The New Neighbor

by DraceDomino

Summary

Samantha and Chloe are a loving couple, recently married and quite happy. When a Sangheili woman moves next door, she throws a cock-shaped wrench in the mix by showing Chloe a life of cum and hunger she's never known before.

Notes

See the end of the work for notes.
“Samantha...are you sure about this? I don’t really feel safe living next to one of...well, those.” Chloe bit down on her bottom lip, still peering past the blinds to the house next door. She didn’t care how old fashioned it made her sound; no more than a year ago her beloved wife Samantha was being shot at by those gray alligators in some of the worst parts of the galaxy! The nights she had spent wondering if her beloved would ever come home ago were still raw in Chloe’s mind, and the mere sight of the Sangheili woman moving in next door made her skin crawl and her blood run cold. Turning away from the blinds she sought her beloved’s face, looking to Chloe with worry lining against her brow. “Maybe you should speak to the General. After all you’ve done, surely they’ll move us to a new hou-“

“Shh shh shh, love.” Samantha silenced her wife with the same charming smile that she always wore, stepping up to the slip of a thing standing there by the window. She was taller than Chloe by about seven inches, and that extra height always made the timid redhead feel safe when she stood in the shade of it. Samantha, with her well-muscled arms and her shoulder-length black hair, drew in her beloved to give her a long, tight hug. “We’re doing our part. There’s a lot of bad blood to make up for with the Sangheili, and that’s why we’re opening our doors to them. Trust me, love, nobody’s got more reason to hate them than me, but...we have to show some compassion. That’s why I joined the Spartans in the first place.” Chloe sighed at her lover’s words, looking up at the pretty face that she knew so well. Samantha used to be prettier, but during one of her returns from war she sported a long scar that crossed her face, from the corner of her cheek to the edge of her brow. It was mostly faded now, but it still stood as a reminder of the cruelty of the Sangheili. Unable to resist, Chloe moved her hand up to touch the scar, wordlessly tracing it as she dwelled on the day she had first seen it.

“Now...now don’t go getting wrapped up in that.” Samantha whispered, one hand moving up to grab her beloved’s wrist. A charming smile spread on the Spartan’s features, and as she pulled Chloe’s fingers away from her wound she couldn’t help but softly laugh. “I assure you, the lady moving in next door isn’t the one that gave me this. That particular Sangheili is very, very dead. Did it myself with these two hands. The same ones that keep you safe...and the same ones that do...this!” Samantha grinned and Chloe was drawn into a sudden burst of laughing as those powerful hands suddenly lurched down, grabbing each side of her wife’s rear. A heavy squeeze all around brought Chloe to lean against her magnificent love, giggling and blushing and growing excited all in the same measure. The two spun in place in the middle of a heavy embrace, and when it finally ended Samantha leaned down to give her wife a tender, loving kiss on the bridge of her nose. Her voice was sweet as she spoke; as sweet as any soldier could offer to her best girl. Her reason for coming home.

“I’ll see you tonight, kitten.” She whispered, holding Chloe close for a long and appreciative moment. “When I’m back we’ll go over and introduce ourselves to our new neighbor together. And you’ll see, she’s just like anyone else. Just tryin’ to make a new life for herself.”

“I...I suppose.” Chloe’s voice returned, and she pressed a kiss to Samantha’s cheek for good measure. “Goodbye, love. I’ll miss you.” And with that, the two held each other for a few seconds
more before Samantha stepped off to work. It would be a light day for her and a day without danger; a day of tending to new recruits and making sure that they knew the ropes. It was always a comfort for Chloe when Samantha went to work without also being at great threat of being shot, but that morning she couldn’t quite let go of her worry. Long after the other woman had left Chloe still lingered by the window, watching the distant figure in the window and speculating on what was to come.

But...Samantha had promised it would be all right. And she had learned to trust the soldier. Surely, the Sangheili next door wouldn’t cause the married couple any problems.

That moment went through Chloe’s head now, and she could hardly believe that she had ever been so naive. Though it was only a matter of hours later that she had seen Samantha walk out the door, a great deal had changed on so many fronts. Her opinion of Sangheili was clouded and blurry, and though great love still poured from her for the Spartan she had married, there was an ebbing flow of guilt that crept into every last part of her. Considering that her face was marred by spit and a glaze of Sangheili precum, her read locks stuck against her forehead and her cheeks, that guilt had been well earned.

“That’s it, you little human slut.” The voice of the woman next door spoke, so honeyed and thick that it practically stuck against Chloe’s flash. “Keep doing the only thing human bitches are good for.”

It was only an hour or so after Samantha had left that the neighbor had come knocking; a moment that had filled Chloe with a rush of fear. For a moment she had planned on hiding in the house but quickly dismissed the thought, knowing full well that it wasn’t what Samantha would have wanted. She had stepped up that morning fully expecting to meet their neighbor head on, and perhaps even by the time Samantha came home she would have a story about built bridges and newfound kinship that would make her scarred soldier proud. She had, so very much, wanted to make her wife proud.

But when the door opened and Chloe stood underneath the shadow of the alien, things in her life almost instantly changed. She had never seen a Sangheili up close before, and it towered over her far taller than Samantha did. Standing at slightly over eight feet, the massive woman was both more powerful and more feminine than Chloe would have guessed. A clear set of large, full breasts were pulled into a simple suit, and she had curves in the places that most human women typically sported them. It was a stark difference to the war stories she had been told by the news about all Sangheili regardless of gender being walking alligators with no semblance of gender.

She had been shocked, of course, but things only continued to go downhill from there. When the Sangheili turned her gaze upon the little human before her, her four-mandibled face turned into what Chloe could only guess was a smile. Her gaze focused on the tiny morsel before her, and one of her four-fingered hands stretched out. At first Chloe thought she was offering to shake hands with her new neighbor, but instead she simply froze as that massive paw drew forward, combing through the red curls that framed Chloe’s face. She was chilled to the bone in that very instant, freezing in place and staring ahead at the massive, imposing creature that only finally spoke when it read the latent fear and racism in her neighbor’s eyes.

“My name is Xala ‘Sudami.” She announced, with an accent that Chloe could never hope to replicate. “You’ll know the name well, human. Just as you’ll know my taste.”

And from there, things had become enormously hazy. Chloe had already been stunned by the sheer size of Xala as she stood in the doorway, but when she announced her intentions she didn’t feel any of the impulses she should have as a loyal wife to a Spartan soldier. She didn’t instantly tell her to
leave nor did she try pushing her out as she advanced, allowing the massive Sangheili to step right into the home she had purchased with her wife at her side. The towering alien stretched out with a sound of delight echoing from her, and as her four-fingered hand continued to tease across those curly red folds her voice flowed through the air once more with a hungry, dominant tone.

“On your knees now, human.” She ordered, in a tone not to be questioned. “Where your kind belongs.”

It was those words that brought Chloe there in that very moment, her head still spinning with everything that she had done. Twenty minutes later Xala was sitting on the dinner table where she and Samantha had just enjoyed breakfast, and Chloe was knelt before it worshipping something she had never expected to see. If it wasn’t surprising enough that Xala sported a pair of magnificent breasts she had revealed her cock much to Chloe’s delight; an enormous length that even by Sangheili standards was long and thick. And though Chloe couldn’t understand why, or even anything in that heady morning, she only desired to suck it.

She hadn’t even sucked a human cock before.

“Don’t worry, whore, it’s not entirely your fault you’re cheating on your wife.” Xala spoke with that arrogant tone once more, threading her fingers into the redhead’s hair. Her cock laid just before the human, and Chloe was already returning to licking and sucking. Xala’s member was coated in spit from a series of desperate licks, and as the Sangheili continued the human worked to stretch her tender mouth around that massive tip once more. It was a little tough to fit, but she was...desperately eager to do so. It wasn’t until Xala continued that she understood why. “My kind have a musk. Helps us breed with the weaker members that we want to take as our own. Naturally, since your kind embodies weakness, it works on humans particularly well.” She chuckled at that, grinning with her uniquely four-pronged mouth. “Didn’t your wife ever tell you about the filters they have to put in their helmets? It took your kind a few hard-fucked losses to learn what was going on.”

Chloe knew then, knew that it was the musk that filled the air that was drawing her to such things. But even with that knowledge running through her mind she couldn’t help herself, and she continued to squeeze and suck that large, gray cock that Xala was kind enough to offer to her. Her clothes had been long since discarded from the past few minutes of heavy stroking; her wifely garments draped across one of the chairs at the kitchen table. All that Chloe wore now was a blush, shame, and a glaze of spit smeared across her by that glorious gray member. As she continued to suckle against it Xala let one hand lower to the human’s hair, holding her firmly in place while the other hand gripped her shaft. Back and forth she swiped her length, chuckling in a dominant tone as she cockslapped the human hard on her cheeks, so strong and heavy that it left them even more red than when she began.

“I wonder how many of you whores are getting fucked right now.” Xala mused, standing up from the kitchen table and flexing her full size once more. With hungry hands she picked up the naked and blushing human before dragging her down to the table, forcing her to lay flat as she began exploring her treat. She passed her four-fingered touch over each of the girl’s lovely little breasts, and as her center two fingers of one hand teased a tight and remarkably wet pussy, the other moved to press to Chloe’s head and slide it into place. “All across Earth, how many soldiers are losing their wives to Sangheili cock? I know of at least one.”

She pulled Chloe against the table until the girl’s head hung off the side, forcing her to look at her kitchen in an upside-down perspective. Her red locks dangled and the spit smearing her cheeks ran across her flesh, her body naked and exposed and left vulnerable and weak. As she dangled there helpless to resist, she continued to draw in deep breaths of that enchanting scent, what she knew
now was the heavy musk of a Sangheili in heat.

“P...Please...more...I want more...” She begged, the guilt within her heart helpless compared to the hunger coming from far lower. She licked and slurped as best she could against the Sangheili’s cock, but her position was awkward and she couldn’t do nearly as much as she would’ve liked. She wanted to be back on her knees and set to her own devices, allowed to worship that wonderful member to her heart’s content. Instead, she was forced to wait and to beg, hoping that Xala would give her mouth the fucking she so desperately craved. “More...Sangheili...cock...”

Xala just laughed in dominant fashion, and was simply unable to deny the tiny human such a request. She moved into position with her length touching the girl’s lips, and as her weight settled against the tile of their kitchen her hands moved down, locking in against the human’s body. She knew that the girl would be thrashing around soon enough; Chloe was so tiny that a throatfuck from a tiny human cock would’ve been hard...the girl was completely unaware just what she was in store for. But she’d learn.

She’d learn to be a proper fuckpet for Xala.

Before Xala gave Chloe the throatfuck she craved she lifted her cock up a little, firmly offering the sack underneath it to the horny human housewife. Without even a word of instruction Chloe went right to work, licking and teasing her tongue back and forth across the heavy sack that was offered to her. The musk was the strongest there and Xala knew as much; grinning wickedly as she heard the girl moan and whimper while she drew it in. Her new toy would be more excited than ever to receive her massive member, and sure enough by the time she drew her now-soaked sack away Chloe’s mouth was hanging open in a silent, desperate beg for cock.

And Xala, in her infinite kindness, gave it to her. The sound of choking and gagging that filled the room in the moments that followed was music to the Sangheili; the sound of a human civilian slut doing what she was made for. Chloe flailed as she was throatfucked by that enormous member but she endured well; better than most would. As her throat struggled to contain that enormous length and her senses reeled in overwhelming pressure she simply gurgled in desperation, sending vibrations through Xala that ensured she’d be enjoying her for some time to come. The Sangheili woman’s breasts bounced perfectly as she rode the girl’s face, not that Chloe could see it, but as she continued to thrust down she finally spoke up once more, hoping the human could hear her over the sound of her own choking.

“One thing you’ll learn about Sangheili, whore-” She began, one hand moving to hold down Chloe’s throat. She could feel her cock through the woman’s flesh, feel it push and stretch and throb within her. In a moment of particular dominance she hilted herself inside the girl’s mouth, and as Chloe began to tremble and gasp her fingers locked in, squeezing her cock tight through the human’s throat. She could jerk herself from there if she wanted, but that was hardly as fun as letting the human earn it herself. Finally she finished her thought, her hips resuming a quick pace as she steadily fucked anew. “-we feed our cumsluts well. And I’ve heard humans are the biggest in the galaxy.”

She proved it by suddenly climaxing, a growl rising from her throat as her thick gray cock began to erupt. She didn’t bother giving Chloe any warning and she certainly didn’t pull her member free, forcing the human to gag and cough as it rioted straight down her throat. As the human’s natural reflex started to force the invading member from her body the Sangheili allowed it, watching in orgasmic delight as the human’s mouth was filled by a spasming cock, only to suddenly spit it out. Xala’s hand wrapped around her base as she continued to squirt; sending spray after spray of the thick white cream down across the redhead’s slender body.
She hadn’t been lying; Sangheili cum was as copious as it was thick, and she painted the human well with it in the seconds that followed. When she felt her pleasure beginning to ebb and her orgasm coming to a stop she quickly reached out to the nearby countertop, and with a wide smile snatched up a little gift that Samantha had given to Chloe a long time ago.

Their first wedding anniversary, when money was tight, all Samantha could afford was a coffee mug that read “The Galaxy’s Best Wife.” She had made it herself, a beautiful handmade gift from their first, wonderful year together as a married couple.

Now that mug, that precious mug, was tipped underneath the tip of a Sangheili cock that promptly filled it with cum. Xala allowed her release to fill it up to the brim and beyond; the white soon drooling over the sides of it and across the words “best” and “wife” as if Chloe needed another reminder. When the girl stopped coughing Xala pulled her up to be seated on the table, and as her cum-covered body was still left twitching and trembling and drooling cream from her lips, the Sangheili pushed the mug into the woman’s hands.

“Drink.” She ordered, and watched in delight as the musk drove Chloe to follow orders without question. Her trembling hands grasped at the hilt of the mug, and as she looked up at her new owner she tipped it against her lips, opening her mouth and starting to drink. Straight from the edge of Samantha’s sweetest gift she swallowed one, two, three, four mouthfuls of thick Sangheili cum. The same people that Samantha had promised her that very morning wouldn’t cause any problems.

By the time Chloe lowered the empty mug she was trembling, her belly warm and filled with cream just as her chest and face were covered in it. When she looked up past spit-smeared eyelashes she could already see Xala tucking her cock back inside of her suit, grinning with that multi-mandibled smile towards the well-used human nearby.

“I look forward to meeting your wife.” She announced with a grin, before turning slowly on a heel. By the time she left Chloe it was well into the afternoon, and the human was left raw and sore and filled with cum, just as her kitchen table was smeared in it. Guilt ebbed at her but the remaining scent of the musk was strong, and much to Chloe’s shame she found herself masturbating, desperately, in a pool of Sangheili release.

The shame would set in later. But for now, as Samantha had begged her, she was giving the massive, gray-skinned aliens a chance.

End of Chapter One.
Part Two

Chapter Summary

Back for more? Well Chloe sure is! Sangheili cock must be like Pringles, because once you pop your mouth around it...uh...you end up engaging in highly addictive and lewd behavior that puts your marriage at risk.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

The New Neighbor
Part Two
-By Drace Domino

The weight of what she had done hung on Chloe’s shoulders throughout the entire evening. Throughout dinner with her beloved wife she couldn’t get the taste of Sangheili cum out of her mouth, and every time Samantha would move to touch her she felt a swell of guilt rush across her body. A soft kiss on her cheek reminded her of the feel of that throbbing length pushed against her face. The touch along the edge of her back reminded her of how roughly Xala ‘Sudami had treated her as she threw her to the kitchen table to give her a deep and hungry throatfucking. Even the way her wife looked at her that evening made Chloe feel uncomfortable, and she found herself squirming in unease and deep, horrid shame as she went about her evening. What if Samantha found out? What if that horrible, wretched Sangheili came over and told her? Would Samantha believe her? Or would she take one look at her beloved wife, read the shame that was etched across her face, and know for a fact that it was all true?

Chloe had excused herself for a late night shower under the lie that she had a difficult migraine, but the reality was that it was her fifth shower since Xala’s visit that morning. It didn’t matter how many times she scrubbed herself from top to bottom, she could still feel that alien witch’s hands across her. It didn’t matter how many times she brushed her teeth, she could still taste her cum. It didn’t matter how many lotions and scented oils she put in with the shower, she could still smell that...that aroma that had intoxicated her. Even within the shower, hours after Xala had left her presence, the memory of that scent made Chloe’s skin crawl in a way that wasn’t entirely unpleasant. The scent of those heavy Sangheili balls and that throbbing member, something about it had changed every priority Chloe had once held dear. Loyalty had gone right out the window, and there had been times during the previous visit that Chloe had found herself enjoying what she was doing, throwing herself into it with enthusiasm.

And that...that was the worst thing of all. It would’ve been one thing to dismiss what happened as a simple rape, and she likely could’ve made that argument successfully. A Sangheili still bitter about the war, taking out her frustrations on the innocent, helpless wife of an active marine. The story would hold up and people would definitely believe it, just as they would believe that a Sangheili of Xala’s size would have absolutely no problem with forcing Chloe to do her bidding. And there had been moments where she thought of doing just that. Falling into Samantha’s arms, crying over what had happened, and painting the image of Xala as a monster that didn’t care about the consent of others. And in that vein, her words would’ve been true.
She only would have been neglecting to mention the part that at some point, Chloe had desired it. When she slurped down cum or serviced that enormous length, when she looked up at Xala’s eyes and tightened her throat to swallow cream down into her belly. When she toyed with herself, rubbing her fingers through a mix of Sangheili cum, petting her hot, wet pussy as she feverishly worked herself to orgasm…

It didn’t even dawn on Chloe that she had started to repeat that last part in the shower. It wasn’t until a quiver of tangible pleasure ran through her that she took notice, looking down to find her fingers nestled between the folds of her slit, stroking her hood with her thumb and pressing her fingers in deep. The motion had come naturally to her within the hot spray of the shower that evening, a gentle motion that had been guided there solely by the memory of what Xala did to her. The hunger. The passion. The…The fucking smell.

It was with a pathetic whimper that Chloe pressed her forehead to the side of the shower, and openly cried while she masturbated. Tears rolled down her cheeks even as she took a wider stance, stroking and petting along her folds as the memories flooded through her. The guilt she had for betraying her wife was equal to the hunger she felt over what had happened, a perfect storm of chaotic emotion rolling back and forth within her. Every lick she had given that Sangheili cock had been another knife in her beloved Samantha’s back, and Samantha...Samantha didn’t deserve that. She deserved someone loyal. Someone that would never betray her no matter the circumstances. She deserved a flawless woman that would always be hers, not a brazen whore that couldn’t keep her own hands off herself in the shower.

Unfortunately, getting what you deserved was never a promise in life, and Samantha didn’t have that perfect woman. She only had Chloe, who fingered herself to a stunning orgasm while she dreamed about thick Sangheili cock. Fantasies that came packaged with regret and shame were always the most powerful, and all of those things ran deep within her as she felt her pussy tighten about her fingers and her skin crawl in a forbidden delight. She cried longer than her orgasm lasted, but between the two of them the tears had nowhere near the potency of the climax. And therein lied the difficulty, the ache that rested in her heart, the source of the guilt.

Those few moments of cum-scented, submissive pleasure? They were good enough to be worth the endless hours of guilt. And she detested herself for admitting as much. It was her hope, her prayer, that what happened earlier that day would be the end of it. That the Sangheili would be satisfied with her first bit of fun, or even better, that she decided the human wife wasn’t worth claiming as her own. Surely, a woman of Xala’s proportions had better women to stuff her cock into! Just like Samantha, she deserved better!

That night, when Chloe went to bed, she did so feeling as if she weren’t worth the affections of either of the two women in her life. Her heart was breaking from guilt and her skin crawled from a forbidden desire that still clung to her, and her sleep was restless as she tossed back and forth and stared up at the ceiling. By the time sleep overtook her far later into the night than usual she was left with just one concern resting against her mind, one deep worry that settled in and made her nearly weep from fear.

She could get over the guilt of that one day. That one mistake. But what would happen if Xala returned in the morning?

While Samantha laid beside her dozing peacefully and oblivious, Chloe cried once more. Because she knew the answer to that question.

The morning went more or less how Chloe had expected it to go, with the same blanket of guilt still
stretched across her flesh. Samantha had woken her up with breakfast in bed; a sweet treat because she could tell that her wife wasn’t feeling very good the night before. What a thoughtful bride! Even though she had to go out to work in the service of the marines in just a few short minutes, she had taken time to wake up early to surprise her beloved. The joy Chloe felt at having such a thoughtful and considerate wife was driven a harsh counterpoint by the knowledge of what she had done, and beyond that, the knowledge that she might very well end up doing it again. It made even the sweet flavor of the strawberry pancakes taste bitter, though she did her best to smile wide and praise her beloved for the treat. She stayed in bed even as Samantha made her way downstairs to take off for the day, and from the comfort and safety of the sheets Chloe listened as her wife left. The slam of a door, and then a blissful silence that flowed through the room. In her position in bed Chloe just sat, looking at the half-eaten breakfast sitting before her while her stomach tied into frustrated knots. Every bite she had taken from that sweet breakfast was like a horrible theft; a robbery of her wife’s caring and compassionate nature, an exploitation of the best woman she had ever known. Her muscles trembled as she gazed at the tray before her, from the half-eaten pancakes to the half-full glass of orange juice, to the single white vase that had a pretty flower from their garden sitting in it. Everything...everything was perfect.

Except for her.

With a sudden cry of frustration and shame Chloe’s hands lifted underneath the tray, and she sent it flying halfway across the room with a sudden clatter. The vase and plate shattered as they struck the wall, and the food and drink fell into a heap of mess that she’d need to contend with before Samantha returned. The outburst gave her a brief moment to scream, to shout, to flail against her impossible situation, and as soon as it had ended she let her face fall against her hands. Tears ached at the corners of her eyes again and she bit down hard against her bottom lip, trying her best not to succumb to sorrow yet again. It was tempting, though...so very tempting. As tempting as it had been the day before when she found herself swallowing mouthful after mouthful of Xala’s oddly delicious cream.

“It’s okay...it's okay…” She repeated to herself, rocking back and forth in her place underneath the covers. Her body was drawn taut from stress and her pretty red hair dangled in a mess around her face; soft and fluffy thanks to her late night shower, but otherwise a shaggy mess from the long hours spent dozing. She looked every bit the image of the frantic housewife first thing in the morning; no makeup, no attempt to dress herself beyond the simple nightgown she had worn to bed, and no brush through her hair. She looked...well, a bit like a mess, and still Samantha had smiled all morning. Smiled as she kissed her wife awake with a fond kiss on the cheek, smiled as she served her breakfast, and smiled as she sat on the edge of the bed watching her eat. Such a perfect woman. A wonderful woman. The very best.

And when she heard a knock from the downstairs door, Chloe felt a swirl of guilt build within her stomach. Without a moment of hesitation she swung her feet to the edge of the bed and stepped out, rising and letting the sheet fall away from her body. She walked past the scattered tray and the food she had thrown across the room, heading steadily down the stairs and moving towards the pounding door. Each step heavy and solid like a death march, every breath given with a fair amount of hesitation and fear.

She could already tell from the outline through the door’s window that it was her. Xala ‘Sudami. Towering and imposing with the unique structure of the Sangheili, raising one of those large and intimidating fists to pound against the door once more. The mere shadow of that woman made Chloe sick to her stomach and oddly intrigued in the same breath, and as she continued to approach she found herself fighting over how to handle it.
Did she simply hide? Refuse to open the door in the hopes Xala would go away?

Did she stand her ground? Refuse to do anything? Demand she leave?

Did she drop to her knees? Open her mouth? Beg for the taste of Sangheili co-

“No!” Chloe stamped her foot, her hands coming up to slam against the sides of her temples. She closed her eyes tight as she shook her head wildly from side to side as she tried to dispel the thoughts, knowing full well that it was the surefire way to make the situation worse. She had to resist, to pull back from this horrible sin she had committed, to hope that if she didn’t fall prey yet again that things would get better. With that small moment of bolstering bravery she stepped up to the door and grabbed the handle, swinging it open and taking a fast, hard offensive as she glared at the woman before her.

“Go away!” She practically roared, fire in her eyes as she burnt through her last bit of resolve and strength. The Sangheili was a smug bitch from the very beginning; offering a confident and cocky smile over her alien lips and her arms slowly folding across her chest. She wore a simple robe not unlike that of Chloe’s nightgown; a dark purple that was already half-tented at the front of her lap. It was clear she was there for one thing and one thing only, and it was the very thing Chloe was taking a stand against giving her. “I won’t let you ruin my life! I won’t let you take her from me! Go away before I call the police!”

“The police, eh?” The Sangheili arched an eye in response, and pointedly licked her lips while she studied the human standing before her. Her mere glare was enough to send shivers down Chloe’s spine, to make the girl tremble and quiver and draw her arms around herself. She did her best to close her arms about her breasts to hide the sight of them through her nightgown, but it did nothing to give her comfort underneath Xala’s stare. And as the Sangheili continued to speak, that discomfort only got worse. “The police can’t help you now, slut. Nobody can, really. If you turn me away I’ll let your little wife know about what happened.”

“Ha!” Chloe barked, her brow furrowing as she glared right back. “And you think she’d believe you?! Some disgusting Sangheili bitch?! Samantha loves me more than anything, she’d believe me in a heartbeat!”

“Of course she would.” The Sangheili laughed at the response, and invited herself in with a heavy step. She moved into the house and took ahold of the door, drifting it closed behind her while she forced the human back. Chloe was already yielding territory which she knew wasn’t a good sign, but despite that fact she continued to listen to the alien woman make her case. “But she’d at least talk to you about it. Even to just laugh about what a liar I was. So the real question is…when she looks at you and asks if there’s any truth to it, when your loving wife studies you and asks if you’re really nothing more than a desperate whore hungry for alien cum…” She clicked her tongue to the roof of her mouth, and grinned even wider. “…do you think you’d be able to lie convincingly enough?”

Chloe blinked, her eyes going wide as saucers as the Sangheili saw right through her bluff. The alien was right. Even a simple mention of herself and Xala from Samantha’s lips would cause her to tense up, and Samantha was always good at reading her. Just as she had picked up on the fact that she wasn’t feeling well the night before, she’d know her beloved was lying in a heartbeat. There was no pretending it didn’t happen. There was no masking it from her lover’s gaze if it was brought to her attention.

She hung her head at the realization, and when her lips parted again it was to offer a submissive voice at the other woman’s orders. She was either beaten fully or giving up without much of a fight, and at a certain point it didn’t make a difference: either way she’d end up the personal
fucktoy slut of a Sangheili.

“...what do I have to do?” She whimpered, tears once more nipping at the corners of her eyes. “T...Tell me so we can get it over with.”

“Ohh, there’s that enthusiasm.” Xala offered sarcastically, chuckling as she stepped forward. One hand lifted to hold the human’s chin, and as she looked squarely into her eyes Xala gave a slow, predatory smile. The sort of smile that sent a cold chill across Chloe’s flesh, in the same breath that it sent a slow heat building between her legs. “First, I think I’d like to have a seat. I’m your guest, after all.”

Chloe simply nodded in pathetic submission, and led the way to the living room.

The robes both women wore to bed now laid in a pile on the floor, and the television in the living room was playing with a lovely scene unfolding. It was a wedding video of all things; a file that was pulled up from the local memory on the system, the recording of the simple, sweet military ceremony between two young women that were madly in love with one another. Samantha, in her full military attire stood waiting for her bride to come down the aisle, and Chloe swept forward wearing what was possibly the most beautiful gown that had ever crossed her flesh. As the two met at the end of the aisle one of Samantha’s superior officers performed the ceremony, and the two women looked into each other’s eyes as he spoke of love and devotion, of dedication and loyalty, and of the undying bond that would live between them under the blanket of love.

Chloe could hear it all, but in the moment she couldn’t see it. Resting atop her face was the heavy sack of a Sangheili; her vision blocked by the dull gray balls and her nose deeply shoved in the spot where those heavy orbs met the woman’s shaft. For the moment they were just sitting there, Chloe laying flat on the couch with Xala sitting at the edge of it, one leg lifted up and stretched back so her cock could properly rest on the human’s face. The Sangheili looked quite content in her position, making herself at home with the remote for the pair’s television in one hand, her other moving along the edge of her cock to give it a few slow, steady pumps. All the while Chloe remained pinned, stretched out and naked, her face resting underneath the sack of her greatest enemy to date.

It would’ve been one thing if the Sangheili had ordered to her to do something; anything, but so far the alien hadn’t given her a single instruction. She didn’t demand that the woman service her or even open her mouth, and for the moment she seemed completely content watching the wedding video and idly stroking her length. She just kept her sack pressed against the girl’s face, making sure that little human nose was nestled keenly at the base of her shaft. And as she sat there, confident and arrogant and fully in control of the situation, Xala couldn’t resist the urge to speak.

“She seems plenty happy here.” She mused, watching the expression of Samantha as the wedding ceremony continued. Indeed the soldier’s eyes had lit up and she smiled wider and wider as the movie continued, and it was clear that the marriage to the redhead was the happiest moment of her life. A moment that they had recorded to cherish forever, a moment that was now forever violated by the eyes of the dominant alien. “So do you. Not as happy as you did yesterday, of course. Compared to that, you look downright depressed in this video.”

Chloe didn’t talk. She couldn’t; every time she opened her mouth she was forced to take in another deep breath of Sangheili cock. There was something about the scent, something that made it difficult to resist. She was smart enough to know that the alien had forced her into that situation, let her balls rest against her face purely so the girl could drink in that scent, and unfortunately she had no other option but to try to resist. She kept her mouth closed and took only controlled breaths, but
even that was difficult. Difficult for the sheer sake of needing to breathe, but even more so because of the words she could hear from the distant screen. Vows. Beautiful vows spoken by Samantha, promising to love and to cherish her wife for ever. Vows spoken by Chloe herself, swearing to always be faithful.

It didn’t come as a surprise to Xala when she felt tears underneath her sack, slickening across her balls, but she didn’t seem to mind, either. In fact the Sangheili simply gave a small groan of satisfaction at that, and she let her fingers tightening around the base of her member to give it a slow, soft pump. Enough that a bead of precum appeared at the tip and started to shiver down her shaft, a tiny river of nectar that caressed down her gray length, making a beeline for that lovely face that was buried underneath her balls. She grinned at the feel of that nectar shivering along her massive shaft, and she knew when it made contact with Chloe because of the girl’s sudden gasp.

A gasp; good. Deep breaths. Deep inhales. Drawing in the scent of a Sangheili must even deeper into her body, letting it fester within her and guide her passions. Sitting comfortably on a human couch with her balls resting on a warm, pretty face was certainly a fine way to relax in the morning, but the purpose was never anything but evident. And while she could’ve forced the issue, could’ve throatfucked the human from the beginning, Xala savored letting it stew. Letting it simmer. Every moment that passed in quiet comfort, every moment that they sat there peacefully was another moment that the human battled within herself. Fighting her loyalties, her dedications, her very marriage vows themselves...matching those noble qualities against the undeniable draw of thick Sangheili musk.

All she had to do was wait until Chloe’s resolve faded into nothing, discarded and tattered. That moment came around the same time that the military man leading the ceremony spoke up, his voice ringing with words that Chloe remembered well.

“By the power vested in me by the UNSC Military, you may now kiss the one you love.”

As if on demand, Chloe’s mouth opened and she met it against her new true love: Sangheili cock. The first lick came slow and tentative, as if she was still fighting the urge to be loyal. The second came quicker, and the third the fastest still as she started to get a taste for it. Every patter of the human’s tongue came at the spot where Xala’s cock met the beginning of her sack, that sweet little part of gray flesh where the scent was the strongest and her control over Chloe was the greatest. As if to fully convey just how far the woman had fallen into her scented delight and how eager she was to betray her wife Chloe’s hands finally stretched out along her own body, but instead of pushing back at the Sangheili and forcing her away like any dedicated bride, she instead moved one hand across her own full breasts while the other curled at her lap. Underneath Xala’s gaze she stuffed two fingers inside of her own slit, hooking them within just as she had done the night before, rolling her hips to meet her motions with a series of slow, affectionate thrusts.

All of that as she licked back and forth across Xala’s cock, lying naked underneath the woman’s gaze. It was all Xala needed to see to draw a wide smile across her features. For the moment, at least, the slut was ready to be claimed.

The licking that passed over Xala’s balls only lasted for a few more beats; the Sangheili’s passions were far too hungry for a mere bit of tongue across the underside of her sack. She had been sitting and fondling herself while watching a wedding video for nearly a half hour now, and her member was aching for the warm feel of a human’s mouth to savor once more. When she stood up from the couch she left Chloe whimpering for the lack of her body; and the girl was so lost and hungry that she openly licked at the air above her before realizing that the object of her affection had stood. As soon as she realized it she quickly darted up to her knees, moving to brace herself on the couch and reach for Xala’s cock again. There, she slid her hands down either side before burying her face against the tip of the other woman’s cockhead, opening her lips and struggling with zeal to get it
into her mouth. She was ravenous now, craven and hungry with eyes dilated and nipples stiff, drawn by the scent to be an eager and willing slut for whatever the Sangheili desires. Xala simply beamed, and rested a hand atop Chloe’s head while she worked.

“There we go. That’s a proper Sangheili cocksucker.” She purred, licking her lips while the girl worked. When Chloe managed to get her mouth around the cocktip Xala rewarded her by pushing it inside even further, forcing the girl’s mouth to bulge with the weight of it and leading to her making a tiny gagging noise. That mere bit of discomfort wasn’t about to stop such a skilled cocksucker, though, and with wider eyes Chloe pushed forward, working that thick, throbbing member past her tongue, into her throat, down until it made her ache from the strain. She deepthroated that glorious cock as much as she could on the very first try, and when she looked up at Xala, past those large gray breasts, she truly looked like the picture of a beautiful fuckpet. Eyes watering, cheeks and throat bulging, drool escaping around her lips to slather down across her own naked body. Though the strain was clear she kept her mouth down, kept her throat bulged, all while Xala let her fingers drift through the girl’s soft red hair.

“Worship my cock, whore.” Xala ordered the girl with a cruel smile spreading across her face. She moved a hand out to turn off the television, and shortly thereafter her hands lowered to reach out for her shoulders. As she started to reposition the girl and move her she spoke up once more, laughing in that dominant, cruel voice as she did so. “Worship the only thing that matters to you anymore.”

Chloe did just that while Xala picked her up. It was awkward at first and she didn’t quite know what Xala had in mind, at least until the alien started to turn her body upside down as she picked her up from the ground. She spun with her mouth and throat still stretched around the Sangheili’s cock, and underneath Xala’s grip she was soon held in a standing sixty-nine position with her, her legs trembling as they hung in the air and her stomach pressed against those massive gray breasts. Her head started spinning even more than it already was, and as she continued slurping and sucking along that big, fat prick Xala started to move. Chloe ignored the movement for the time being simply because it wasn’t her business; wherever Xala would take her, wherever they would walk to, she would be the Sangheili’s willing and hungry whore. In that moment Xala could’ve fucked her on the front lawn for all the neighbors to see and she wouldn’t of cared, so long as she could suck and worship that thick member that she had become utterly addicted to. She groaned in wild delight as she was given all opportunity to do just that, one hand scooping underneath Xala’s balls and the other stroking that thick, meaty shaft.

While her cock was properly serviced Xala headed for the nearby stairs, moving up them with a steady pace and a large smile spread over her lips. She’d be spending quite a bit of time here in the house of her human neighbors, and it was well past time they she got to see what the rest of the place looked like! As she headed up the stairs she easily carried Chloe along with her in her powerful arms, keeping the human dangling upside down as she sucked that massive member every step of the way. Xala only paused halfway up the stairs to gaze down at her, down that the human’s pussy resting just underneath her face. She lowered her head just enough to draw in a scent, and a satisfied noise escaped from her throat.

Sweet. Tasty. But hardly...addictive.

With a spring in her step Xala moved the rest of the way up the stairs and headed towards the bedroom, and all the while Chloe worked. Her mouth only left the Sangheili’s cock for a few seconds as a particular thrust shoved far too deep in her throat for her to maintain composure during, and she coughed and gagged as drool ran down her face and into her pretty red hair. Even then, even with her breath stolen by the taste of cock and her body reeling from the sore ache, her hands moved up and down that thick member, stroking it and fondling it and showing it just how
much she loved it.

Xala soon made her way inside the bedroom, and as she walked towards the bed a single hand stretched out to snatch a photograph off of the dresser. A pretty photo indicating a scene from what she had just watched; the two brides standing side by side, never looking happier. Held in a frame that said “Eternal Love,” the picture was soon laying face-up on the mattress, positioned perfectly as Xala’s arms maneuvered Chloe once more. She whimpered while that cock was stolen from her mouth but she knew she’d be fed it again before too long, and her cheeks were a bright red underneath a layer of spit as Xala laid her down to the mattress. She forced the girl on her belly with her face perfectly lined up overtop that photo, partly so she could stare down at a scene she by now barely remembered, and partly so the thick drool of a cocksucking whore could fall against the elegant frame.

“C...Cock...give me...please...” Chloe’s voice spun from her lips without her deepest consent, and she wriggled and writhed as she laid flat on the bed. Her fingers drew tight around the blanket and she looked down briefly at the picture, only to notice that spit and precum had already drooled over her own face. The sight of Samantha’s pretty features in her finest military outfit did nothing to stop her desire, and she barely even acknowledged it before looking up once more with large, dilated eyes. “...cock...p...please...”

Xala ‘Sudami couldn’t of been more pleased. She let a hand reach out to fondly run across Chloe’s hair, and with a swing of her hips she offered the human two cockslaps, one for each cheek. The girl seemed inspired by the impact of that weighty prick as it crossed her face in two separate shoves, and her lips rose to a wide smile as an almost fuckmad giggle drove from the back of her throat. After only two days in Xala’s presence and she already looked like a craven bitch ready to be claimed, and though that level of devotion would no doubt ebb once she was no longer in the presence of Xala’s musk, for the moment it was more than enough. More than enough to have her way. More than enough to make her a cheating bitch. More than enough to slather that framed wedding photo in spit, so thick and so thorough that it seeped in between the frame and the photo to forever soil it.

“Here’s the cock you want so badly.” Xala finally whispered with a hungry grin, and gave Chloe just that. She took a tight fistful of the redhead’s hair as she held her head a few inches above the photo, her hips rolling back so the tip of her cock could perfectly perch against the other woman’s lips. Chloe was ready; eyes wide and a huge smile spread over her features, tongue wiggling back and forth like she were trying to coax a wild animal. And when Xala pushed in, foregoing any aspect of safety or comfort for the human, Chloe just howled like a craven bitch.

“Mmmph! Mmmnnnggg! Gmmmphg!” Her hands went white-knuckled against the sheets and her legs kicked up and down from the strain, her body forced nearly into convulsions from how deep her mouth was being fucked. Her eyes watered from the strain but she still enthusiastically took it; weaving her tongue back and forth for whatever good it could do. Xala’s claiming of the girl’s throat wasn’t just rough; it was brutal. That tight fist kept her hair locked in place and she rocked her hips back harder and harder with every passing thrust, making sure that the girl’s throat bulged each time. The pretty redhead features were little more than a complete mess; sweat clinging to her hair and spit crossing her entire face. Some of it even drooled out her nose, her own senses and sinuses unable to control the sloppy submission. Each time Xala fucked herself down to the hilt of her cock within the girl’s mouth her heavy balls slapped forward, and it wasn’t long before there was a noticeable red welt on Chloe’s throat from the contact.

Facefucked so hard the heavy sack of the Sangheili left a bruise. Few humans could take a thick cock so expertly, and Xala ‘Sudami knew it. Human sluts were a dime a dozen, but one so durable and ravenous was worth the effort to break.
“Yes! Yes, take it all in, you filthy whore!” Xala hissed through her teeth, rocking back faster and faster. The more she pumped the messier the wedding photo underneath them became, covered in spit and slime and precum. The engraved words “Eternal Love” were webbed with spit flavored with adulterous Sangheili cock, and it didn’t take long before the faces of both Samantha and Chloe were covered by the drool. Through it all Xala gave a wild and wicked grin, continuing to ram herself forward. “And here comes your prize! All for you! All for you, my pet human bitch!”

When she came, it was a moment that sent Chloe into a state of bliss she’d never known before. With one last slap of Sangheili balls against her throat the alien shoved her cock down to the hilt, and once there it pulsed and throbbed and spewed rope after rope of thick, hot, sticky cum. Chloe’s eyes rolled back in her head as she felt every part of her filled with it; her nostrils immediately flaring as cum seeped from within and drooled down across her face, her lips blubbering and stammering around the woman’s shaft as she continued to cum. Some of it Chloe swallowed, and some of it was simply force fed to her by shooting directly down her throat. It didn’t matter to her; so long as she had Sangheili cum to savor.

With one final pull of her cock Xala yanked out of Chloe’s mouth, and she let her member deliver one final spurt to the picture of their wedding down below. A burst of cum painted Samantha and Chloe’s happy faces, webbing across the engraving and practically covering the entire thing. Chloe had only barely managed to stop coughing and swallow what she had been given before that cock swung forward once more, glistening with spit and cum, and presented along with the Sangheili’s order.

“...clean it.” She ordered. “All of it. Photo, too.”

“Y...Yes...Yes...” The girl simply nodded, and moved to do just that. Cum still lined her face while she worked; painting her lips and drooling from her nose as she passed her tongue up and down the massive Sangheili cock that was offered to her. The thing was so damned big that it would take some time to properly clean, and to make matters worse every time she licked her particularly well it would throb again with a new appearance of cum, this time plopping down across her arm or her shoulder. She quickly would sweep her fingers across such appearances and usher that sticky white cream into her mouth, making sure to show the owner of that cock just how hungry she was. And the more she swallowed, the hungrier she got. While she cleaned Xala’s cock with slow and gentle licks, paying close attention to the details and making sure her new master was content, some of the thoughts of Samantha flowed back into her mind. Such thoughts were actively unavoidable when she turned down to that picture, and with one long swipe she gobbled up the cum that had been covering Samantha’s face. She looked down at that image, the sight of her wife on their wedding day, now half-obscured by a thin glaze of sticky white cum. She tilted her head, and though the very deepest part of her mind made her quiver with guilt, those voices were tiny now. Practically whispers against everything else screaming at her so very loudly.

She darted her head down to lick against the glass of the frame once more, this time to gulp down a mouthful of cum that was covering her own face. More reminders of a life she could only barely remember under the weight of Xala’s scent and taste. The Sangheili woman seemed pleased, combing her fingers down the girl’s hair and even giving her an affectionate slap with her cock, another reminder that it was the Sangheili’s throbbing member, not Samantha, that she was in love with now.

“Keep cleaning, whore.” The Sangheili whispered, licking her lips as she stared down at the wrecked and ruined girl. “Suck all that Sangheili cum off of your cunt wife’s face.”

Chloe just nodded as she bowed her head down again, eager to do just that. That evening there
would be more tears. More guilt. More sobbing and masturbating in the same breath in the middle of the shower. In the evening she would hate herself, and go to bed feeling like the lowest, most despicable woman in the galaxy.

But for now, her job was cleaning Sangheili cum off of her wedding photo, and that was the most important job she had ever been given. Her tongue worked up and down, her throat tightened eagerly with every swallow, and her eyes closed as she savored her task.

In the spaces between the almost unbearable guilt, she was the most enthusiastic, cheating whore that Xala ‘Sudami had ever claimed.

End of Chapter 2.

Chapter End Notes

Fun fact: My Dad used to call my Mom a "proper Sangheili cocksucker." But this was like twenty years before Halo came out so I didn't really understand it.

Check me out on tumblr!
Part Three

Chapter Summary

The time has finally come: Xala 'Sudami is going to fuck her new human pet. Will Chloe be able to go all the way, and cross the last boundary of sin as she betrays her wife? Does she even have a choice? Find out now!

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

The New Neighbor
Part Three
-By Drace Domino

“Why are you doing this? Can’t...Can’t you please just leave us alone?” Her voice was the pathetic noise of a defeated woman, and Chloe’s eyes reflected the hopelessness of her situation. She stared across the room at the towering Sangheili with the hope that somewhere, deep within the alien’s heart, she’d find some level of mercy and no longer haunt her. In just three days Chloe had done things that were simply unspeakable, and though her desire to do them had fluctuated depending on how deeply she was breathing in the alien’s musk, it had never once been truly an action of consent. The Sangheili had dropped into her life seemingly with intent to ruin it, and that particularly afternoon they were perched on what could easily be the most life-altering moment of Chloe’s life.

It was day three, and Xala ‘Sudami was going to fuck her new human slut for the first time today. The two of them stood in the bedroom that Chloe shared with Samantha; a room that was filled with nearly endless fond memories that were quickly becoming tainted by the Sangheili’s continued presence. Just yesterday Chloe had been forced to clean alien cum off of her wedding picture, and today...? Today it was even worse. The human trembled; feeling exposed and raw, even though she was fully dressed.

...fully dressed in her bridal gown.

It had been by the Sangheili’s own demand, of course, a strict order that Chloe had obeyed for fear of what would happen if she didn’t. She had gone to the attic to dig out her wedding dress; just as white and pure as ever, and had slithered into it with the expressed purpose of doing nothing anywhere near pure within it. It was a gorgeous thing, purchased by Chloe’s parents at a hefty cost. Beautiful white lace and silk swept over her arms and down her back in crossing straps, leading into a flowing white lower half that was embroidered with flowers and gentle sweeping ornaments. Underneath that dress she had worn the same white nylons and garter that she had worn the day she was married; a sexy white fabric that had been hidden from all their wedding guests, but Samantha had deeply enjoyed on their first night as a married couple. Her outfit was accented by the short white heels and the veil that now sat atop Chloe’s head, obscuring slightly the vision of the gray skinned, dominant woman standing just a few feet away from her.

She fit well into her old wedding dress; after all, it hadn’t been that long since she and Samantha had been married. Every day since that time had been filled with joy and laughter between the two, a growing love that Chloe had never once felt was a mistake. In so many ways her love with
Samantha had been simply perfect; at least, until that week. Until their new neighbor. Until that...monster moved next door.

“Don’t do this. Please?” Chloe asked once more, swallowing as she stood there in her beautiful, elegant dress. The last day she had worn it was the greatest day of her life, and now she stood on the edge of her very worst. She stepped forward, hoping to plead her case further, though her voice quivered and creaked while she spoke as if desperate to show her own vulnerable weakness.

“We...We can pretend nothing ever happened, we--”

“How would I ever want to pretend something like that?” Xala ‘Sudami announced simply, quirking her alien brow as she regarded the other woman. Unlike Chloe the Sangheili stood far from dressed; completely naked there in the married couple’s bedroom with her member already hanging out and thick. She had padded over to Chloe’s front door only moments after Samantha had left, wearing a simple bathrobe that had been cast aside nearly an instant after stepping within. Now her cock ached; throbbing in a growing heat as she let her gaze drink in the sight of Chloe wrapped in that pure, beautiful outfit. Her stark red hair was a beautiful contrast to all the white, and that tint wasn’t lost on the powerful, thick-cocked alien. Chloe was indeed beautiful when she was framed with white...whether it was the veil from her wedding day, or the dense layer of Sangheili cum that she was coming to know in a way more intimately than most ever could. The alien snorted with a small smirk, her mandibles opening and closing with a predatory click as she took her own firm step forward. Towering over Chloe she moved to bring one powerful hand forward, letting a finger tease underneath the redhead’s chin, forcing it to lift up. She gazed into her eyes just like Samantha did on her wedding day, but when Xala ‘Sudami spoke it was far, far distant from the loving and tender words that Samantha had spoken that day.

“On your knees before me, whore.” She purred, mandibles opening and closing once more. “My cock is the new love of your pathetic human life.”

It was fitting, then, that Chloe was dressed for the moment. With a whimper the redhead lowered herself down just as she was ordered, knowing full well that she couldn’t possibly resist the commands of the alien no matter what she attempted to do. Against the fabric of her wedding dress she pressed her knees into the ground, and she lifted up her veil just as she had done before the first wedded kiss she had shared with Samantha. She tented her lips together for a lingering moment before turning towards that thick and throbbing shaft, breathing in deep as she started to lean forward.

The deep breaths...she had learned that they were absolutely critical when it came to enduring this madness. Whatever scent the Sangheili gave off seemed to fuel her own passions, pushing them beyond reason, beyond measure, and beyond any woman that she ever saw herself as. The simple fact was that as she drew in that aroma the ache in her heart became less and less; at least until the moment that Xala forcibly reminded her of it again. When her hands moved up to touch along that thick Sangheili cock she made sure to bring her mouth down as well, and with a willing motion she let her nose brush from the base of her tip to the end of her shaft, breathing in almost as if she were drawing in a long line of some mind altering substance.

It was, if nothing else, a survival tactic. The only way she could fight the guilt as she began to cheat on her beloved wife once more. From her perspective standing up with her cock throbbing in pleasure and joy, Xala simply chuckled as she experienced the young woman’s touch. Lace-covered fingers stroked along her shaft and she witnessed Chloe draw in that deep breath, only to force a wicked smile on her own cruel, alien features. Whatever the human needed to do in order to cope: she didn’t particularly care. The musk she gave off was a powerful aroma to be certain, one that human sluts seemed to be particularly vulnerable to. Every breath she drew might make the moment easier for her to endure, but every last bit that the girl felt shudder down her senses was
another step down a path that had no return route.

“Drink it in, human whore.” Xala mused to herself, hungrily thrusting her hips forward. “Breath it in so much you never want air that hasn’t been laced with my cock.” She didn’t say as much for fear of warning the little slut, and to be fair, Chloe hardly needed the instruction. She was doing just fine all on her own, taking noticeable, deep breaths just before she started to lick.

And when she finally got to work, her service was excellent considering the whining she had done. For a girl that had just been begging not to be forced into the moment she started off sucking Xala as if she was a seasoned professional, her mouth moving up and down that thick Sangheili cock and her tongue weaving flawless wet lines across that enormous gray length. Her saliva coated Xala’s length back and forth as she continued to lick, and with every bit of wetness she spread across it she made sure her hands were there to smooth it even further, stroking her on both sides. When the tip of the Sangheili’s cock started to glisten with precum Chloe didn’t hesitate to move to claim it, looking up at that towering, big-breasted Sangheili with her lips slithering over her wet, drooling tip. Her tongue teased against the entrance, and her throat made noticeable gulps as she swallowed a brief hint of the flavor that awaited her.

“...such a hungry whore.” Xala whispered, her gray features twisting to a cruel grin and her dark, harsh eyes narrowing. She stood with her hands on her hips since there was no reason to hold the girl’s head just yet; Chloe was an eager slut in the making and she would impale herself on that length if the alien told her as much. Just a few short days and all it took to turn her from a whimpering mess to a wanton and desperate whore was a few breaths of cock-scented air; a few savoring doses of heavy musk to make her pupils dilate and her senses reel. Xala ‘Sudami’s pride in her could only have been matched by Samantha’s disappointment, but thankfully the soldier was far away for the next few hours. It was neighborly of her to leave her bride, fully dressed in that flawless white dress, for the Sangheili’s sexual delights. “My balls, slut. Kiss them like you do that worthless wife of yours.”

“Y-Y...Yes...” Chloe nodded, swallowing nervously as she moved her lace-covered hands underneath the woman’s shaft. She pushed it up so that heavy and hanging pouch was visible at her eyeline, but just before she moved in with parted lips and blushing cheeks, her attention was drawn upward once more. Clicking mandibles and a harsh glare came from Xala, and she corrected the girl firmly with that same dominant, forceful tone.

“Do you just sweep in and kiss your wife, slut?” She asked, accusingly. “No. You tell her how much you love her, first.”

Chloe’s cheeks flushed red, and guilt ebbed at her that even the musk of the alien couldn’t totally force away. The dressed bride ached with shame as she lowered her head, staring point-blank into the heavy sack hanging underneath the Sangheili’s shaft. The scent was stronger there but still unable to force away the image of her lovely wife, of the soldier that fought for her, of the woman that made her life worth living. She was forced to bring the mental image of Samantha to the forefront of her thoughts, even as she drew in close with her lips parting in a shameful, wicked whisper.

“I..I love you...” And then, her mouth pressed towards the object of her affection.

She wasn’t talking to Samantha in that moment, or even Xala. Her words were meant purely for the Sangheili’s balls. Heavy, wet, and rich with her musk. The source of the alien’s copious cum and the most potent area of her massive body; the source of the power that she took such great delight in hovering over the human. When she spoke her words of love straight to Xala’s balls she spoke as honestly and genuine as she had on her wedding day, her tone tender and dear and her talk of
devotion a deeply considered commitment. And when she swept in to kiss Xala’s balls, it was with the same level of passion and adoration that she had kissed Samantha in front of their parents and their closest friends on the happiest day of her life.

There the whore knelt, dressed fully in her wedding gown, desperately making out with the hanging sack of an alien conqueror. Her lips were spread wide and her tongue was openly visible moving up and down across that hanging gray carriage, slurping and slobbering and whimpering as she drew in deeper and deeper breaths. Lines of spit began to coat her cheeks just as they dripped from Xala’s balls, each of them landing to form tiny wet spots against the human’s gown, little marks of sin and betrayal that she was far too gone to care about. Over her shoulder she carried the rest of Xala’s heavy shaft, and was forced to shudder as the tip leaked a line of precum that slid straight down across the exposed back of her dress, over the crossed straps and right along her spine. Xala and her magnificent cock could control her, dominate her, completely own her without even trying...and they could do it from any angle.

From there, Chloe worked of her own volition, and Xala afforded her the opportunity to explore her new life as bride to her sack. She shuddered in delight while Chloe spent several long moments licking up and down her balls, and when those lace-clad fingers lifted her up even more she grinned in delight to feel the human drifting even further below. Soon it wasn’t merely the front of her balls that were being teased but their backsides as well, the weight of her carriage resting on the human’s pretty face as her tongue wove back and forth. Inch by inch the human’s mouth drew close to the spot separating Xala ‘Sudami’s sack and the tight rear pucker of her ass, and before long her tongue first pattered against the Sangheili’s taint. That wet pink muscle made gentle contact at first, and as soon as it did her own pathetic whimper of desperate submission was rivalled only by the pleasurable groan that escaped from the alien’s throat.

That spot...that beautiful spot, was the space where Xala’s scent was the most dense. The heart of her musk, the region responsible for her lewd, wild control over the young bride. From the moment Chloe’s tongue met that spot Xala knew that it was all over for the girl that evening, and that she wouldn’t have to listen to much more human whining before she did the only thing her mouth was worth doing. Soon that tongue turned into a pair of lips pressed flush against her taint, and Chloe found herself suckling at that random spot of gray flesh as if it were the very center of her universe.

For in that moment, dressed as a bride and kissing like her true love was on the other end of her tongue, it was.

Chloe’s eyes were closed as she swept her tongue back and forth, teasing more and more over that spot of Sangheili flesh. With her head gently lowered underneath the towering alien it was indeed a bit overwhelming; on either side of her there were powerful thighs capable of closing and crushing her, and the weight of the woman’s cock over her shoulder was alone a heavy presence to bear. Still she endured, wet within the ruffles of her wedding dress, and burning with a desire that she would certainly regret when the air cleared and she had a moment to collect her thoughts. Underneath the presence of Xala she had already committed so many crimes against her bride, and with that knowledge deep in her mind she moved even further still, recognizing that the greatest damage had already been done. At least, so she thought, and yet continued to march towards calamity with every lick, every taste of rich Sangheili flesh that echoed along her tongue and down her throat.

Chloe worked of her own volition for a while; her tongue weaving eagerly back and forth and lapping at the spot of that powerful scent like a craven cat. She didn’t pull away; or rather, move even further ahead still, until the Sangheili woman herself spoke up and stood with a wider gait. Her powerful legs spread out and she stretched herself further for the human’s attentions, and while she spoke she lowered one of her mighty hands to wrap around her cock, taking that responsibility
away from Chloe for the moment.

“The ass, whore.” The Sangheili practically growled, giving the girl one more stern, forceful order. “Lick my ass. Let’s see what a depraved slut a human bride can be.”

As it turned out, the answer to that mystery was that there were no depths to how low one could sink. Chloe didn’t hesitate once she heard the order, her head drifting even deeper underneath Xala’s quarters despite the screaming of what sensible parts of her remained. She was forced to brace a hand against one of the alien’s powerful thighs as she pushed forward and turned her head upwards, bringing her mouth squarely up against that tight and powerful rear. The Sangheili had stood with a wide enough gait that her gray pucker was fully exposed, and Chloe didn’t hesitate before leaning up and battering it with the warm, wet muscle of her tongue. Whimpers escaped from the back of her throat at the overt vulgarity of the moment, but within her wedding dress she only grew hotter.

“Yes, that’s it…” Xala grinned wide, her mandibles opening and closing in a slow, predatory click. She continued to stroke along her powerful shaft with a series of heavy and steady pumps, moving her grip to just underneath the tip and then back nearly all the way to her sack. Every time she pumped her length she could feel her balls strike against Chloe’s back, leaving spots of scent against the open flesh that her wedding dress left exposed. All of that pleasure rolled to her while the human continued to slurp at her rear entrance; a spot that unlike on a human, wasn’t meant for fucking. Just licking. “Keep at it, whore...I’m just about ready to fuck you.”

The Sangheili shuddered in delight, her arms tightening and trembling and her cock practically aching from pleasure. Her rear tightened underneath the attention it was being offered and she let the human continue to work along it for a few more moments, drinking in the joy that ran across her powerful frame the longer the human’s tongue continued to tease. When the time for more came the Sangheili gave a shuddering sigh from deep within her chest, and pulled back as she moved a powerful hand down to take the human by her red locks. Chloe’s face was already a mask of ashamed delight; her cheeks were red and covered in spit and as Xala pulled her back the entire length of her throbbing cock passed by the human’s cheek, brushing along her flesh and smearing the mess even more. In a sign of obedience the human’s head turned towards that cock as it passed, licking along it and clearly ready to take it into her mouth once more. That time; however, the Sangheili had other plans in mind.

“Time to fuck you, slut.” Xala grinned across her cruel alien features, and started to drag the girl up by her hair. “Let’s see how tight a human pussy can get, wrapped around my cock.”

Chloe just gasped as she was brought up to weak knees, and swiftly thrown towards the bed. The dress bounced around her as she fell down to her back, and her eyes went wide as the Sangheili immediately began to advance. The bed she shared with her beloved wife ached underneath the alien’s presence as she got on her knees at the edge of it, and the hazy lust of musk that clouded the young woman’s mind started to ebb as she realized just what was upon her. That massive Sangheili cock was swinging back and forth, and before Chloe knew it both of her ankles were gripped by the other woman’s powerful hands. Xala lifted her legs up rough and hungry, exposing their nylon-clad frames and the garters they led up to. Her pussy, exposed and raw and excited despite her fear, quivered as the heavy weight of Xala’s cock slapped squarely atop it. There the alien let it sit, rocking gently back and forth, forcing the girl’s lips to rub up and down over the heavy pressure that she offered.

“Please...please don’t…” Chloe whimpered again, but was helpless to fight back. Her legs were locked hard in Xala’s grip; spread wide and open and ready to be fucked. Though the musk was still deep within her the shame she felt in that moment was even greater, and when Xala moved to
push herself inside goosebumps rode across Chloe's entire body. She looked to the side in hopes of blocking out what was about to happen, but on the nearby nightstand she only caught sight of her wedding photo, a stark reminder of just what she was doing. “...no...I don’t want...I love Samantha, I...oh god…”

It was to Chloe’s credit that she didn’t scream when that massive Sangheili cock forced its way inside of her. Xala wasn’t a particularly gentle woman, and she carried that ferocity with her that moment when she stuffed her impressive length deep into the human’s tight, wet folds. She was already wet thanks to the time she had spent sucking on the alien’s cock, and Chloe’s tight, tender entrance made one hell of a close fit for the larger woman’s massive length. When Xala had pushed forward she ignored any resistance offered by the human’s pussy, shoving herself in with a fluid and smooth motion that used every last ounce of her powerful strength. The human’s eyes simply went wide, her color drained and her mouth hanging open, looking like the truly fucked, used whore that she was becoming. Still no screaming: only the look of abject shame, fear, and hopelessness that only made Xala’s cock ache all the harder.

“Such a tight whore...ha! Look. You can only barely hold me.” The alien moved one of her hands forward to where the front of Chloe’s belly was pushing forward; a bump straining not only against the fabric of her wedding dress, but the muscles of her very body. The alien cock was fucking her so deep and so hard that the bump was easily noticeable, and Xala ran her thumb across it with an approving grin crossing over her mandibles. Chloe simply looked down, and upon seeing another testament to her shame and her betrayal, only whimpered and let her head fall back in a pathetic sign of hopeless obedience. Her enthusiasm didn’t matter to Xala; at least not in that moment. All that mattered was that the blushing bride remained wrapped around her cock, and that she’d soon fill her up with every last squirt of thick Sangheili cum she could offer. With a wicked smile across her mandibles Xala scooped the girl’s ankles up once more, and as she held her legs open wide and tall, finally began to fuck.

It was nowhere even resembling gentle. The bed screamed underneath the weight of it; the alien’s powerful form crashing down against the frame, each push shoving her enormous cock into the depths of the well-claimed human. Her cock spread wide and tight that human’s tender pussy, and every time she pulled back and shoved herself in once more the girl’s belly bulged through the fabric of her wedding dress. A dress that would forever be sullied by the sins Chloe committed that day; a dress that would always carry the stench of Sangheili lust and the cumstains leaked from a slutty human’s tight, wet cunt. The alien practically growled in delight of that, and continued to fuck Chloe all the harder.

There was nothing quite like a tight human pussy to wrap around her enormous gray cock, and there were no noises in the galaxy quite like the ones the human was making as she was fucked. The whimpering and the whining were a given considering the sheer size of her enormous cock, but each one of them were blended in a tiny noise of guilt and submission, making each sound fucked from Chloe’s throat all the sweeter. It combined with the gentle rustling of her wedding dress each time Xala thrust herself into her, and went well with the Sangheili’s own noises of heavy, hungry breathing. She drew in close as she steadily fucked the little human, leaning down so close that Chloe’s legs ached from being spread so wide, and as she pushed herself down she squeezed her large gray bust right on top of the human’s chest.

It was a heavy weight; far too much for Chloe to take comfortably, and as the breath was knocked out of her from that thick presence Xala just growled with an even more aroused delight. Her hips flew forward harder and faster as she continued to fuck the tiny human, and as she leaned in just close enough her tongue finally slipped out, seeking out a taste of human flesh.
Chloe just tensed up; keeping her eyes closed tight and her cheek pressed against the bed as Xala licked her face, from the edge of her jaw line up along her cheek, to the tip of her temple. It was a slow and dominant lick that was etched with arousal every inch of the way, the primal motion of a woman marking what she considered to be her own property. Chloe couldn’t deny the latter part very much in the moment, but she could still writh and whimper underneath the slimy feel of Xala’s Sangheili spit on her cheek. With goosebumps lining her body and shame still covering her features, the human finally found the effort to look up, her eyes half-opening as she glared above her to the larger, dominant woman.

“Y...You’re...you’re a monster...” She hissed out, tears licking at the corners of her eyes. “...we never should’ve made peace with your kind...you’re all...you’re all...”

“Humans are all worthless.” Xala spoke up, grinning wide as she rutted herself particularly hard into the human’s pussy. She went so deep and so hard that Chloe’s belly bulged even further, and when it knocked the girl out of whatever protest she was about to offer the Sangheili simply chuckled in horny, aroused delight. “Look at you. Worthless human scum...all you’re good for is a warm place to put my cock. Too weak to fight. Too weak to resist. Now shut your cockhole; whore, or I’ll make sure you wear this dress for your bride when she comes home.” It wasn’t a meaningless threat; there was a true danger there that lied within. “...and wouldn’t that be interesting, if she smells my cockscent on you then?”

Chloe’s mind spun with the possibilities, and fear gripped her once more. She couldn’t have that; not just because it would reveal what had been going on the past few days, but because it would risk Samantha falling into the same trap as she had. Perhaps it was hypocritical of her, but she couldn’t quite contend with the idea that Samantha could fall into the same lewd submission, the same state of effective sexual slavery. Not her wife. Not her beloved. With a whimper Chloe fell silent just as Xala had demanded, and to help appease the monster looming over her she moved her hands up, working to brace them against the other woman’s shoulders. She looked up at her, forcing her eyes to open, and even moved to stretch out her legs to hitch the nylon-clad appendages against the larger woman’s waist.

Maybe...Maybe if she threw herself into it, it wouldn’t break her heart so much. If nothing else the physical stimulation was there; her pussy was aching and wet and wild as she was steadily fucked, and even the bulging of her belly felt oddly sensual and erotic every time it happened. And as she hitched her knees to Xala’s waist and rested back into the bed, she could put her mind towards giving up her resistance and simply letting that pleasure go through her. A pleasure that was dangerous in its scale, not to mention the addictive qualities that it held. And when she had her arms around Xala’s shoulders, looking up at the alien with all the features of an adorably blushing bride, the alien finally gave a wicked smirk.

“...good whore.” She murmured, and leaned in a little closer. “Now kiss me, like you’ll never kiss her again.”

On that note Chloe would’ve resisted, but she didn’t have a choice. No sooner did Xala say those words did her mandibles stretch out, and soon they locked against the sides of Chloe’s cheeks before the woman’s mouth lowered and pressed hungrily against the human’s. It was...a unique experience, to say the least, though as the kiss started and the fucking continued, Chloe would be hard pressed to find it distressing outside of the heartache within. With the alien’s mandibles locked against her cheeks there was simply no escaping the kiss, and her mouth was forced open against the other woman’s maw as Xala’s uniquely shaped tongue wove forward to claim its lover. Their tongues battered together as Xala continued to fuck the beautiful young human, and as the moment went deeper and deeper the heartache guiding Chloe’s guilt started to subside. Hands tightened around the monsters shoulders, she breathed in deep the lingering musk on her wedding
dress, and she let her pussy fully invite and milk that enormous Sangheili cock as it continued to fuck her.

And when the moment of release came, Chloe screamed into the other woman’s mouth with all the ferocity of the slut she had became. Her body tightened and her fingers dug in deep against Xala’s shoulders, clutching her hard and tight as she hitched her knees hard against the other woman’s waist. Her own orgasm was twitching and tense and filled with the sort of shameful delight she was rapidly coming to know; the sort of spite-filled climax that reminded her of Samantha even as she felt a pleasure her wife could never give her. She could feel that massive Sangheili cock plumping up inside of her and rushing with a heavy spout of cum, so thick and so fierce that it spread her walls even further in its passage. Their kiss was heavy and deep as Xala came inside her human fuckpet, and the wedding dress rustled as the belly of it was stretched a little more. This time not merely with cock, but with the heavy load of alien cum pumped squarely into her cunt.

Even Xala tensed up as her climax began, overcome with pleasure thanks to the tight, slender pussy of her human pet. Her hands lowered to brace against Chloe’s shoulders and she continued to kiss her throughout her climax, her tongue battering hungrily back and forth over the human’s and forcing her to become completely engulfed in her presence. From the ample bust of alien tits holding down her chest, to the wiggling tongue so greedy and hungry, to the throbbing cock stretching out her belly with dose after dose of thick, white cum.

That kiss ended swiftly near the end of the Sangheili’ climax, pulling out at the very last minute as her mouth broke free of Chloe’s own. She pulled out for the expressed purpose of saving her last two squirts for the human’s body, and that heavy gray length fell hard against Chloe’s belly as she fired them across her slender form. One battered against the lacy bust of her wedding dress while the other plastered squarely over her face, dashing over those pretty features and striking her gasping mouth. Chloe, filled with cum and left in a stunned state, needed some time to process everything that had happened...time that the Sangheili wasn’t willing to give her. No sooner did her face become plastered with cum did the alien return with another kiss; this time her mandibles locking even harder as she swept the cum on the girl’s face towards her mouth with her tongue. She ushered mouthful after mouthful past Chloe’s lips, cum that the girl readily gobbled up and swallowed as best as she was able. Her eyes were glazed and her entire body was raw and sensitive; cum dripping from her slit and her legs and arms hanging limp. When there was just one more mouthful of cum left for Xala to usher to the girl’s mouth she kept it cradled against her own tongue, and this time moved forward to give her a proper, intense kiss.

Chloe, well-fucked and used and exhausted from her long trial, found herself kissing back. Her arms moved to once more embrace the Sangheili demon that had claimed her, and she slurped and sucked at that cum-flavored kiss as long as the other woman could offer it. Their tongues wove back and forth within the cream just as she felt some of it slither from her pussy; drooling out of her well-fucked folds and forming a dense, wet spot within the inside of her wedding dress. Soaking the fabric, covering her nylons, making a true mess of the beautiful gown her parents had purchased. The kiss continued as lewd and as deep as ever, and when it finally ended the Sangheili gazed down at her human whore with a hungry, dominant smile still on her face.

“A perfect human slut.” She offered her a bit of praise, and moved one hand up to paw gently down the young woman’s cheek. Chloe, still rocking with heartbreak and shame, found herself pushing her cheek against the inviting palm of the other woman. She wasn’t a good wife...she knew that now, more than ever. From the bloated belly full of cream to the cock laying on her stomach, to the taste of the alien’s kiss still on her lips. But she found herself still shivering in pleasure, and in an odd way beaming with a bit of pride underneath the Sangheili’s praise.

“T...Thank you...” She managed to croak out, tears clinging to her eyes and a steady, throbbing
ache of desire building inside of her.

If she couldn’t be a good wife to Samantha, she could be a good whore to Xala ‘Sudami. That would at least count for something, wouldn’t it?

End of Chapter 3.

Chapter End Notes

Awww yiss, thanks for rolling around in the dirt with me. :3

Check me on tumblr!
Chapter Summary

Galaxy's Best Wife, hmm? Funny how that goes...

The New Neighbor
Part Four
-By Drace Domino

Chloe laid awake at night, staring up at the ceiling of the bedroom she shared with Samantha. It was two in the morning and Samantha had already fallen asleep hours ago, tired from a long day of work and an evening of romance with her beloved wife. The two had enjoyed a bit of sweet lovemaking before Samantha finally found herself lulled to sleep; satisfied by several orgasms and content that her dear Chloe would be dozing at her side throughout the night. The sex they shared that evening had been sensual and slow and tender, and the only problem was that only one of them had been satisfied by it.

Chloe just stared up at the ceiling, counting the tiles and trying to figure out why. Usually sex with Samantha was all the little redhead could hope for; Samantha was a tremendous lover that knew well how to please a woman, her fingers and mouth every bit the skilled stereotype of most soldiers. She had even joked in the past that Samantha must have been practicing with other girls on the side, to which the marine would only ever kiss her wife fondly and whisper in an honest and sincere voice that she would never, ever betray her trust. Words that stung Chloe particularly deeply these days.

In a moment of frustration Chloe’s head turned to the side, gazing at her lover as she dozed. Black hair draped across Samantha’s face and gave her an almost angelic look, her bare shoulder disappearing beneath the slope of the blanket. Idly Chloe reached out a hand to tease the other woman’s hair back to pull it away from her eyes, and even then she found a small smile tugging at her lips at the way Samantha murmured in her sleep. Samantha was still breathtaking, still lovely, and Chloe still loved her more than anything. But unfortunately they had just shared the most unsatisfying night of sex that Chloe had ever had, and the redhead knew why.

Sure, she could’ve told herself that she didn’t have the answer, that it was just a strange fluke. That not every couple always had the most fun in the world, and even the most loyal, dedicated wives were guilty of faking it from time to time. But she knew deep down those answers weren’t true, they let her avoid the guild that was sinking deep within her and the heavy knowledge that she had been carrying inside of her heart. Samantha didn’t satisfy her anymore because there was someone new, someone that was scandalous under the best of circumstances and a true monster of lust in the worst. Someone that, if Samantha knew the truth of the situation, would break the marine’s heart to find out. All of that guilt sat on Chloe’s mind as she gazed once more at the ceiling, fighting the arousal creeping over her body. But the guiltier she felt the more a single image drifted into her mind; that of an enormous gray cock belonging to one of the former hated enemies of all humankind.

Xala ‘Sudami. That dominant Sangheili had only moved in last week, and nearly every day Chloe had found herself in the same situation. Once Samantha left for work Chloe found herself going
over to the alien woman’s house, knees weak and pussy wet, eager to work her mouth up and down that member. When she left Xala for the afternoon she found herself almost instantly missing her, a deep need burning within her to return to the Sangheili’s side and to service her again and again until her energy left her. The taste of Sangheili cum had become the very finest of delicacies to young Chloe, and she had come to crave the feel of her lips on Xala’s heavy sack more than she yearned for the kiss of her wife. It was shameful, humiliating, and a true sign that she had become the worst sort of disloyal witch...and she couldn’t help start to rise from the bed that evening.

Padding barefoot to the carpet Chloe gave one last glance back towards Samantha, looking at her beautiful wife as she slept. Such a perfect form; strong and fit and tall, with arms that had fought for all of humankind and legs that had worked to carry her over the threshold of their new home. Samantha was a perfect woman that deserved better than what Chloe was doing to her, and the redhead fully knew it. But despite that, despite knowing she was the true villain, despite knowing she was the one doing wrong at every possible opportunity, a part of her resented the sleeping Samantha. After all, she wouldn’t have to rush outside in the middle of the night for Sangheili cock if only Samantha could satisfy her.

A self-filling prophecy set for failure, since she already knew that after Xala, she could never be truly satisfied without that enormous gray cock again.

Sneaking out of her bedroom in the middle of the night, Chloe kept to the shadows as she padded barefoot across her lawn, wrapped up in a thin pink piece of lingerie that travelled from her shoulders down to the center of her knees. Their little street was nice and quiet especially this time of night, and the only distant light was too far from their yards to be a threat to her being seen. As she padded towards Xala’s home her cheeks were flush and her heart was racing, a hand moving up to begin knocking rapidly against her door. Something was burning inside of her, a hungry desire that had started while she slept with Samantha, now threatening to completely consume her. An evening of lovemaking with her wife had only gotten her prepared for an experience with that enormous Sangheili cock, and she only hoped that Xala would open the door to greet her and give her exactly what she needed.

Either she was particularly lucky or Samantha was particularly unlucky; either way, the door soon opened to reveal the massive Sangheili woman standing in the doorway. She never failed to put Chloe in awe at her size; towering and massive with noticeable muscle and firm, strong breasts, the Sangheili was a thing of alien beauty that only a certain type of human could properly appreciate. Her unique face glowered down at the human wrapped in the pink piece of lingerie, and the closest thing to a sardonic smile the alien could conjure slowly etched across her face. As she spoke she lowered one enormous hand to peel away the front of her evening robe; a human commodity she had begun wearing around the house for the sake of comfort. Her words came to Chloe the same time the first sight of that enormous gray cock passed underneath her vision, and both were equal in their capability to make the redhead completely weak in her knees.

“Worthless wife can’t give you the fucking a slut like you deserves?” She asked, her member already twitching at the treat that had come to her door. She jerked her head back to invite the human in, and stepped aside to give her space to do so. “Fine. But don’t start something you can’t finish, whore.”

“Y-Yes, I won’t. Thank you.” Chloe rapidly nodded, and took one last glance back to the city street before hurrying inside. She purposely kept her attention away from her house, knowing that if she were to see a bedroom light on she would be compelled to run back, only to spend the rest of the evening in unsatisfied frustration. Whether or not Samantha would wake she was going to do this,
she was going to have this moment, and she was going to suck that glorious gray cock. From the first second she saw Xala that evening her loyalty completely shifted, and as she padded barefoot into the Sangheili’s home excitement rolled through her. From the first second that she fell to her knees right there behind the closed door she was unable to refuse one simple and honest truth: she wasn’t cheating on Samantha. The unsatisfying scissoring she had “enjoyed” hours ago was cheating on Xala. Cheating that, with her mouth, hands, pussy, and entire body, she would make up to the alien in spades.

“I’m glad to see that all the stories I heard back home were true, that humans really are the sluttiest group of bitches in the entire galaxy.” Xala chuckled heavily, her breasts bouncing as she did so. She had fully cast aside her robe by now and stood right there by her front door, marvelling at the fact that Chloe simply couldn’t wait to get her mouth wrapped around that enormous Sangheili cock. The human had dropped down almost instantly to reach for it, bringing it close and licking up and down that massive shaft, slurping her tongue across it in wiggling waves that trailed spit all along its length. Xala simply stood with her hands on her hips and a brow slightly raised, coiling her own tongue in a predatory glee at just how willing Chloe had become. She knew her musk was strong, but this little redhead seemed to enjoy it to an obscene degree. “You just couldn’t sleep without proving to me what a tramp you are? Didn’t you drink enough of my cum earlier today?”

“Wasn’t enough! Never enough. Never...never enoughmmmmph…” Chloe’s voice trailed off as she found herself cradling Xala’s heavy balls in one hand, her face darting down to bury her expression against it. She tried to talk even as she licked over that heavy sack and smeared it with spit, but there was little noise she could make as she drew in a deep, heavy scent right at the most heavily scented part of Xala’s member. That musk...that intoxicating thrilling musk that made her quiver with delight, it practically made the human’s eyes go glassy from a euphoric glee as she continued to lick. Each separate ball was treated to a series of affectionate kisses and slurps, and all the while she used one of her hands to continue pumping that enormous shaft. When she found the seconds to spare she looked up at Xala in mad delight, her face smeared with spit and her cheeks a bright tinted red. “I was laying in bed, and I...and I...mmm, just got...so hungry…”

“I’m not surprised.” Xala chuckled at that, crossing her arms slowly underneath her enormous bust. Her member twitched and tensed underneath all the attention and it remained steadfast and hard, her length stoic underneath the human’s graces and showcasing her impressive girth. “You’ve been getting more and more ravenous, slut. Pretty soon you’ll leave that worthless wife of yours and live here, my personal fuckpet. If I decide to let you.”

Chloe didn’t respond, the shame of such a thought almost too much for her to bear in the moment. She focused instead on licking and slurping that glorious balls, teasing her nose back and forth across them and drawing in an even deeper long breath of that musk. With a bright smile she pressed her tongue squarely at the spot where Xala’s shaft began, and with her eyes dancing up to look at the Sangheili’s face she licked along the underside in a fluid, smooth stroke. It was enough to make Xala shiver in delight, and she gave an approving nod when the human went right back to sucking her undercarriage. The lewd display was worth a pat on her soft red head, which Xala gave her as she spoke in more bold statements.

“You’ve been over here more today than you’ve been back home. Drinking cum...getting fucked...on your knees worshipping my cock.” She chuckled a little, her voice dominant and hard and her gaze towards the young woman temporarily dismissive. “Did you ever love your wife as much as you love my cum? Is it even close?”

Chloe didn’t want to respond for too many reasons to list, so she again pushed her mouth against
Xala’s length to continue her word. It gave her an excuse to be silent, hoping to appease the Sangheili woman so she didn’t have to admit harsh truths that shook her down to her very core. Xala; however, was far too cruel a mistress, and with her hands moving forward decided to push the issue. She let one hand lower to the edge of her shaft as she pulled it away from Chloe’s grip, and when the girl reached for it once more Xala pushed her away with a strong hand against her face. Whimpering and desperate within her negligee Chloe looked up at the gray skinned alien with a pathetic look on her spit soaked cheeks, clearly halfway through a chore she relished in performing.

“X..Xala, please...please let me…”

“No, whore. Not until you admit it.” Xala smirked, waving her cock back and forth as she levelled her dark, menacing gaze on the tiny human. Both of her hands moved to cradle along her shaft and she stroked herself a few gentle times, keeping her member hard and stiff with the spit leftover from the human. As she stroked herself her sack swung back and forth in an almost hypnotic fashion, and Chloe found herself watching the sway with an increasing hunger and need. “This cock is only for sluts that put it at the top of their priorities. So which is it? What do you love more? That...marine that can’t even make your filthy pussy cum? Or...this?”

With that, she scooped her hand against the shaft just underneath the head, and made a show of pulling her palm back until she hit the hilt. It made her member practically glisten as it eclipsed Chloe’s face, and she watched the redhead’s eyes go wide in marvel at the sight. Eager, hungry, desperate, Chloe suddenly scrambled ahead to reach for that member again, all the while shouting out in needy and practically sobbing tones.

“Cock! Cock, your cock, Xala!” She groaned, throwing her arms around that massive length and pulling it close. She breathed in deep of that scent once more and started to lick right where she left off, pulling her tongue up and down that throbbing member and scooping her hand underneath the Sangheili’s sack. Her eyes rolled back in her head and she trembled in excitement, eager to have the taste filling her mouth once more. “I love...love your cock...more than anything…”

It was certainly the musk talking, but Xala wouldn’t be surprised if there wasn’t just a twist of unsatisfied housewife helping her call the shots. In truth the Sangheili had been a bit surprised at just how willing the redhead had become; she was truly a craven cumslut that had proven to be nearly insatiable. When it had all begun a week ago Xala had expected a tender piece of human pussy that she might be able to enjoy once a week, but this? This little redhead had gone above and beyond. Every day she swallowed cup after cup of rich warm cum, and every day she bent over ready to be fucked by a thick Sangheili prick. Humans were truly the sluts of the galaxy, but even in that sea of horny flesh Xala had managed to find herself a true treasure. She knew as much, and she was going to make the most of it.

“Since you love my cock so very, very much…” Xala spoke once more, her voice thoughtful and dominant as she rubbed her chin. Her length trembled underneath Chloe’s affections, shivering from the licking and slurping and stroking of both horny hands. “...I suppose I could give you something to dri-”

“Something to drink?!” Chloe was right on top of that, her eyes shining with an enthusiastic glee. “Cum?! Can I have your cum, please? Please?!?” Her pretty features gazed up at Xala with absolute adoration in her eyes, ribbons of spit connecting her cheeks to the thick gray shaft that sat within her grasp. How could anyone, human or Sangheili, possibly say no to such a pretty face asking such an easy request to fill? Xala simply nodded, and lowered a hand to take a tight, forceful fist of the young woman’s hair at the back of her head. She locked her knees and braced herself as she hoped that Chloe did the same; she was about to get throatfucked by a cock that was never meant
for a human’s tender size.

A few seconds later Chloe’s eyes were open wide with shock in a way that was becoming familiar to Xala. The human always begged for that enormous cock but always seemed to underestimate just how big it was, or what a lovely lump it would make in her throat as it was forced straight down into it. She sputtered and coughed and gagged across it but Xala was firmly in control, and there was no physical action made by Chloe either intentional or involuntarily that could break her grip and momentum. Her cock was tightly wrapped up in the warm embrace of the human’s wet throat and the pleasure of such contact rolled through her in hungry waves, forcing her to shudder in delight and thrust deeper and deeper with all the strength she had. It didn’t matter that she had just fed the woman well a few hours ago, and it didn’t matter that as soon as morning came and Samantha went to work that Chloe would be knocking on her door yet again. Xala’s cock would always be ready for the redhead, ready to feed her mouthfuls of warm cum and ready to stretch out her pretty throat. All the little human ever had to do was submit and draw in long, deep breaths of that rich Sangheili musk.

And Chloe’s senses were never quite so full of that smell as they were in that moment. With that massive cock pushing back and forth within her throat and those heavy balls crashing against her chin with every hungry press, Chloe was effectively marked in that scent as any purebred slut could be. Her cheeks were layered with the spit and precum that had already smeared there from the blowjob up to that point, and she could feel locks of her pretty red hair sticking to her face from the mess that had been made. Her eyes watered from the strain of that massive member and she had given up trying to cough or gag, simply holding her mouth open as wide as she possibly could and enduring the brutal fucking she was receiving. As the slop and spit fell down against her elegant lingerie she knew she’d have to throw it in the laundry first thing when she got back home; knowing all too well that her clothes when she visited Xala always returned to her own house thick with the scent of Sangheili lust.

It...pained her to wash them, but she only imagined it would pain her more if Samantha ever found out about what she was doing. For now. If she kept going down this road, sucking that enormous gray cock and drinking up cup after cup of its cum, she could easily see the day come when her relationship, her marriage, wasn’t worth washing the scent of a Sangheili prick from a pair of her used panties. Such was the control that Xala had over her, such was the power of that thick musk and that delicious, outright addicting cum.

That cum came for her then, the only warning she received being the sudden grunt of the massive Sangheili as she braced her hands on either side of Chloe’s head. She pushed forward and hilted herself down the young woman’s throat for the big moment, her cruel alien features twisting into a smile as she gave the human what she had begged for. Chloe could feel the thrrob of the woman’s cock across her lips wrapped so tightly around it, and what up to that point had been little more than a muffled series of moans and whimpers became something like a frantic, desperate cry. The cum rushed straight down her throat and the Sangheili’s grip was hard on both sides of her head, making her whimper and struggle and smack desperately against the larger woman’s arms in hopes of being released. That white hot cream flooded her senses and thrust load after delicious load into her throat, splashing straight down and continuing to fill her. Cream filled every space in her mouth that wasn’t filled with gray cock and when it became too much she found herself unable to pull her lips away, the alien’s grip far too strong for such an affair. As a result, by the time the Sangheili finished cumming in Chloe’s mouth the human was looking up at her with watering eyes and two lines of cum slipping from her nose. Her senses and sinuses filled, Sangheili cum flooding through her like an irresistible wave.

Only when she saw that addicted yet well-used look in the girl’s face did Xala pull her cock out, and she quickly swept it from side to side to give the human a few heavy slaps with her length.
Chloe accepted them warmly and even blushed at the attention, though it wasn’t long before she could no longer resist the urge to cough. Cum had filled her mouth and her throat to such a ludicrous degree that she had no other option, groaning and wincing as the cream poured from her lips and drizzled from her nose, right onto her sexy pink lingerie that she had bought on her honeymoon. Xala stood overtop her, triumphant and bold, and she licked her lips in hungry delight as she gazed down at the human on the floor.

“Well, whore?” She asked, and moved her hand down to hold the base of her massive cock. “You didn’t just come over to suck my cock, did you? I’ll be taking that human pussy now.”

More of Samantha’s property, all for her. Xala herself wasn’t exactly a patriot of her kind, but there was something truly enjoyable about taking the marine’s wife. About turning her into a perfect fuckslut addicted to cum, about the blushing smile that crossed her lips when Xala told her what would come next. She lowered a hand and almost affectionately teased her fingers underneath the girl’s cum-covered chin, watching her give a glassy but adoring look and slowly start to rise to her feet. With one strong hand Xala took Chloe by the wrist and started leading her into the living room; as good a place as any to make a marine’s wife her personal bitch.

Xala sat in one of the large chairs built specifically for the Sangheili race; heavy and low sitting with enough space to spread their long and oddly structured legs. She had a human couch for when she had company over, but for the moment there was a much better place for Chloe to sit. As they made their way towards the living room Xala was quick to disrobe the girl, stripping the human from her pink lingerie and bringing her with her in a completely bare state. Those cute young breasts and that eager wet slit, every inch of pretty human flesh there for the Sangheili’s hungry desires. With a grunt Xala dropped into her large chair and pulled the human girl against her, at first simply holding Chloe in her lap while she let the girl move a hand down to idly stroke her length.

From there Xala let her hands drop against the human’s breasts, squeezing and fondling her as she leaned in to press her hungry mouth against the slender wife’s throat.

“Human pussy is tighter than I ever thought it’d be.” She marvelled at that, her member throbbing against the human’s grip. “I bet your wife likes it. I wonder...can she taste the cum I fill you with? Did she taste it tonight, whore?”

Chloe’s cheeks burned a bright red at the question, and she didn’t quite know how to respond. It had just been earlier that afternoon that Xala had fucked and filled her, pumped her with just as much cum as she had shot down her throat moments ago. And indeed, it certainly seemed like Samantha had been somewhat...avaracious when they were playing around with each other earlier. But surely, even that much cum had to be gone by now! The cum, perhaps...but the scent? The scent had likely lingered.

“S...She seemed to like it.” Chloe finally admitted shamefully, but even with that shame started to mount the other woman’s member. She let her knees slip against the side of Xala’s lap as she faced the Sangheili, drawing herself to look into the alien face of a species she had considered to be monsters one week ago. Her hand lowered to hold the alien’s shaft as she squeezed her pussy against the tip, a shiver running through her from the excitement she was already feeling. Xala was big enough to stretch her throat, and the experience was just about the same with her tight, wet pussy. She was nearly too big to take, but if there was one thing Chloe had learned in the past week it was that she could do many things that she once thought impossible. Her cheeks burned brighter as she remembered Samantha earlier that evening, at how she seemed so intent on licking across her thighs and her folds, cleaning her with a hungry desire. “M...My wife...must’ve liked the taste your cock...left on me.”
With that, she eased herself down, slowly pushing her slit around that enormous member and shivering in wicked delight. Xala grinned as her hands lowered to rest against the human’s waist, and she helped Chloe with a sudden shove that forced her to hilt inside of the girl. Immediately Chloe’s voice rose to a sharp and sudden cry as she was suddenly pierced; her pussy stretched wide and tight and her belly showing a sign of displacement from the deep penetration. She trembled and bucked her hips and fought for the breath to resist, but it was utterly helpless for her and she could only rest her hands against the Sangheili’s broad, strong shoulders. Xala grinned wide, and as she started to rock her hips up into the young human woman she finally spoke again, voice sinister and commanding and unquestionably dominant.

“I treat my whores well, I think you’ll learn that.” She purred, her lap slapping against the young woman and Chloe’s face a mask of shameful delight. “I give them hard fuckings whenever they need it…plenty of cum for them to drink…and sometimes, I give them presents.” A low, aroused chuckle echoed from the back of her throat. “Would you like a present, my little slut? More than the one you’re receiving now?”

Chloe’s head was swimming. She wasn’t sure what the Sangheili was offering but she’d agree to anything anyway, making the entire notion of being asked irrelevant. She simply bobbed her head up and down and whimpered as she clung onto Xala’s shoulders, her face still marked with cum and her belly still full from what she had swallowed. The steady fucking that filled the space between them was enough to send her into a series of whimpers, but she did her best to try and find a focus and draw her gaze once more to Xala. Whatever the Sangheili would give her she would take, and whatever the alien demanded she would sacrifice. It didn’t matter, so long as that cock kept making her its personal slut.

“Y...Yes, Xala...a-anything you want to give me…” She swallowed, nodding at the woman’s words. She shivered from the impact of that cock driving deep into her pussy, fingers tightening and head spinning. “Y...You’re so kind…”

She wasn’t, but they both knew that. Xala offered a slow, cruel smile as she started to fuck the young woman more readily, watching her breasts bounce up and down just as she studied those red curls flapping about. Her eyes drifted down to the wedding ring on Chloe’s left hand; that little symbol of love and devotion. It was smeared with cum and had been on a hand wrapped around a Sangheili cock all night, but it was still a symbol of something she shared with another person. Someone that was important to her. Someone that...would make a fine gift.

“Your gift is your wife, whore.” Xala announced simply, not stopping with her fucking even for an instant. Her hands lowered to take the human’s rear in both hands, drawing her down against her to fuck even harder and faster than before. As Chloe looked up with a confused and slightly worried expression Xala simply kept hammering up into her, slamming forward so hard, fast, and fierce that the girl was left moaning and practically breaking in stretched and stunned glee. “Bring your wife to me...and I’ll keep you both as my fuckpets. That way you won’t have to lose her when she realizes what a broken piece of wet flesh you’ve become.”

Xala said nothing else about her offer, though little more needed to be said. The implication was clear that the wicked Sangheili was intent on having not just one human to fuck but two; a pair of married lovers that would fawn over her cock instead of each other. Chloe’s heart broke in the same breath that her pussy tightened, equal parts terrified and aroused by such a concept. She could imagine it happening for a certainty; after all, she herself had become addicted to the Sangheili’s cock and the taste of her cum in only one short week. She sincerely doubted that Samantha would fare any better. Her cheeks flushed a bright red as her mind spun with possibilities, all of it underneath the gaze of the alien’s stern look and mounted across her throbbing, thrashing member. The slapping from below as her pussy was stretched around that great gray cock made it difficult to
concentrate, but the bouncing images within her mind were enough to make her even more thrilled and delighted.

Her and Samantha, on their knees, servicing that enormous length? Sucking the cum from each other’s pussies? Sharing a bed not with each other, but with a new, alien third party wedged between them? Her love for Samantha was rivalled now by the passion she had for being fucked by Xala, for the taste of her cum and the scent of her musk and the raw piston-like ramming that was claiming her tight pussy in that very moment. She wouldn’t have to hide her desires, and she wouldn’t have to feel guilty...if only Samantha could know how great it was. How wonderful it was to suck Sangheili cock, to lick alien balls, to drink mouthful after mouthful of that rich, warm, tasty cu-

“I’ll do it! I’ll do it, please, I’ll fucking do it!” Chloe practically wailed at the Sangheili’s plan, clinging to the larger woman as she felt the resounding impact of an orgasm impending. Her pussy locked down and her entire body began to tremble, violently shaking as her peak started to strike her. She clenched her teeth and sweat lined against her brow as she began to quiver, and pleasure started to wash over her in steady waves as she did so. The mental image of herself and Samantha, joined in matrimony and also in the service of Sangheili cock was one that was almost too happy for her to endure.

Xala felt that joy wrapped around her thrusting, thrashing cock, and she smirked at the attention. The sudden climax of the young redhead was enough to draw her into her own peak, and her hands squeezed tight against Chloe’s ass as the moment drew near. She fucked up into her harder and harder with her feet locked against the ground and her muscles drawn tight; thrusting up into her so rough and desperately that the girl’s belly bumped out again and again with every press. The redhead was already lost to passion, moaning and mewling as fantasies of herself and Samantha and Xala filled her head, and when the moment of Xala’s climax came she was snapped back to reality with the sudden, warm rush of a thick cock filling her up.

Steady spurts of rich cream flooded into Chloe’s slit, and the girl shuddered in an aftermath of an orgasm that quivered through her as it did. Her eyes twitched and she gave a few more whimpering gasps as Xala held her down in her lap, making sure that every last drop of thick Sangheili cum had been pumped into that tight human pussy. She smirked fondly, and one hand moved to smear down the young woman’s chest, caressing over her breasts as if they were already her property.

“Such a fine warm cunt. I wonder what hers will feel like.” She purred, licking her lips as she turned idly to the side. There was a mug there; a mug she had outright stolen from the young woman on their first meeting. Handmade on their first wedding anniversary, the “Galaxy’s Best Wife” mug that Samantha had made for Chloe. It had been sitting on Xala’s table as a trophy of conquest for some time now, the same mug that she had forced Chloe to drink gulp after gulp of her cum from. It’d serve a new purpose now, one that would make the words painted on the front all the more hypocritical. “Up. Get off my cock.”

It was with trembling arms that Chloe did as she was told, pushing her hands to Xala’s shoulders and forcing herself to rise. She whimpered pathetically when that member fell from her slit, and as soon as it did Xala stretched her hand out, holding that mug underneath the girl’s pussy. So full and creamy and overflowing it was a quick job to fill the mug; threads of white pouring from Chloe’s nethers, freshly pumped from the Sangheili length. When the mug was full and overflowing around the sides Xala finally pushed the girl to her feet, and she held the mug out with a dominant smirk spread across her features.

“A little cream for her morning coffee.” She offered simply, licking her lips in anticipation. “Get the taste in her mouth. And when she’s ready...we’ll fuck her together.”
Chloe stared, wide-eyed and whimpering as she took the mug from the Sangheili’s hands. She stood there on wobbly legs with her pussy drooling long lines of cream, and the mug she held in her hands represented so many things. The love between herself and Samantha for sure, but also...the great betrayal of the redhead to her doting wife. A betrayal that was soon to be amplified, if she were to carry along this path. Poison her wife with cum? Willingly start her down the same enchanted path she herself couldn’t escape from?

A quiver of guilt crossed Chloe’s features, but it lasted only for an instant. As she looked up from the mug of cum she gazed into Xala’s eyes, and gave a slow nod of agreement. It would be easy to slip some cum into her wife’s coffee...the hard part would be resisting drinking it all before she had the chance.

“I expect you back here after she goes to work, with her new flavored coffee.” Xala smirked, resting back in her chair while her cock hung gently between her legs. She gestured towards her length once more, and then towards the human’s cum-filled slit. “I don’t drink coffee myself. I start my day by fucking human cunts that worship my cock.”

“Yes, Xala.” Chloe nodded. She was filled and covered with cum, sore and tired, but satisfied. And soon...Samantha would know what it was like to be truly satisfied, too.

End of Chapter Four.
Part Five

Chapter Summary

The time has come. Samantha and Xala...how will that go?

About as bad as you might expect, at least for Samantha.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

The New Neighbor
Part Five
-By Drace Domino

“Where...where am…” Samantha’s head was spinning, bearing a pounding headache that she had difficulty shaking free. She had just snapped awake and was already feeling the strain of her situation, and though her head was still cloudy from the long trials she had endured, there were still flickering memories. Brief flashes of thought and images, brief sensations that danced across her dark flesh, bringing about quivers over her skin that were both pleasant and terrifying in the same sweeping second. When she tried to speak again she only coughed violently, her throat burning and her eyes watering from her still-waking moment of struggle. When she finally collected her strength enough to spit against the ground and force her head aloft once more, all of those memories started to flash back into the front of her mind.

This wasn’t her bedroom...it was her basement. This wasn’t her bed, but the concrete floor she had been chained to. The marine gave a sudden groan as more images danced over her thoughts; images of gray and cream flesh, images of white cream as dense as heavy snow, and images of violence, betrayal, and ultimately...submission. When her powerful shoulders bristled she felt a pair of cuffs around her wrists binding her hands behind her back, and along with it the sound of a chain rattling. A familiar chain; one she had purchased just a few weeks previously in the hopes of getting a dog with her beloved Chloe. After all, with the war over, it was the perfect time to settle down and have that nice, normal relationship. That...that was before last night, and the events of the past twelve hours were still etched over Samantha’s body in a dozen sore joints and the thick spunk that glazed her hair together and made the concrete floor sticky. Though she was still trying to piece together what exactly had happened she knew enough to figure out the truth, to recall enough of the past evening to feel that fury rise within her shoulders once more. As Samantha began to strain, pulling her powerful arms in opposite directions and forcing the chain holding her in place to ache, her heart raced fast and her fury only built. By the time the sound of her cuffs and shackles clattering to the floor from pure space marine might filled the air Sanatha was already rising to her bare feet there on the concrete. Every step hurt as her toned, scarred, and naked frame started to walk through the basement...but every step was yet another fury that she would unleash upon the woman that had done this to her. The woman that had taken her wife. Her own dignity. Her home. Her future.

As she marched, naked and brave up the basement steps, Samantha growled with a menacing glint in her warrior’s eye.
Xala ‘Sudami would pay.

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Just the morning previous, Samantha had been enjoying a long drink of her wife’s special coffee. Held in that wonderful “Galaxy’s Best Wife” mug, Samantha had been gulping it down eagerly every morning to make sure she was ready to face the day. Like some soldiers in times of peace Samantha sometimes had a hard time adjusting to life without the threat of combat; she had cut her teeth during a time where the threat to humanity was at its greatest and it was...difficult to be stuffed behind a desk for ten hours a day. Difficult in a different way than war; of course. She didn’t have to worry about being shot by Sangheili anymore, but she did have to worry about falling asleep at her desk. Which she had already done. Three times. Last week.

It was enough to make her ask for a second and even a third mug of her beloved wife’s special coffee. She couldn’t quite explain it, but Chloe made the absolute best coffee. Whether it was the brew or the beans or that particularly thick cream, it was all too easy for Samantha to just pull down a few mugs of it while she sat at the breakfast table getting ready for her day. In fact, some of the fondest memories of her past few weeks were those mornings when she would sit there across from her beloved wife, staring fondly at her, playing footsie underneath the table, and sipping at that rich, flavorful, downright addictive drink. And Chloe, as doting and loving as always, never failed to make sure Samantha’s mug was full.

“I made you a thermos for work, love.” Chloe often chirped just as Samantha was leaving the house, tucking a heavy container underneath one of her lover’s arms. Sugar, brew, and cream...lots, and lots of cream, all kept warm until she could enjoy it later. “Make sure you drink every last drop! Or I just might not make you any tomorrow.”

“Can’t have that.” Samantha would respond in the same fashion with a kind smile, and kiss her wife kindly on the cheek. “Love you, babe. I’ll be home by six.”

“It’s late, sweetheart.” Chloe hugged and kissed her wife in kind, and drew in deep of the other woman’s scent. Her dearest wife, the woman she had hung her heart upon, the one that she had stood by through the long, horrible war. “Be safe. I’ll see you at six.”

And off Samantha would go, thermos in tow and ready to start her day. She’d be home by six...but that evening, it wouldn’t be the same home that she had remembered leaving that morning.

It was ten hours later that Samantha stepped through the door, an empty thermos in hand and tired from a long day of work. She was expecting to step inside and be greeted with a kiss on the cheek and the smell of a warm dinner waiting for her, but instead when she first stepped inside there was nothing more than silence. It was a curious greeting to be certain within her home, and so accustomed to being welcomed by Chloe at the door the marine started to step deeper within, arching a brow and cupping a hand over her mouth to call for the woman she loved.

“Chloe? Chloe, I’m home, dear!” She called back with a smile, only to be greeted by Chloe’s voice from upstairs. For a moment it sounded strained and sore, but soon enough it took to its sweet tone and offered Samantha some sweet instructions.

“I’m upstairs, love!” Chloe’s voice offered. “Dinner’s on the counter for you!”

Samantha shrugged simply, and chuckled to herself as she tossed her thermos to the coffee table and headed into the kitchen. She knew this ruse well; Chloe was likely waiting upstairs in some sexy piece of lingerie just waiting for her to head upstairs, ready to give her a passionate surprise. She was fully expecting, as she stripped out of her uniform’s top and drew herself down to a muscle shirt stripped across her dark, muscled flesh, that she’d find a tray with a vased flower and a
romantic meal to take upstairs for them to share. By the time she made her way to the kitchen she had even kicked off her boots, and was padding along on her warm wool socks, hands lowering to tug at her belt. She stepped out of her military pants by the time she made it to the edge of the counter, and soon stood there in her muscle shirt, panties, and socks...staring in disbelief at what was waiting for her.

Dinner. The “Galaxy’s Best Wife” mug was there, filled to the brim just like it was every morning, but what was filling it was far from coffee. It was dense and thick, a rich creamy white that clung to the rim and even drooled across the sides in a sloppy mess. The white was smearing across the front of the mug’s letters, and when Samantha reached out to glide her thumb across the mess she felt a unique texture to it. It was warm...and thick. And were it not for her absolute trust and love in her wife, she would’ve assumed certain things without giving it a second thought. But surely it couldn’t be what it looked like, could it?! This must have just been some simple, teasing game that her lover was playing.

“Chloe. You teasing little minx.” Samantha chuckled a bit, and let her fingers hook against the mug’s handle as she picked it up. She leaned in close enough to take a sniff of the mug of cream, and when the aroma wasn’t unpleasant she even offered a little shrug...and a small sip. As the flavor coated the tip of her tongue her lips pursed in surprising approval, and tilted her head as she gazed at the mug’s contents once more. “…haven’t had a protein drink for dinner since the war.

By the time Samantha turned on a heel to head for the stairs of their home, she had already braced the lip of the mug to her mouth and drew in a long, thick gulp of it. As it poured forward and coated her tongue she savored a taste that she couldn’t quite place, yet still found utterly enchanting and familiar. Two sips down and the third she kept in her mouth to savor, letting it sit on top of her tongue as she rolled it back and forth. The texture was odd...certainly unlike the protein drinks they gave them back during the war. Those were grainy and bland and hard to choke down, but this? This one seemed to swallow so very, very smoothly. She had already taken half the mug down into her belly by the time she hit the stairs, and still her head was spinning.

Chloe must really have had an exciting evening in mind, if she thought her wife would need a big, thick protein drink to make it through the next few hours. That thought crossed Samantha’s mind with a chuckle, and she licked her lips as some of the tasty cream clung to the corners of her mouth. She wasn’t sure just what it would that evening, but lately the sex between the two had been getting more intense. Chloe seemed more ravenous than usual, more hungry to be handled in rough advances. Throughout the entirety of their relationship the lovemaking between them had been just that; sweet and intimate with a fair bit of passion and constant, loving eye contact. It hadn’t been until recently that Chloe had asked for things that never entered their bedroom before. Hair pulling. Slapping. Even, most surprising to Samantha, a bit of choking.

Odd requests, but she had done them all. It was no secret that marriages sometimes went a little dull in the bedroom, and if it meant preemptively stopping that from happening in theirs, Samantha would do just about anything. She’d slap her wife. Choke her. Scratch her. And as she treaded up the stairs, she was fully expecting to march right into their bedroom with a belly full of a protein drink and do whatever it was that Chloe wanted of her that night. After all, Samantha was a dedicated wife...and there was nothing she could ever deny her lover.

And when she finally opened the door, with her belly full and the Galaxy’s Best Wife mug empty and drained of its cream, she saw something that made every foundation she had ever known shatter.

Xala ‘Sudami. The Sangheili woman from next door, their new neighbor as of a few weeks, a
woman that Samantha had trusted...sat there on the bed she shared with her wife. The Sangheili woman was stripped naked with her massive breasts exposed and her legs spread to either corner of the bed, and a bulging, enormous cock was sticking straight up from her lap. She was sitting there with full confidence and authority, a stern look on her face with her mandibles set into what could only be described as a confident, dominant smirk. Both arms were braced against the headboard of the bed, and underneath her shaft a heavy pair of balls sat glistening on the silk sheets Chloe’s parents had given them for their wedding.

And just underneath that horrible image, practically attached to that massive gray cock, was Samantha’s beloved wife. Chloe was there, stripped naked, one arm wrapped around Xala’s enormous cock as she let her other hand tease back and forth over her sack. She didn’t even look to witness her wife’s arrival in the bedroom that evening; far too lost in her work. She was slurping up and down that massive gray member in long swipes, her tongue meeting at the spot where Xala’s shaft met her sack and pulling up every last inch to the tip. When she reached the tip she took the time to give it a kiss, and then returned to do it again without even looking at her wife. The only thing Chloe wore to Samantha’s estimation was her wedding ring...and layers upon layers of thick, white cum that painted the insides of her thighs, drooling from her pussy.

“Hello, Samantha.” Xala ‘Sudami offered simply, and gave a content, aroused sigh as she leaned back a little deeper against the headboard. “How was your dinner?”

Samantha stood there in utter disbelief, one hand with its fingers white-knuckled around the handle of her mug. The same mug that she had drank every last drop from, the same mug whose contents were now all too clear. The marine stood with an eye twitching and her entire body tense; every last muscle drawn taut and her heart beating in rapid, furious fashion. Her beloved wife, the woman whom she expected unending loyalty from, was laying there naked and licking on a massive Sangheili cock. Her heart broke in that instant; or rather it would have, if she could manage to weave her thoughts through the shock and the fury and the surprise. Xala ‘Sudami simply sat back and delighted in Samantha’s expression just as much as she was enjoying Chloe’s tongue, both women serving to bring her rich aroused pleasure in that moment. When she finally lowered a hand to rest it keenly atop Chloe’s lovely redhead, the girl purred in response and moved to service the alien even deeper. Still without acknowledging the presence of her wife she brought herself up to her knees, wrapping her mouth around the tip of Xala’s cock as she squeezed her own breasts forward, sandwiching Xala’s length between them and starting to rub back and forth. Her entire bare body, still marked with Xala’s past loads, was on full display...both for the Sangheili’s amusement and for Samantha’s own shattering reality.

“Y...You...you…” Samantha managed to force out, her dark hair already clinging to her cheeks and forehead from the panicked sweat she had broken into. She had served on the front lines in the past; seen combat that was both extensive and terrifying, but it was here that she felt herself freeze up. When her own life was on the line during the war she had proceeded with absolute fearlessness and confidence, but now? Now she could barely find the strength to move, let alone respond. “C...Chlo…”

“She doesn’t care about what you have to say right now.” Xala assured the marine, smirking around her wicked, wide mandibles. The things opened and closed slowly, and that cruel alien tongue licked across her lips. “You can either wait until I’m done fucking this whore again, or you can come over and join us. There’s enough cock for you both.”

Xala’s words were harsh and abusive, and just enough to light something of a spark within Samantha. With a sudden cry she launched herself forward, darting across the carpet and rushing towards the bed. With the Galaxy’s Best Wife mug held above her head she darted straight for Xala, roaring with every last part of her marine instincts flaring into activity. She was intent on
rushing forward, attacking that horrible woman for what she had done, and ripping the mandibles straight from her face. Xala was prone; unarmed, and completely exposed. The alien didn’t even raise a finger as the human rushed forward, and instead just sat there with a cocky smirk on her lips.

Thankfully for her, she didn’t need to move away from the assault. Someone was watching over her.

“Wh-Chloe?!” Samantha gasped as she was suddenly tackled mid-charge, the naked body of her wife grabbing her and dragging her down. Chloe was deceptively strong in that moment, fueled by passion and the maddening scent of Sangheili cock, and that urgency combined with the element of surprise made her counterattack all too effective. The mug dropped harmlessly to the bed as Chloe pulled Samantha right down along with her, and soon Samantha found herself pinned on her stomach at the foot of the bed, Chloe holding one of her wife’s arms behind her back while the other grabbed a tight fistful of the back of her dark hair.

“Don’t fight it, my love!” Chloe finally acknowledged Samantha’s presence in the bedroom, just as she buried Samantha’s face against the bottom edge of Xala’s cock. With that fist tight in Samantha’s hair she forced her bride’s nose and mouth squarely at the spot where Xala’s shaft met her sack, giving her no other alternative than to breathe in long, deep wafts of the Sangheili’s musk.

“We can have this together!”

Samantha screamed, her eyes burning with tears as her nose was buried deep against that pile of soft flesh. As she yelled and struggled she was given no choice but to draw in deep against the scent of Sangheili balls, forced to pull in that scent that had such a powerful effect. She had heard stories of it during the war; rumors that the alien menace had a powerful musk. During combat there weren’t anything more than tall tales about the Sangheili using those powers on humans, but she was already realizing there was far more truth to those stories than she had anticipated. With Chloe forcing her head down right against that heavy sack Samantha could only experience it firsthand, every scream and gasp pulling more of that heavy, dense musk into her throat. Though her tears were marking the slope of Xala’s sack she still tried fighting against it, only to have her own wife continued bathing her face back and forth against that musk.

Xala, the entire time confident and dominant, reached a hand out to pick up the discarded mug. She hooked a finger against it and arched an eye as she looked inside, chuckling softly as she saw how thoroughly Samantha had consumed the contents.

“My, my...someone was certainly hungry.” Xala mocked the marine, just as she savored the feel of her nose and mouth buried against her sack. “You gobbled up all that cum almost as ravenously as your slut wife. Looks like Chloe wasn’t the only human cumslut in the house.”

Chloe had indeed fallen that far, and she was proving it as she continued to force her wife’s face down into that pouch of mind-altering scent. She had moved to mount Samantha’s ass to keep her firmly in place, and by now had pushed both of her hands at the back of her wife’s head. She alternated by swinging Samantha’s face back and forth across those balls to simply pushing her in as deep as she could manage. All the while she giggled with a crazed delight, drool and sweat marking her face and her cheeks a vibrant red. Where she mounted Samantha’s rear the Sangheili cum that had marred her thighs now rubbed against her wife’s panties, soaking her ass through the fabric and giving her another reminder of just how much Xala had defiled her wife. Her once loyal wife, now little more than a berserk whore for the taste of alien cock.

Samantha was left gasping with a quickly dwindling sanity, her head spinning as it all took place. Her muscle shirt choked around her neck and what little breaths she could manage were all thick
with Sangheili scent, and she could feel her own body changing every time she swallowed another horrible gulp of air. She was already wet; that much was undeniable, and as the cum soaked against her ass from Chloe’s own body it made that situation even worse. She was burning up inside thanks to a conflicting battle of a dozen different emotions, and her head was left absolutely spinning from it all. There was heartache there, but the longer she was forced at her wife’s hands to breathe in that alien’s scent the pain felt less and less potent. Her great marine strength completely failed her as she tried to push away, and every time she exerted herself she only ended up swallowing another gulp of cock-scented air, more poison that broke her mind and her spirit.

And before long, she took her first, cringing lick.

She knew fully what she was doing in that moment; her senses not quite so far gone that she had lost all control…but close enough that her tongue moved forward to swipe over a salty taste of Sangheili balls. Her heart broke just a little bit more when she sampled it, knowing full-well that it was not by her own consent so much as the compulsion of the Sangheili’s scent. At a certain point the reasons for that lick didn’t matter, since it made it taste no less difficult and it made her sin no less grievous. The flavor was instantly shocking to her senses, blended with a great many things. The natural Sangheili musk was blended with the taste of Samantha’s own tears; tears she had cried against that heavy pouch from her wife’s betrayal. Beyond that there was another taste lingering on those balls, a taste that was familiar to her senses. Chloe. Nectar that had glided from the young woman’s pussy, all the way down on the shaft that had just recently speared her tender, wet cunt. Xala carried Chloe’s pussy juice against her sack just like she now carried Samantha’s tears...and now as well, her spit.

Another lick. Then a third. As Samantha’s eyes began to dilate and she started to resist Chloe’s motions less and less, the marine licked in slow, affectionate strikes against that massive Sangheili sack. Now when she breathed in the alien’s aroma it was by her own volition rather than Chloe’s forceful motions, and when her eyes managed to open up once more the entire world started to look different. With the musk of the alien deep inside of her, saturating her thoughts and befouling every inch of her flesh, reality itself seemed to shift.

That massive gray length looming over her face didn’t look quite so despicable and terrifying anymore; and in fact, it looked downright tempting. The alien face just above it, mandibles and all, wasn’t enough to make her retch from the sight of the smug look on her features. And moreover, the naked woman resting on Samantha’s back, didn’t look quite so much like a horrible betrayer anymore so much as a loving wife yet again. A loving wife that had brought her something wonderful.

“Now you’re getting it.” Chloe whispered, smoothing her body along Samantha’s and rubbing her hands down her lover’s shoulders. She leaned in her own head to deliver a few kisses; first and most importantly to the side of Xala’s shaft, and second to Samantha’s own cheek. She nuzzled in close, rubbing her nose back and forth over Samantha’s cheeking and breathing in the lingering smell of musk on her face. She licked, she kissed, she fawned over her wife’s cheek, whispering against a growing blush on Samantha’s features. “I love you so much, Sammy…almost as much as I love Sangheili cock.”

Words that should’ve stung Samantha down to her core, but in the heat of the moment she somewhat understood. The dark haired marine simply groaned as her wife started to fawn over her properly, and soon both women were leaning their heads forward, mouths opening and tongues stretching out to offer attention to the massive, throbbing cock offered up to them.

Xala ‘Sudami, the orchestrator of the madness that evening, simply rested back and smiled. She watched with her cock throbbing heavily as the two depraved human sluts started to work, her loyal
pet Chloe and the newly-altered Samantha. It would take many more sessions with Samantha to properly educate the marine on the pleasures of sucking Sangheili cock, but for now the temporary control would be enough. And while marine stamina and training might have given Samantha an otherwise edge over falling prey to her, Xala had stacked the deck well. By the time Samantha saw what happened her own wife was sucking eagerly on Sangheili cock, and even more critical was the fact that Chloe was holding a belly of warm, white cum. The same cum that had favored her coffee every morning for weeks.

Samantha never had a chance. She was addicted to Sangheili cum even before she knew what it was.

Underneath Xala’s gaze the two married women continued to press close and service her, licking up and down her balls and working over her shaft, never hesitating to draw in more breaths of the aroma that made the evening more thrilling for them. Samantha was already beginning to strip underneath the alien’s line of sight, fingers working at her panties and her muscle shirt, tearing away the layers to reveal the dark flesh underneath. Soon she was wearing nothing more than her warm comfortable socks, and both women had brought themselves up to their knees. They were pressing close with Xala’s massive gray cock sandwiched in between their bodies, and both of them had dropped their heads to service the tip that was peeking out from the center.

It was effectively a two-woman titjob using their entire bodies, and the pleasure rolling through Xala was immense. Her cock throbbed and ached in between their frames, glistening and wet from their thousands of licks and smeared with a dot of precum. She could feel on one end Chloe’s familiar and soft frame; busty and curvy and as sweet as any human’s. On the other end was Samantha’s body, harder and sterner with far more muscled flesh, but still wonderfully warm against her cock. Together they made the perfect place to bury her cock in between, and even more delightful was the sight of the two married women enjoying their treat.

Chloe was a practiced veteran at sucking alien cock by now, and she was showing her wife all the ropes. One of her hands lowered to sweep underneath Xala’s spit-covered balls, and when it rose up once more she smeared her fingers down Xala’s face, covering her in scented moisture that would keep her even further enchanted. No sooner did she do it did Samantha break down and rush in for a kiss, and together the two married women sloppily made out just above Xala’s prick. Their tongues were wild and untethered, lines of spit drooling from their kiss that only worked to cover Xala’s cock even further, and the entire time their naked bodies rubbed back and forth. Inches upon inches of glorious gray flesh was sandwiched between them, squeezed, teased, and delighted. And when Xala ’Sudami moved her hands out to the hair of both young women, she brought the evening to yet a whole new lewd moment. With a pull of their heads, their kiss was allowed to continue...so long as a thick Sangheili cocktip was right in the middle.

“That’s it, sluts…” Xala whispered, licking her tongue across her mandibles. “You’re not married to each other anymore. Just my cock. And you love it, don’t you?”

Both Chloe and Samantha offered murmured noises of agreement, but their attention was firmly thrown into their work. They were kissing long and deep, tongues peppering back and forth across each other’s as lines of spit swept up and down over Xala’s cock. Typically the alien preferred a far more violent method of getting off; she enjoyed throatfucking or rutting one of her human bitches until their bellies swelled with cum, claiming them to a point where their bodies nearly broke. There’d be time for that later; however, and for now she was enjoying the reunion of the two married women. Their naked bodies against her cock was certainly a pleasure to be enjoyed, and the longer their cock-filled kiss continued the more Xala could feel her own joys rising. They were both perfect little cumhounds already; Chloe after just a few short weeks of conditioning, and Samantha broken just a little bit more with every passing second.
She’d have them both perfectly shattered soon, Xala ‘Sudami knew as much. Chloe at her heels and Samantha on an arm, a perfect pair of human sluts to service her, to worship her cock, and to gobble up every last drop of her cum. The two young women were lost in the moment now, their tongues battering wildly back and forth over the tip of a throbbing Sangheili prick. Whatever was left of Samantha’s resistances had completely disappeared by now, leaving underneath an exposed and raw tramp that was as enamoured with the alien’s length as her wife was. Xala simply purred from deep within her throat at the thought; the idea of a marine as one of her wanton whores was as satisfying as any hole she could imagine.

It didn’t take long for the two women to bring Xala to her peak, just from the friction of their bodies rubbing together. Four lovely breasts; two pert and strong and two round and soft, battering back and forth across that shaft was simply too much for her to bear. Their bare stomachs squeezing in, their own laps pressed to either side of Xala’s sack, it was as if the Sangheili’s cock was meant to fit between them. When she sensed her peak coming Xala moved her hands out to take hold of each one of their heads, and she guided their mouths forward to be fired upon point blank by her massive cock.

The first burst of cum that erupted between them splattered both of their foreheads and hair, webbing the two women together so they could properly receive the rest. Xala made sure that the second load was all for her newest pet Samantha, slathering her face in dense white cum that she was moaning like a whore to receive. Xala had barely even released her third load before Samantha had started swiping all of that cum past her cheeks and into her face, and she wasn’t even paying attention as her own wife received a burst of cum across her own pretty, slightly freckled features. The thick white delight oozed around the two women; sliding down their naked bodies and coating their breasts as they continued to sandwich the Sangheili between them, marking their faces and their shoulders and even gliding down their backs to where cream slipped in between the subtle contours of their rears. They were showered in those heavy spurts of Sangheili cum, and even though Xala usually preferred to deposit her cream in a more...direct fashion, she could hardly complain about the sights. The sight of two human sluts bathing in her cum. The sight of Chloe, fuckmad and hungry, grabbing her wife to give her a deep, cum-filled kiss. The sight of the resistance Samantha already fondling her pussy amidst a sea of thick Sangheili cream, even as she slurped and gobbled up all she could from Chloe’s mouth. The scent of arousal was still strong between them and Samantha was still wild with passion; to the point that if Xala wished it, she could have claimed her right then and there.

But then...where was the fun in that?

“What? Wha...no...no...want to...stay…” Samantha merely whimpered as the Sangheili finally rose, letting her cock fall from between the two girls as she moved up to the bed. Samantha wailed and whined as Xala took the girl by her hair, yanking her up to her feet and wordlessly moving towards the door. She struggled harder now to stay in their presence than she did to save her wife moments earlier, and as Samantha was pulled from the room the last thing she saw was Chloe, bathed in cum they had both earned, greedily drinking all she could from her own body.

Samantha groaned, stumbling down the stairs at the Sangheili’s pull on her hair, head spinning as she struggled to come to terms with what was happening. She had just started to enjoy it, and now the alien was pulling her away?! When she tried reaching for Xala’s still-thick cock the woman just swatted her away, again refusing her an explanation until they made their way down to the basement.

There, only hard concrete met Samantha’s knees, cuffs met her wrists, and the sober chill of reality greeted her. Xala had forced her down, shackled and bound her, and as the sniffling, naked young woman looked up from the floor the Sangheili just grinned in wide delight.
“I’m going back upstairs to fuck your wife.” She announced with a grin, and gave Samantha a sudden slap across the cheek with her cock. “I’ll be down to get you in the morning. If I remember.”

When she turned to walk away she left Samantha openly sobbing, a pain that only got worse over time. The longer she was outside of the Sangheili’s presence the more the memories returned to her, memories of a cheating wife, of her own raped dignity, and of what that alien had done to her family. By the time her senses fully returned she had quite nearly cried herself to sleep, kneeling there in her prone position on the cold, unforgiving ground.

That was hours ago, and now Samantha marched up the stairs again. She could already hear from the hall the sound of Chloe’s desperate moans; her wife was begging to be fucked, to be claimed, to be filled with disgusting alien cum. Every step Samantha took made her twitch more in rage, and the red marks around her wrists from where she broke her cuffs were a testament to not only her strength, but to her determination. When she made her way up the stairs and started to march towards the half-open bedroom door, her resolve was harder than ever.

She was going to get that Sangheili bitch. And nothing was going to stop her from getting revenge and claiming her wife once more.

End of Chapter 5.

Chapter End Notes

Whew! Rough and nasty. Stay tuned for the finale!

Check me on tumblr!
Chapter Summary

In one of two separate endings, Xala ‘Sudami wins the day and makes both Samantha and Chloe her willing cocksleeves. What does this grim future hold for the two girls? Find out here...

And if you were rooting for Samantha through it all, check out the very next chapter! The client was kind enough to commission an alternate ending. Read whichever one fits your vision of the story best!

The New Neighbor
Xala ‘Sudami Wins
-by Drace Domino

Rage filled every muscle in Samantha’s body as she gripped her hand around the doorknob and pulled it open. Right there in her line of sight was the woman she loved; her beloved Chloe, pinned underneath the grotesque Sangheili bitch that had ruined their home. She was on her back and her legs were spread; locked as much as they could be around the wide gray hips of the other woman, and the Sangheili was bracing herself at the edge of the bed as she rammed back and forth with weight, authority, and a ferocious domination. For the moment it seemed like neither one of them could hear Samantha’s approach, and for it Samantha was as thankful as she was heartbroken for the sounds that were filling the room.

“Fuck! Fuck yes, harder! Give me your cock, I love your cock, mooooore!” Chloe’s voice was hoarse from moaning, but it didn’t stop her from unleashing a litany of foul words through the air. Words that made Samantha’s heart hurt, words that made her rage intensify. Her dangling legs were gripped in white stockings that Samantha immediately recognized; the same stockings she wore on the day they were married. Not only had the Sangheili throatfucked her, claimed her wife, and ruined her marriage...she had the crass nature to dress her wife up while she was fucked. It only made Samantha’s anger burn all the hotter; her fists tight as she continued to quietly approach.

Xala ‘Sudami had locked her in the basement after fucking her face, after feeding her cum and forcing her to breathe in that musk. Xala ‘Sudami had barged into her home and taken what was not hers, violating both of them in ways that would require years of therapy to forget. Xala ‘Sudami...was about to get exactly what was coming to her.

...or so Samantha thought. As the marine rushed forward she grabbed a lamp off of the nearby endstand; raising it high and aiming to smash it right over Xala’s head. Her goal was simple; break the lamp and beat the alien into submission, to beat her down just like she had beaten down many of her kind over the years in the war. A Sangheili might look intimidating and be a small mountain of muscle and strength, but the marines were no pushovers. Samantha’s body was a toned, dark skinned coil of muscle in her own right, and in that moment she was aiming squarely to take Xala down and make her pay for all that she had done.

It was what made it all the more heartbreaking when, with little more than a flick of her wrist, Xala ‘Sudami stopped her rebellion before it truly began. In the midst of her rage and her desire for revenge Samantha had revealed herself a bit too early, and when she had drawn near enough to
strike Xala swiftly allowed a single hand to fly back, shattering her defenses and sending the lamp crashing to the other end of the room. Samantha winced and howled as she was struck; a bruise appearing on her cheek as she stumbled back, and that moment of distraction was all Xala needed. A long, wet noise filled the room as her enormous cock pulled out of Chloe’s pussy, leaving it raw and exposed and tender and desperately wanting the return of that piece of massive grey meat. With a grin Xala spun on a heel; leaving the hungry Chloe behind as she turned to her rebellious wife.

“Nice try, whore, but it’s over.” The Sangheili announced, smiling around her mandibles and her maw as she drifted closer. Step by step she approached, heavily marching forward with a wicked intent clear upon her eyes. “I told you...you’re not married to her anymore. You’re married to this.” She pointed down, gesturing to her cock that was wet from Chloe’s pussy. “I was going to spend the morning reminding you of that, but...seems like you’re ready for your lesson already.”

“F...Fuck you…” Samantha stumbled back, still wincing from the blow to her face and the long trial she had already endured. She was exhausted and weary, and the fact that the room was layered thick with the scent of desperate Sangheili on human fucking wasn’t helping the situation. She was still sensitive to that smell, still vulnerable to it, and if she wasn’t careful she knew that it could sap the fight right out of her. “I’m not...not yours, you monster. Neither is she. Fuck...fuck you!”

One last surge of strength rolled through Samantha, and she tightened her fist as she lunged herself forward. Her toned, dark form flew towards the Sangheili but once again met only with failure; failure as the massive grey woman caught her punch in a single hand and wrapped her other grip around her waist. She used the girl’s momentum to lunge forward, and those powerful mandibles reached out before locking against Samantha’s face. In the war, Samantha had seen...horrible things happen to soldiers who were unfortunate enough to have their head caught in Sangheili mandibles. And for a moment, she was afraid such a fate would befall her. But soon she knew, as the other woman’s tongue wove into her mouth and she was forced to kiss her hated enemy...a different destiny was before her. She whimpered and she cried, and around the framework of the other woman’s hard maw she looked to where Chloe was masturbating at the sight of it. The Sangheili wouldn’t snap her neck; not like the ones during the war had done. No...Xala ‘Sudami was even more cruel. And with her head caught in the woman’s pincers and her tongue battered by the alien’s own, Samantha knew that she was helpless. Prone. And that there was no hope anymore.

She, just like Chloe, was about to become the willing whore and fuckpet of a powerful alien menace. And there was nothing she could do to stop it.

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That kiss was the closest thing that Samantha would have to romance for some time. When the Sangheili’s mandibles pulled away from her face she worked quickly to bring Samantha down to her knees; overpowering her with her sheer might and the heartache that had weakened the marine. No sooner did she pushed the toned and dark skinned human down did Chloe arrive right there at Xala’s side; holding in her hands a long coil of rope that was clearly set aside for the occasion.

“C...Chloe...please…” Samantha whimpered; looking up from her kneeling position and searching her wife’s eyes for mercy. “Don’t...don’t help her…”

“Just give in, Samantha. It’s so wonderful.” Chloe responded, her voice heavy and sweet and only barely showing any hint of fuckmad brainwashing. “Be Xala’s cumslut with me...we can be married to her cock together…”
Xala ‘Sudami just chuckled, and snatched the rope from the redhead’s grip before putting it to use. She was ruthless and rough as she bound up Samantha, tying her arms behind her back with an uncomfortably tight knot and then tying her wrists down to her ankles. It forced her to rest on her knees with her back arched backwards, unable to do little more than writhe and tug at the strict bondage that she had been captured in. She winced and she whined but she didn’t truly feel a surge of desperate heartache until she saw Xala drop down onto the edge of the bed once more, and scoop Chloe close at hand again. From her tied vantage point Samantha was forced to watch as Chloe kissed that alien; savored the feel of mandibles on her face, lowered her hand to pet fondly back and forth over Xala’s cock. And soon enough, the unthinkable started to take place right in front of Samantha’s eyes as Chloe began to climb up into her assailant’s lap.

“No...no please...no…” Samantha sobbed, watching with a rapidly breaking heart as Chloe swung on top of that member. She positioned herself so that she was facing her tied up wife; her back pressing against the Sangheili’s large chest as she eased herself down. Her pussy spread over that thick cock and returned it to the warm grip that had been left waiting for it, and as she slid with ease down onto Xala’s member her voice carried out with a delighted moan. She didn’t even acknowledge her tied up wife for the moment, but almost instantly she was started to ride up and down, fucking her slender body on that thick length and savoring every moment of it. It only made Samantha shudder with more shame and defeat, her rage almost completely fading to be replaced only with sorrow and loss.

Chloe might not have been acknowledging the presence of her wife, but Xala hadn’t forgotten so easily. The woman grinned around her vicious maw as she looked to the marine braced there on her knees, and she made sure that Samantha could see her alien hands moving out to caress and fondle Chloe’s slender body. She squeezed her breasts, teased her stomach, and rutted into her so hard and so deep that a noticeable bulge appeared in Chloe’s stomach. Through it all the redhead howled in delight; fucked to any extent with Xala’s length and only left more excited as a result. When Xala noticed that Chloe was staring through her tears, sobbing and whimpering but nonetheless transfixed, the alien finally spoke up with the closest thing to mercy she had offered the human yet.

“Get over here and lick my balls, human bitch.” The alien grunted, thrusting harder and harder up into Chloe’s pussy. “Do it, and I’ll let you suck your ex-wife’s cunt after I fill it up.”

“N...No...n...never…”

“If you don’t…” Xala grinned, sweetening her threat even more. “I’ll throw you back in the basement, and make you listen while I fuck her...for hours...and hours...and hours.” She clicked her mandibles one more time, and offered a thoughtful question. “I wonder if she’ll still make as much noise if I fuck her even after she passed out. I wonder if it would disturb you, seeing her motionless and limp while she took every inch of my fat alien pri-”

“Okay! O...Okay! I’ll do it!” Samantha screamed suddenly, her eyes stinging at the submission running through her. What could she possibly do?! Resist Xala’s request and have to be thrown back in the basement again, forced to listen through the walls as Xala fucked her lover until she fainted? Surely it was better to do as the alien woman demanded, to draw herself near swallow her pride...to lean in and lick those heavy gray orbs that were swinging back and forth.

Samantha started to waddle over, and it was indeed a waddle considering her tied up state. With every swing of her knees she felt her shoulders strain; tied as her wrists were to her ankles to make sure she was helpless and prone. It was a waddle of shame as she brought herself forward to where that massive gray cock was penetrating her wife, sliding up into her with enthusiasm and force and spreading that pink pussy wide. Samantha whimpered, and after looking up once more at the face of her bride; enthusiastic to the point of ignoring the rest of the world, she finally gave a swallow
and leaned forward.

Maybe...Maybe if she just gave in, it would be better. Maybe if she took just a few short breaths, letting them settle and savor, it would give her the strength she needed to endure. She didn’t realize that her fate was sealed even further as her nose pressed flush against the spot where Xala’s cock met her sack, and she drew in a long, deep breath that resonated down to her core.

Musk. It was the only thing that could save her sanity now. Just like Chloe had been forced to do during her own breaking moments, Samantha drew in the heavy scent of Xala’s sack as she started to lick as she was ordered. It was the only way she could tolerate the taste of Sangheili balls, the only way she could reconcile her thoughts with the fact that just inches above her, her wife’s pussy was being violated, fucked, plunged to the depths with a fat alien dick. It was the only way that she could stop the cry—no, there was no stopping the crying, but it could at least make the tears ache a little less. As she settled in against her knees and parted her lips wide, Samantha started to slurp back and forth over Xala’s heavy sack, worshipping them with resentful licks that became less and less spite-filled as time went on.

From her position there at the edge of the bed, Xala beamed like the triumphant champion that she was. She had a perfect human bitch wrapped around her cock, and at her heels was the defeated marine she had stolen her from. She found herself idly wondering if Samantha would taste the nectar of her well-fucked wife as it slithered down her cock onto her sack, or if Samantha would already be too far gone to not know the difference. Soon her world would be one of service to Sangheili prick, to making sure it was happy at all times with her mouth and her pussy and her ass, and there was nothing Samantha could do to stop the tide of those events. From time to time she could hear Samantha draw a particularly deep breath and it only made Xala more excited, forcing her to grin wide around her maw and mandibles and making her fuck even deeper into Chloe’s tight, wet cunt.

“Sluts. Human sluts...doing exactly what you’re good for.” The alien hissed out, grinning wide as she rutted herself forward with even more intensity. Chloe was howling and gasping as she was fucked, her pussy tight and shivering around that massive member. The redhead didn’t have anything to offer to the conversation other than the outright proof that humans were only good for fucking; the distant look in her eyes and the wet grip of her fuckhole serving as tantamount examples of what humans could do if they applied themselves. Space travel, war, technology? Foolish pursuits for a race so utterly worthless. All they were good for was to be a collection of three warm holes for Sangheili masters to shove their throbbing cocks into...and at least Chloe understood that. Xala chuckled heavily as she continued to rut forward, her voice carrying forward anew with that superior train of thought still rolling in her mind. “Drink up the taste of my balls, bitch. Think about every one of my kind that you killed and give me a lick for each one. By the time the night is over you’ll think you lost the war.”

In a way, Samantha certainly had. With every deep breath of Sangheili must she assured that the battle was lost, that she was giving up and falling into the same pit of lust that her own wife had fallen into. She still cried as she sucked those heavy balls, looking up at where her wife’s tender pussy was speared around that thick gray member. And while she wanted desperate to lean up, to take even the slightest lick of Chloe’s pussy as it wrapped about Xala’s shaft...she knew better than to fight back by then. She knew better than to resist the woman that controlled her wife, her own mouth, and that wicked musk that flowed deep inside of her. She should’ve considered that the lowest moment of her life. She should’ve hated everything about every second of that evening. But instead...? Instead, her pussy was raw, wet, and hungry. And even though there was still resentment, still hatred, still disgust...a dark part of her was already wondering what it would be like if the Sangheili’s massive cock was inside of her, instead. The musk was a powerful, powerful thing indeed...and she was getting well drunk on it.
Xala continued to thrust into one human slut while the other kept servicing her, treating her heavy balls to big, wide, wet licks meant to delight and pay proper respect to the house of her thick Sangheili cum. She had already been throbbing and hard from her previous run at Chloe’s pussy, and already Xala knew that it wouldn’t be long before she finally hit another moment of climax. Her hands locked in tighter around Chloe’s waist and she fucked into her with renewed fury and passion, driving her prick forward with deep intensity that left the redheaded slut howling from ache of her belly and the pleasure that erupted through her. Chloe was a bitch that had learned her place well, and looking down at her stomach to see it pushed out and bumped with the shape of a big alien cock was one of the greatest pleasures she had learned to relish. She loved it even more than the face of her former wife, and on the pulls back when the bump disappeared only to reveal Samantha underneath her Chloe couldn’t help but feel oddly...disappointed. Even empty, if it wasn’t too on the nose to think about. Either way she wasn’t left empty for long, and soon Xala’s cock plunged deep inside of her as it pulsed and throbbed with the weight of a tremendously heavy climax. The licking of Samantha’s resistant and yet oddly agile tongue helped to fuel the loads that were to come, and together the two humans worked to bring pleasure to the only thing that mattered in their world anymore. Balls surged and that gray length throbbed, still spreading tight and sensitive the pussy of the redheaded bride.

Cum flowed in big ropes of heavy cream, flooding into the redhead’s body. Filling her pussy. Crashing against her womb. Swirling about within her to such a degree that it started to pour from the seam of her pink pussy and Xala’s gray cock, slithering down the shaft in white threads of nectar before swirling down across her balls. With no orders to speak of that would allow her to stop Samantha simply kept licking...licking Xala’s balls, licking the cum and the nectar that caressed them, swallowing down what she could when her mouth got too full. She cried. She cringed. But mostly, she drank. Drank and pondered just why she was so wet in the depths of her own personal hell.

“Ahh...you like that, whore? Like being filled with alien cum?” Xala spoke up once more, and leaned Chloe back so she could nip at her bare, sweat-marked shoulders with her mandibles. Her gestures were dominant and controlling, and a low, threatening chuckle echoed from deep within her powerful frame. “Isn’t life better now that you’re a fuckhole bitch for my cock?”

“Y-Yes...yes...I’m so happy…” Chloe whimpered joyfully, allowing her hands to both drop forward. Her belly was distended thanks to all of the cum that filled her up, and she ran her palms appreciatively over it. Sweeping back and forth, teasing the bulge, savoring just how warm and wet it was to be filled up. She sighed sweetly as she was embraced by the alien, and as a small flicker of her old love once more fell to her thoughts she gazed down, studying where Samantha was still diligently licking. “What about her, Mistress? What about the other human slut?”

Did Samantha even have a name? Chloe couldn't quite remember. She didn’t see her as her former wife anymore so much as the dark skinned girl on her knees, the Sangheili ballsucker that was putting up such a fight. Maybe Chloe would try to remember her name once she earned as much, once she bent over and let her holes be used and rutted like any proper slut did.

“She...She said I could clean you up.” Samantha finally whimpered, looking up from the weight of Xala’s balls towards the naked redhead above her. Chloe was still pistoned hard on Xala’s cock, and for a moment their eyes met only for Samantha to see...nothing in her wife’s gaze. Barely even recognition of her existence. “She said I could eat you out, Chloe...just...just like we used to do…”

“I lied.” Xala ‘Sudami simply laughed, and started to roll Chloe off of her pussy. Cum poured down the length of her balls; drooled there from Chloe’s slit. She let her heavy cock openly slap Samantha across the face; striking her so hard that it left another visible mark against her cheek. Soon she towered over the marine and was moving a hand down to take her hair, forcibly pulling
up to quivering feet. She ignored Samantha’s tears. Her whimpering. Everything that wasn’t worthwhile for a fuckbitch to do. With a casual toss she threw Samantha to the bed, and spoke up with a horribly harsh, dominant voice. “I’ve a better place for your mouth, human trash. No pussy for you tonight.”

Samantha was heartbroken as she fell to the bed...but she wasn’t surprised. And as the shadow of Xala ‘Sudami once more crossed over her face and started to lower herself, she gave one last sob before her mouth was muffled again. There’d be no taste of Chloe. No brief reprieve in her sea of hardship. Only more alien flesh she was forced to worship, and more sounds of Chloe being used and fucked in the background on the end of a stiff alien dick.

It was a personal hell for Samantha indeed. And it vexed her endlessly why despite as much, she was still so...

...so wet...

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What was all her training for? All her studies and all her hard work as she strived to be a marine? None of it meant anything as she laid there flat on the bed, her face pinned underneath Xala’s weight. The struggles she had gone through during basic training...the hazing, the suffering, the time she had spent fretting and worrying on the frontlines...none of it meant anything anymore. None of the things she had worked for, that she had suffered for, that she had spent her life dreaming for...none of them mattered. None of them were in her grasp anymore.

She wasn’t a marine anymore. She was a Sangheili cocksucker.

She wasn’t a wife anymore. She was a Sangheili asslicker.

She wasn’t...she was barely even human anymore. She was little more than a flesh colored lump of sensitive flesh and raw emotion, pinned down and used for the pleasure of a superior species. Nothing that she could do would matter, it was impossible to cry or weep her way out of her situation. She couldn’t fight and she couldn’t plead, she couldn’t bargain and she couldn’t beg. All she could do was lay there prone, cringing as her mouth opened up so she could do the only thing her body was able to offer.

Lick. Lick. Lick. Her tongue trailed around the center of the Sangheili’s ass, rimming her with a wince as the moments passed. She couldn’t see fully what was going on thanks to her gaze being blocked by Xala’s frame, but from the sounds of it Chloe was once more getting used. She could hear her former wife moaning and gasping before suddenly gagging, and it became very clear to Samantha that her beloved Chloe was sucking on a cock. Slurping the cum and her own residual nectar from that massive member, cleaning it up of the mess she had made with Xala’s help. While she did that Samantha had her own task at hand, a task that made her coil up in emotional agony just as it continued to fill her senses with that heavy musk. Every lick made her cringe and shiver in equal measure, and the continuing wetness between her thighs made her turmoil flow through a steady loop. She hated it. She found it repulsive. And yet...she couldn’t quite force herself to fight anymore. The taste of Sangheili ass was indeed disgusting, but...it was the sort of disgusting that she could somehow savor. Every lick around the gray skinned woman’s ass was another lick that drove her deeper into madness, deeper into fucklust, and deeper into subservience. From above her the sound of Chloe gagging continued, and Samantha could even feel her wife’s naked body straddling over her own. She could feel her pussy on top of her belly...feel Xala’s cum leaking out of her cunt squarely on top of her stomach.

She used to love the feel of Chloe on top of her. Their naked, sweat-licked bodies embracing in the
night. Now? Now it was only a reminder that Chloe wasn’t hers any more. Every shake of Chloe’s hips as she mounted Samantha’s belly drew another wet line of Sangheili cum across her, smearing another streak of white that was implanted deep within her fuckhole. She imagined that Chloe didn’t even realize who it was she was mounting in that moment, not with the tantalizing slope of a big Sangheili cock dangling before her. The slurping, the gurgling, sometimes even the choking...even though Samantha couldn’t see it, she knew Chloe was servicing the alien with more lust and enthusiasm than she had ever shown her.

Samantha almost felt a surge of heartache at that before she realized something herself. That the motions of her tongue; the rapid flickering back and forth and the desperate licks she was giving in wide, wet circles...they were guilty of the exact same sin. So wrapped up in her agony Samantha didn’t even realize that the treatment she was giving Xala’s ass was far and beyond more intense than any moment she had ever eaten Chloe’s pussy, ignoring the ache in her jaw or the soreness in her tongue as she slurped back and forth with growing waves of hunger. Rimming an alien ass was...it was a unique experience to be certain, but if she put aside the pain coiled deep in the pit of her belly it was almost...it was nearly...

No. It was wonderful. It wasn’t near, and it wasn’t almost...it simply was. The taste of Xala’s ass was a delight on her mouth, and she even appreciated the contours of her pucker, letting her tongue push in sweeping gestures past it. She slaved her tongue back and forth over that tender hole, pushing her lips flush against it and attempting to wiggle her tongue into the entrance. When Xala rested back on her face it was a reminder of what a brazen human bitch she was, and that reminder only made her burn with even deeper, more aroused excitement. An alien asslicker. A Sangheili cocksucker. A musk-drinking fuckbitch eager to be used.

Tears dried. But in that moment she didn’t thinks he ever would. And as her wet pussy shivered and twitched with every passing second, she slurped up hungrily into Xala’s ass with big, happy licks. Maybe if she licked her new alien owner enough, the massive woman would spare some cock for her. Maybe...Maybe if she served her well enough, she’d even get to enjoy being fucked. That...That redhead girl, that one that looked so familiar...she certainly seemed to enjoy riding it.

Who was that girl, anyway? Was it the same one smearing wet streaks of cum over her belly? Samantha just groaned in open and abject delight...drinking in the scent and slurping even harder at the pucker squarely at her face. She didn’t care who that red headed girl was...so long as she was grinding out a pussy full of alien cum on top of her, she could stay. So long as she was someone that would happily join her on her knees in service of Xala ‘Sudami’s massive cock, they could be friends.

Friends, nothing more. After all...Samantha was already married. Married to big, gray, sticky alien dick.

And it was the happiest relationship she had ever been in.

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Xala ‘Sudami had fully dominated the pair of humans, she knew as much from the eager licking at her ass. The marine had fallen underneath the heavy power of her musk and the shattered fragment of her heartache, unable to do anything more than lick where she was told and bend over on command. It was a pleasing thought to the massive alien as she let her fingers draw tight in Chloe’s hair, forcing the redhead to take her entire cock down to the hilt with her shivering mouth. It was a difficult push as it always was; human mouths simply weren’t meant for the sort of dicks that she was offering, and Chloe’s throat was forced to stretch uncomfortably wide around it. Chloe sputtered and gagged and was effectively helpless as she was throated; looking up at Xala with
nothing short of absolute affection in her eyes for the one that dominated her. The one that owned her.

“You two whores are only going to know my cock from now on.” Xala announced to the pair, grinning around her mandibles as she fucked her hips forward, pushing that tip deeper into Chloe’s tight little throat. “Every morning when you wake up. All day long. And when you go to sleep you’ll be lucky if I give you a warm belly of cum to keep you going. Doesn’t that sound wonderful?” The whimpers against her ass, not to mention the drooling smile that Chloe offered around her cock, were as good as confirmations as she could receive with her two pets prone as they were. The Sangheili gave a few more hard and rough thrusts into the waiting mouth of the redhead speared against her member, watching her struggle to take that heavy cock as it pushed her muscles to their limit. Her moment was upon her soon; a big load of cum for her favorite redheaded bitch...and she knew it was only one of many that was rolling around inside of her. She had already filled up Chloe’s pussy and the girl’s mouth was next, and that still left one human slut still ready to be filled up in her various holes. When Xala pushed forward and allowed her cock to throb and ache with the impending climax she made sure to push Chloe’s face down on her lap as hard as she could, locking her in place to ensure that the human didn’t have an opportunity to spill a single fucking drop.

Chloe whimpered with a smile, and though it stung as that cum flooded her senses she nonetheless handled it with the same adoration she always regarded Xala with. So what if hurt her throat to be stretched out so wide? So what if it burned when the cum rushed through her sinuses and burst out of her nose in a sudden torrent? It made Xala happy, and that in turn made Chloe shiver with delight. She choked on that massive payload of cum as she felt it shudder down her body, filling her belly and giving her a sensation of warmth and heat that was by now familiar to her. She didn’t have to drink the cum from the old mug Xala often employed this time; she was treated to a far more direct deposit of that thick, wet cream.

When Xala finished flooding Chloe’s mouth with cum she finally gave a happy grunt, and pulled herself off of Samantha’s face for the moment. She moved to kneel just behind the marine’s head and she scooped her hands underneath her skull, lifting her up so she could see the drooling, cum-filled mess that her wife had become. Chloe was there, mounting her formerly beloved Samantha, coughing and sputter with cum leaking from her mouth and nose right onto Samantha’s bare chest. And when the two women saw each other, they rushed to one another in a kiss that was far, far more wicked and intense than one might expect.

It wasn’t the kiss of two women that needed each other, or a kiss of two lovers that were afraid for their marriage. It wasn’t Chloe kissing her wife to apologize for all she had done, and it wasn’t Samantha kissing Chloe to let her know it would be okay. Their interests, as they crushed their naked bodies together and kissed in wet, lewd motions, were far, far more primal and pure.

Samantha wanted to suck the cum out of the redhead’s mouth. And Chloe? Couldn’t wait to get a taste of Xala’s ass, even if she had to take it from the mouth of the dark skinned woman underneath her. The two barely even recognized each other as they pressed together, so lost in the moment and so mad on musk and lust. The heavy bust of cum from Chloe’s lips met against Samantha’s open maw, and the two eagerly battered their tongues back and forth through a wave of white, tasty cream. Their bodies squeezed in close; breasts and legs rubbing back and forth just as their tongues continued to dance, and hungry noises flooded from them both as they enjoyed the moment for reasons far, far detached from their old romance. Their first dance? Their wedding day? The first time they made love? All but forgotten. They were practically strangers in that moment; strangers that knew they could suck a glimmer of Xala’s flavor from each other’s face. That was reason enough to press in close, to kiss with wicked wet tongues, to show the other woman a passion that was previously untouched in their marriage.
“Whores.” Xala just chuckled at that, licking her lips slowly as she watched the disgraceful display. It was a thrill to see a pair of humans so desperate for what she left behind, and it bolstered the Sangheili to see how craven they were even for a hint of her flavor. She could’ve put a mug of her cum in the center of the room and made the two bitches fight for it, but...that would break the theme of the evening. After all, it was all about family that night. Two women married...married to a cock. To a big, gray, dick that was ready to find a new home and fuck it into exhaustion yet again.

This time it was Xala’s cock’s newest bride that would get to taste her length, and Chloe who would enjoy the tight pucker of Xala’s ass. The mighty Sangheili said nothing as she pulled her fingers into Chloe’s read hair, and sent her across the room with a sudden swing to help make room on the bed. Samantha looked up at her abuser with an upside down glance but nonetheless opened her mouth up wide, licking her lips of the cum that had been left there by her former wife. She was gaping her mouth open, ready for what she knew would come, and sure enough Xala delivered. The tip of a gray prick, the sudden push of powerful hips, and the bulging throat of a marine.

There were tears yet again, but this time they weren’t from heartache. It was pure strain of Samantha’s body that guided her eyes in that moment, and she struggled and thrashed as her throat was filled and stretched by that mighty member. Xala ‘Sudami was merciless as she pushed her entire cock into Samantha’s mouth as she knelt there by her head, and to make sure the moment of dominance was even more complete she suddenly toppled forward, trapping Samantha underneath her body and locking her into a vicious sixty-nine.

Typically, such a position denoted mutual satisfaction...but the Sangheili didn’t give a fuck about the human’s pleasure. She settled herself in deep and fucked her hips forward to continue throatswabbing the human marine, making sure that the toned whore knew exactly what her place was. Soon enough she could feel an eager tongue right there at her ass; another pair of human hands spreading her apart just enough to begin her own work. Chloe. She was a good bitch, and she knew her place. She knew that she was to look at every moment with Xala and constantly ask herself...just what could she do to make the alien happy? If there was an unsucked cock, she was to suck it. If there was an unlicked ass, she was to lick it. She did just that, and once more Xala got to experience the joys of wedded bliss as a pair of longtime friends and lovers slavishly worked together for her pleasure.

As Xala fucked herself down into Samantha’s throat; so hard and so deep that she wasn’t even sure the other woman could breathe, she finally looked down to inspect the pussy she’d soon be acquiring. A shaved slit told her that the marine was considerate to her wife’s affections, kept oh so smooth and even perfumed. It was enough to make the Sangheili give a slow building roar of laughter, and she let her mandibles clack together in an almost threatening click. When she leaned forward with her tongue to take a taste of Samantha’s pussy, it was enough to make the human cocksleeve whimper, and enough to make Xala to give a dark chuckle of entertainment.

“Pussy licking.” She mused, and spit squarely against the marine’s puffy sex. “Fucking waste of time. No wonder you sluts were so easy to break, if that’s all you could do.” She suddenly lunged forward; hooking two remarkably thick fingers and lining them up to Samantha’s entrance. “This won’t get you ready for my cock, you worthless whore...but it’s a start.” And with that her fingers pierced Samantha, plunging deep into her cunt and experiencing first hand just how tight, warm, wet, and excited that she was. The marine’s entrance squeezed her digits and Samantha howled around her choked throatful of cock, whimpering and sputtering with spit and slime covering her face. All the while Chloe was diligently slurping on Xala’s ass, listening to the exchange between Xala and the facefucked marine, but ultimately finding it inconsequential. After all, she didn’t have to worry about doing anything other than eating ass until she was told not to.
Xala continued a slow pistoning of her hips, utterly delighted at how well things had worked for her. Samantha would make a fine cocksleeve right alongside her wife; a different type of human, but a good stock of one nonetheless. Samantha was stronger and more fit than her former wife, she had a toned body with muscle definition and a sturdier frame. Chloe had certainly handled a few brutal fuckings, but Samantha…? It was about as rough as Xala could get without worrying about truly breaking a bitch.

...not that she ever worried about such a thing happening. She simply took what she wanted, and whatever happened would happen.

Xala soon found yet another climax rolling through her, and she practically howled as it struck her mighty gray frame. Her balls were resting on Samantha’s eyes as they began to churn and tighten, and her cock was still throated in the woman’s body as she began to pump her full of cum. It was the same treatment she had given to Chloe a little earlier, and it was the same results that she had enjoyed before. Muffled screaming around a human cocksleeve’s mouth, tears and whimpering and gurgling and gasping. Cum spewing from the nose and flooding so heavily into the belly that it started to make it swell. And a pure sense of domination; a sense that Xala ‘Sudami was nothing short of the entire world to her two brainwashed, musk-addled bitches.

It was a good sensation. With her cock so warmly wrapped by Samantha’s mouth she even noticed the human petting her belly, caressing the tiny bump she had gained merely from that first load squarely into her mouth. It was enough to make the alien grin with wicked intent, and as she pulled her wet and slimy cock out of Samantha’s face she spoke up again with a hungry, dominant tone still echoing in her voice.

“You like that, slut?” She asked, gazing at the spot where Samantha continued to fondly rub; her full belly that made her feel warm and safe and well used. The Sangheili snorted as she started to pull away again, moving now towards the edge of the bed as she reached out to grab for Samantha’s body. “Well then...time to fuck you. I’ll show you how far your worthless human body could stretch.”

Samantha, despite all that happened, was giddy for that fact. Her smile was marked with cum; both leftover from the moment Xala pulled her cock out and drooled out from her nose, and her eyes were glassy and practically lost in the moment. She’d soon get to know Xala’s true passion and power and primal ferocity, and she couldn’t possibly be happier.

The moment that Xala’s cock eased into Samantha was a moment of pure triumph for the Sangheili, an instance where she knew that she had thoroughly dominated both women and made them her perfect pair of whores. She knew she had reached that glorious victory because the sheer look of adulation on Samantha’s face was unfettered by anger or grief, marked only with the spit and the cum and the sweaty look of a woman desperate to finally be fucked. The powerful alien grinned wide and snapped her mandibles back and forth as she let the moment linger, a heat building within her that only made her cock ache all the harder and hotter where it rested half inside of Samantha’s pussy.

“Yes...yes...please more...please fuck me...fuck me, cum...cum inside me...c...cum...cum...I love cum...” Samantha was only barely making sense; but then, she didn’t have to be intelligible to be fucked raw and hot. Her hands were grasping up towards the powerful alien as she rested on her back, reaching to hold onto one of Xala’s shoulders, or one of her breasts, or even a mandible if she could get a hand across it. When she failed she simply let her dark palms slap down against her own tits; teasing her nipples and pulling them to the point of soreness as she rocked her hips.
forward. The massive gray member was stuffed to the halfway point into her pussy, and though it wasn’t a full fuck for Xala just yet, it was more than enough to make a human woman feel...well, more than full. Much more. Her pussy was drawn tight around that member; drooling lines of nectar just like her former wife’s did, and she could only beg and plead for the rest of that meat to be shoved inside of her. She had never taken a cock before, and surely not anything quite so big...but she didn’t care. All she knew was that she wanted...needed Xala ‘Sudami to rut her entire magnificent member deep inside of her warm, inviting pussy.

Xala licked her lips, continuing to savor the moment like she would as if she were standing victorious on the field of battle. To the side the woman Chloe was kneeling; watching with wide eyes and a hungry look on her face. She was rubbing her own pussy which was still filled up with alien cum, peppering her fingers back and forth the slickened folds to keep them greasy and slick with cream. She was always looking from Xala to Samantha; the two women in her life, though it was clear that she only took her orders from the alien now. When she looked at Samantha it wasn’t from concern or even love so much as jealousy. Jealousy that the dark skinned girl was getting that gray cock in the heat of the moment. Jealousy that it wasn’t her that was getting ready to be rutted, fucked, and filled by the glorious warrior that had taken ownership of them. She kept that jealousy in check; barely, and let her eyes drift back to Xala. When she spoke her voice was a slow hiss, and her hand rubbed eagerly on her pussy again.

“Fuck her...fuck her hard...make her scream...” Chloe murmured, though her motivations were plain and clear. She wanted Xala to fuck the other human girl, but not for Samantha’s benefit. Simply because the sooner she fucked Samantha, the sooner she could move back to Chloe. Even though she had just been claimed and her pussy was still sore from being stretched, she was ready for a second round. And a third. And a fourth. And to be fucked into oblivion, whether or not this other girl was here beside her. Xala just chuckled a bit among her jealous pets, and she let one hand reach out to pet Chloe’s head while the other drew down, pulling her touch across Samantha’s slender, muscular brown body. Her digits danced over that toned figure and she allowed her hand to press against her belly, marking the spot where she knew that soon, Samantha’s stomach would be stretched out in the same fashion as her wife’s. Belly bumps for all of the human bitches; stretched stomachs filled with cum were something that Xala was feeling particularly generous in handing out that evening.

“Nothing but my cocksleeves.” The alien whispered, and proved it by pushing forward. She had eased her massive cock into Samantha at first; letting her take those first few inches slowly and smoothly to get her ready. But just then and there, with lust and hunger controlling her motions, Xala ‘Sudami held nothing back. The rest of her massive cock was forced into Samantha’s pussy and instantly her belly bump was formed; a noticeable shape of the Sangheili’s cock appearing against her flesh. Samantha howled; clutching at the sheets and letting her legs dangle in the air, desperately trying to hitch around the alien’s waist. She was in the same position Chloe was when she had first broken into the room and tried unsuccessfully to stop the assault, and now she could see why Chloe didn’t want her to stop it. Being pinned under that massive woman, being fucked and stretched by her strength and her glory...it was the greatest sensation she had ever experienced.

“Get down here, whore!” Xala’s voice broke out into a hungry growl, and one of her hands launched forward to snatch into Chloe’s hair. She pulled her face down, twisting her uncomfortably until her face crashed against Samantha’s belly. She pulled her in close enough so that her lips and her cheeks were squeezing to the belly bump on Samantha’s body; the sculpt of alien cock as it appeared pressing against the inside seam of human flesh. As she held Chloe’s head there the Sangheili gave a triumphant growl, and her voice echoed forward with venom and command. “Kiss it! Show how much you love my cock, no matter what bitch it’s stretched through!”
Chloe did just that, much to the delight of her former wife. She leaned in and kissed and slurped and licked that bump on Samantha’s dark flesh; petting her hands over it and worshipping that mound with absolute devotion. Her eyes were bleary and her head was spinning, but every action she took was from a place of profound pleasure and joy. Even the chance to worship Xala’s cock was a moment for her to shine with delight, and as she teased her tongue up and down Samantha’s belly it grave her great happiness to do so. The pleased look on Xala’s face was a badge of honor to wear against her bare, sweat-covered breast, and when the alien started to thrust Chloe felt like she was right there to enjoy the action as it came.

It was hard. Fierce. Rough. Violent. All of the worst aspects of Xala ‘Sudami came out in the moments that followed, and the bed of the married couple suffered aches and creaks just as the two women themselves suffered heartache, trauma, and eventually the mindbreaking comfort of Xala’s musk. With every push of the Sangheili’s hips the bed screamed and strained under their combined weight, but just like the married couple that purchased it so long ago it somehow managed to endure. Sure, in the morning it would be soaked in the stench of the lust that filled the room that evening...but it would still be standing. Soiled and befouled by the musk and the desire of the powerful alien woman, but still standing. Xala ‘Sudami beamed as she rutted the dark skinned marine hard and deep, delighting in seeing her belly bulge directly into the face of her pretty redhead wife. Both human women belonged to her; every inch of flesh and every drop of sweat, and every last moan pulled from their pretty lips. They were creatures of pleasure now; meant only to serve her gray cock, to take her cum and to swallow everything she offered with any one of their holes. Whether she packed her cream into their pussies, asses, or mouths...whether she simply slathered them in it and forced the two to rub together amidst her cream...whether she simply squirted it into a mug and made them fight for it...they were hers. And they would do anything for her cum.

Samantha was thrashing in the midst of orgasm; or was she simply screaming from being stretched so far? It was hard to tell, and ultimately it didn’t matter. The pleasure of the two women, much like their heartache and even their consent, didn’t matter. Whether or not they were having fun or enjoying being used and claimed by the powerful alien was none of her concern. So long as they stayed tight, wet, and hungry that would be more than enough for her. Xala’s hips flowed forward with heavier thrusts and her mighty cock stretched wide Samantha’s pussy, keeping her locked around that thick member as it drilled her hard, fast, and deep to the base. She was going to flood that marine’s pussy soon, and with it she would redefine everything the woman thought she knew about herself. Nothing quite changed a young slut’s life so much as being filled up with what equated to damn near gallons of cum, and nothing made sure a bitch would be a willing pet like laying there basking in all the combined sins she had committed. Samantha was at that moment in her life now, a moment where everything she thought she knew about herself was in the trash and she was just coming over the horizon of something more. Something worthwhile. Everything she had done up until then, every feeling she had mustered and every other person she had known...meaningless. All that mattered, all she wanted, all she craved was going to be surging through that thick alien cock very, very soon.

“Here it comes, whore!” Xala hissed through her mandibles, her eyes narrow as she battered herself forward with heavy strikes filled with violent lust. Each push carried forth her disdain for human women, her deeply held knowledge that they were nothing more than fuckholes for her enormous length. And in that moment, she was ready to claim yet another with her cream. She saw Samantha’s eyes light up in joy when she heard the news that a load of cum would be arriving, saw the flash of jealousy in Chloe’s own, and the mighty Sangheili simply beamed in delight. She’d say that she was lucky to have such an obedient pair of sluts, but...luck had nothing to do with it. What she wanted she had taken. They were easy prey; the pair of whores, and she was an apex predator.

When her moment came she hilted herself, refusing to let Samantha experience anything less than
every burst of cum as deep as she could manage it. The woman’s womb was flooded like never before; her very first cock drilling deep and squirting wave after wave of cum. It swirled densely around her, stretching her belly even more against the comfortable cheek of her wife, and she howled like a desperate slut as it happened. It hurt. It ached. It distorted her body in much the same way the Sangheili had distorted her mind. But she still howled until she was hoarse from the pleasure of it all.

Xala’s muscles went tense as she came, her cock throbbing again and again within the tight confines of Samantha’s pussy. Seeing her belly swell with cum and listening to her moan herself weak was a thrill in and of itself, and it only made her erection linger as she continued to milk it within the human. When she was finished she slowly pulled her cock out and let it flop down on top of Samantha’s lap, where it was immediately given attention by the whore Chloe. The redhead was slurping and licking and worshipping the same member that had just violated her marine wife, a woman she had once considered her hero, her soulmate, her everything.

Now...her everything was Sangheili cock, and she didn’t even have the sense to feel bad about it. Samantha simply laid there, sweat-licked and gasping while the cum slowly oozed from her pussy. There was a lot of it that she’d have to squirt out before she was able to stand up again, before she was able to keep her balance amidst the heat and the swirling emotions. Her pussy was raw and abused but it still quivered with pleasure, and every time she felt a tiny burst of goo slip out of her folds she felt another shockwave rush across her body. Though her eyes were dilated and she simply stared up at the ceiling, the sound of wet slurping told her that her wife was still there. Still diligent. Still worshipping the real love of her life.

Xala ‘Sudami simply drew a cruel smile across her face, and allowed her mandibles to slowly click as she drew in the heavy, dense scent of fuckstench in the air. Two human bitches, broken before her. And at her heels they’d remain. After all, that was the proper place for humans...on their knees, worshipping the glory of Sangheili shecock.

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No more than a week later, Samantha and Chloe barely knew their own names. Why would sluts and whores need such things? Why would they ever be called upon to do anything other than suck cock and bend over? The toned former marine and her redheaded wife had been effectively broken past the point of repair, and the house they had bought as a home together was now left abandoned. Their families. Samantha’s job. Their friends. None of those things had been given the faintest hint of where the women went, with the only clue being a letter left behind in a scrawled script on cum-stained paper.

“Honeymoon.” Was the only word that was written there, but it was mysterious and vague. The two had already enjoyed a honeymoon, they had already been married for some time. Was it a second honeymoon? If so, why didn’t they tell anyone? There were already theories that they had decided to abandon their lives to start something greater, while the more dubious of their friends wondered if something horrible had happened to them. Even if the heads of their most curious friends; however, the truth never reached a flirtation of their thoughts. No one had ever suspected the truth of the matter.

Deep space, on board a personal Sangheili vessel, the sluts were alive and well. Every minute of every day was spent in each other’s presence; something that the old Chloe and Samantha might have appreciated in their most romantic moments. They were naked bitches kept close at the heels of their alien mistress, following her around and constantly working to service her cock or her ass or her breasts. Knees were in a perpetual state of scuffed bruising, throats were almost always sore from moaning, and smiles were almost always on their faces. They ate well; fully more than three
meals a day made entirely of all the cum they could swallow, and that didn’t even consider the
loads that were packed into their pussies or their asses. Their evenings were spent in sweat-licked
lust that addled their minds further and further as time passed, and their days...well, their days were
no different.

The only relic of their old life sat on Xala’s shelf these days; a war trophy of the bitches she had
claimed. A mug extolling the virtues of the “Galaxy’s Best Wife,” something that she often called
upon her sluts to drink cum from when the sensation struck her. Sometimes, when they were
forced to fight over a mug of her cream, there was a flicker of recognition within one of their eyes.
Some small glimmer that deep down...hiding somewhere inside of them, that they almost
remembered. But it was nowhere near strong enough to break the hold put upon them, now living
as creatures of cocksucking habit. Those little fragments of Chloe and Samantha could hide deep
behind their eyes, constantly screaming in cum-marked sorrow for what they had become.

In truth, the note they had left behind was accurate. They were indeed on their honeymoon; one
that would last for a long, long time.

They were married to Sangheili cock now, the true love of their lives.

The End.
Samantha's Victory

Chapter Summary

Driven by outrage and concern for her wife, Samantha puts up a better fight than Xala can contend with. But what will the punishment be for the Sangheili? Not death. Samantha has something...much more fitting in mind.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

The New Neighbor
Samantha Wins
-by Drace Domino

Xala ‘Sudami would soon know the fury of the marines. Samantha’s body trembled with anger as she moved naked up the stairs to her bedroom, fists clenched tight and her breathing heavy and ragged. She had just broken free of the prison that the Sangheili had turned her basement into, and her wrists were still sore from the shackles she had shattered in order to escape. The soreness didn’t matter. Her own naked state didn’t matter. The fact that revolting Sangheili cum was still flavored on her tongue didn’t matter. All that mattered for Samantha in that moment...was revenge.

She had always been the sort of soldier that showed kindness to the enemy. Even after all that had happened, even after the friends she had lost, Samantha had held true to the ideals of humanity. Mercy in victory. Understanding in the face of hardship. Friendship in peace. Those morals had never been tried and tested like they had since that day, and in the face of what had been done to her Samantha was fully willing to rightfully throw them all away. There was no mercy for Sangheili, wife stealing whores. There was no sympathy for foul, alien bitches that dared to do what she had done. There would be no moment of understanding, no trace of kindness. Only fury, justice, and retribution.

Samantha slowly opened the door to her bedroom, only to see her beloved wife once more being fucked by that Sangheili monster. Xala ‘Sudami was fucking her from the edge of the bed; Chloe laying on her back with her legs dangling high in the air. The white stockings on Chloe’s legs were immediately recognizable; the same ones that she had worn during their wedding. Cute. By Samantha’s own estimation, Xala ‘Sudami was simply digging the hole deeper and deeper. The smell of sex that filled the room was dense and heavy, but Samantha was long since past the point of being susceptible to it. Her fury had emboldened her to a point of combat readiness, and she was already remembering all of the finer points of training that she had learned. Lessons that she hadn’t needed in some time were flooding back to her, lessons about engaging in Sangheili combat at close range.

Close range was...her own choice. She was a marine; she had plenty of arms stashed throughout the house, but Samantha had chosen to pick up none of them that day. She didn’t want to shoot Xala ‘Sudami from behind, as satisfying as it would be for Chloe to look up from her well-fucked position only to see Xala’s head explode in a glorious mess. She didn’t want to incinerate her or end her in a rain of plasma, such an end would be all too easy for such a monster. Instead, she wanted to put a stop to things with her own trembling, bare hands. Hands that had been forced to
rub up and down a Sangheili cock. Hands that had been forced to scoop up that sticky white cum and openly feed it to her own wife. Hands that had broken their shackles, and now practically screamed and ached for vengeance.

Samantha moved forward silently; padding barefoot on the carpet and relying on her marine training as she moved. She was still and swift and exploited the fact that the Sangheili was distracted for the moment; distracted by the grip of Chloe’s pussy on her massive gray member. In her own way Chloe was doing her part to keep the foul woman’s gaze away from her wife, either willingly or totally against her knowledge, she was working to help save their marriage. When Samantha made it directly behind the alien woman she drew in a deep breath, and then her voice filled the air with a confident, smooth tone.

“...that’s my whore, bitch.”

Xala ‘Sudami’s head turned around in surprise, only to be struck full force with the heavy fist of an enraged marine. The Sangheili woman, once so firmly in control, felt the weight of that control being beaten out of her from the very first strike. As Samantha’s fist stung the alien stumbled back; her cock flopping out of Chloe’s pussy for what was certain to be the very last time. Her stumbling only led her into another punch from Samantha, and then another, and another still, the blows coming so fast and so hard that even the towering Sangheili was left helpless.

Despite her height advantage, despite even her strength advantage, Xala was helpless under the blows of the furious Samantha. Marines were stronger than normal humans and the Sangheili learned that lesson in harsh waves that day, her eyes snapping closed against the torrent and her mandibles aching nearly to the point of breaking. She could feel her powerful gray form slam against the wall, crash through the dresser of the married couple, and eventually slump to the floor. The blows continued amidst relative silence from her attacker, and desperate crying from the whore she was just recently fucking. Crying, that after the effects of her musk ended, soon became cheering.

And as the naked Samantha unleashed her fury on Xala ‘Sudami, the alien’s vision soon went dark. It was the last time she would know what the inside of Chloe and Samantha’s bedroom looked like.

“Welcome to your new home.” They were the first words offered to Xala when she regained consciousness, with a splitting headache and a sore jaw. The resilient nature of the Sangheili meant there wasn’t any outward bruising or blemishes, but she was still feeling the rattling within her head. When Xala ‘Sudami looked up from her position she immediately felt a sense of dread rock within her, and she realized in that moment that tables had turned between her relationship with humans. The words that flowed again came from a voice she didn’t recognize, and they were spoken from a darkness beyond the edge of her vision. “Last time you’ll ever hurt a human, you worthless piece of space trash.”

Xala had a brief moment to get used to her surroundings, as well as her position. She had been forced onto her knees and her powerful arms were bound behind her back; held there in what felt like military grade cuffs made especially for Sangheili. Whoever was holding her prisoner wasn’t fucking around; the slightest tightening of her shoulders made ache run through her entire arms, and she quickly realized that the cuffs were unbreakable from her own might. Another pair of cuffs connected her ankles to each other, and it left her more or less helpless. She was naked, and judging from the concrete underneath her knees it was safe to assume she was in some sort of holding cell or basement. With a snort of fury Xala ‘Sudami looked up towards the darkness,
scanning it only to see a slew of various silhouettes lurking near the edge, waiting, watching.

“Human cunts.” She spat out, and forced a grin on her mandibled face that wasn’t nearly enough to hide her unease. “Might as well just uncuff me now and start worshipping my cock, that’s all your revolting kind are good for.” That same cock was hanging between her legs now; far from stiff but still quite sizeable. Just a few hours ago it had been gripped by the finest human pussy she had ever known, and now she knew full well it was unlikely to ever know that warmth again. She was smart enough to know when she had been beaten, when she was liable to be executed. But she’d be damn sure to stay resilient and harsh to this human filth until the very end. It wasn’t until Xala’s notions of her future were suddenly shifted that she started to realize the full weight of what she was in store for, and it all came as a figure from the shadows slowly emerged.

It was another marine; dressed in a tight, white muscle shirt that clung to her body like a second skin. Tattoos ran up and down her arms with visible lines showing how many Sangheili she had killed, as well as badges of honor literally inked over her flesh. She wore a single dark strike of hair up the center of her head in a flat mohawk while the sides were shaven low, and a cigarette dangled from her cruel lips as she knelt. She brought herself forward, camo pants comfortably fitting around her as she did so, and one powerful hand moved out to grab without fear one of the Sangheili’s mandibles.

“Ge….guh…” Typically Xala would’ve simply bit; locked her mouth in and tried to sever the human’s hand. Her grip was intense; however, as fierce as iron as it suddenly locked in against her. The first glimmer of true worry entered Xala’s face, her brow bending in and inwardly wondering just how bad it would hurt if this monster of a human decided to snap her mandibles off one by one. Instead of being resilient in that moment she simply drooled; her mouth hanging open since she couldn’t properly close it. With that submissive look on her alien features the powerful human woman simply smirked, and tightened her grip on Xala’s mandibles.

“Cade Stein of Hollow Squad.” The woman finally introduced herself, and drew a wide, wicked smile across her features. “You belong to me, now. You were a gift from a woman I served with. She figured that you were a perfect pet for the biggest, baddest dyke in the fucking corps. Welcome to your new home.” She paused briefly before leaning in, and whispering in a tense tone. “...do you understand what I’m going to do to you?”

Xala wasn’t even allowed to answer; Cade did it for her by pulling the mandible up and down, forcing her to nod.

“Good, good.” The butch marine continued the game, smirking. “And are you looking forward to it?”

Again, Xala wasn’t allowed to respond. Cade simply made her head shake back and forth in a negative.

“Yeah, I can’t blame you. It’s going to be rough.” Cade shrugged, and rolled her cigarette from one side of her mouth to the other. “But if it’s any consolation, I’m a professional.” And with that her gaze turned direct to the alien, giving her a look that was easily as rough, cruel, and heartless as what Xala used to give Chloe. “...you won’t be anywhere near the first Sangheili whore Hollow Squad has raped.”

The laughter from the shadows told Xala ‘Sudami that not only was Cade not alone that evening, that every woman there was fully on board with what was to come.
It was hours later...literally hours, and Xala ‘Sudami had suffered. At the hands of Hollow Squad she had been put through trials and tribulations the likes of which she could only compare to that which she had put Chloe through, and that which she had desired to put Samantha into. Her greed at attempting to claim both of the two wives had taken her down a dark path and ultimately led to her ruination, and for the past few hours she had been suffering the sins of her failure at the hands of a woman that might have even more sadistic than her.

Cade. Cade was a ruthless bitch if there ever was one, and she was flanked by six women that were of the same mindset and strength. When the group had emerged from the shadows Xala ‘Sudami had seen all of them sporting strap ons around their naked waists, leaving Cade herself being the only one that wasn’t wearing one. With but a flick of her wrist the leader of Hollow Squad sicced her soldiers on the naked Sangheili, and the woman that had once bent a beautiful redhead to her whims was now made into the fuckslut of the biggest, most militant gang of dykes in the service. She was pushed down hard with her face slammed against the ground, and a group of powerful marines held her flat while the first one moved to take her ass. It was a strap on that was designed for the size of a Sangheili, squeezing into her rear and stretching her as she howled around her mandibles. No sooner did the first marine start fucking her did Cade speak out with authority, standing on the sidelines as she gave instruction to her squad.

“Made sure to clamp that cock of hers!” She ordered, and stepped forward enough so that she could rest her boot squarely on the back of Xala’s head. She leaned ahead and let the alien feel her weight, giving her a good idea of not only Cade’s strength, but her authority. “If she cums while one of you is fucking her, I swear to your cunt mothers’ graves that you’ll be right on your knees next to her. This is punishment! Just like we did with Martinez when we caught her sellin’ arms on the side!”

“Yes, sir!” One of the girls called out, before adding in a laugh. “Only difference here is we don’t gotta give this bitch back to the admiralty board when we’re done!”

Xala whimpered underneath Cade’s heel as the girls all laughed, several of them loudly voicing their desire to keep her prisoner there in the basement for the future. As she heard their plans fall into place she felt another hard lock around her body; similar to the handcuffs but this time a solid metal lock at the base of her shaft. A militarized cockring if there ever was one, gripping her length and ensuring that she wouldn’t find release easy...if at all. Her ass ached, she was forced into a moment of true submission for the first time in her life, and Xala ‘Sudami was finally made to pay for all she had did. And sure enough, her punishment didn’t end at the first bitch that fucked her.

The marine women worked in perfect harmony, fucking Xala’s ass in a smooth line while they all took turns at teasing the rest of her. Some of them slapped her gray cock with their bare hands while others happily spit on her face, and others still gave her a few hard kicks to her resilient sides while she remained prone on her knees. As the marines themselves had openly stated Sangheili didn’t bruise easily, so they could be as rough as they wanted without worrying about ruining her looks.

“Heh, that was never a concern.” Cade had answered her girls with a smirk. “Ugly bitch like this? She’s only good for fucking and abusing anyway. All right, bitches! Keep at it, but pay attention! Gonna lay the fuckin’ ground rules out.”

It was then that Xala ‘Sudami was fucked by marine after marine while she heard her own future laid out for her. Her cock throbbed and ached against the restrain of the ring around the shaft while her ass was stretched and plunged, and she whimpered while Cade kept a boot on her head the entire time. She knew from the very start that this Hollow Squad wasn’t a group that she could take advantage of like Chloe was; they were neither as trusting as Samantha nor anywhere near as easy
to force herself on as the redhead. Their rules were smart, stern, and utterly impossible for the alien to get around.

There was a three woman minimum when it came to visiting the prisoner; no less. Until, as Cade had casually thrown out, they could have her “de-scented,” it was simply too dangerous a risk to fuck the bitch without backup. In the case that any one woman ever started to be taken in by Sangheili musk that soldier was to be immediately incapacitated and taken back to their quarters to sleep it off. In the case that the Sangheili ever tried to openly defy them by willingly using her musk...she’d be beaten. Harshly.

One meal a day. And if she behaved? One orgasm a week. Xala whimpered the entire time she heard the rules, but that particular one stung deep and hard. Sure, she had exploited and abused and broken a wedded woman, but at least she had let Chloe cum! If anything, she had given Chloe the most profound and dynamic orgasms of her life! Cade was clearly more cruel than herself; though, and her rule on the matter was hard and fast. She had given a joke at one point that made the crowd laugh, but Xala found herself wondering if she was being serious or not.

“Maybe on any given day we’ll let her pick; she either gets to eat or she gets to cum.” Cade chuckled, and it left Xala’s head spinning. For hours now her ass had been well used by strap ons wielded by the most proficient users in the human military, and her cock was throbbing against the binding. If she would’ve been given that choice right then and there, she would’ve picked cum without even a moment’s hesitation.

More rules continued to flow from Cade’s mouth, and more and more Xala was assured of the cruel ownership she was falling into. She wasn’t to be showered unless she was first tased into unconsciousness. She wasn’t to look at any of the marines in the eye unless the human herself forced it. And when she was told to eat a pussy, she was told in no uncertain terms that every time she tried to bite...a mandible would be removed. It would definitely be enough to keep the stubborn Xala ‘Sudami in check, and Cade herself put her own cunt on the line to ensure that Xala understood as much.

Cade’s pussy was pierced at the hood with a line of tattoos against her thighs, words in a vibrant lettering that said “Hollow Squad’s” on one side and “Top Cunt” on the other. Xala was forced to press her mouth against that wet slit as Cade finally got into the action, and the alien whimpered as she fit her mandibles up and around the other woman’s thighs, doing everything she could to avoid anything even resembling a bite. She let her tongue flicker back and forth, drawing in the flavor of her abuser, and fully realizing just how Chloe felt. Sangheili didn’t have the ducts for tears, but if she did...she likely would’ve been bawling for hours.

Cade was a dominant witch if there ever was one, and she held firm on the alien’s face as she rolled her hips forward and forced her taste to spear over Xala’s mouth. While the Sangheili sucked the marine’s pussy her ass was once more used; fucked and rutted and claimed by the other girls to a point of soreness and ache. The only thing that kept Xala in more tension was the clamp around the base of her shaft, the thing that made her orgasm impossible. She would’ve cum in waves and torrents if she was able to, and that knowledge and revelation frightened her more than anything.

Xala ‘Sudami knew firsthand just how depraved a woman could be when she was fucked and broken. How she could sacrifice everything, give up who she was, desperate only to pursue the next thrilling climax that ran through her. And as she was fucked in her ass for the twenty-sixth time that evening, her mouth pressed hot and raw against Hollow Squad’s Top Cunt, Xala could already feel that happening to her.

Cade didn’t need a musk gland to make women her pet bitch. She just needed a pair of military
grade handcuffs...and a request from an old friend.

Xala ‘Sudami would live, even though perhaps she didn’t deserve to. She would live as the raped and fucked pet of one of the cruelest, most dominating humans in the service. The gray skinned, thick-cocked slut trapped in a basement as the pleasure tool for its entirely lesbian squad. It was a fitting place for the Sangheili to end up after all that had happened, after all she had done, and after all the tears she had caused. She had begun her encounter with Samantha and Chloe several months ago by fucking what was a beautiful and innocent woman and ruining what was a pure and lovely marriage. A marriage that would’ve hurt nobody. A pair of gay women that adored each other, loved one another unconditionally, and utilized sex as an expression of their passion.

Now? Now Xala ‘Sudami saw the other end of human lesbian lust. Cade Stein was no Samantha, and she was certainly no Chloe. She was a ruthless bitch without sympathy or mercy, an alpha female to the highest level that considered every hole underneath her one that she could use for her pleasure. No woman joined Hollow Squad without first undergoing a night getting fucked by its leader, and the women that fucked Xala into the night were the same ones that Cade had forged in her own image. There in the butch bullpen of Cade’s basement Xala would remain, bound and shackled and clamped…and eventually broken.

Her soldiers knew her as Hollow Squad’s Top Cunt.

Xala ‘Sudami would know her only as Mistress.

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It was several months later and on the other side of the world that Samantha looked down at her phone and smiled. It was another series of pictures sent from Cade about just what the status of their mutual friend was, and the pictures were just as satisfying as they had ever been. Xala ‘Sudami; abused and broken to a point that she barely even knew her name anymore. The pictures on Samantha’s phone showed an alien whore that had been bested and shattered by one of the marine’s finest, and they showed images of everything from Xala being forced to suck her own cock to having three separate female marines fucking her ass at the exact same time. It was a proper punishment for a woman that was so wicked and cruel, and Samantha didn’t feel a single trace of guilt as she looked at the pictures.

The marine sat on the side edge of her bed; naked as the sun was slowly coming up in the distant. There were a few shafts of light gently pouring into the room, and she knew soon enough that her wife would be awake. On the same bed Chloe slept with her back turned, holding the sheets against her own naked frame and dozing as peacefully as ever. Littered at the very foot of the bed, just like always, there were toys that didn’t always have a place in the bedroom between them. Ass plugs, thick strap ons that were quite simply too big for Chloe’s little hole, a ball gag, and heavy clamps designed to pinch a girl’s nipples…the tools of domination and abuse, tools that Samantha had never really imagined that would come into her bedroom.

Idly the marine reached a hand out, picking up one of the ass plugs and letting the handle rest within her grip. In the weeks after Xala’s defeat, a lot had changed between them. First and foremost had come the therapy; both physical and mental. A behavioral therapist to handle the trauma of what had happened and the damage it had caused their relationship, and a military scientist to treat both women with the proper attention after their close encounter with Sangheili musk. The whole incident had been handled by the military brass with equal parts discretion and open concern, and now that nearly six months had passed there was a much keener eye on domestic Sangheili living amongst humans. Apparently, Chloe hadn’t been the only victim, and Samantha hadn’t been the only woman to nearly lose her wife to a thick cocked gray skinned whore.
with a superiority complex.

There was no more military for Samantha; no more fighting. Her fists had taken weeks to heal after she literally broke them battering blows against Xala ‘Sudami’s face, and when they were repaired she had used them to sign her leave from service. After all she had done and all that had happened the two women had taken a prolonged vacation that led into a new life; their trip to a sunny beach area slowly transitioning them from tourists to residents. Months after their trial the two women headed to work every day together; side by side to run one of the beach city’s quaintest little cafes. It was a life that was peaceful and joyful, even though it had come from a place of darkness.

A darkness that...still clung to them, only in the most private of terms. Once more Samantha’s eyes trailed to the ass plug in her hand, and back towards the dozing Chloe. Just that previous night she had used it on her viciously, as well as all of their toys. Just like every night. When the lights went done Samantha made Chloe her desperate and depraved slut, and the nights of slow and gentle lovemaking between the two were gone. Their sex life wasn’t the sweet thing it used to be, and Samantha wasn’t the lover she used to be. In the past she’d spend hours tending to Chloe’s needs, making her orgasm again and again with sweeping waves of joy. Now? Now she put on the biggest strap on she could manage, fucked Chloe until she was crying from the strain, and spit in her mouth when she misbehaved.

And...things had never been stronger between them. Samantha tossed the ass plug aside as she saw her lover stir, and she leaned in close to press a tender kiss against the edge of Chloe’s brow. While the adorable redhead gave a little murmur Samantha merely chuckled, and combed her fingers down Chloe’s spine as she whispered in a delicate voice.

“Good morning, love.” She offered sweetly, simply. “We’ve got just enough time to shower together before we need to go to work.”

“Mmm.” Chloe just gave a little noise as she shifted in place, a sleepy, dreamy smile spreading over her lips. Her eyes half-opened from her vantage point and she cast a look towards Samantha; her naked, toned, and muscular marine that had saved her from a life of Sangheili submission. She smiled fondly, and thrilled at the idea of being in the shower with her lover so early. “...make me your whore while we shower?”

“Don’t I always?” Samantha merely grinned, and threaded her fingers into Chloe’s as she started to pull her up. The two married women padded barefoot from their bedroom to their shower, eager to start another day in the new bliss that had overswept them. If Xala ‘Sudami had wanted to dominate the two women while at the same time driving them apart, then she had failed miserably. She had failed, and was currently suffering the effects of that failure at the end of Cade’s obscene, lewd rage.

But if she had wanted to bring the two even closer together, then it was a resounding success. As the two young women pulled into the shower together there was soon the sound of desperate screaming and begging; of harsh orders and wicked slaps, of crass treatment and furious lust. Chloe was still a slut to someone...only nowadays, it was the woman that she married. She didn’t crave the taste of Sangheili cum anymore, but she did crave the taste of Samantha’s pussy. Or ass. Or even just the spit from her mouth.

Sometimes, Xala ‘Sudami crossed Chloe’s thoughts, but just as quickly the mental image of Samantha raining blows down against the alien’s face filled her mind. Her wife had saved her, her wife had forgiven her, and now within the shower her wife dominated her with a fist driving in and out of her tight, wet fuckhole.

The wedding rings they wore never meant more, even when she felt one of them rub inside of her
pussy from the slow twist of Samantha’s authority.

The End.

Chapter End Notes

And here we are at the end of New Neighbor! I hope you enjoyed every step of it along the way, including the fancy alternate endings!

As always, please check out my tumblr if you enjoy my work. And thanks so, so much for reading!

(And don't worry, where one rough as nails futa story ends...I've got another right around the corner next week!)

End Notes

Hope you enjoyed! This was a commissioned story.

Check me out on tumblr if you enjoy my work!

Please drop by the archive and comment to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!