts the natural way."

"Don't worry, I wouldn't let Nala Se's little project deny you of any fun, but we could use the numbers." Said Mike as he sat on Koska's back, using her as a seat as he looked down at Nala Se.

"Speaking of numbers, what do you have to report?"

"*Nuh*-new species have been added to the gene bank, expanding the number of possible types to eight." Mewled Nala Se, she was trembling with excitement, nearly panting like a bitch in heat as she continued her report.

"The clones are all stable, no defects, and all females or futas. Every Mandalorian here should be impregnable if you wish to make more heirs the natural way!"

"And?" asked Mike.

"*Hmmm*, oh yes! My gene alteration project is going well," squeed Nala Se as she crawled to one of the tanks, pressed her fat tits against the glass and pointed to the Mandalorian female inside. A clear clone of Koska, down to the cock between her legs, but she looked even more muscled. Every inch of her body was covered in densely packed well defined muscles, and she had a good half a foot of height on the normal Koska.

"I've applied the treatment to a few of the royal guards and their strength has nearly tripled since the first procedure! However, we won't know the full effectiveness of the clones until they're out of the vats, and have been given the proper conditioning, but I am sure we'll see similar results!" Nala Se looked up at Mike with her hands clasped together like she was praying to her god.

"And as you can see the other body types you desire are easily achieved." Nala Se looked up at Mike, eyes wide as she asked, "Does your slave's work please you my master?"

"Hmmm, it certainly is impressive, and I assume production could be expanded?"

"Yes master!" responded Nala Se practically giddy with excitement, "An industrial factory could be produced to make you an army of obedient human worshipping sluts ready to be impregnated by human seed!"

"Oh that reminds me. How is the main fertilization project going?" continued Mike, "Mother has been very vocal about wanting to get pregnant as soon as possible."

Nala Se's expression soured as she averted her eyes away from Mike. She seemed rather ashamed for a moment before she finally muttered, "It's going very slowly my master!"

"And why is that, slave?" Mike reached down and pulled on Nala Se's fat nipples squeezing them as she squirmed.

"Mnnnggh, yu-yuh-yuur spu-sperm is ve-very c-cu-complexe, master!"

"Are you implying that our master's cum is to blame for your poor progress?" asked Bo-Katan.

"Nu-nuh-no, master I would nev-"

"Such a disrespectful inferior, she needs to be taught her place." Added Koska as she clung to Mike's leg, caressing him as she stared down the trembling Kaminoan, "Perhaps she needs to be denied for another few months, give her some time to think about what she's done~"

"No master! *Hnnnggh, n-nu*-Nala Se is a good pet!" she mewled, kissing Mike's feet, "I know my—*mwaaaaah, p*-place is to serve your magnificence."

“Don’t worry I am just teasing you.” Mike let go of her nipples as he continued, “But mother really wants to know what’s taking you so long, and I am tired of her constantly asking me about it.”

“I am still working on mapping your genetic sequence master.” She continued, meekly peeking up at Mike, “Luckily humans are compatible with most humanoid species, but your sperm is something special. It stays alive for days, and is packed with ten times the normal nutrients by volume.”

“Don’t need a degree to know that.” Koska licked her lips as she cupped one of Mike’s heavy nuts with her hand, “I can practically live on master’s spunk.”

“*Hnnnggh*, but you actually can!” moaned Nala Se, licking her lips, “It’s no exaggeration, Master’s cum is superior to that of all other limp dick alien species. A mouthful is enough calories to sustain you for a day, and is very addicting~*mmmmmmph!*”

Mike shrugged and let out a surprise, “*Huh*, that explains a lot actually.”

“Yes, my master, your seed is truly special and I hope you don’t find it disappointing that your pathetic pet needs more time to experiment~” Nala Se let out a pathetic whine as she looked up, eyes wide, “But I am hopeful your Mandalorian and Togruta pets should be able to birth you heirs without much assistance. Their bodies should already be mostly accustomed to your powerful sperm!”

“Good slave,” responded Mike, “I was a bit hesitant when I first saw you, but you’ve clearly earned your place at my feet.”

“Congratulations menial, you’ve moved up in the world.” Bo-Katan spat.”

“And I think you’ve earned a reward.” Mike reached down and cupped Nala Se’s cheek, edging her gaze to meet his as he ordered, “Present yourself for me like a good slave.”

“*Sqqueeee, yuh*-yes master!” cheered Nala Se, she didn’t bother trying to keep herself together. Her voice was oozing lust, drool dribbling down her chin as she crawled to her hands and knees, presenting her massive pale alien ass to Mike. A perfect heart shaped alien cake, and every last bite was for Mike.

“Due to your good work, you’ll be formally added to the harem soon—”

“Does that mean, I’m gonna be—*Ahhnnngghhh!*”

“Silence bitch!” spat Koska as she gave Nala Se a hard slap on the ass, “You’ve been acknowledged as above the mewling inferiors master uses as toys, but that doesn’t mean you can speak out of turn.”

“*Mnnnggh, yuh*-yes ma’am, sorry master!” drooled Nala Se, her voice sloppy and desperate.

“*Haha*, it’s fine bitch. You haven’t displeased me, in fact—” Mike paused as he slapped his cock between her ass cheeks, his voice smooth as he ground against her slit, “I’m very happy with your progress. You’ve proven to be more than just another menial.”

“*Ahhnnnggh, thu*-thank you my god.” Nala Se’s voice cracked as she felt his shaft squeeze between her thighs and grid against her cunt. Nala Se nearly came as she sputtered, “*Yuh*-you deserve to *b*-be worshipped by every last inferior species amongst the stars, and I—*hhnggh*, promise to devote every second of my worthless life to that *d-duh*-divine duty!”

“At least the Kaminoan scum knows her place.” Added Bo-Katan with a smug sneer on her face. Seeing the Kaminoan, the Republic slave squirm made her feel some catharsis for the loss of Mandalore. However, it appeared Nala Se would be the catalyst for a brand new age of human supremacy.

“Oh and you’ll be rewarded too.” Mike Smiled as he held out his hand towards Bo-katan and focused.

“*Hnnngghhh, whu*-what’s going—*cummssh!*” Bo-Katan held her crotch as she squirted hard. Her brain went numb from the orgasm. She initially thought the burst of pleasure was the reward, but then she saw the first few inches of her budding girl cock. It swelled with each throb of her cunt growing larger, and larger by the second.

“*Mmmph*, such a lucky girl.” moaned Koska as she watched Bo-Katan grow a fat white futa cock, “May I also be allowed to use my clitty, master.”

“Start huffing my nuts bitch, and if you do a good job I might let you out.”

“*Snooorrrtt—mmmnggh*, fuck yes!” moaned Koska, her voice a rough growl as she huffed heavy white boy musk. Placing her nose between his massive nuts, Mike had a pair of nuts her face could disappear under.

“As for you,” Mike grabbed Nala Se’s ass, spreading her cheeks to reveal her puffy pale buttocks, and drooling grey slit. Her clit was swollen, throbbing from the prior teasing. Koska instinctively grabbed her master’s meat, and angled it towards Nala Se’s cunt. While still huffing her master’s nuts.

“*Hnnnggh—snoooort~*” oinked Koska, “*Ske-skrew that stupid alien fuckpig and clog her womb with your seed!*”

“*Hnnnggh, puh-please!* Your godly white cock is all I could think about for *mo-uhnnhhh!*” Nala Se’s words turned into gurgled moans as Mike finally gave her the hard bleaching she craved. His cock tip hit the back of her cunt, gliding into her soaking insides with an engineered ease.

“*Mmmph*, not bad, slut!” Mike planted a heavy slap on Nala Se’s ass as he continued, “I’m surprised you can handle my entire length.”

“*Ahnnngghh, buh-biiiiiggghh!*” cried Nala Se as Mike’s cock tip knocked against her womb’s entrance.

“Quite the noisy bitch, aren’t ya?”

“*Ehhnnngghaaa!*” cried Nala Se as beads of sweat dripped off her temple and down her face. She couldn’t hold her orgasm back any longer, it only took a few pumps, but it felt like her body was breaking. Hard jolts shot up her spine as he pussy clamped down on Mike’s shaft like a vice. A natural reaction, but Nala Se was quickly realizing that she hardly had any resistance to pleasure.

“*Uhhnn*, what a pathetic sow. Did even last two thrusts,” sighed Mike.

“*Mnnnnnggh*, she’s *puh*-pathetic, master.” Koska added between sloppy kisses, “An alien pig only fit to be a brainless brood whore, *snoooort—snooort~mmmmgh*”

“You’ve got that right.” Mike looked over his shoulder to Bo-Katan and shouted, “If you’re finally done squirting your brain out, get over here and stuff this whore’s throat!”

“*Mmmn*, *yu*-yes sir,” muttered Bo-Katan, her eyes fluttering as she looked down to see her massive thick girl-meat. Nearly thirteen inches of extra thick, veiny white dick, equipped with a pair of cum tankers that looked like they were backed up with countless

loads. She grasped her cock, giving it a little jerk which caused a bead of pre-cum to form at her tip and drip onto the floor.

“Come here you filthy Kaminoan sow.” Bo-Katan quickly moved in front of Nala Se, slapping her cock down the center of her face.

“*Huuuuhhnnggh*,” groaned Nala Se as she looked up at Bo-Katan and realised that a fat white cock was completely blocking out her vision.

“I’m gonna put those enhancements to the test.” Bo-Katan grabbed Nala Se’s head and pressed her cock tip against her lips

“*Guunnhhhkkk!*” Nala Se barely knew what was going on, her entire world was filled with thick white cock, but the second she felt Bo-Katan’s cock touch her lips she knew what to do. Quickly wrapping her fat pale lips around Bo-Katan’s throbbing member, she wasn’t quite as big as Mike, but it was still a bit of a challenge swallowing one so thick.

“*Mmmmmph*, not bad,” exhaled Bo-Katan, a pleased smile growing on her face, “Apparently you Kaminoan cunts are good for something. Maybe you will make a good addition to the harem, *Hnnngggghh!*”

Bo-Katan was abruptly cut off as she felt Mike’s power bear down on her body. She looked down just in time to see her abs deform, creating a massive belly bulge. There was no doubt in her mind that he was using the force to triple fuck the entire group. Her womb could handle her master’s fat tip, though it seemed like her sister sluts were breaking

Nala Se’s throat tightened as Mike’s ghostly cock filled her asshole up. Her stomach bulged to the point she could feel his dual cocks poking the underside of her tits. The sudden force of Mike’s double penetration filled her brain with shocks of pleasure. Even while enhanced, Nala Se’s body could barely handle the twin cocks rubbing up against each other, her womb thoroughly pressed from both ends.

“*Muh-my womb is b-buh-broken, snooooort~ehhn!*” Koska giggled like a drunk maniac as she felt Mike’s phantom cock enter her womb, already leaking pre-cum deep inside her womb. She could hardly believe her little master was powerful enough to stuff three whores at once with the force. Yet, the proof was currently being deposited in the back of her baby box, spilling into her fallopian tubes.

"I-I fucking hope I'm—*Hnnngghh, uh*-ovulating!" sputtered Koska, her eyes crossed as she begged, "Knock up your dumb futa bitch master! Turn me into a white baby breeder!"

"*Hnnnggh, fuh*-fuck!" Bo-Katan wasn't used to having a cock and could hold back when it was just Mike rutting her holes. Though the pleasure of her G-spot getting squashed was quickly edging her closer to orgasm. However, Nala Se's throat was too much! So many little throat muscles and folds, all moving with the expressed purpose of milking tonnes of thick human cum out of whatever penis made its way to her throat. It felt like the Kaminoan throat slut's throat was strong enough to suck out Bo-Katan's soul!

"Come on Bo-Katan, you're a tough bitch. Shouldn't feeling your master inside you make you wanna fuck faster?" Mike teased as he picked up his thrusts, beating the back of Nala Se's womb with feral intensity.

"*Mmmgh, fu*-fuck- yes master! Take my cum you alien suck-*swwhiiiiineee!* Bo-Katan's eyes fluttered as experienced the raw pleasure of cumming with a cock. She didn't stop thrusting, her hips moving like bull in breeding season. All the while her cock head was spewing tons of semi liquid nut sludge down Nala Se's throat.

"Alright sluts, enjoy another one of master's loads. It's just for you," Mike teased in such a sweet voice. Which did not match the absolutely womb bloating loads he was shooting into the wombs and bowels of the three women in his service. All three let out sloppy groans, forming a fucked slitty choir as Mike made their bellies bloat with hot seed. They could all feel their wombs expanding reading levels of bloat that were common with a woman in their third trimester by the time Miek finally finished cumming inside them.

"Did you enjoy your new cock, Bo-Katan?" asked Mike, barely winded from the sloppy sex session. If anything he sounded stronger as his cock popped out of Nala Se's pussy and with it all the phantom cocks disappeared allowing the girls' insides to drain a bit.

"*Uhhnnnggh,*" moaned Bo-Katan as her cunt started to drain tons of thick cum onto the floor around her, coating her inner thighs in seed. It took a moment for her to organise her thoughts, but she responded to Mike as quickly as she could.

"*I...Uhhngh, fuh*-feel so good," Bo-Katan continued, letting out a sloppy groan as her cock popped out of Nala Sei's throat, completely clean of cum.

“Good, I’ll let you keep it then. We could use the boost in breeding numbers,” sighed Mike. He took a moment to admire the mire of cum pouring from between Nala Se’s cheeks before he looked down to his second pet, Koska.

“Got any brain cells left?” asked Mike. He looked down at Koska who was still happily burying her face between his nuts.

“*Hnnnggh, y-yu-yes?*” muttered Koska as she looked up.

Koska’s brain was super saturated by his stink, she could barely think. Her brain was buzzing with pleasure as her oversized black clit strained against her cock cage. She had another pathetic dribbling orgasm when Mike came inside her cunt. The warmth of his extra thick load was still radiating through her body, relaxing her tired joints. Koska could wallow at his feet for hours like this, but Mike had other plans.

“Enjoy your reward, pet.” Mike snapped his fingers and then;

Click!

Koska’s chastity cage unlocked and fell off her cock, landing on the floor with a loud *clank!* She immediately stood up, eyes wide as she looked down at her cock, fully restored by her master’s power (maybe even a little larger). Her girth and length were easily enough to match Bo-Katan’s fat girl cock. It felt so good being unlocked, Koska had to take a few giddy strokes, her lips curved into a slutty smile as she felt a thick pre-cum form at the tip of her dick.

“*Hnnngghh, thu-du-thank you, master!*” sputtered Koska trembling with excitement, “I will seed and breed this Kaminoan sow in your name—”

“You filthy whore, get on my dick!” ordered Bo-Katan as she pulled Nala Se’s limp body over top of her own. She was desperate to breed with her new meat and she pulled Nala Se onto her body and stuffed her cum coated pussy full of girl meat.

“*Ahnnngghhh!*” cried Nala Se as Bo-Katan thrust up into her cunt. Her cum coated folds were being scraped out by Bo-Katan’s thick girl dick, which swelled as it hit her womb’s entrance. It was too much for Nala Se to handle during her first time and she feared literally cumming her brains out if this brutal womb bullying continued.

“You better join fast of Nala Se’s gonna pass out before you get any breeding done.”

“Not gonna happen.” spat Koska as she crawled behind Nala Se like a predator.

“*Hnnngghaa!*” Nala Se let out a sloppy groan as Koska grabbed her hips and spread her ass cheeks, showing off her freshly glazed donut and her currently used pussy.

“Get ready for double stuffing, bitch! I hope your holes can handle it,” grunted Koska, mounting Nala Se like a hound. Her fat black futa cock easily made its way deep in Nala Se’s bowls, scraping out the prior load that Mike so lovingly deposited. She could feel Koska’s fat human meat churning up her insides with each thrust.

“Tighten up sow!” ordered Bo-Katan as she planted a heavy slap on Nala Se’s thigh.

“Fuck, Bo-Katan!” grunted Koska as she felt Nala Se’s sloppy asshole tighten, “This dumb cumdumpster tightened up a bit when you did that!”

“*Ooooh*, do you like that you dirty pain slut?”

“*Hnnngghhhooo!*” Nala Se let out a sloppy groan as she felt Bo-Katan twist her fat nipples.

“That’s it, stay tight like a good little sex sleeve.” ordered Koska as she brought her open hand down on Nala Se’s booty.

SLAP!

SLAP!

SLAP!”

“*Hnnngghh, eeeehmmmm bruh-breh-breeaaaakkkhhnn!*” squealed Nala Se.

“Who cares if you break bitch? You can just fix your holes before we use you again!” Spat Koska as she beat Nala Se’s cheeks. Her heavy spansks collided with Nala Se’s booty, causing her flesh to ripple and shake. Soon Nala Se’s pale butt was a lovely shade of red which looked rather slutty on the pale alien.

“You’re both so mean to the royal scientist.” Mike checkled, amused by the way his Mandos hated fucked the poor girl.

“Huuggghhh—huuuuuuggggghhhnnnn!” Nala Se was having trouble adjusting to such a feral hate fucking, even Mike wasn’t this raw and violent with her body. She couldn’t take it and her head fell forward, lying limp on the ground. Her tongue flopped out of her mouth as she let out sloppy pleasure soaked moans.

“Don’t worry, Nala. I won’t let you faint.”

“Hunnnggh,” Nala Se was about to pass out but she felt a force grip her mind and then a jolt of energy shot up her spin. It felt like her master just gave her jolt, but quickly she realized it was only half for her benefit.

“You’ve still got more cock to suck, *hehe*, lucky you.” Mike grabbed Nala Se’s head and slammed his cock down her throat, continuing, “Now you better give my cock the same quality of top you gave Bo-Katan~ooooh!”

“Ghuuunnkkk!” snorted Nala Se as she got tripled stuffed. She had so much human cock inside her, but she clearly wanted more. Nala Se swallowed Mike’s meat before he could finish his sentence, taking over half his fat cock with ease. Despite it just being oral, Mike’s cock brought her the most pleasure. It was a comfort to feel her master’s hot pulsating penis so deep inside any of her holes. Nala Se’s muscles immediately flexed and tightened, eager to swallow even more of her master’s perfect member.

“She clamped down even tighter!” grunted Bo-Katan as she buried her fat white prick deeper in Nala Se’s cunt. She was balls deep, yet Nala Se’s muscles squeezed perfectly around her girl dick like she was made for her cock.

“Mmngh, fucking inferior cunt!” sputtered Bo-Katan, “You better stay this *t-t-t-tight!*”

“I am surprised Nala Se, all I did was keep you awake.” Mike said as his cock swelled, choking Nala Se’s windpipe completely, “Maybe I should add more Kaminoan sluts to the royal staff, since you seem to be such a high quality sex sleeve!”

“Gghuunnnnhhh!” Nala Se let out a happy gurgle as she sucked on Mike’s cock hard. She was overjoyed to finally have his approval as a whore, and now all she had to do was fine more dumb Kaminoan breeding stock for him to use. Which was even easier than her other task.

“Choke that alien bitch, master! I’ll never cum unless she really clamps down on my dick!” howled Koska, she picked up her thrusting as Nala Se got tighter. Which only caused her to rub against her Mandalorian partner even more.

“Huunnnggghhh!” Nala Se’s eyes fluttered as she swallowed the entire length of Mike’s cock, her tongue wrapped around his meat. It was long enough to handle Mike’s new girth, tickling his veins as he sank his meat down, but that wasn’t the impressive part.

Nala Se’s new throat managed to effortlessly take every last inch of Mike’s massive human pillar. It looked like someone had shoved their arm down her throat. It stretched well past what used to be physically possible and yet she remained tight. Her new throat muscles squeezed as Nala Se sucked, not losing a single bit of tightness as Mike grabbed her head and started pumping.

“Very impressive, I’d say your new body has pleased me greatly!”

“Ghuuunnkkk!” Nala Se’s nostril hole’s flexed as her deep black eyes looked up at Mike, sparkling as she received praise. This brutal three hole decimation she was receiving made all her work seem worth it, but she couldn’t leave it at this. Nala Se had to do more, unlock more secrets and suck Mike even harder.

“Awww, how cute,” spat Mike as he pulled his cock back. His shaft glazed with Nala Se’s sticky spit, which dripped off his meat and onto the floor as he thrust back down her throat.

“I hope you’ll enjoy your future as a human cock sleeve!” Koska grunted and buried her meat balls deep.

“Hmmmph, she should be happy to be of use to you, master.” spat Bo-Katan, as she let out a pleased grunt, *“Oohhhnng,* all this alien filth should be *muh-made* useful!”

“Don’t thrust like that Bo-Katan, you’ll make me-*mmmmggh!*”

“Mnnnggh, *dis-*this new dick is—*mmmggh,* sensitive!”

“Don’t hold back girls, fill her up with plenty of samples!” Mike bit his lip, a satisfied smile on his face as he joined his pets in filling Nala Se to the brim with seed. Their trio of fat force empowered pricks dumped nearly two gallons of thick genetic sludge into Nala Se’s holes, bloating her belly, bowels and stomach until it pressed against Bo-Katan’s midriff and spilled off the sides!

Mike rutted in Nala Se’s throat for a few minutes at least. His cum dripped from the corners of her mouth and spilled out her nostrils, but she kept sucking until Mike’s

urethra was completely drained of seed. Mike eventually pulled back, admiring the rings of lipstick Nala Se so lovingly placed down the length of his cock.

Though she couldn't keep all his seed down for long. The second Mike's fat tip popped out of her lips she unleashed a geyser of seed. It spilled from her mouth and coated the floor in fat semi-solid globs, but surprisingly Nala Se was still awake.

"Uhnngghh, thu-thank you," groaned Nala Sei as tears rolled down the edge of her cheeks.

"Here master allow me, *mmmgh!*" Koska let out a loud grunt as she pulled out of Nala Se's asshole, letting a spout of cum out of the anal entrance. It was quite thick, and a reminder that Mike had complete control over the oversized black clit between her legs.

"Does my little pet want to clean me up?"

"Yes, sir!" responded Koska as she crawled over and presented it for Mike. Legs spread in the begging position as she looked into his eyes, *"Arrrrf!* You're Mando-cumpup exists to clean and service your cock."

"Then put those lips to work," ordered Mike.

"Arrrrff!" barked Koska as she took Mike's meat between her tits and started sucking his tip. There was scarcely any cum left in his urethra. Nala Se really did drain him, but the sloppy alien whore had left a heavy meal behind. A tasty few ropes of Mike's thick cum which Koska greedily devoured as she moved her lips down his dick.

"Don't think you're done yet, scum." Bo-Katan pushed Nala Se onto her back and in one thrust pulled out and shoved her cock into her ass.

"Ahhhngggghh! Tuuh-too soooon!" cried Nala Se as her super sensitive womb was once more impaled by a fat white cock.

"Too bad, bitch." grunted Bo-Katan, her lips curving into a smile. "You've graduated and become a cumdumpster, which puts you above the common cunts, but doesn't excuse you from milking whatever human wants to use these filthy alien holes, understand?"

"Yeessh, muh-maaaam!"

"Mmmph, that Kamineon bitch sure can squeal," added Koska, her lips coated with Mike's cum.

“She’ll make a good addition to the harem,” said Bo-Katan. “That’s if she succeeds on the rest of the project.”

“And if not?” asked Koska.

“Then she’ll be a good free use toy for the palace guard or perhaps she will replace the Night Mother as my cum toilet?”

“*Hehe*, that’s too good for her, master. You should just install her in the stables—*Mmmmmph!*”

“Best not think about her fate, Koska. Not while you have bigger things to focus on.” Mike interjected as he used the force to push Koska’s head down his dick.

“*Hnnngghhh—gguuuuuhhkkk!*”

“That’s a good girl, clean your master’s dick up quickly. I’ve got some more things to do today.”

“Would you like some added—*mmngh*, security sir?” Asked Bo-Katan as she looked over to Mike, her thrusting slowing for the moment.

“No, I’d like to keep it a mostly private affair,” he grunted, “And besides, I want Nala Se to enhance you both, but feel free to use her until you feel satisfied..”

“*Mmmph*, thank you, my prince. I’ll make sure to make the Kamineon slave squeal like a pig,” she responded, sinking her dick even deeper in Nala Se’s muff.

“*Buuuuiiii!*” cried Nala Se as her womb was bettered by Bo-Katan’s fat girl cock.

“Now you better keep that throat tight.” ordered Mike as his nuts slapped against Koska’s chin.

Koska let out a sloppy groan as Mike’s thick white meat filled and stretched her windpipe. His long shaft’s powerful throbs make her oversized black clit shoot ropes of cum out onto the once pristine floor. Then Mike’s cock fired off a burst of pre-cum into her stomach, a tasty reward for her hard work. Koska might like rutting alien bitches, but she loved feeling her insides clogged with Mike’s seed. It was a thousand times better than doing the act herself and she was really craving another hot white load.

“I’m going to be cumming soon- *mmmph*, pet!”

“Master are you, *mmm fuck~*” moaned on of the servants, an athletic Twi’lek female with a curvy body. Dressed in a green belly dancer outfit, her clothing clearly showed off her puffy green nipples, tight midriff and shaved cunt. She let out an excited moan as Mike pulled Koska’s stomach full of cum. Ropes of nasty genetic sludge escaped the sides of her lips and globs leaked from her nose. Koska’s eyes rolled up into her head as she struggled to swallow her master’s load.

While Mike recovered almost instantly.

“What is it slave, I’m very busy talking with my royal scientist.” Mike pulled his cock out of Koska’s throat, causing ropes of spit and cum to spill onto her face and tits.

“*Ummm, s-su-sorry* my master! I didn’t wish to disturb you, but mistress Ahsoka is done with mistress Shaak-ti, and she requests—”

“Oh it’s time to go out.” Mike dropped Koska’s head on the ground, her limp body twitching as bubbled groans escaped her cum clogged throat. She was thoroughly fucked and would need some time to recover. So, Mike made do.

Snap!

Mike snapped his fingers as he ordered, “Get over here slave and clean my cock. I need to be presentable for my outing.”

“Thank you for letting me clean you divine dick my prince.” The Twi’lek dove to her knees and grabbed Mike’s meat with both hands, licking a spare glob from his tip before mewling, “I live to serve you in whatever capacity I—*ghhuhhhhkk~*”

Mike grabbed her head tails and shoved the first few inches of his meat down her throat. The slave girl’s eyes bulged and her cunt pulsed as she felt her master’s meat enter her throat. She nearly fainted from the initial thrust but she knew that she couldn’t fail to please her master and started sucking.

“I know, I know. You alien fucks just love choking on fat human dick, now hurry up, I’ve got a date to get to.”

Description: Mike and Ahsoka are spending a day on the city streets of the Zygerrian capital, seeing the sites, shopping around and trying out some of the local tail. However their day of fun comes to an end when Mike meets an old flame.

Characters: Mike, Ahsoka

Kinks: Bleached, Humaned, Femboys, Anal, Feminization, Mind Break, Non-con, Deepthroat, Denial, Group Sex, Musk, Size Stealing, Public Sex, Stomach deformation and Cum Inflation

Note: There is a short scene with femboys in this chapter. Feel free to skip it, if femboy/gay stuff isn't your thing. Stuff will be (mostly) back to normal next chapter. However, if you want more femboy stuff let me know and I will run more ideas past the commissioner.

Chapter 9: Backstreet Dealings

It was a rare cool day in the Zygerria capital. The salty sea breeze was moving far across the dunes, blessing the populace with much needed relief from the harsh sun. As a result of the pleasantly mild weather the populace was filling the streets of the merchants district. Zygerria was a hub for all kinds of trade, and not just slaves. The citizenry came out to buy spices, enhancements, foods, clothes and exotic amenities from all over the galaxy, and today Mike would be joining the common folk again.

The crown Prince was getting a little tired of his mother and teachers constantly monopolizing his time, and decided to give himself a break. A quick afternoon out on the town with his beloved pet Ahsoka. He'd hoped to spend a peaceful day with Ashoka shopping and exploring the place that would be his capital city one day. However, they were rudely interrupted by half a dozen Zygerrian punks.

A group of half a dozen mostly male Zygerrians, wearing black cloth face masks and leather armour. The group of robbers caught Mike and Ahsoka in the corner of one of the allies, descending on them from the apartments above the second they turned the

corner. Before Mike could say a word, the assumed leader pulled the standard Empire issue laser pistols. Then they said, "Your credits or your life, bitch. Your choice." Mike and Ahsoka shared a quick nod and decided to teach these punks a lesson.

And literally five minutes later the fight was finished....

"You guys really shouldn't have tried to jump us." sighed Ahsoka as she planted her foot on the back of the two piled up thugs she'd just beaten. The Zygerrians were not combatants and probably barely knew how to aim their pistols. A far cry from the combat training Mike and Ahsoka received. Though lucky for the pair at Ahsoka's feet she only left them bruised and beaten, unlike what Mike was currently doing to the other four.

"God you cat boys are suck fucking faggots." Mike spat as he sank his cock into twinky Zygerrian boy butt.

The punks didn't stand a chance, Mike didn't even use a weapon he just used the force to reduce them to a bunch of drooling and twitching messes. Not bothering to bring them to the palace, he decided some back ally rape correction was best for the rabble. Immediately the four unlucky enough to stare him down found their holes suddenly penetrated by a cock that could put most livestock to shame.

They crumpled beneath the sudden ghostly insertion, falling to their knees and groaning as Mike crushed their P&G spots. His cock swelling with each heavy thrust into the twinky boy butt. While the girls enjoyed a double stuffing as Mike used his powers to fill their cunts and asses with cock. Bulging their stomach to the point it looked like a bantha mounted them. Yet to any onlooker bold enough to look it appeared as if nothing was fucking them stupid.

"Hnnnggh, whu-aaaht duh-du-ffusssshh!" drooled one of the girls as she rubbed her bloated belly. She had no idea what was going on. There was a moment of shock followed by mind numbing pain cut by intense pleasure. None of these Zygerrians had been penetrated this deep before and the worst part was they were enjoying it. Even as their clothes turned to tatters from the raw force of Mike's power, not one of them could collect the brain power to care. The girls squirted in under a minute, dribbling their cunt honey over the ground.

While the boys experienced their first anal only orgasms!

"Hnnngggh, muuhh asssshh!" drooled one thug.

"Whuu-whaat are y-yu-ddduuuhh-aaaahhng!" cried the leader as his body trembled and his cock shook.

"I'm just giving you street thugs some correction. You should really be thanking me." Mike chuckled, his cold stare broke, revealing a giddy ear to ear grin as he indulged his first real taste of cat boi bussy!

"Here Mike." Ahsoka pulled the pants off the two males she had so easily dispatched. Showing off their slightly muscled boy bodies. Tight toned arms and legs, sweaty abs and bubble butts seemed to be the normal for this crew. Some may scoff at stuffing street rats, but these punks were just barely up to Mike's standards.

"Get over here slaves, let's put those mouths to use." ordered Mike.

With a flick of his wrist Mike force pulled the pair over to his cock and forced their faces into his sack. Their little catfish noses pressed against his heavy nuts, each Zygerrian male taking one side as Mike's cock remained firmly buried in a third punk's bouncing bubble booty. They were forced to look at the fat veiny cock of their destroyer and—

"Hnnngghh, cuuummmsssh!" groaned the punk Mike was personally screwing. His friends forced to watch as their friend was forced to have his first faggot-gasm. Though they couldn't protest, not while Mike's musk was forcing them down the same path.

"Mmmmph, good kitties," moaned Mike as he slammed his meat deeper into the twink's butt, "Finally putting those mouths to good use."

"And just look at how excited they are," added Ahsoka, her voice a mocking tone as she squatted and stared at the boy's cocks. Two pathetic members barely the size of her pinky were shaking, and spewing drops of clear pre-cum.

"They must be happy to finally feel a real cock inside them."

"Human cock is much better than your kitty cocks, right bitch?" Asked Mike as he gave the punk a heavy slap on the ass.

"Huuunngghhh!" The punk couldn't respond, his vocal cords were too strained from screaming his lungs out. His brain mostly melted from the prostate smashing. There was no end to the pleasure now that the pain had stopped and the punk wondered (with his very limited mental capacity) if this was somehow worse?

“Such rude Zygerrians,” commented Ahsoka, “They’re ignoring your questions master.”

“Can you blame them?” asked Mike as he looked back at Ahsoka. A satisfied grin growing on his lips, “They’re too busy huffing my nuts.”

“Snooorrrttt—snoooooorrrtt! Hnnnggh, muuhhh inssshiiddssh!” cried one of Mike’s new nut huffers as he took too deep of a snort, his body trembling as his brain melted into slop in Mike’s grasp.

“Haha, adorable,” chuckled Mike, “Mother said Zygerrian males were sissies but I never imagined—”

“Hnnnggh, l—I’m g-gu-guhnna cuuummssh!”

“Uhhhhh, pathetic.” spat Mike as he watched another one of the Zygerrian males squirt a pathetic load. A direct result of being forced to huff his nut stink during the back ally correction raping.

“I expected a bit more resistance. These fags have less sexual stamina than a Twi’lek slut high on breeding drugs. Aren’t you faggots supposed to be males?” Mike continued, shaking his head, ashamed of the lowest tier of his subjects.

“They’re just a bunch of cat boy cunts, master.” Ahsoka caressed Mike’s chest as she let out a sigh, “No better than females of their species. It would be best if you replaced any Zygerrian males with yourself.”

“Huh, good point, Ahsoka. I think I will~”

“Uhnngghhhaaaaann!” groaned the Males as they felt a twitch of relief as Miek stopped thrusting, and simply raised his arms up. They prayed the brutal butt fucking was finally over, but they couldn’t be more wrong.

“I doubt you faggots will have use for your cocks any more after this.” Mike’s eyes glowed a pale red as he continued, “You might as well let me take the spare inches!”

“Hnggghuuuu!” The Zygerrian males all shuddered, their bodies convulsing as Mike reached into their souls and altered their bodies.

They were like toys before the prince's power and before Mike could make another belly bulging thrust their cocks started to diminish. Not that many of them could diminish that much more. The largest cock of the bunch was an unimpressive five inches, Ahsoka felt disgusted looking at his little worm dick. She rightfully assumed the broken bitch boy's inches would be better put to use by Mike.

His cock swelled in the twink's ass, unfortunately they didn't have much masculinity to syphon and didn't contribute much to Mike's two foot long member. It might've given him an inch or two, pushing him firmly past bantha size, but it was basically drops in the bucket. However, Mike left the four Zygerrian males completely drained and destroyed.

All the female Zygerrians saw an increase in bust size, their breasts jumping up a cup size and hips plumping out. Their lips grew more full by the second and their bodies adjusted, gaining flexibility with each womb crushing thrust Mike made inside their quickly changing bodies. The girls were given an impressive beauty boost by Mike's force powers but the boys were a whole other story.

Every last male was drained of their masculinity. A sense of drug-like euphoria washed over them as Mike's draining powers took effect, starting with their cocks. They had all been shrunk down to little nubs less than an inch in size, small and pathetic micro clits only fit for such pathetic excuses for men.

The group couldn't help but dribble out their last pathetic loads as their prostates swelled, doubling in size and tripling in sensitivity. Their brains re-wiring themselves to crave such brutal treatment from such studly human males. Their masculine edges were smoothed, bodies plumped out around the hips and their pectorals became soft, and pudgy. A few of the boys were left with B-cup fag titties, puffy nipples that grew harder as Mike made one final thrust deep inside their freshly minted boi-pussies.

"Alright sluts," cheered Mike, "Daddy hopes you enjoyed your little make-overs—"

"*Ahnngghhhh!*" cried out the group, their mewling forming a sloppy choir as their sex juices rained over the ground. Most of them had no idea what just happened, but they did know that they were experiencing the hardest orgasms of their lives.

"I think they do, Mike." chuckled Ahsoka, trying not to laugh at the sloppy display.

"Well now they can enjoy futures as bloated cumdumpsters!"

"It's certainly better than being a bunch of thieves." added Ahsoka as her master blasted his hot load deep into each of their assholes. Half a dozen thugs all broken and filled to the brim with thick human seed. It flowed into every available inch of their insides, expanding their bellies, until Mike finally finished cumming after what felt like hours to the group.

Mike popped his cock out of the Zygerrian's asshole, causing his powers to fade and along with it the only thing holding back the torrents of cum from flowing. Like a row of underwater volcanoes their decimated assholes shot out the cum Mike so graciously packed into their holes. It all coalesced into a thick puddle on the ground.

"I guess the kitties have some milk for when they wake up." Mike muttered as he looked down at his filthy cock. It was caked in his own cum, and it was around this moment when he appreciated the palace of well trained whores he had to clean his cock on command.

"Allow me, Mike." said Ahsoka as she knelt beside him and grabbed his meat with both hands before taking a long lick up his shaft. Her soft pink tongue scraped down entire ropes of leftover cum without pause, revealing the lipstick rings made earlier this morning. Ahsoka was about to add her own coat of black lipstick to the group before she paused and gave Mike an almost pouty look.

"*Mmmph*, do you have a new whore, Mike?" asked Ahsoka before she continued planting soft pecks down his cock.

"Beyond the pussies mewling at my feet, no."

"I don't remember any of the other girls having this shade of lipstick." Continued Ahsoka, gesturing to the dozen or so smudges ring's along the length of Mike's meat.

"Is that all?" chuckled Mike, amused by Ahsoka's somewhat jealous prying.

"No, there is also something off about the scent. It's so very, Alien? I hope you haven't resorted to using common whores? You'll disappoint all your palace harem if you share your seed with too many common folk," moaned Ahsoka, her voice getting a little serious as she muttered, "not to mention your mom...."

"Let me deal with her, she has been far too clingy."

“No arguments,” added Ahsoka between loving licks, “she’s one crazy bitch when she doesn’t have your cum clogging up her womb. “

“As for the lipstick, it’s Nala Se’s new blend,” Mike smiled, “The Kaminoan cumdumpster has earned her place in the palace. Who knows, you might even see more of her soon.”

“That’s... surprising?” Ahsoka paused her cock kissing to raise an eyebrow, “I knew a few Kaminoans and they weren’t the best at getting along with others or at cleaning such fat cocks, *mmmm~ Ah*-and Nala Se seemed no different.”

Mike smiled as he watched Ahsoka’s movements pick up pace. No doubt fueled by jealousy. So Mike decided to feed her “hate” as Ventress would put it.

“You might just be worse than Nala Se now.” said Mike, his voice aloof, “She could take my cock to the base and if I remember correctly, you couldn’t—”

“Mmmmmph, no way!”

“Then why don’t you prove it.”

“Easily!” shouted Ahsoka, “I’ll show you that we Togruta have the best throat’s in the galaxy. That mewling bald bitch doesn’t hold a candle—*Ahhhhmmmmmpphh!*”

Ahsoka quickly swallowed the first foot of Mike’s cock with little issue, bobbing her head up and down, keeping a very sturdy pace as Mike’s meat bulged her throat. Though he’d gotten larger since she last serviced him. The extra few inches were getting a bit harder to swallow, her jaw strained and eyes twitched as nearly eighteen inches of pulsating White dick reached deep into her throat. She couldn’t breathe, but taking the last bit of her master’s hot human cock was way more important.

Her thick red lips formed a vacuum seal, desperate to suck down a few extra inches, but she just didn’t have the room. Mike’s fat shaft was just too long and it’s girth seemed to swell with each twitch of her throat muscles. There was only one thing left that Ahsoka could think to do.

“Ghuuunnnhh!” Ahsoka looked up to Mike with big watery eyes as she grabbed his hands and placed them on her montrals.

“What a greedy gal, do you really want every inch?”

“Mmmmhmm!”

Mike gripped her montrals, squeezing them as he grunted, “You asked for it!”

“Huuunnngghh!” Ahsoka’s eyes rolled up into her head as she intimately felt every second of Mike burying every last inch of dick into her throat. The mere touch of his hands on her montral’s had her brain short circuiting as every throb of Mike’s meat was felt, but at least she managed to take his length.

“Not bad, Ahsoka! You would’ve passed out if I’d done that to you months ago.” Mike said with a smile, he almost sounded surprised, but the praise made Ahsoka’s heart skip a beat.

“Now get ready for some real thrusting—”

“Uuunnngghh-snoooooort!” Ahsoka took a deep breath almost entirely of Mike’s musk as he pulled back. She could see her throat slime coating her man’s meat. She braced herself for the thrust back inside her throat, but instead...

“Later!” Mike continued, his voice giddy as he popped his meat out of her mouth, “Since you’re already done cleaning me.”

“Ahnngghh, tease!” moaned Ahsoka as she swallowed the rope of pre-cum Mike left in her throat, “I was so close to squirting, again.”

“And I want you on the edge for when we next fuck.” Mike pointed over his shoulder, “Besides I wanna check out a few more of the shops, and get some food.”

“Hmmpf, fine.” sighed Ahsoka as she stood up. She took a moment to wipe the drool off her chin using her brown cloak. The pair were almost ready to enter the city streets, but they heard a noise from the end of the alleyway. A pair of voices that had a radio-like distortion to every word they spoke.

“You got another smoke?”

“Just bought a fresh pack.”

A pair of Storm Troopers had just ducked into the alley. The pair had only just taken off their helmets, placing them on a nearby garbage lid. One of the guards, a ginger fellow, offered the other a smoke, which he quickly lit before offering to do the same for the

older guard, seemingly of higher rank due to the nicer armour. The pair of sweaty humans looked absolutely exhausted, and such a site was not uncommon on Zygerria.

The presence of Empire troops on Zygerria was more relaxed than most planets. Miraj was given the rank of Imperial governor, she was effective at keeping track of the population and was given a fair degree of autonomy thanks to quickly switching when the Republic fell. In addition she was given the 44th legion to more easily manage the markets and keep trade flowing to the galactic fringes.

“Uhnngghh, Storm Troopers,” grumbled Ahsoka, *“Shall I—”*

“Nah, let me handle it.”

Mike walked around the corner and rather playfully shouted, *“Hey are you soldier’s slacking off?”*

“Uhnnggh, not another street rat.” muttered the ginger.

The older guard gave Mike a glance and immediately clamoured up, *“That’s the prince you idiot.”*

“Wait why would he be—” The other guard was interrupted as the older man grabbed him and forced his head down.

“I don’t care why he’s here, just don’t piss him off.” Spat the older guard as he looked up to meet Mike’s eyes, *“Su-sorry your highness, he’s just a bit new.”*

“Ah, at ease men I’m just messing with ya.”

The older guard’s face seemed to relax. He let go of his subordinate’s head, continuing, *“Thank you, your highness, can we help you today?”*

“Actually yes, I’ve got a gaggle of trouble makers behind the corner that I’d like transported to the racks.”

“Check it out boy.” ordered the older guard.

The younger guard gave the older man a nod as he walked over and took a peek around the corner and saw the cum bloated messes Mike left in the ally, feminized and fucked silly. His expresion shifted to shock as he yelped, *“Holy fuck!”*

“You may need to give’em a wash before you toss them in the racks.”

“We’ll get it done, your highness.”

“Oh and feel free to use them for a while. They should be nice and tight again soon, plus I am sure the forty fourth could use the fresh meat.”

“Fuck yes-*ahhnngh!*”

The older guard gave the lad a slap on the back of the head before responding, “Thank you, your highness, we’ll make sure they’re brought up to royal standards.”

“I’d expect nothing less from my men.” Responded Mike, he gave the two stormtroopers a wave as they turned around the ally corner. The streets in front of them were busy, Mike could see dozens of patrons crowding around store fronts. It appeared this sector was mostly devoted to the sale of droid parts. Mike was about to put up his hood and enter the busy streets but he was stopped by Ahsoka.

“I didn’t realise you were so buddy buddy with the stormtroopers.” She had the distinct hint of judgement in her voice as she loomed over Mike’s shoulder.

“I’m not a big fan of the Empire. Their little quotas keep mother stressed, but they do share a few of my values~”

“*Mmmmmggh, muh-master!*” moaned Ahsoka as Mike reached under her skirt and started rubbing her cunt through her thong.

“More human dicks seeding alien women is a net positive, don’t you agree?” asked Mike, his voice rather casual considering he was fingering Ahsoka in plain view of the busy street.

“*Hhuunngh, yu-yes master,*” she moaned.

“And besides,” Mike continued, pulling his fingers out of Ahsoka. He presented them to her to lick clean in the alley way and she happily did so. Her long tongue slurping up her own juices, she wanted to get mounted so bad. She was only half paying attention to her master’s words.

"I've got goals the Empire could easily help with. Like seeing half this planet's population seeded by humans within the decade." Mike leaned in close to Ahsoka's ear, standing on the tips of his toes as he whispered, "After all, we gotta pump those numbers up~"

"*Ooohhmmm*, I-I would like to help increase them..." Ahsoka's voice trailed off as she had a micro orgasm. The teasing right after the throat fucking was just a bit too much and she was easily pushed off the edge by a few words. She almost didn't notice Mike entering the crowd, and she nearly tripped over her cloak as she ran after him.

Ahsoka quickly rushed past all kinds of droid shops, surpluses of old battle droid parts had entered the market, now repurposed. There were plenty of places showing off droid models for home cleaning, defence, and service. However, Ahsoka had to avert her eyes when she saw the battle droid re-purposed for sex.

Of course, it was possible to give the regular clankers a pair of big bimbo tits and jiggly hips. However, after seeing the big bimbo battle droid Ahsoka wanted to flee the scene as soon as possible. Ahsoka wasn't sure what was worse: the way those beady droid eyes looked at her while its huge tits bounced, or the cheers from the crowd as the droid danced for them. Both were cursed memories that she wanted repressed before the day ended.

"Mike! There you are," sighed Ahsoka as she caught up to her master, "Can we please go somewhere a little more quiet? This market is very, *uummmm*... exotic, but it's not for me. Can we just continue someplace private, *pleeeasse*~"

"Aw come on, let's at least check out a few more places." Mike looked up at her and smiled, "Then I'll give my needy Togruta some attention."

"Alright, fine," muttered Ahsoka, a small smile on her face. She couldn't say no to her little master, even if she was basically on the edge of orgasm. Though the off street made a good distraction.

The off streets of the main Bazar were filled with all kinds of exotic pleasures and peoples. The smell of spices, mixed with sweet perfumes and heavy incense, created an aura which permeated over the entire street. It would've been choking if it wasn't so pleasant to the senses. Each shop had their own colourful overhang, relating to the merchant's home planets or a simple Zygerrian blue with gold trim.

Mike could see why many patrons would get lost in these places. Most of the stalls provided a mix of drugs, smoked or injected. While others provided slave services, either enhancement or selling slaves outright. Large menu style billboards were laid out which displayed different services, slaves and services provided by slaves, though one large holographic podium caught Mike's eye. It displayed a Twi'lek male, and a rather cute one.

"A rare example of a Twi'lek male that's easy on the eyes."

"Surprising, perhaps selective slave breeding?" Mike pondered.

"How the fuck did they breed out the ugly?" muttered Ahsoka, rubbing her chin.

"Very hard?" Mike shrugged as he looked at Ahsoka, causing her to let out a little giggle.

"Welcome to my humble shop, my Prince."

Mike turned his head to a Zygerrian man, dressed in an almost feminine attire. His wide cat like ears were adorned with hoops of gold, face was smooth with lips covered in a sparkling gold gloss. A smooth pointed face with rather striking blue eyes looked down at him. His silken robes covered most of his body to his ankles, giving the merchant a much larger look, but Mike could tell he was a slender man by the width of his shoulders and the way he moved.

"Luca the enhancer at your service." Luca took a standard regal bow towards Mike.

"How'd' you know I was a lord?"

"Many nobles hire me to take measurements for clothing and a few months ago I designed a few outfits for your royal mother."

"Oh yeah, I think I remember you."

"I am happy to have made an impression, my prince. Did you come here for my little shop?" He gestured to the rest of his store which was packed with various ornate outfits for a variety of species and sizes. Mike took note of the lack of patrons, just a few customers. However, they all had the hints of nobility, expensive watches and rings, and almost all of them had some hired muscle dressed to not arouse suspicion.

"No, just window shopping." Mike continued.

"We were captivated by your model." added Ahsoka.

"Silvein, one of the first Twi'lek I modified. Some of my finestest work, and I can show you what I mean with your cum dumpster—"

Ahsoka's face lit up as she sputtered, "Hey I'm not—"

"You stink of the prince's cum dear. I doubt there is a single person in this alley that isn't aware that you drink his cum more than water." Responded Luca.

"*Ha*, he's got you there babe." Mike cupped Ahsoka's ass under her cloak, causing her to let out a cute little groan as Mike continued, "Let's see your mods."

"Just keep your little pet in front of the future mirror, your majesty." Luca leaned over and pressed a few buttons on the side of the holographic projector and the display flickered as it scanned Ahsoka's body. Then after a moment the picture fluctuated and changed to display her current body completely naked.

"What a perky little pet, nice and tight." Luca commented as he looked at Ahsoka's athletic little body. Not one ounce of fat was on her form, just slender tight muscles cultivated from years of training.

"Isn't she?" teased Mike as he groped Ahsoka who was an even darker shade of red thanks to the embarrassment. She couldn't believe her naked body was being displayed like some cheap street whore, but there was something arousing about being so exposed.

"But she can be improved, your highness. Observe," continued Luca. The hologram of Ahsoka shifted, changing her body type to a more muscular and mature version. Poutier lips, wider hips and a pair of abs you could shred cheese on.

"This is one of the more basic enhancements, the "Muscle Girl" model. I recommend it for those clients that need slaves with more endurance." Luca entered in some more settings as he proudly said, "but we have a few other standard models that I am quite adept at sculpting."

"Let's see them in order, Luca," Mike ordered, still groping Ahsoka.

"Yes, your majesty," responded Luca as he changed the pro, "First I have, The Bimbo."

Ahsoka's holographic muscles faded away, melting into soft flesh and flawless skin. Her lips were extra thick and kissy; they could barely close. Ahsoka's eyes looked blank, yet they had a hint of giddiness. Her breasts were absolutely massive like jiggly plastic stuffed beachballs. A tight hourglass waist with wide curves that transitioned to a pumped up plastic bubble booty. Ahsoka's holographic cheeks and tits jiggled as the hologram rotated on the pedestal.

"The Mother."

Her holographic form shifted again displaying a more natural body type. Though Ahsoka's muscles didn't return, her body looked even softer. Her tits were still massive yet sagged slightly down her now plump stomach. Her new pussy had just a bit of stubble on the outside and her extra stuffed hips led into a dump truck booty, barely held up by her thick cellulite stuffed thighs.

"The Whore."

Much like the bimbo, but with slightly smaller breasts and a slightly more muscled body. The whore was the first to come with an outfit; which was a simple full body mesh outfit, with tears around her crotch and nipples. Thick lips, a much longer tongue that reached off her chin, and wide thick hips that could be easily grabbed from behind. The steel hoop piercings in her nipples and clit, combined with a trashy "Fuck Me" tramp stamp to create a look that belonged on a bitch made for dicks.

"The Pet."

Ahsoka's body shifted to a much tighter and athletic build, but her thicker tits and bubble butt remained. Around her hands and feet were large cat paws, and up her butt was a large plug with an attached tail. It swayed behind her as the Hologram remained in a begging position, legs spread as she panted.

"The pet's muscles have been adjusted for ideal walking on all fours. Though the whore has the best sexual endurance out of the group." Continued Luca as the hologram shifted back to the normal Ahsoka, "Do any of these possible futures please your Highness?"

"Hmmm, interesting. Though..." muttered Miek, cocking his head as he pondered.

“Forgive me, your Highness.” Luca’s voice had a hint of worry as he asked, “Do none of these models please you?”

“Oh no, I am quite impressed, Luca. So much so that I’d like you to come to the palace soon to present this project to my mother. I’m sure she’ll love it.” Said Mike with a mischievous smile on his face.

“Why thank you, your Majesty.” Luca said with a flush face, he gave Mike a bow as he continued, “I hope to serve you as best I can.”

“Mike, please,” Ahsoka’s breath was hot’n heavy, she clung to Mike’s shoulder as she begged “I c-can’t take it anymore.”

“Alright, we’ll be going now Luca.” said Mike with a friendly chirp in his voice.

“Have a good day, your Highness.” Luca gave Ahsoka a smile as he waved them goodbye, “And happy breeding.”

Ahsoka was taller than Mike, but she clung to him for support, leaning on his small body. Her legs were shaking as they left the shop. Mike could tell his little pet wasn’t going to last, the display was too much for her and she needed to release some steam.

“Such a bashful girl. Which transformation was your favourite?” Asked Mike as he swepted Ahsoka off her feet.

“*Mnnngghhh...*”

“As your master I order you to say—”

“The *mmm*-muscle or *duh*-bimbo!” moaned Ahsoka, loud enough to draw the attention of a few patrons of the alley.

“I’ll have to ask master Shaak-Ti to increase your weight training,” Mike teased, “but first, let’s deal with your heat.”

Mike turned the corner with Ahsoka, content to do a little risky public fucking before they went to find food. There was a sort of heat in the air and Mike felt like it wasn’t just the aphrodisiacs in the incense. I’d been too long since he rutted Ahsoka like a wild animal and his cock so desperately wanted to ruin her holes. Make her only able to be satisfied by his massive white cock.

There was a lovely little alcove with a bench near the back alley. Perfect for keeping prying eyes away from their semi dangerous love making; not that any common thug could actually hurt Mike. He quickly laid Ahsoka down and she spread her legs, hiking up her skirt.

"Puh-please, Mike! I'm gonna go crazy." mewled Ahsoka through slick drooling lips. Her thong had soaked through, and she was trembling like a drug addicted fiending for a fix.

"Such a slut, you're worse than mother." Mike whipped out his fat two foot long member, half-hard and yet still long enough to reach under Ahsoka's petite tits.

"Hnnnggghh, yeeessh! I need it, I want it inside me so bad," Ahsoka squealed, her eyes lighting up as her lips curved into a big sloppy smile.

Mike let out a satisfied exhale as he pulled Ahsoka's soaking thong off. The straps breaking as he tossed the wet garment onto the ground. He ground the underside of his long shaft against Ahsoka's muff.

"Hnnnhhaaaagggh!" Ahsoka let out a sloppy moan, her pussy throbbing as the mere touch of Mike's meat brought her to the edge. She'd been waiting too long for some quality time, she needed to feel him deep inside her slit. Beating her womb with that fat white dick. It wasn't enough to be fucked beside Shaak-Ti, Ahsoka wanted Mike's cock all to herself for once and she'd finally have it.

"According to Nala Se my cum is quite powerful." Miek teased grinding harder as he continued, *"If you're strong enough, you'll get the privilege of bearing my first child—"*

"Mike! Is that you?"

"Hmmm," Mike whipped his head around as he heard a raspy female voice from down the alley. There was simply a shadow on the wall but Mike could feel a tugging on his chest. He wasn't sure what to feel but the voice was coming closer, and Ahsoka could feel his turmoil.

"What's wrong, master? Are there more thugs?" Ahsoka went to grab her lightsaber, fixed to kill after being denied.

"No, stop." ordered Mike raising a hand as he re-sheathed his cock, *"I think it's Luhwa, my former owner."*