

**Description:** Amali and Khajia Khaldur are worried their dark elf noble house doesn't have a secure line of heirs, but luckily their only daughter, Amana has found a Human alchemist with a concoction which should boost their virility. The couple were thrilled with how well it works, but it seems like the medication came with some unintended side effects. Which their daughter is more than happy to exploit with the help of her new Human master.

**Note:** A thank you to my friend Evander9 for doing this collaboration with me. It is always a pleasure working with him and I hope you enjoy the story and art. We made it with love and a lot of cum.

**Kinks:** Humaned, Dark Elf, Cuckold, Small Penis, Humiliation, Maledom, Femdom, Futa Sub, Bondage, Chastity Cage, Corruption, Mind Break, Musk, CBT (light), Shortstack, Masochist, Femboy Sissy, Titjob, Cock Worship, Ball Worship, Anal, Vaginal, Master/Slave, Foursome, Cuckold,

**Glossary:** For some ease of understanding in universe terms. Not important that you know them all but it will give context.

**Hadi:** Dark Elves from the Hadirath desert, typically short with tight athletic bodies and purple, dark brown or black skin.

**The Hadirath:** A large desert that spans the entire south of the Human empire's border

**Inverno Mountains:** The birthplace of Humanity and the location of the empire's capital

**Mohan:** Brown skinned Cat folk, they look like Humans but have cat features like cat ears, tails and/or hairy forearms and calves.

**Travasi:** Pale skinned rabbit folk, with long bunny ears, cotton tails and skinny bodies. They are renowned for their alchemical and farming exports, but mostly known for being horny little rabbit folk.

**Alzardi:** Desert dwelling human nomads that ride giant rhinos. They worship the spirits of the land and come to blows often with the Hadi

**Gorstalie:** An Orc from the Gorstalie Mountains far to the north. There are several Orc tribes but they are all referred to as Gorstalie by outsiders.

## **Prologue: The Hadirath**

Up on the surface, far to the south of the undercity, past the Inverno mountains and outside the Empire's borders lies the Hadirath. A harsh desert land being pulled apart by a decades long feud between the Alzardi, desert nomads and the Hadi city states ruled by the dark elf merchant houses, and old Hadi royalty. Whom still had a grip on the region since before Humans descended from the Inverno mountains.

The war had escalated to such a point that every notable Hadi merchant house was being raided. No peace for the Hadi was allowed and a call was made by the royal family for any mercenaries they could find. Conscripting and hiring from every corner of the desert, and even venturing beyond. Forest Goblin Infantry, Mohans Rhino Riders and Gorstalie Orc exiles were all brought under the house's command to keep the trade flowing at all costs. However, what they did not expect was the Empires legions to arrive. A supposed response to their merchant ships being raided when they reached the river.

Now after months of hit and run warfare the decades long conflict had reached a point of equilibrium where no side felt they could affect the other with enough attrition. The Empire dug in and now their flags hung outside of all the city states down the Inverdi river. One such noble family, the Khaldur saw an explosion in wealth.

A significant portion of their wealth was in the caravansary that lined the journey into deeper Hadi territory. They were always rich, but the years of constant military movements, and renewed interest in the region thanks to stability boosted their family to new heights. However, there was a small problem, the family needed a proper heir.

The Khaldur family was made up of the royal madam Khajia Khaldur, the satrap Amali Khaldur, and the current heir Amana Khaldur, which would not do. Having a female heir in Hadi society was seen as desperate. Only a male or ideally a futanari heiress would sire a large and regal line capable of continuing for the next five thousand years. Yet, Amali's seed was not impregnating his wife.

They tried many things, incense meant to stimulate, various aphrodisiacs sourced from animal's glands and even Travasi tonics made to fortify the body. Nothing worked until just under a year ago their daughter brought home a Human doctor named Harkith from the legion. He had a talent for alchemical miracles according to their daughter, and after a few days of convincing they accepted his proposal...

And they fucked like Travasi in heat for the entire night!

The tonic turned the pair into hyper sexual sluts. They used all kinds of positions and toys in the pursuit of shooting more loads at each other. A new heir was inevitable, the Khaldur matriarch was overjoyed and made Harkith their new family doctor. He would brew them new aphrodisiacs and in exchange he would be given noble accommodations, and a generous monthly salary until a sufficient number of heirs were produced.

However, after six months of trying...

### **Chapter 1: The Family Line (placeholder)**

Khajia slowly awoke as a sliver of golden light snuck through the red curtains and struck her down the center of her face. How rude of the sun for awakening her from such a restful sleep, especially since she was sure she closed them tight last night; though, her memory of the events was lost in a haze. Khajia leaned up off the silken bed sheets and slowly rubbed the grime from her eyes. As she went to move she felt a shock of pleasure run up her spine.

*"Mnngghh, gods dammit."* Khajia pulled the covers off her revealing what was left of last night's intense sex.

Khajia was a very curvy woman with deep purple skin and long snow white hair that reached below her breasts. Her face was pointed with deep amber eyes, a small pointed nose and a pair of long dagger-like ears; each pierced by two golden rings. Her slender shoulders lead into two perky double-E's and a perfect hairless midriff that was toned, tight and pierced by a gold ring. Her legs were long, sculpted and covered in sweat. Between them stood her glorious dark purple girl cock. Pulsating and veiny reaching at least eight inches long, but this wasn't normal morning wood. Her cock was already leaking pre-cum all over her midriff, and her husband looked to be in a similar situation.

Amali, her impish twink of a husband was a wonderful man (femboy) in her eyes. Perfect smooth features, short spiky white hair, ashy purple skin softer than her own, and a pair of golden cuff piercings on his ears. His slender and smooth boy body was

covered in rivulets of sweat much like her own. He was lying on his stomach, his little black cock about half the size of his wife's was pressed against the sheets and leaking much like her own meat, and it was this new sex toy connecting them.

A recommendation from some Travasi alchemist, a kind of smooth slender pink rope. Not very tough or useful, but it functioned too well as a double dildo. It was still buried deep in Amali's asshole and snaked its way into Khaji's cunt. Which was forcing the tired couple to feel every twitch and movement they made as the sudden jolts of pleasure woke them up quickly.

*"Hmmmnngh, good morning my sweet."*

*"Mnnngghh, morning dear,"* moaned Amali as she grabbed the double ended dildo and popped it out, "It looks like we passed out... again."

*"It's not so bad, it's been ages since we've cum that hard."*

*"Ahhggh-ah, agreed but I don't feel much of your cum inside me."*

*"Same to you, love."*

*"Yes, but sadly you cannot get pregnant my sweet.... Unless you've been hiding something from me?"* Continued Khajia as she stepped off the bed, struggling to find her balance for a moment. Her legs were still a bit weak from last night, but she managed to find her strength.

*"Mmmmm, if I was, we'd probably have a dozen heirs already."* Amali wiggled his butt as his sphincter tightened around the foreign object. Then with a hard push he pushed the toy out of his asshole with an audible wet;

*POP!*

*"Ahnnngghhh!"* gurgled Amali as his asshole gaped for a moment. Showing his sloppy lube soaked insides to his wife, before the jelly leaked out of his tightening hole like a geyser. His little purple anus twitched and throbbed with each jet of jelly leaked.

*"How lewd, I didn't realize I married a trained whore."*

*"Mmmmm, this is your fault dear."* Amali continued to wiggle his butt at her as he looked back, an impish look on his face, "Your big purple dick has completely ruined me to other women. Just look at how sloppy you made my poor butthole."

"As it should be. I don't want to share you with those other harlots." Teased Khajia as she gave her husband a playful pout.

"Same, but perhaps we should conscript some of Mohan or Goblin servants to serve as temporary marital aids?" Said Amali as he pushed himself off the bed. He let out a sigh and sat at the edge, his delicate twinkly chest covered in little drops of sweat.

*"Mmmmm, some do have nice butts."* Khajia took a second to ponder as she opened the walk-in closet, "Though, I do not want to turn our marital bed into an open orgy."

"Why not, the other nobles might sneer less at us if they saw us in the center of a pile of bodies?"

"I wouldn't mind seeing their faces," sighed Khajia amused at her husband's suggestion, "but I don't think creating a litter of night cats or pixies is a good idea. Imagine if our house was succeeded by them. I'd rather see Amana take the seat."

"At least our line will remain as pure Hadi, even if our daughter won't be able to provide enough heirs."

"And if you don't get that cute little cock deeper inside me, we won't be much better than her," sighed Khajia as she entered the walk-in closet.

The lovely walls of most of the Khaldur's home was made out of a dark beige sandstone with white marble floors, and the closet was no exception. The large circular closet was at least fifteen feet across and the floor still shined with yesterday's polish. All around the circumference were jackets, robes, dresses and suites of the finest quality. In the center of the room was a large ivory column at least a foot thick and carved with an arcane spell to detect thieves. Only the Khaldur's or a servant on their knees could avoid detection.

"Well if you keep stuffing my ass with toys, we'll never get any new heirs."

"Too true dear, but you've got such a slutty butt. It's hard not to play with it."

“But I need a bit of a break. I still feel a little sore.” Amali rubbed his sore butt as he asked, “How about we get breakfast?”

*“Uhggghh, let’s have it served in the parlor. I don’t wanna get all dressed up yet.”*

“Then how about we wear these?” Amali pulled out some of the gaudiest robes they had. Bright orange, with a yellow trim and a large filigree design with many waves embroidered into the V-neck. They were very out of season but at least they were enchanted to ward off heat.

“Fine, at least we will be cool while we scarf down whatever the chef has prepared for us.”

“We’ll have the maids get us dressed properly, but for now we should relax.” Amali rubbed his wife’s shoulders, an effort to ease her tension before they greeted the servants.

*“Mmmm, thank you Ami, I can feel the tension leaving me already.”*

Amali’s skill with his hands was one of the main reasons Khajia married him. His soft hands knew just the joints to massage, and his efforts managed to ease Khajia’s morning worries. At least long enough to get to the parlor.

As the couple left the master bedroom and entered the main estate proper they were greeted by their servants. Mohans, Goblins, and their fellow Hadi all served them. The couple kept a regal aura as they passed by them, not sparing the rabble more than a casual glance to make sure they weren’t lazing about. The design of the estate made that task very easy.

The Khaldur’s main estate wasn’t just a very large home, but a caravansary and makeshift fort. Built by the largest oasis on the way to the southern cities. With a tall stone fence surrounding the entire property and the home surrounding a large courtyard, which was mostly devoted to growing fruit, and large leafed plants good for shade. The first two floors of the estate were devoted to the family’s use, while the ground floor had a functioning open bar and rooms available for noble travelers. Along the main second floor hallway there were multiple wide windows that let the couple easily see their workforce below.

However, Amali had no interest in them. They were working, and that was good enough for now. Though he did shout out to one of the maids to prepare the parlor for them and

lucky for them, Amana had already gotten breakfast ready for them. There was a maid waiting for them upon arrival ready to open the door for them.

The parlor was mostly used for small meals these days since most were received in the bar. To better suit the couple's needs; a nice pinewood table and chairs were brought out of storage, along with better quality carpeting and drapes. The windows were covered by heavy red curtains to better keep out the hot desert air and the floor was given a carpet made from desert sheep wool, which would stay cool for hours. At this moment it's cool touch managed to snap the couple from their stupor and usher their gaze towards the feast prepared for them.

The Khaldur private chef, Tiza had outdone herself for the family breakfast. Fish was no longer a popular ration by the legion, so his stores were once again full of common and rarer catches. Catfish and Bolti were the mistress's favorite catches, breaded with golden crumbs and fried, served with a sweet white cream sauce made from the local cacti. A tower of naan bread coated in oil with sliced chunks of spiced rainbow fish baked, sliced and spiced was the main attraction. With a tall pitcher of goats milked saturated in honey to wash it all down.

Amali greedily went for the rainbow fish first, wrapping a healthy portion in the naan before shoving it past his painted white lips. He quickly chewed, letting out soft groans as he snapped his fingers. At his order one of the servants, a plump little forest goblin named Becca. Her black hair was tied in a bun and she was in a frilly white maid outfit. She climbed on a little wood stool she kept nearby before pouring her lord a tall glass of goat's milk.

"Any honeyed goats' milk for you mistress?" asked Becca, trying her best to avoid Khajia's steely morning glare. She'd heard that Khajia had awoken disappointed and avoiding direct eye contact was best, but not offering to pour her drink was suicide.

"Get me the wine girl, and make it quick." Sighed Khajia as she waved her servant away.

"But dear, you always get so horny when you drink." Amali waved to Becca to refill his drink, "Are we going to rush back to the bedroom so soon?"

"Of course not... *Buuuuut* the day is hot, the parlor is clean and the maids could use a little more work."

"How bold mother, with Becca watching you. What will the servants think of us?"

Amana had snuck in while Khajia was eyeing up her husband. She was much like her mother, a very curvy woman with large perky breasts, wide hips and light purple skin. Her long hair was tied neatly into a bun behind her head and accented by a pair of golden hair needles, which matched her diamond earrings. She was dressed in a rather nice dress, sky blue with gold embroidery around the hem and around her neck she wore a black choker. Which was somehow more eye-catching than the outfit.

“What are you doing here?” asked Khajia, sparing her daughter a glance.

“What do you mean mother, I had breakfast made for you. I was just running a little late.”

“Doing what?” Asked Amali before taking another swig of milk.

“I’ve recently found a suitor-”

“What?!” muttered the pair, their eyes fixating on their daughter.

“He’s a very strong man and should provide me with enough heirs.”

“*Hmmm*, this might be a good thing dear.” Pondered Amali as he scratched his chin, “We could use a backup plan.”

“You are too easy going dear. I would like to meet this man before we give him our daughter.” Khajia stared down her daughter, a look of cold judgment on her face, “I would not leave our families future to your discretion. Lest the nobility think we’re lending you out like a whore.”

“Mother please.”

“She’s right,” interjected Amali, “If rumors are true the crown princess cares very little for her line, meaning your mother’s next child could be a worthy crown prince, should the opportunity come.”

Amana sighed, her lips curving into a small smile, “As you say father, mother. I will get him ready for you both, but first...” She reached into her sleeve and pulled out a finger sized vial filled with a blue powder that shimmered slightly in the light.



“Your morning medication,” she continued as she placed it on the table. “Hopefully it will bear fruit this month.”

“And hopefully your suitor can produce a few noble heirs.” Amali gave his daughter a little half smile, “It has been over a decade since you’ve been interested in anyone. You’re even blushing.”

“*Mmmm*-oh forgive me, father. I didn’t mean to be so-”

“My own daughter is getting flustered at the mere thought of this man. He must be somewhat impressive.” Interjected Khajia, almost mocking in her tone. Though she kept reserved enough.

“Maybe we should have Harkith give her a double dose?” Asked Amali as he gave his wife a rather impish look.

“Excellent point Ami, even if he isn’t marriage material we still might get a few good back-up heirs.”

“Oh he does not have any problems I can assure you.” Amana cleared her throat and rubbed her belly for a moment, “*Mmmm*, forgive me but I feel a tad sick. Please enjoy the breakfast while I get everything ready for the meeting.”

“Make sure you’re decent for the meeting, if you throw up in front of your suitor Daddy won’t be able to cover for you.”

“Please get well mistress.” Becca took a small bow towards Amana as she left. She was painfully jealous she couldn’t leave without her mistress’s permission or risk facing her ire.

“*Aheem*, why don’t you follow her outside, dear?” Added Khajia as she narrowed her eyes at the little goblin servant.

“*Eeep*, yes mistress. I’ll be here if you need me!” Becca scrambled to leave the room, nearly tripping on her long maid skirt. She could feel her mistress’s gaze on her and she did not want to stay any longer.

The second Becca left the room the pair jumped on their “medication”. The blue powder had a bitter taste, and one vial full was enough for the two of them. However, the dry bitter taste made it difficult to swallow plain, so the couple usually improvised. Today

they would dissolve it into their milk before gulping it down and the effects were immediate. Amali moved first and planted a kiss on his wife's milk coated lips, tripping her back onto the carpet.

Soft tits pressed against soft pecs, their dark purple nipples hardened and pressed into each other's skin. Their cock's became hard as diamonds, frotting against each other's meat. The sudden rush of pleasure their cocks sent shocks of mind melting pleasure up their spines. Amali let out a sloppy groan, choked by his wife's tongue, and Khajia's cock started leaking. Her sloppy hubby had nearly gone limp in her embrace and his entire weight was pushing down on her girl cock.

It was too much stimulation for Khajia to handle and she ended up cumming first, her deep ember eyes rolled up into her head as she painted her midsection white and Amali wasn't too far behind. His little purple cock could certainly shoot and happily coated his wife with ropes of his sticky sperm. It was enough to bring Khajia to the edge again.

The thought of breeding was replaced by a need to cum and the couple eagerly chased the feeling of mind melting orgasm. They didn't care who heard or saw them sloppily enjoying each other's bodies. However, there was a twinge of shame after about a dozen orgasm the couple started to feel light headed, their movements slowed, and without another groan they both passed out in a cum puddle in the parlor.

Hours later...

The noble couple were stirred awake by the sound of hot wet slapping. At first they wondered if they'd passed out mid fuck and were still unconsciously rubbing against each other, but the noise was too loud for some accidental butt breaking. And neither of the couple remembered putting on cuffs as during their sticky frotting session. Their heads were both pounding, and their bodies felt tired, but Amali gathered enough strength to wiggle his body and open his eyes, but the second he started to move he was greeted by a familiar yet intense sensation.

*"Mnngghh, wwhuu-sshh!"* gurgled Amali, his voice sloppy as he slowly opened his eyes. His vision was blurry but he could clearly see and more importantly feel his deformed stomach. Something large and fat was up his ass and from the look of his wife's midsection the same was true for her. Though before either of them could get a word in, a familiar voice cut through the silence.

*"Dearest puh-parents! You're-mmmmggghh, fuh-finally awake."*

Khajia and Amali's eyes darted open to quiet the sight. They were in the estate's dungeons, probably near the cell near the back. Surrounding them were bleak dark sandstone walls, dry and dusty. Their only light came from a pair of torches flanking the barred door. Though it was more than enough illumination to see their daughter Amana riding a massive cock reverse cowgirl. She was gyrating her hips up and down on a piece of meat the size of her forearm, and despite the clear cock bulge in her midsection...

She was loving it!

"*Mmmmm, muh-mother!* As you can see Harkith has no need for his *uhn-own* medication!"

"Morning in-laws," chuckled Harkith, "I hope you enjoy those toys, their quality should be high enough for your regal holes. Made of smooth ivory and modeled after yours truly."

"Harkith! What are you-*mmnngggh!*" Amali tried to lean forward but it only angled the dildo against his prostate, his words melted into moans as he tried to spit, "*Wuh-with uhnn-our* daughter!"

"You seem angry Amali, do you not like the bridal gift?"

Harkith leaned off the bed and cupped Amana's tits from behind. He was not a muscled man, a very slender but well toned body. His pecs and pits had just a little tuft of soft black hair, and around his pointed jaw he had a nicely trimmed full beard. Trimmed well enough to show his sculpted cheeks and deep blue eyes. He had such a smug look as he stared down at the Khaldurs.

"What do you think, pet?" Harkith asked in a mocking tone as his hands sunk into Amana's tits.

"I *thu*-think the dildos are *tuh-too, mmmhnhnn-biiiiiggh!*" moaned Amana, her face sloppy and nipples hard as squirted over the floor, making the dusty stone damp as her brain melted.

"Very true, I can see your parents aren't used to Human sizes for their sex toys."

The couple tried to scowl at him but thanks to the dildo's firmly shoved up their butts their expressions came across as pissed combined with painfully pleased. Angry

eyebrows accented a bit lower lips and crossed eyes. They looked positively pathetic and it was only made worse by the fact both their cocks were leaking.

“I’ll give you a hand with those little leaky clits in a moment, but first!” Harkith rubbed Amana’s cock bulged stomach as he grunted, “Let’s give you those heirs!”

“*Ahnnnggghh, yeeesssh!* Watch me,” cried Amana, “Watch your daughter *buh-be* a Human *whoooooorre!*”

Amana’s face devolved into a sloppy *ahgao*, hearts formed in her deep emerald eyes as she was filled to the brim with Human spunk. Her womb was packed to bursting with Harkith’s thick white cum. She could feel his sperm wriggling inside her raping her poor defenseless eggs. Human and elf pregnancies were rare, but Amana hoped to give her master triplets.

“I am sorry to disturb you master!” Shouted Becca as she opened the cell door, and poked her head in, “Should I return at a better time?”

“Not at all Becca. Are you here for the cream?” Asked Harkith as his grin grew.

“Yes master!” Becca threw open the cell door and shamelessly showed off her dark green body.

Becca was not in her usual frilly maid outfit, she was completely naked save a thong which tightly hugged her extra thick hips. The purple strings sunk into her squishy green cake, her pudgy soft tummy had a pierced navel and her absolutely massive melon sized tits sagged slightly and were pierced by golden rings that matched her navel. Her rosy rounded cheeks were very flush, her deep almost glowing yellow eyes looked positively lustfull as she sauntered into the room, carrying a jar.”

“Yes master, I’m here for the daily dose of cream. The chef is nearly out,” she continued.

“Here it should still be nice and warm.” Spat Harkith as he pulled Amana off his cock by her hips.

“*Hnnnggghhaa,*” moaned Amana. Her body shivering as his massive meat popped out of her cunt. His shaft was even larger than the couple thought. A pulsating pale pillar with a fat circumcised pink tip, a shaft twice as thick as Khajia’s wrist and covered in thick veins. Beneath his mighty shaft were a pair of heavy nuts like two oranges in a heavy sack, covered in thin black hairs.

Harkith placed their daughter on the side of the bed, bending her ass over the bed like he was presenting her to them. Khajia and Amali could clearly see her utterly stretched pussy. Her pink walls were coated with nasty Human seed. It leaked from her hole with every twitch of Amana's insides, but their eyes quickly diverted to the fat ivory plug up her asshole.

"Please unplug her at any moment, master. I am ready," giggled Becca as she held the jar beneath Amana's butt.

Harkith gave the chained couple a smile as he slowly pulled the plug out of their daughter's asshole. Her tight dark purple anal ring stretched for a moment. Amana's groans filled the cell, getting louder with each inch of plug pulled until finally, *POP!* The fat fist sized plug popped out of her hole, and out came another load of Harkith's cum.

"Wait, *mmnn*," groaned Khajia, "*wu-were* you stuffed-"

"Yup, my little noble put has been stuffed with my cum almost every time you chat with her-"

"*Mmmnnnggh*, disgusting!" shouted Amali.

"*Hehehe!* You didn't find it disgusting in the cream sauce or morning milk." Giggled Becca, her normal soft voice had a mocking hint. Though to make the revelation even worse she didn't even look at them, she just collected Harkith's nasty day-old cum. It oozed from their daughter like a thick river of yogurt and Becca looked so hungry.

"Near daily ingestion of my superior seed, combined with my special love drug must've turned you into a pair of Travasi whores in heat. Your holes must be so needy for seed and at this point you've trained each other not to be satisfied by tiny purple cock."

"Shut up you-*mmmm*, cretin!" shouted Khajia, her face flush but still trying to be defiant, "Once our guards realize *wuh-we* are here they'll-"

"Master, I am done collecting the seed!" Cheered Becca, completely cutting off Khajia, "And don't worry the maid staff will grant you all the time you need."

"Give the chef my regards and please tell me when the legion arrives again. I'd like to greet them personally." Harkith gave Becca a pat on the head, ruffling the little goblin's hair, and causing her to get quite flush.

“*Ahhnnn*-as you say master!” Becca popped the cork back onto the jar and skipped out of the room. Her fat green cheeks clapping as she ran, their echo still audible after she disappeared down the hall.

“*Buh*-Brute! We *truh*-trusted you,” shouted Amali through heavy breaths, “And you corrupted our daughter!”

Didn’t take much.” Harkith grinned and gave Amana a slap on the ass, “She was a ready and willing slut for Human dick. Especially after you both treated her like the family bastard.”

“Quiet you you vile scum. *Wuh*-we will not break as easily as our daughter!”

“Well that is a lie.” Harkith pointed at Khajia’s crotch and laughed, “Your pathetic purple baby dick has been leaking your garbage seed since before you woke up.”

“*Rhhrrggg*, *whu*-we are not pathetic you goblin fucker!”

“Why thank you. I’m very good at it.” responded Harkith.

“That’s not a compliment you vile little potion peddler! We’re not disgusting Zoophilies who fuck the lesser species.”

“Your filthy Human *muh*-meat won’t make us feel a thing!” shouted Amali, regaining a bit more composure.

“I bet we won’t even be able to feel your brutish meat!” Proudly asserted Khajia with a growing smile, “Everyone knows small purple cock can’t be beat!”

“Then why don’t you prove it.” Harkith stepped off the bed, and lifted Khajia’s manacles off the hook, finally letting her arms down after what felt like hours.

“You swine, treating me like the slave cast, I’ll see you hang for-*hhnnnnggh!*” Khajia sputtered as Harkith cock slapped her face, his meat hitting her with the force of an iron cudgel. Khajia thought she might lose teeth.

“*Hnnnggh*, *ghu*-get your hands off of her, Human-*uugggh!*”

“Quiet,” barked Harkith as he kicked Amali in the stomach, knocking the wind right out of the shivering femboy.

“Or I’ll muzzle you and your wife.” He continued as he pulled Khajia back towards the bed.

*“Unnnnggghhh!”*

“Ami, don’t look!” Khajia shouted to her husband, nearly in tears as she saw him slumped over and drooling. His jaw was slack and his eyes were glassy. She was horrified to see her husband in such a state, but quickly her mind went black

“Take a whiff you dumb Hadi whore.”

“I’m not gonna... *Sniff.... Sniff.... Snoooooorrrtt.... Mmmmm...*”



Khajia's expression melted as her face was forced against Harkith's pale pillar. His massive, veiny monster dick nearly covered Khajia's face and his massive shaft reached well over her head, resting on her perfect white hair. Every pulse of his heavy cock sent shivers of pleasure through her body. Khajia's fat girl dick pulsed and leaked onto the floor without a single touch, its tip spewing a bit more seed with every pulse. His meat triggered a primal reaction in Khajia's mind and she couldn't explain why she didn't completely hate the feeling.

"What's wrong, is the noble bitch not strong enough to resist Human dick?"

"Hnnngghh, nuh-no! I'm not-snoooooorrrtt!" Khajia clenched her teeth as she felt a hand grab the back of her head and force her face against the base of Harkith's meat.



You seem to be having trouble handling my master.” Giggled Amana as she tightened her grip, “Let me give you a hand , mother.”

*“Heeeennggghh! Snoooort, snoooort... Nyygghh-Amana shu-shtoooppss.”* Begged Khajia.

“Just take deep breaths mother. That’s it,” continued Amana with a warm smile on her face, “Be a good pet, let your pathetic girl dick break as your new master’s musk seeps into that little brain of yours.”

*“Nhoooo, mmmmnggghh!”*

Khajia’s cock pulsed and wagged as she inhaled Harkith’s pure scent. She couldn’t resist the carnal pull towards him, not while her nose was scrunched up against the underside of his cock. Her lips pressed against the skin between his sack and without even thickening she lapped up the beads of sweat. Her soft pink tongue had a mind of its own and it was devoted to being a Human ball cleaner.

“And while mother’s brain melts... *Eeeew*, did you just cum again?”

*“Hnngggh, nuuuh-nooo!”* Amali sputtered, his teeth clenched as his poor prostate swelled. The constant teasing of his prostate and sudden sight of his wife worshipping a massive Human dick was too much. His little dark elf four incher twitched and leaked as a fresh load of sperm dribbled down his dick.

“Disgusting, how did you manage even one child with that worthless worm dick. You barely dribbled out enough to fill a thimble, let alone sire an heir.” Amana looked down at her Father’s pathetic leaking cock, she hated watching it sputter and leak. An extra small symbol of Hadi failure, and she knew just how to fix it.

*“Ah-Amana, I’m your father du-duh-don’t-ahhnnggghh!”*

“Silence trash, I will accept no begging from such a pathetic excuse for a man.” Amana brought her heel down on her father’s pathetic little purple clit, crushing it with the ball of her heel.

*“Hnnaaaaaagghh!”*

“You’re just like mother, a pathetic mewling bitch that can’t... Did you cum again!?”

*"Nhhnnuuuu, I duh-diiisssh diiinttt!"* Sputtered Amali, his eyes crossed as his little cock spurted another pathetic little load. His daughter's heel felt too good and it pressed the dildo up his ass at the perfect angle to milk loads from him like he was a cow.



*"Uhgghh,* it's a miracle a sissy like you managed to have any children." Amana sneered down at her father, and spat on his face, "And It's a blessing master's seed will be replacing yours in the family line."

"That's if you earn it." Harkith grunted as he pulled Khajia's face out of his crotch, "Only the most devoted pets deserve a drop of Human seed."

*"Mnnngghh,* yes my master! Forgive your pet's stupidity," Amana rushed to Harkith's feet and collapsed.

Amali watched, drooling and mind fried from pain-gasms. His daughter was kissing the feet of his enslaver, moaning like a street whore with each loving peck. She shook her

fat light purple booty, her perfect heart shaped cheeks bounced for her master's amusement. While Khajia groaned, her eyes were glassy with little hearts in the center. Her long pink drooled slicked tongue rolled off her chin, and Amali could clearly see the spit coating she left over Harkith's massive sack.

"Good pet, now un-cuff your mother. She is in no state to resist anymore."

"*Unnnnnhhgggghh...*" Khajia groaned, her brain was short circuiting from the stimulation overload. The drug combined with the constant prostate pounded made her body so sensitive. Each inhale of Harkith's *nasty... sweaty... addicting* cock stick made her brain go crazy and Khajia felt like her cock was about to break.

"Here is your chance to escape mother." Amana giggled as she grabbed a box from behind the bed and pulled out a key. She knelt back down beside her master and grabbed the cuffs, taking note of her mother's constantly leaking cock.

"*Ehhhggg*, you're even more pathetic than the sissy. Don't you have any self control, mother?"

"*Guuunnggh, shu-stupid Human coowkk-hnngghhh!*" Khajia let out a soft groan as her manacles dropped against the floor. She wanted to try to scramble away, to run and get the guards, but she could barely move. Her arms and legs felt so heavy and worse, her cunt was screaming at her to impale that cock inside.

"Of course she doesn't." Harkith picked Khajia off the floor by her hair, forcing her to stand in front of him, "Every Hadi whore get's stupid for big Human dick the second they see it."

"*Mmmnngghh!*" Beads of sweat ran down Khajia's forehead and she clenched her teeth as Harkith's cock slapped against her midsection.

"There is hardly a comparison mother, your little girl dick is nothing compared to Harkith's bitch breaker."

Khajia bit her lower lip, her eyes looked away from his massive meat as she spat, "*Buh-Brute!* I won't be *in*-intimidated by your nasty dick."

"Then let's see if your husband shares your convictions." Harkith pulled Khajia over to her husband. She was helpless to resist as he grabbed her hips, and pushed his cock between her thighs.

“Khajia *mmmmgh!*” Amali sputtered moans as he saw his wife’s cock forcefully undercut by Harkith’s massive Shaft. Even with most of his shaft smothered by his wife’s thick thighs, he was still larger than her by a few inches, both her sack and shaft rested comfortably on his shaft.

“Who wins, me or your wife, sissy?”

“*Hnnngghh, ov-obviously my wife, bastard!*”

“*Hnnngghh, Ami I’m... bun-bnr-breaking!*”

Amali watched his wife’s expression go from sweet to sloppy. Her cock hardened and dribbled over Harkith’s fat Human horse sized dick. His shaft alone was strong enough to lift her off the floor with ease. Only the tips of her feet barely scraped the floor, and they took no weight of Harkith’s cock. Her pussy was forced to grind against his cock and it was driving Khajia to madness.

“Surprising, the bitch boy still has some fight in him.” Harkith pulled his cock back from between Khajia’s legs and she felt a bit of relief for the moment. A relief that was suddenly destroyed as she felt Harkith pull the dildo from her pussy.

“*Ahhnnnggh puh*-please no! I’ll give you anything, just don’t break-” Khajia pleaded but it was too late. Harkith’s fat Human tip was already pressing into her slit.

“But let’s see if his wife feels the same.”

“*Hnnngghh, Ami duh*-don’t *looooookk!*” Khajia’s eyes crossed as she felt Harkith’s cock penetrate her defenseless pussy, “*Aaaaahhnnngg, tuuh bu-buh*-big!”

Despite Khajia’s protest her pussy greedily accepted Harkith’s cock. The ivory dildo had prepared her hole well and she was a sloppy mess for him. Her walls spread to fit his massive shaft all the way up to her womb, his fat tip dug into her folds and made a rather noticeable bulge in her belly. She’d never been so thoroughly spread, not by any toys and definitely not by her husband.

“Here cuck.” spat Amana as she took Amali’s manacles off the hook, placing them on the floor in front of Khajia’s feet. His face a mere few inches from his wife’s throbbing cock.

“Now you can enjoy a close view of a real man.” continued Amana as she rubbed her master’s chest, “I bet this prime hadi bitch won’t be able to go back to your little clitty.”

“Khajia try to-*mmmmnnnnph*, resist,” groaned Amali as started at his wife’s shame. His hands covering his painfully erect dicklet.

“*Ahnnngggh! Whu-what is heh-ha-happening? I’m gonna, cuuu-hnnnggghh!*” Moaned Khajia as she felt his shaft crush her P&G spot at the same time. The sudden new pleasure made her burst immediately, her dark purple girl cock blasted a load of cum over her cuckold husband’s face.

“It looks like your wife is learning to love Human dick.” Chuckled Harkith.

“*Qhu-quiet* traitor! No matter how *m-mu-uch* of that drug or *hu-mmmnnggh*, how many toys you shove in us. We will not bend!”

“Well in the empire we don’t bend slaves as much as we break them in.”

“It’s true sissy, you should’ve seen what our master did to the guard captain.” Amana licked her lips, “I hope he does it again.”

“You’ve only sputtered groans, bitch. You must be on the verge of breaking, your girl dick close to bursting.” Harkith gave Khajia a hard slap on the ass as he pulled her arm back, “Tell me, who is better, me or that sissy hubby drooling at your feet.”



*"Ahhnnngggh, I cuh-can't feel anything! I choose Ami,"* cried a defiant Khajia. Her throbbing girl cock close to cumming again, but she was unwilling to give him the satisfaction. Even while her sperm dribbled on the floor, "Your beastly Human cock can't break me."

"Well if you're not feeling anything. I might as well stop."

"Really master?" muttered Amana

*"Whu-what?!"* Khajia looked back as Harkith pulled out his cock. Her eyes were needy as she was left on the edge of orgasming from both ends, her body screamed for more, but Harkith had no desire to give in.

"I can see you're just too strong for me. Such a strong woman would never break no matter how many times I pumped her."

"Oh yes master!" Giggled Amana, a smug grin grew on her face, "Such pure nobles like my parents would never break so easily. So why bother wasting your glorious seed on such ingrates"

*"Buh-but I'm-"*

"What was that, bitch?" Spat Harkith, "Because if you don't start begging for it, I'll make sure you never see my cock again."

Khajia bit her lower lip. Her cock was limp and spurting a meek stream of pre-cum while her pussy gaped and twitched from the deep dicking she'd just received, but she still needed more. It was like every cell in her body was screaming out for

*"Dear... I can't hold ooonn-mmnnnggh!"* Amali's eyes rolled up into his head as he had another hands free sissy-gasm, his hands dropped away from his pathetic clit to reveal his pathetic cock. Now even smaller, no bigger than his pinky, it was a pathetic limp numb now and Khajia knew that even if they spent the next millennium trapped in this cell, fucking and sucking each other like they used to, she'd never cum again.

"No answer." Harkith shook his head, "I'll just leave you here in the dungeons while I break the other unruly Hadi. There are only a few dark elves left in this house loyal or dumb enough to-"

*"Puh-please,"* sputtered Khajia as she reached back with both hands and spread her firm ass for Harkith, *"please don't stop."*

*SLAP!*

*SLAP!*

*"What was that, bitch?"* Asked Harkith as he spanked Khajia's ass with his cock.

*"I want you to con-hnnngggghhh!"*

*SLAP!*

*SLAP!*

*"Sorry, didn't quite hear you?"*

*"Please give me your fat Human cock!"* Shouted Khajia, her voice almost feral, *"I need to cum and my husband's little purple dick won't cut it!"*

*"Hnnnggggh, bu-but-"*

*"Shut up sissy!"* Shouted Khajia as she stepped on her husband's cock.

*"Ahhhgggghh!"*

*"Amana was right, Hadi dick is small and pathetic. I'll never cum if I am left with your pathetic micro clit!"* Khajia ground the ball of her foot against Amali's cock, forcing spurts of cum from his cock with each movement.

*"Not bad, but you could've been sloppier."* Grunted Harkith as he mounted Khajia like a beast, *"But we'll work on your behavior after I finish breaking you in."*

He slammed his shaft to the base in her pussy. The hard force was enough to make her limp clit shoot even more seed onto her husband's face, spewing ropes of her pathetic cum with each throb of his cock. Her resistance broke the send his fat Human tip bashed the back of her pussy, her brain turned to mush.

*"Hnnnmmmm!"* Amalia let out groans as his wife's foot crushed his little spurting clit.



*"Hnnnnnggghh, soooowwry cu-cuck-ieeee!"* Cried Khajia, "I'm a Human whore-*noooow!*"

"Look at how bulged mother's stomach is," Added Amana as she rubbed her mother's belly, "Your pathetic micro clit could never reach this far."

"She is squeezing me very hard sissy, I wonder what she wants?"

"Clearly she wants your thick cum." Amana licked her lips as she flicked her mother's worthless girl dick, "*Mmmm*, it's all a limp and broken bitch could desire."

"Then I'll give her a little reward, and hubby watch closely as your slutty wife finally get's an heir."

Harkith thrust his cock tip into Khajia's womb, his thick Human nut sludge burst inside her defiling her once regal eggs. She could feel them swimming up her fallopian tubes determined to plant a half breed stud inside her no matter the cost, and her body wanted it. Her womb happily accepted every single drop of Harkith's hot Human seed and her brain was rewarded with another orgasm.

*"Ahhnnmmmmmm..."* Khajia's moans trailed off as Harkith pulled out of her cum packed pussy. Her legs gave out without him to support her and she crumpled into a pile right in front of her husband who starred up at Harkith. His eyes empty, jaw slack and clitty twitching, completely limp.

"Such a pathetic bitch, could barely handle one of master's loads." Amana teased as she smugly mocked her own mother.

"You were the same way. When I pinned you down in the cellar and fucked your brains out behind the wine."

*"Mmmm*, you're right master," moaned Amana, her face flush, "Forgive me for being too haughty."

"As for you Sissy, I'll give you one chance." Harkith's voice was stern as he loomed over the limp sissy, "You can serve me as a loyal cocksleeve beside your wife or-"

"Yes master, let me serve your fat cock!"

*"Huh*, that was faster than I thought?" muttered Amana, her smug face cracked showing her surprise as she watched her father embrace his master's leg.

“I only married your mother because she had a big dick, but now I realize her cock was just bigger than your average Hadi faggot!”

“*Hnngggghh*, Ami... What do you-”

“Quiet Kaji! Master’s fat Human horse dick needs a well trained boi-hole to squeeze him dry, not your loose stuff slit.” Amali looked up at Harkith with big and needy blue eyes, “Please master, ruin my boi-pussy so no toy or little Hadi dick can satisfy me.”

“*Mnnggh*,” Khajia let out gurgled moans as her limp clit squirted from the raw humiliation.

“*Heh*, I think you already know what I want you to do.”

“Yes master.” moaned Amana as he crawled over to the bed and presented his ass for his master as he looked back, “Please destroy my tight hadi-boi pussy!”



Amali was very well trained, a perfect and perky boy butt with a dark anal donut that gaped slightly as Amali spread his cheeks. He did still look nervous, his lower lip quivered as he watched Harkith step towards him, his massive Human cock still hard and ready to fuck after cumming so much already. Amali wondered if his asshole could really handle such a man.

“Now get ready sissy, because I am not stopping until I finish.” Harkith grabbed Amali’s boy hips and slapped his cock into Amali’s asshole.

“*Ghhaaaaannnk!*” Wailed Amali as the air was pushed out of his lungs by Harkith’s cock. It was massive, way thicker and reached twice as deep as Khajia. The depths of Amali’s bowels were easily accessed by Harkith with only a little force. Thanks to the constant hole stuffing, Amali was primed and ready to take large insertions.

“I’m gonna *cuh-cuummmsssh!*” Amali’s clitty shook as Harkith’s cock crushed his prostate. Though, nothing came out, he felt the orgasm rock his brain but no cum shot out of his limp clitty.

“Has the cuck’s little clitty finally broken?”

“*Huuunngh, nuh*-nothing is cumming out?!” Groaned Amali as he rubbed his cock.

“I doubt anything will ever come out again, sissy. You had your first dry orgasm.” Harkith pulled his cock out of Amali’s home and spat, “And it’s not going to be your last!”

“*Thu*-thank you master! Break my silly little clitty, make me an anal *biiiiittccch!*” Amali let out a deep guttural moan as his master started pumping his asshole.

The tempo of Harkith’s thrusting picked up with each successive thrust. His massive nuts slapped against Amali’s little balls with each deep insert. Every sudden shock of pleasure tainted pain forced Amali to the edge of another dry orgasm as his purple dark elf booty was abused by a cock thicker than his forearm. Amali was going crazy, he’d give up any wealth, discard any noble title just to be Harkith’s cock sock and his moans reflected that.



“Do you hear that mother?” Asked Amana, her voice had an obvious mocking hint as she squatted beside her mother’s limp body.

“*Uhhnggghh!*” She groaned in response, her girl dick still sore from cumming so much.

“It’s the sound of your cute little bitch-toy being converted into a Human cock slurping slave. He’ll never want to see your little purple clit again!” Amana reached behind Khajia and flicked her sore balls as she continued, “Though I doubt this useless purple package will be fucking anyone ever again.”

“*Mnnnnnngghh-nuh-nooooo!* It’s broken too...*Heeehhnnn,*” Khajia let out a positively sloppy groan as her cock tried to get hard again, but her shaft just kept dribbling as it jumped between half hard and soft. She could feel her pride breaking with each groan sputtered by her former husband. The sound of heavy virile nuts slapping against her sissy hubby was ruining her forever, and Khajia just wished it would be her turn sooner. “*Cuummmmiisshh!*”

“Such a pathetic loser,” commented Harkith as he rutted deep inside Amali’s butt, “Did you have another orgasm?”

*“Uhhuuuhhnnn!”* drooled Amali, a big slutty grin on his face as he nodded along.

“Does that make it nine or ten now?” asked Harkith.

*“Hmmm, by the sound of his bitch–mewls it’s probably ten, master.”* giggled Amana.

“We’ll have to fix this over-sensitive sissy, but first it’s time to give you a taste of a real load.”

*“Cuuuummmm-iinsssshhiidde!”* begged Amali. With the sudden promise of cum a switch inside his brain flipped and his anal walls clamped down on Harkith’s cock with surprising force. He was even tighter than his wife and Harkith could barely pull out.

“Such a greedy asshole. Not even demons lust for cum this much.” Said Harkith as he started dumping an extra thick load into Amali’s lower intestine. Filling the cock addicted sissy to the brim with thick Human seed.

*“Hnnggghh, suuuhh-hooottssh!”* drooled Amali as his body went limp from the pleasure.

“Aw it looks like I was a little too hard on Daddy. Though don’t worry, your daughter can always pick up the slack.” Harkith let out a tired exhale as he pulled his cum coated cock out from Amali’s insides. His new sissy’s insides shivered as a spurts of cum leaked out of his dark purple hole. The streams of thick cum flowed down Amali’s taint and coated his sore little balls, as Amali trembled, his brain still wallowing in post orgasm bliss.



“Your hole looks so tasty packed with master’s cum.” Moaned Amana as she licked her lips.

“Why don’t you get him ready for the next round?”

“*Mmmnnggh*, thank you master!” moaned Amana as she pressed her face between Amali’s ass cheeks. Her father let out sloppy groans, his spit dripping off his lips onto the sheets as his daughter scraped the cum out of his ass with her long tongue. Her ravenous hunger for seed was apparent by her feral tongue punching technique. Amali’s rim was thoroughly cleaned and Amana only left a slimy coating of spit on him before she pulled back and let out a long;

“*Mnnnggghhh!*”

“Would you like to do the honors?” asked Harkith.

Amana looked to her side to see a grin on Harkith's face as he held a pair of golden chastity cages. Both had tight gold rings around the base, attached to a small locking mechanism that kept the sheath snapped in place. The first one had a longer sheath about three inches long, but the second one was clearly for her father.

"Thank you master, I'd love to." Amana flipped her father onto his back, exposing his slutty O-face. His lips were slicked with spit, blue eyes crossed and his tongue was hanging out of his mouth. Though the second he saw the cage his lips curved into a smile.

"Is that for me?!" moaned Amali.

"That's right sissy, now spread those legs and get ready. I'm going to make your clitty completely useless." Amana's lips curved into a big sadistic smile as she cupped her father's nuts and slid the ring around his little package.

"Don't worry, your house is in good hands now." added Harkith

"Aaaaaahhnnngg, yuh-yes master! Thank you for making me your caged sissy bitch!" Amali had another dry orgasm as he felt his daughter lock his clit in the brand new golden null cage. His already micro clit was squished to the point where you could hardly tell he was a boy, beyond his two pathetic grape sized testicles that throbbed beneath it.



“Now it’s your turn, bitch. Can’t have your filthy futa dick accidentally impregnating any of the other slaves.”

“Yes master, this stupid sow slave needs a cage!” Khajia was willing to say or do anything to get more of master’s cock. She happily stood to her feet and spread her legs wide of her master. She was so excited, trembling as he slid the golden ring around her broken girl dick. It was like having her wedding day all over again, but this time she was getting married to a real man.

“How does it fit, slave?” Harkith asked as he locked the sheath over

*“Mmmph, tuh-tight master.”*

“Good let it be a constant reminder of who owns this pathetic ass.” Spat Harkith as he gave

*“Uhhnnnggh, I promise not to forget my master!”*

Harkith laid back on the bed, his fat cock still throbbing as he commanded, “Now that you’re both properly locked, be a good pair of in-laws and worship your new son.”

“Yes master,” responded the family. They all crawled to their master and took a part of him to worship.





Mother and daughter smashed Harkith's cock between their breasts. Their nipples pressed against each other's skin and they shared the joy of feeling every pulse of their master's divine meat against their skin. Though both mother and daughter kept their gaze on Harkith's face, watching for signs of their owner's satisfaction. Such was the duty of loyal pets, to satisfy their master completely; yet, his stamina seemed endless. His shaft was still as hard as steel and his heavy nuts were still full of thick nut cream. A pair of heavy nuts which Amali happily serviced.

The now broken femboy dribbled out pathetic drops of pre-cum through his cage as he lapped up the sweat from Harkith's sack. His master worked so hard to stuff his asshole full of cum. Amali could still feel his master's seed leaking from his hole, and he needed

to thank his owner for showing him the truth. He was no lord or husband, but a dumb sissy ball cleaner, content to slurp the sweat from his master body.

*“Snoooorrrtt, snoooorttt, snoooorrrtt! Hnnnggh, huh-Human ball stink is snoooorrrtt-mmmm, puurrfect!”*

“I agree with my sissy husband, *mmwwaaah!*” Khajia planted a sloppy kiss on the side of Harkith’s cock, “Your Human cock is divine.”

“Compared to your pathetic purple dicklets it might as well be.”

“Very true,” added Amana, smiling at her master, “However, please remember that my parents simply worship your cock. They are only loyal to whome ever fucks them the hardest.”

“Not at all, daughter. I’m master’s pet now and will do all I can for him-”

“I’d do anything for you master!” Panted Amali through heavy breaths.

“Anything?” asked Harkith.

“I’ll bring you other nobles, Mohan slaves of high pedigree and whatever arcane ingredients you want!” Amali pressed his face against Harkith’s nuts, his lips curled into a big sloppy smile as he begged, “just please seed my wife and daughter! Inject your superior seed into the Khaldur bloodline, please formally become my son.”

“*Ha*, more like I’ll become your Daddy.”

“*Ahhnnngggh!* Yes master, please make me your collared bitch boy! I’ll service my hung new Daddy and his noble line with my faggot ass until I’m old and loose. At that point feel free to just throw my limp used body in the lake or sell me to the slavers. I’d never dream of burdening you.”

“Well said, sissy but what about you, mother?” Asked Harkith as he looked at a blushing Khajia. It was clear she was a bit surprised by her husband's words, but she quickly regained composure.

“Such a pathetic faggot, I’m thankful to... whatever Human gods exist that you aren’t the in control of out house anymore.” Added Khajia, spitting venom at her husband before softly addressing her master, “And to you master, I offer my royal womb. Any of your

wonderful half-elf stud children would have a claim to the throne and the merchant alliance.”

“Mother! I was the first Hadi he trained I should be-”

“But I have a high chance of giving him a few futa heirs and as we all know heirs from a futa are very virile.” Khajia squeezed her tits around Harkith’s cock a little harder as she cooed, “Think about all the daughters you could have that are born to sodomize Hadi nobles. Your children could easily marry kings with such beautiful pale cocks.”

“Even as a broken bitch, you scheme. Do you think I see you as above a common slave?”

“*Hnnnggh*, but master, I-”

“I think a tighter cage to match your husband will help you learn your place. Don’t you agree, pet?”

“*Hnnnggggh*, yuh-yes master! A tighter cage sounds wonderful. I’ll have a crushed clit to match my sissy hubby!” Khajia squeezed her tits around Harkith’s cock as her clit leaked. The mere thought of a flat null cage had her mind going blank.

“And speaking of cages.” Continued Amana, her voice excited, “We’ll have to make sure every Hadi in the house learns their place, right master?” Amana’s eyes looked back to her master, practically begging for affirmation.

“I’ve made enough steel cages for your entire house, but let’s keep up appearances my loyal pets.” Harkith let out a long sigh, his breath hot as he relaxed on the bed, “*Mmmnn*, you must hide your loyalties for the time being.”

“Odds are the royal family would have us killed if they realized we’re filthy traitors who sold our entire house for cock. I’ll try to keep my composure, master.” Moaned Khajia as she planted a row of kisses up his cock.

“I was secretly hoping to be collared by you in public, master. I do not wish to hide my love and devotion for you any longer.”

“Don’t worry Amana,” continued Harkith, “If you little nobles comply, you’ll be my public pets very soon.”