



His name was Yorin Raz, United Galactic Military, ID 7869, and he had been in worse prisons in his life. The stockades at Segmun Prime for one.

But that wasn't exactly reassuring. Quite the opposite, in fact.

He slumped in the corner of the cell, arms dangling between his knees, wrists bound by cords of hardlight cuffs. There was a bed in the corner, and quite a comfortable one. But he refused to use it. Refused any sort of comfort his captors were offering him.

For he knew it was a trap.

He'd heard of Moomas before this mission, of course. Many of his fellow UGM intel officers had. But it had all been rumours. Hearsay. Little truth known. Which was why the UGM had sent him and the rest of his squad to spy on the resort world he now found himself prisoner of.

How had they found him? His squad had been well hidden in the jungle. They'd been taking turns using a forward surveillance post to keep an eye on the resort. Those strange, curved buildings built around the island, accommodating the gorgeous green aliens. Them and their... pets.

Yorin curled a lip at the thought. He'd seen dozens of different aliens among the Moomas, but in particular humans. According to intel, humans were prized by Moomas for some reason. But for what? And why? That was the question. One he'd been trying to answer while lying in the observation post under the diffusion blanket. Up until a flash of light. Darkness.

And then he woke up here.

His hands tightened into fists. He'd been captured, but the rest of the squad was safe. They'd have gone back to their rear camp deeper in the jungle. No interplanetary communications. The resort's sensors were too sensitive for that. But if he couldn't be rescued, then his team would skip to orbit in the shuttle. So he just had to wait. And no matter what, the Moomas wouldn't break him. He'd been trained to resist interrogation. He'd hold out until the rest of the team recovered him or his torturers killed him.

All he had to do was resist.

There was a soft hiss and Yorin looked up sharply to discover the door of his cell had slid open to reveal the cool, rounded hallway outside. Oval shaped, without a sharp corner anywhere. Just the sight made his skin crawl with discomfort.

But what to do?

Should he just remain in his cell? Or did they plan that too? Was this some test?

"Damn greenies," he muttered under his breath, even as he stood. If they wanted him, they could have dragged him from his cell. Something was up, and he decided it was better to find out than wait to be marched up against the wall.

He slowly made his way out of the cell and into the white hallway, tense for action. All was quiet, save for the soft hum of the lights that seemed to seep from the walls themselves. Doors lined the way, but no windows and no handles.

Only at the end of the hall did a door open with a soft hiss of hydraulics, admitting him to another room. This too was made of smooth, rounded white walls. A number were covered with huge windows that showed the sun and surf of the beaches not far, where tropical trees swayed in a gentle breeze. Yorin took all this in with a glance, as he was trained to do, before focusing on the woman who waited for him.

She commanded attention, drawing it in like a gravity well. He knew what to expect, for he'd seen ample numbers of Moomas through his scopes before his captivity, but seeing her this close was an entirely different prospect. She was tall. Taller than him by at least a head, and though she was plump she was hardly fat. All of her body seemed compressed into her curves, with wide hips and huge, gravity-defying breasts. Her skin was the lush green of a jungle world, while her long hair was red as a star going

supernova. Her lips were full and eyes veiled with long, dark lashes. She was all but naked, wearing merely a belt around the circumference of her wide hips, almost hidden by the chair she sat in, whose rounded curves reminded him vaguely of an egg sliced diagonally, the subtle hum of antigrav keeping it aloft. And her smile seemed to tug at some part of him well buried in his psyche, telling him it was all going to be alright.

Yorin stiffened at the sensation, recognizing it as some kind of mental influence from her. Damn greeny. She'd soon learn he wasn't some helpless human for her to manipulate and toy with. He was an op soldier of the UGM!

"What's going on?" he demanded, deciding playing ignorant was the best first move. "Why am I being held prisoner?"

"I do apologize for that," the Mooma said, her voice a soft, throaty sound that sent shivers through him, and an aching into his balls. "But we couldn't leave you to wander around our planet on your own like that. You could have done so much harm to yourself. Not to mention your friends."

"What are you talking about?" he demanded harshly. "I'm alone."

The Mooma laughed softly, and the patient condescension in it, as if he were some naughty child, made Yorin's temper flare despite his better judgement. "Do you really expect us to believe that?" she said. "My dear human, we know you have friends in the jungle, spying on us. And that's so very naughty of them. If they wanted to learn about us, we'd be happy to let them stay here in the colony just as long as they want. And it would be far more comfortable."

"I bet it would," Yorin said acidly. "Do you really think I would give up any information?"

"Oh yes," the Mooma said sweetly as she smiled at him. "But I see you don't trust me. Let's build on that. My name is Ramia. What's your name?"

"I am Yorin Raz, United Galactic Military, ID 7869. And that's all I have to say to you," Yorin said stiffly.

"Really?" Ramia said with a playful smile, her hands lazily running over the curves of her breasts. "Are you sure that's all you have to say? Not even a compliment about how big my soft... heavenly breasts are?"

"What?" Yorin said, for a moment baffled.

"Or how about how good it would feel to bury your head between my thighs and just... lick me out?" Ramia asked, her legs crossing teasingly. "But no. No, you strike me as more of a breast man, Yorin. A man who really knows how to appreciate a pair of big... soft... tits..."

Yorin felt again the heat rise in his face as her hands once more stroked the curves of her breasts. He swallowed hard, face tightening with annoyance. "My name is Yorin Raz, United Galactic Military, ID 7869. That's all I have to say to you."

Ramia laughed again, which sent her breasts jiggling tantalizingly. "Mmm. That's fine, Yorin. You don't have to tell me. I can see how much you're staring at my big breasts. Your eyes are very honest, soldier. And so are... other parts."

Her eyes glanced down, and Yorin was furious to realize he was blushing even more as she stared at the unmistakable bulge in his uniform. Dammit! Why was he blushing? He wasn't some juvie on their first date. He was a tactical op of the stars-damned UGM!

"I have nothing to say," he bit out.

"That's good, Yorin. That's very good. I do think talking is so very overrated. Especially when I'm sure you'd much rather be using your mouth to press loving, adoring kisses all over my big. Green. Tits..."

Yorin bit back another retort. Damn her. She was getting him worked up over nothing. He had to remain calm. He looked quickly about the room, but it was bare of anything but her and her chair. No weapons. Could he take her with his bare hands? Possibly. He was well trained in unarmed combat. She didn't look strong, though she was big. And even if his hands were cuffed he could probably overpower her. Get his hands on her.

A sudden image sprang to his mind. Of him atop her, and his hands on her immense green breasts. Squeezing and massaging those marshmallow soft orbs while he nuzzled them. Kissed them...

No. No! He shook his head, closing his eyes tight. He was Yorin Raz, United Galactic Military, ID 7869.

But now that his eyes were closed, he realized he could smell something. Something strong yet pleasant. Floral. Powerful. Something... heady.

Yorin found himself breathing deeply and tried to shake it off. Some... some sort of pheromone? Of course. Just another tool in the greeny's arsenal of corruption. But what could he do? He couldn't stop breathing.

"Why are your eyes closed, pet? Are you dreaming about fondling my big breasts? Maybe suckling like a good boy on my nipples?"

The image sprang into his mind. Him buried under the green goddess, her breasts in his face, his eyes foggy with bliss as he lovingly kissed and massaged her massive tits. Don't think about it! He was Yorin Raz, United Galactic Military, ID 7869. He was Yorin Raz, United Galactic Military, ID 7869. He was Yorin Raz, and he wasn't thinking about big, bouncy green tits. So soft he could just bury his face in them. Moaning. Massaging.

He groaned internally. Damn his imagination! It was even worse than actually seeing her. Reluctantly he opened his eyes.

And found her standing right in front of him.

Yorin swore, jerking back. But Ramia merely laughed prettily, her immense breasts jiggling mere inches before him. "Don't be so surprised, pet. I thought you might want a closer look. Here."

She took another step forward and Yorin retreated. But why was he? He wasn't afraid of her. She was just... just some bimbo! Some space harlot made to tempt humans from safe space. He grit his teeth. But... but was this his chance? He could jump her, couldn't he?

Surely she wasn't this dumb?

But maybe... maybe she was this overconfident. So assured that her... her big, bouncy breasts were... were keeping him distracted.

"What's wrong, pet?" Ramia cooed as she gently hefted her breasts. "You seem... out of sorts. Are you getting distracted, baby?"

Anger. Arousal. Frustration. They burned in him. A storm of confusing impulses and emotions. Stars he was so fucking hard! His cock was absolutely throbbing in his pants. His breathing coming in short, hard pants.

With a strangled cry, Yorin swung for her.

With ease Ramia stepped back, and Yorin found his fists meeting nothing but air. Yet the momentum threw him forward, and his legs suddenly felt weak. He stumbled, staggered forward.

And right into the pillows of her breasts.

Yorin's head rebounded off those soft orbs, only to sink into the welcoming valley. The warmth and comfort was almost instant, Yorin groaning as he sagged against her as if all the strength in him evaporated like steam.

"Good boy," Ramia said as her hands gently wrapped around his head, pressing him deeper into her bust. "Gooooooooo boy."

Yorin groaned, tried to push free. But his legs seemed so weak. Strength fading. His head felt light. Foggy. And it felt... felt so good here. And if... if he couldn't stand anyway then... then...

"I... I am Yorin Raz, United G... Galactic Military, ID... ID 786... 69..."

"Of course you are, pet," Ramia cooed, gently stroking his head, her touch soothing, brushing his hair, making him shiver in ecstasy. "Such a good boy..."

Yorin heard a gentle hum, and then Ramia was easing him backwards. He found himself being pressed into the hover chair, the gentle buoyancy bobbing, nearly dropping him clear of Ramia's breasts before pushing him back between those heavenly orbs.

"That's a good boy," Ramia said gently, one hand gently pressing him deeper between her breasts, the other cupping his bulge, making him gasp and quiver in helpless lust as aches of desire throbbed from his cock. "A very good boy. Just relax. Let Ramia make you feel so goood."

Yorin groaned, his eyelids fluttering. Oh stars. Oh stars it felt so good. His every gasp made his head spin with her pheromones. His hands were no longer struggling against her. Instead, he'd awkwardly fitted them around her breast, his fingers sinking into the plush warmth of her.

"W-won't... b-break," he groaned.

"Of course you won't, baby," Ramia cooed gently as she continued to massage his bulge. Rolling it. Fondling it. Her fingers so knowing. So skilled. "Of course you won't. So why not just enjoy yourself, pet? Just let yourself feel so goood."

Yorin knew that was a trap. A terrible, tempting, tantalizing trap. And yet, he couldn't quite stop himself from indulging. From rocking his hips under her, grinding his cock into her palm. Nuzzling the softness of her breasts. He was Yorin Raz, United Galactic Military, ID 7869. Yorin Raz, UGM, ID 7869. Yorin Raz. UGM, ID-

"Isn't this nice?" Ramia cooed.

Yorin jolted from his thoughts. "H-huh?"

"I asked you if this was nice?" Ramia cooed, her smiling face looming above him, filled with motherly concern. "Isn't this nice being such a good boy? Doesn't it feel so good being such a good... submissive... boy?"

Yorin shivered at the truth he felt in her words. Stars but it did feel good. So good. But he knew... knew it shouldn't. That it was wrong, somehow. Why was that again? Because... because he was... was Yorin Raz, United... um...

"I..."

"And I want to make you feel so much better, Yorin," she said softly, leaning in closer, her breasts pressing down on him. Her palm gently squeezing his cock, making him whimper as the aching in his balls grew. His manhood straining the tight bodysuit he wore. "Feel so happy. I set things up so perfectly to make you happy. Put on my most special perfume. Practiced with so many of my pets. Because you see, I love humans, Yorin. They're just so small. And weak. And needy for a loving mistress to take care of them. We can't trust you poor things with being alone. Being preyed on by all the bad things in the galaxy. And your companions are the same. Those poor boys and girls in the jungle, all lost and confused. They want to study us, right?"

"Yeah," Yorin said dumbly. But... but he wasn't supposed to tell her that.

Why not?

He couldn't remember. Stars, he was so confused. So horny. He couldn't think past his cock. His throbbing, aching, manhood. Trapped in the tightness of his suit. Trapped while she massaged him. Her fingers gently pressing and bouncing his balls. Her thumb running circles around his straining tip. Her palm rubbing him teasingly. Such hands. Sweet stars, her hand was so good.

"Good boy," Ramia breathed, and Yorin shuddered in ecstasy. Being called a good boy by her made him grow so warm and happy. "Gooooood boy. That's right. They must be so scared out there in the jungle. So frightened. They should be taken care of. They should find out how good it feels to have their own Mooma to serve. To make happy. And she'll take such good care of them. I promise, sweet boy. So tell me where they are, and I'll make sure they're given to the most loving Moomas you can imagine."

"I... b-but... UGM... I... m-my ID um, number is... is..."

"Do you not believe me?" Ramia cooed.

"I... I do. But um... I..."

"Mmm. It doesn't sound like you do. Ah," Ramia said, beaming as if she just hit upon some elusive truth. "But of course! You still don't know how goooood I can make them feel. Well," Ramia crooned, her eyes molten like the churning surface of a dwarf star. "Let me show you, pretty boy..."

Yorin sighed as she eased back, her breasts lifting off his face. Then he heard a click and felt the pressure on his wrists suddenly ease. Yorin lifted his arms, staring blankly as the humming lights of his shackles turned off, the clamps falling away. He lifted his eyes to Ramia, but she merely smiled, and before he could think on it further her hands had grasped his suit and began to peel it off.

Yorin groaned as the sleek fabric came off him, his skin tingling, sensitive. The warmth of the seat beneath him oozed into his body. Her warmth. It was still warm from Ramia's body. This understanding made him flush hotly in uncertain pleasure. And then his uniform had been stripped away, leaving him naked, his pale skin tingling, trapped between the Mooma and the chair.

"Good boy," Ramia cooed as she climbed onto the seat, the grav chair bobbing as it adjusted to their shared weight, tilting back further as she cupped his cheeks, her breasts pressing down on his chest, her thighs straddling his lap. And his cock... his cock...

"A-ah," he gasped, feeling his twitching manhood press against the slick, warm folds of her unearthly green pussy. "R-Ramia..."

"Gooooood boy," she cooed, leaning in. Kissing him.

And sheathed him inside her.

A cry, a whimper, a sound of unspeakable pleasure escaped Yorin as he felt the tightness close around him. Squeeze him so wonderfully. So perfectly. He shuddered in ecstasy, eyes rolling back. Oh stars. Oh sweet stars. He'd never known anything so intense. So incredible. So goooood. It was like a new existence was suddenly unfolding for him. Unfurling like a flower feeling the kiss of dawn and the warmth of sunlight for the first time.

"Mmmm," Ramia cooed, her hips rocking. Riding him. His cock sliding in and out of her. Her lips moving against his, her tongue teasing into his mouth. He groaned again as his tongue met hers, tasting the passionate heat of her mouth and saliva. His hands groped for some outlet. Some way to express the sheer surge of sensations storming through him.

And his questing hands found her breasts.

"Mmmmm," Ramia moaned hotly as he began to fondle and squeeze her. "That's it. Knew you... mmm... were a breast boy. Oh yessss. Such a goooooood boy."

Yorin whimpered. Oh. Oh no. It was good. It was so good. The feel of her ample breasts in his hands. Heavy. Soft. Heavenly. He moaned as her pussy slid up and down his cock. Squeezing and rippling. Making him buck and gasp in helpless pleasure and glorious lust.

"Who are you?" Ramia cooed.

"M-me?" Yorin gasped. "I'm... um... I'm Y-Yorin R... a-az, Unimnnn!"

"No," Ramia moaned as she arched atop him, pushing her breasts into his face. "You're my goooood boy. My obedient boy. Aren't you?"

"Mmmm," Yorin moaned, shuddering as her breasts pressed against his face, his hands pressing them closer. Squishing him between them. His head spinning like galaxies as her hips slowed, drawing out the lazy fucking atop him. Dragging her velvety pussy along his throbbing cock.

"Aren't you?" Ramia breathed.

"Y-yesssss," Yorin cried out, shuddering in needy pleasure, eagerly rutting up into the tight heat of her, nearly weeping with the intensity of the physical expression of her affection.

"Tell me what you are. Tell me whose you are," Ramia gasped.

"Y-your g-gooooo boy," Yorin gasped. "M-mistress's goooood boy."

He felt the words leave him. Gaspd out. He felt a moment of burning shame, but the second he saw her warm eyes he knew he'd done the right thing. Made the right decision.

"That's right," Ramia cooed. "You're my good pet. My good boy. And mistress is so happy you found where you belong. Right between my big... bouncy... boobs. Right under my lovely body. Oh my needy boy. We're going to be so happy. And all you have to do... is cum..."

Yorin nodded dazedly. Happily. He felt like all the burdens of his life were drifting away. Rising off him and dissipating in the scented air of the room. Nothing before mattered. Only the now. Only her.

Only mistress and her wonderful breasts.

Ramia felt him give in. Felt the eagerness with which he attended her breasts. Thrust up into her milking pussy. She moaned in delight, her pace quickening, hammering herself atop the pillar of his cock, relishing every thrust of his manhood in her. The eager kiss of his lips. The adoring strokes of his hands.

"Yes. Yes! Cum with me, baby. Come with me like a good boy. Oh yes. Stars yes! Give me your seed. Give it to me noooooow!"

The command seemed to vibrate through Yorin. Tingle from his ears and down his scalp. Buzz through his chest and find root in his aching balls. Yorin groaned, frantically thrusting up into the gorgeous green woman a final time. Felt the churning of his orgasm.

And came.

A supernova burst in him. Devoured him. Scoured away all that had been.

He came.

Moaning, trembling, surrendering with such exquisite pleasure he could barely believe it.

He came.

Came.

Came like he'd never cum before.

And it was so very good.

Gasping, Yorin sagged in the chair, head spinning, eyes dim and chest heaving with pleasure.

Ramia cooed as she felt his surrender. His peak. As her pussy milked the human beneath her adoringly. Drawing out his orgasm. By the goddess it was always so good when they finally gave in. Finally understood their place.

Humans really were the best.

She nestled atop him, drawing his head back between her breasts, squeezing him into her bust with delightful satisfaction and buxom, endless love for the weak, wonderful species that humanity always turned out to be.

"Mmm. Did my good boy love that?" she asked.

"Yesssss," Yorin moaned, the plaintive sigh so sated and happy she couldn't help but smile.

"Of course you did. And your friends would too, wouldn't they? Now, how about you tell me where they're hiding, sweet thing. And I can go bring them home to where they belong. Their new mistresses can't wait to show them the ropes."

"F-friends?" Yorin breathed, smiling in stupid ecstasy. "Yeaaaaah. They're at... at 14.6... 634 by..."

Ramia listened to her new pet rattle off the coordinates to the hiding place of his former comrades, another shiver of delight working through her as he finished, and his lips resumed their obedient worship of her perfect breasts. She knew more than a dozen of her fellow Moomas who would be delighted to get their own human playthings.

But they could wait. Not long, for it would be so cruel to deny both Mooma and human one another. But they could wait until she had her fill of Yorin. Sweet Yorin.

What a good boy she'd found...