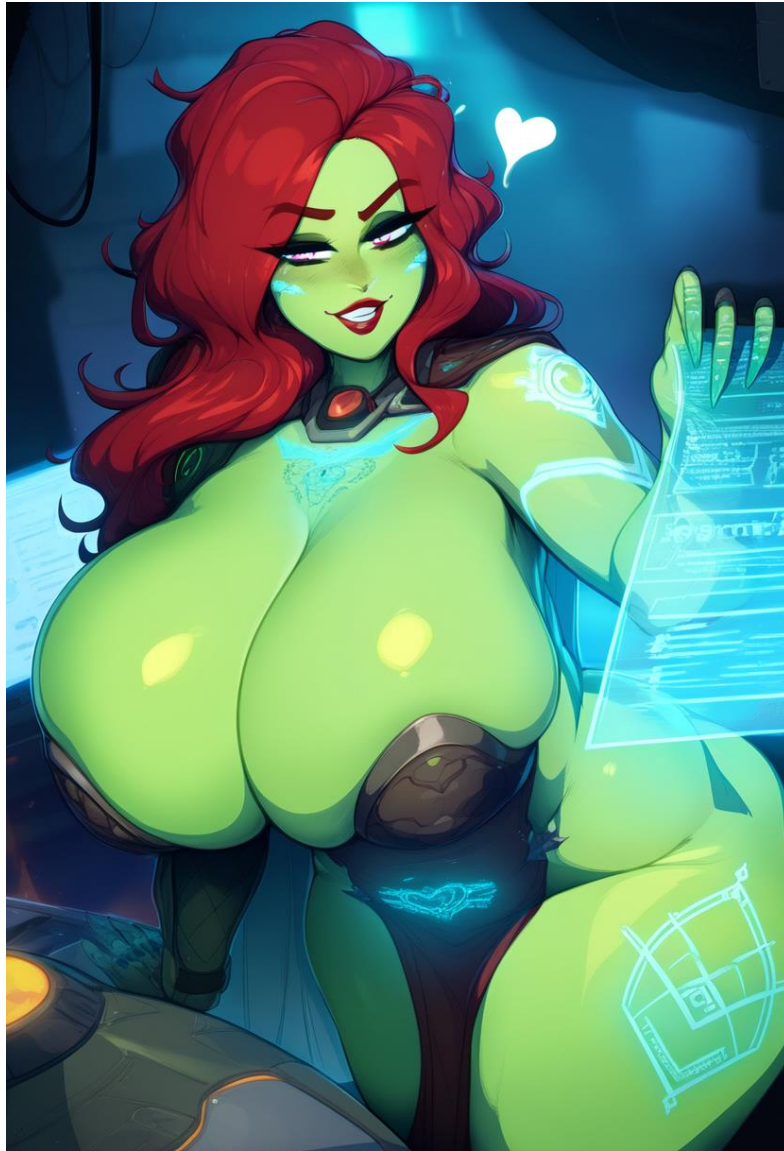


Star Queen



Lorrin watched, grinding his teeth in anger, as the sun set across the violet palm trees and the green sea of Segra Prime.

Disgusting.

Absolutely disgusting.

Not the scene, which was naturally stunning, as it should be for a resort world. Instead, his ire was fully directed at the woman below his hab block.

Every hab was built on tiers, descending towards the beach and the shining waters. Riots of foliage that scented the air with alien flora sprang down between each building, which were

connected by thin paths that wound their way to the glittering shoreline, while also offering unrestricted views for the esteemed guests. Of the surf and sands, yes, but also of the lower habs, which were all reserved for the residents of the resort.

Moomas.

Lorrin glared down at the hab below. The patio was blatantly visible, as was the alien lounging in a seat like half an egg turned on its side. The smooth white substance hovered on an antigrav belt an inch above the ground, and among its rich purple cushions reclined the mooma.

It was no surprise they were so famous across space. Beautiful didn't do her justice. She was perfection in feminine form. Almost an exaggeration of it, like some overzealous genemodder, only all natural. She was all but naked, baring her full green curves to the fading light. Her hair was a mane of fiery red spilling about the violet pillows. Her face was both matronly and ageless. Mature yet unblemished and seemingly filled with wisdom and confidence.

Despite loathing everything about her, Lorrin couldn't help but watch her. His eyes tracing over the figure, lingering on the crude pasties that barely covered her nipples and a third delicately masking her pussy. Who could resist her?

No one, of course.

And Lorrin intended to prove it.

Even as he watched he heard the screen door below open. The mooma sat up and smiled as a young human man walked into the open. He was only dressed in a pair of latex trunks that clung to his body, masking nothing to the point he may as well be nude. Fit, trim, well muscled, Lorrin grimaced. He recognized the other man as the heir to a major interstellar shipping megacorp, out on vacation after graduation. He'd come down in the same shuttle as Lorrin, and while Lorrin had dodged the resort moomas eager to welcome their guests, the young heir had been easily swept up by the buxom beauties.

"Clark," the mooma breathed, rolling lazily onto her side as he came up to her. "There you are. I was wondering if you were going to leave me alone all day."

"Never, Mazia," Clark said, breathless worship in every word.

The mooma smiled in warm affection, reaching up and drawing him down. Clark went eagerly, bending over the gorgeous alien and kissing her. She hummed in pleasure, her huge green breasts squashing against the human as she drew him into the hoverbed, which bobbed before its antigrav engine adjusted.

Their hands roamed over each other. But while his were eager, almost feverish in their motions as their lips locked and kissed, hers were confident. Slow. Stroking him in ways that made Clark twitch and buck, helplessly enjoying her playful touch. Her hands gliding over his ass, squeezing it as she pulled him against her fertile curves.

Their lips broke, Clark panting like he'd just run a marathon. "Sweetie," Mazia breathed, petting his cheek fondly. "Such a good boy."

"Th-thank you, Miss Mazia."

"You're so very welcome, my darling. But I'm afraid you've gotten me a bit worked up."

Lorrin scoffed silently. She looked utterly relaxed. Clark on the other hand was all but humping her like a randy dog.

"S-sorry, Miss," the heir panted.

"Shhh. Don't be sorry, my sweet thing. I just can't help myself when I'm around you. But you must take responsibility for this, don't you think?"

"Yes. Yes! Yes, Miss Mazia."

"Good boy."

Lorrin watched as the mooma lazily planted her hands on his shoulders, pushing the soon-to-be CEO down her body. Clark kissed every inch as he went, adoring the heavy softness of her breasts, the tautness of her tummy, until he found himself kneeling at the bottom of the hover bed, crouched between the mooma's green thighs. Her legs rose, wrapping around his head with shocking flexibility and tugging him down towards her delta, where the pasty glowed over the delicate lips of her pussy like the target at a laz range.

"Make me moan, sweet thing," the mooma purred. "Make Miss Mazia happy."

"Yes, Miss," Clark whispered huskily, peeling the pasty off, and Lorrin actually saw a shudder work through the other man as Mazia's pussy came into view. As he inhaled its scent like an obsessive.

No.

An addict.

Clark whimpered in joy as the mooma's legs pulled him in, burying his face in her folds. He moaned, instantly beginning to lick her out, his hands grasping her hips as he got to work.

"Ohhhhhh yesssss," Mazia sighed softly, her head going back, the mane of her red hair a halo around her as one of her hands touched Clark's head, urging him deeper. Her other hand

cupped the immense globe of her breast, lazily bouncing and squeezing it. "Good boy. Ah. Such a good... good boy..."

Clark shuddered, moaning under her praise, redoubling his efforts at licking out the mooma beneath him. Even though he expected it, Lorrin was still stunned by the sight. When he'd seen the other man on the shuttle not even four days ago, Clark had been swaggering, cocksure and talking about how much he was going to enjoy showing 'those aliens' a fun time. A far cry from the obedient, adoring creature locked between the mooma's thighs as she rode his tongue towards her inevitable orgasm.

"Yes. Oh yessss," Mazia moaned, her soft lips parted, her hips working, the bed bobbing with the motions like a ship in a storm. "Keep going. Such a... ah... a good boy. A good boy. Oh, oh Clark. I love you. I love you! Love... love... love y-youuuuu!"

She came, crying out in ecstasy, shuddering beneath her plaything as Clark groaned in delight, all but sucking on her pussy in order to capture every drop of her essence, but only smearing it across his handsome face.

Mazia loosened her legs and laughed throatily at the sight of him. "Mmm. What a good boy I have," she cooed, reaching out and drawing him in towards herself. "You deserve a reward, sweet thing."

"Th-thank you, Mazia," he gasped.

"Of course, darling. And I know just what you want."

She drew him up and to the immense green globe of her breast. Clark's eyes were utterly transfixed as one of her fingers peeled the pasty off her nipple, revealing the puffy, thick bud, already beading with something pearly white.

"O-oh, Mazia," Clark whimpered.

"Go on," she purred, drawing him closer. "Have a taste."

He did, and with gusto. Clark's lips latched onto her nipple and began adoringly suckling. Mazia cooed, stroking his hair, even as her other hand slid along his back, hooked a finger into the strip of fabric he wore, and tugged it down.

Clark groaned, body undulating, and though Lorrin couldn't see it, he knew the young man was rubbing his cock against the alien's slick pussy. With a jolt of his hips, Clark buried himself within the woman beneath him.

"Ohhhh!" Clark cried around her nipple. "Love... love you, Mazia. Love... Love you!"

"I know, sweetie. I know," Mazia cooed, easing his face back onto her nipple, cradling him there as Clark rutted and suckled atop her, utterly dwarfed by the curvy beauty beneath him, who smiled lovingly down at him.

And gave a knowing glance up.

Lorrin flinched at the mooma's gaze and forced himself away from the balcony, though the sound of the pair's lovemaking followed him through the glass door and back into his room. He grimaced. He knew better than to watch. He knew that moomas were up to something. They'd become absolutely ubiquitous among the upper echelons of the corporate world. Never in the limelight, but always near. Advisors. Secretaries. Personal assistants. It seemed like every man of power and influence had a green woman nearby at all times.

There was more afoot, and he knew what. That it was a conspiracy. An insidious effort to undermine humanity among the stars. A shadow cabal taking control of every sector that ensured human security among the stars.

But not for long.

A blink on his side table drew him towards the data pad that lay there. He lifted the screen and switched it on. A smile lit his face when he saw the encrypted code. Finally!

"About time, Director," he said as he switched it on.

"Sorry," the distorted voice replied from several systems away. *"The encryption of the resorts comms are better than we thought. I can only imagine what kind of security they got down there."*

Lorrin laughed as he sat down. "You'd be disappointed. I can go almost anywhere on this island. These moomas don't even lock their doors. Hell, I've gotten invited to visit more than a few."

"You said almost?"

Lorrin grinned and leaned in, dropping his voice though there was no risk of being overhead. He'd swept the room for bugs when he first landed. "There is one part of the island that's off limits. Unless you're escorted by a mooma. They say it's a specialty spa reserved only for moomas and their guests, but I know better. It's where they finish the brainwashing. It has to be!"

"Do you have proof?"

Lorrin smirked. "I'll be getting it tonight."

"Excellent. Find out how they're doing it, Lorrin. Find out how they're brainwashing people, and the Movement will finally be able to strike against them. Those green witches won't be able to hide for long."

"You can count on me."

"Good luck, Lorrin. For the Movement."

"For the Movement," he echoed.

The feed died and Lorrin closed the pad. He grinned, easing back in his chair, hands pillowing the back of his head as he stared at the ceiling, taking a moment to relish the thought. When he had his evidence, it would throw out every lie the moomas told. It would destroy their shadow government, and return the destiny of humanity into their own hands.

And it had taken a lot of work. A hell of a lot of work, requiring more than a few forgeries, blackmail, and even cosmetic surgery. Moomas took their offworld security very seriously. No surprise, considering their little paradise was the favourite retreat of the rich, powerful, young and stupid. But he'd done it. And soon, it would all be worth it.

"I'll bring it all down," he muttered to himself. "And finish them!"

He relished that thought a moment more. That feeling of impending vindication. Then he shook it off and stood back up. Time to get moving. He pulled his bag out from under his bed and turned it upside down, the plasteel covering shining in the low light of evening. He hit the hidden mechanism under the side and the secret panel hissed open, revealing the black nanofiber bodysuit beneath.

Lorrin shed his clothes and slipped into the suit, the sleek black material clinging to his body perfectly, shimmering faintly with screen scrambling nodes. Every stitch a meticulous piece of infiltration hardware. He'd be all but invisible to cameras, and his own stealth skills would handle the rest. He blinked, allowing his cybernetic sensors to come alive in his eyes, formerly disguised as standard augmetics. He pulled up the hood over his face, painting him totally black like a void in reality, the mesh suit adhering to him like a second skin, connecting to the access port in the base of his neck and down his spine, reacting to his mental commands. A shimmer coursed over it, mimicking the background, rendering him less than a ghost.

Perfect.

He went out by the balcony, ignoring the sound of fucking coming from below. Seemed Mazia wasn't done. Nor would she be until late into the night. Well, that was fine. One less mooma wandering around. He hopped down from the rail and into the foliage without making a sound.

And then he was off.

He kept to the shadows of the jungle, and was again gratified that the moomas let their paradise grow wild. Not that he was surprised. Just getting down to the planet was almost impossible. The gear he'd managed to smuggle in had already been pushing it, and he wasn't even sure where the planet was. Moomas kept their secrets well, but not for long.

Like a shadow he glided through the island's hab blocks and jungle. Several times when moving along one of the buildings he heard telltale moans and saw shadowy figures moving behind the windows. Few guests were getting much sleep tonight. But if that kept more moomas occupied, that was fine with him. Stars, he couldn't wait to get this job done with and leave this planet far behind.

He soon reached the outskirts of the resort's central control hub. It lay dead in the center of the island, led to by several walkways. Its external structure was a marble white dome that rose out of the rocky cliffs of the island, inaccessible on foot for a single path to the front doors.

He'd considered trying to hack through the front security systems and enter that way, but though the moomas kept security light over the island, the control center was a different story. He'd often walked by it on his casual strolls, and noted state of the art sensor arrays, security drones, and more. And though his suit could fool cameras and the naked eye to some degree, he would only trust it so far.

Fortunately, an alternate entrance had presented itself to him

As he slipped among the branches of another palm tree he looked up at the shimmering field that surrounded the dome. It was only visible at night, but that shield would keep out even a salvo from a Therax warship. He squinted, and through the shimmer he spotted a balcony overlooking the sea. Near as he could figure, that was some administrator's office, and as good an entry point as any.

Lorrin touched the naked stone of the cliff, his suit's suction pads adhering smoothly to the rock. With care he began to scale the rock face, trusting in his suit's innate camouflage tech to hide him on the very slim chance that someone happened to look up.

Soon enough he reached the humming shimmer of the shield. Pausing, He pushed a hand into a pocket and pulled out a field splitter. Setting up the two prongs on the cliff, he pressed the activator, and grinned as the splitter slid its arms into the barrier, buzzing as it overrode the shield's field and parted it like a curtain, forming a hole in the defence.

"Perfect," he murmured as he crawled through the break and continued up the cliff.

He slowed as he reached the point where the raw rock made way to pristine white stone. Moving along it, he reached the edge of a balcony. He listened intently, but even his enhanced hearing didn't pick up a sound. He pushed a little higher and peered over the ledge.

He was looking at a balcony much like the one on his hab, although the glass door leading inside was tinted a strange, shimmering red, black and pink. Climbing up onto the ledge, he scanned the floor, spectrum fields washing over his eyes with every blink.

Ah, there. He knew it. An ultraviolet sensor field all over the ground, made to respond to any break in it. Clever, but not clever enough. He tapped his belt, activating the low grav generator and delicately pushed himself across, floating over the balcony.

He reached the glass and touched it, but his suit didn't detect any security systems. He blinked, activating a heat sensor vision, but other than some lamps and outlets, he couldn't see anything or anyone remarkable inside.

Aside from the familiar heat glow of a data node.

He grinned and slid his fingers along the seam of the door. The automated lock responded to his suit's hacking touch and deactivated with a click, allowing him to slide the door open

The room beyond was nondescript but comfortable. A soft lounge seat filled the corner and more of the rounded, white tables and lamps that defined mooma architecture decorated here and there. His eyes trailed over to the desk where a computer access station sat, and he gently pushed himself through the air and towards it.

He glided through without a sound, then hooked a hand on the desk to halt his passage, swinging him around behind it.

Too late did he hear the soft beep of a hidden pressure pad under his fingers. Not even his enhanced reflexes could save him as the burst of electricity seared through his nerves and veins in a white flash of agony. He convulsed, his suit tightening reflexively, his cybernetics shorting out, vision flickering and earpiece filling his head with a mechanical scream.

His antigrav belt died, and the world spun as he fell heavily to the plush carpet. Darkness rushed in, and he knew no more.

#

Lorin jolted back to awareness with a shock. His eyes flew open and he tried to move, but found it impossible.

He blinked, trying to still the hammering of his heart. He took in the room at a glance. Plain, almost blindingly white walls surrounded him. He was lying down in an oval shaped bed that propped him up on a comfortable angle. Less comfortable was the subtle buzz of hardlight cuffs binding his wrists and ankles to the bed like neon green bands. He was also, it was impossible to miss, utterly naked.

He blinked again to try and activate his cybernetics, but nothing happened. They'd been disabled.

Not good.

He mentally attempted to activate any of his augmetics, but nothing. Shit. He did, however, feel the hypodermic micro nerve injector in his finger. Not electrical, so it must have been missed when they scanned him. A handy suicide tool, or possible weapon.

His eyes roamed around the room, then stopped dead. A table off to the side had his gear meticulously laid out on it. They were keeping his things here? Were they insane? Or just that confident he couldn't escape?

He relaxed a bit. He'd been careless, but so had the moomas. He wasn't totally helpless. He grinned. He still had options.

A hiss drew his attention as a door across from him sank into the wall and slid open. A mooma stepped through it, and just the sight of her made his heart leap and cock thicken and twitch despite his loathing.

She was bigger than any other mooma he'd seen, and if possible even more busty. Her red hair was woven into a pyramid of rolls about her head like some carnal idol, and she was utterly naked but for a pair of pasties on her nipples and a loincloth sliding between her thighs. A number of strange glowing blue tattoos marked her skin, gliding down her arms while others laced around her in curling patterns, radiating from just beneath her belly button and above her mound.

She smiled, her violet eyes lidded yet bright. An aura of authority and power radiating off her. In an instant, Lorrin realized that this was a mooma unlike any other he'd seen. He and others in the Movement had long theorized what the mooma hierarchy was. He'd always leaned towards there being some sort of queen of a hive.

Seemed like he was right.

"You're awake," the queen mooma said, her voice sonorous and gentle, and despite his revulsion Lorrin felt those tones tingle through him from the follicles of his hair to the tips of his toes.

"Wh-what is this?" he demanded, deciding to play dumb for now. "What am I doing here? Is this any way to treat a guest!"

"A guest? Goodness no," the mooma said as she approached, moving with such grace he suspected she was using an antigrav device. She must have been to lift those immense breasts. "But an intruder? I think that's reasonable."

"Intruder?" he said. "I'm sure I don't-"

"Shh," she said, stroking his head, which made him both recoil and shudder in excitement. "No more games, human. No need for them. Having a man so loaded with illegal cybernetics steal into my private office doesn't leave much room for doubt."

Well, it had been a long shot anyway, he supposed. He cursed his carelessness, but resolved to at least resist whatever tortures they had. He was ready to die for the Movement.

"Do your worst," he said grimly, glaring at the mooma above him. "You won't get anything out of me"

"Won't I?" the mooma queen asked with a soft smile. "But I would have been so happy to meet all your friends."

"What friends?" he spat back. "I came alone, and I know what you're up to. But you underestimate humanity all the same. We will never kneel to you monsters!"

She gave him a sad smile. "Such anger in you. So much rage. That's always been your race's problem. Self-destructive and wrathful, you doom yourselves with your own indulgent tendencies. But don't worry," she said, stroking his cheek again. "I will help you."

"Like you helped all those other people?" he asked sharply. "Turned them into little more than your brainwashed toys? Your dumb slaves? Addicts to you?"

"Happiness is far more valuable than freedom," the queen said. "And I wish to make everyone so very happy. But tell me, human. What is your name?"

"I won't tell you a thing."

"Hmm," she hummed with a knowing smile. "Won't you now? Well, I'll tell you what. Why don't we play a little game? A game of information. I tell you something, and you tell me something. I'll start. My name is Marra."

"You're a parasite is what you are."

"So fiery," she said, still stroking his hair, and with a start Lorrin realized he'd stopped noticing it at some point. Was she already using her coercive techniques on him? "Humans of

such will are so rare. Far more often they melt easily. For humans want love more than anything. They find such ecstasy in it. Such satisfaction. And love is so much stronger than hate.”

“I’ll never stop hating your kind,” he snarled.

She laughed gently, the condescension in it making him flush unwillingly. “Poor boy. Don’t worry. I will show you. And since you told me something so very valuable, I’ll tell you more. Do you want to know how we bend the minds of humans?”

He glared at her, though he felt a flicker of curiosity. No one in the Movement had ever been able to figure out for sure what techniques moomas used on their victims. At the same time, he refused to ask it, though she didn’t seem to mind.

“It’s because,” Marra said, taking her hand from his head and cupping her immense chest. “Humans can’t get enough of our big... soft... perfect breasts.”

He stared at her, then scoffed. “Ridiculous.”

“Is it?” she asked, her hands gently moving over her breasts. Tracing lazy patterns around the glowing pasties that capped her nipples. “Is it so hard to believe that humans find our large breasts so fascinating? That they yearn for more of them? To feel them? To kiss them? To admire them with their hands, and lips... and tongues...?”

“Of course,” Lorrin snapped, his eyes watching her hands move, the way her firm breasts were molded and bounced. “It’s a... a ridiculous idea. Your kind uses pheromones and mental probes to dominate the minds of the weak willed. Breaking them down with harmonics and... and plying them to become no more than your submissive slaves.”

“My my. You must be an expert in moomas,” Marra giggled. “So nice to know we have our fans.”

“I’m your enemy,” Lorrin shot back, his mouth feeling strangely dry as he watched her hands move.

Stroke.

Bounce.

“And that’s why you don’t think our big... soft... breasts are used to control humans?” Marra asked, her fingers tracing slow, gentle, tempting spirals around her nipples. “You don’t think our breasts have something to do with it?”

Lorrin licked his lips. “O-of course not. You’re just depraved.”

“Then there’s no harm in watching my big... soft... breasts... is there?”

His brow crinkled. Of course there wasn't. The idea that... that an alien's fat udders could somehow control a man's mind was ridiculous. She had to be... be trying to distract him from her true method.

And yet, there was something... something he couldn't quite place in the motions of her hands. How they stroked and ran over the flawless flesh of her breasts. Touched and teased.

Massaged and bounced.

He swallowed hard.

"Are you enjoying the show?" she asked gently.

He shook his head. "Never," he grunted.

"Mmm. An interesting answer. Then I suppose it's time to share more of our secrets, isn't it?" Marra breathed.

"Speak, then. I don't... don't care."

"Oh, but you should," Marra noted with a soft smile. "Because if you manage to escape, think of what you'll be able to share with your group."

He frowned. She... she did have a point. The more he learned, the more he could pass to... to the Movement. He again felt the hypodermic needle in his finger, and resisted the urge to glance over at his gear on the side table. Resisted looking away... away from her big...

Soft.

Breasts.

"We do use more than just our soft, wonderful breasts to bring humans such love," Marra continued, pulling Lorrin back to the present.

"Let me guess," he muttered. "Drugs?"

"No," she said with a patient smile. "Oh no no. No need for that. Though, I've heard our scent is awfully... addictive..."

Lorrin snorted. "Pheromones won't work on me," he informed her coldly. "I've been genespliced against it."

"Oh? Such a pity. Then, all these urges you're having must be your true feelings," Marra breathed.

Lorrin wriggled in his bindings uncertainly. But... but why wouldn't he find moomas attractive? They were supposed to be. His cock was hard, yes. But that... that didn't mean anything.

No, he thought, watching her hands move over her glowing breasts.

It meant... meant nothing at all...

Marra's smile deepened and she moved onto the bed, straddling him. He grunted as her weight settled on his lap, her mound pressing against his treacherously hard cock. A throb rocked him, aching in his balls. He swallowed again and flexed his finger, but her thigh was just out of reach of his hidden injector.

"But it's not just our scent you need to watch out for," Marra crooned as she arched above him, her face almost lost by the sheer heft of her cleavage. "You need to beware our voices too. Our wonderful... sonorous... voices..."

"Harmonics," Lorrin murmured. "We know all... all about those."

"And who is we?"

Lorrin realized his slip at once and slammed his mouth shut.

Marra's eyes twinkled as she leaned forward, her immense breasts wobbling tantalizingly with the motions. "Why my lovely boy, maybe you're not quite as... immune to our wiles as you thought..."

"O-of course I am," Lorrin snapped back, but the words felt strangely weaker than before. More uncertain. "Nothing you can do will control me."

"Why would I want to control you?" Marra asked sweetly, the glow of her tattoos washing over him. Shimmering over him with the sway of her breasts. "We don't control our lovely humans. Our wonderful girls and boys. We let them do whatever they want. Is it our fault if they want to be with us? Want to be sweet? To be lovely? To keep us closer every moment of every day? To bury their faces in our breasts? To kneel between our thighs and lovingly lick us out? To kiss and adore us and worship us?"

"Of course it is," Lorrin said, even as her every word conjured image after image in his mind. Of how good that would feel. To kneel between Marra's thighs. To feel her lips on his. To feel his mind growing limp and sloshed and wonderfully submissive to her. An abominable fate, he reminded himself. Terrible. Monstrous!

Yet he felt his cock throb.

His pulse quicken.

His mouth drier than the deserts of Taneen and lips tingle at the thought of planting a loving, adoring kiss on her breasts.

"Of course it is," Marra said, her voice so layered in sugary sweetness he felt himself blush with almost childish humiliation. "You'd hate that, wouldn't you? You'd hate to be my good boy, right?"

"R-right."

"You'd hate to nuzzle my big breasts."

"Of... of course."

"To kiss me. Adore me. Submit and love me. Never have to worry. Never have to care. To be taken care of and petted and kept happy and pliable with my love."

"N-no," he breathed as his cock twitched and heart thumped. His mind so thick. Woolen. Heavy. "Would... would hate that..."

"Oh dear," Marra said with a patronizing smile. "My sweet boy, I think you might be... lying."

"N-never!" he gasped, but the word came out weak. Almost a whine. What was wrong with him? What was happening? He was trained to resist every form of control. Every method of domination! Her sweet, wonderful scent couldn't enthrall him. Her lovely, musical voice couldn't enslave him. Her touch shouldn't... he couldn't...

"Oh?" Marra said, leaning over, her breasts hovering an inch above his face, only her eyes visible as they looked down at him from above those perfect globes. Eyes that twinkled with amusement. "Then, making your cock so hard must be your true desires. You must want this. So prove it to yourself, my sweet boy. Prove kissing my big, soft breasts won't make you moan and shiver. Prove it to yourself. Not to me."

Y-yes.

Prove it.

He could... could prove it.

And... and if he convinced her... convinced her he wasn't falling under her... under her sway, he could draw her in closer. Inject her. Free himself and... and escape! Warn the Movement. Tell them what he knew!

Yes.

Yes, he wouldn't... wouldn't do it because he wanted to.

Needed to.

It was for the Movement, he thought as he lifted his head, lips trembling.

For... for the Movement...

His lips pressed to Marra's breasts, hesitant.

At first.

Then gently.

Delicately.

Lovingly.

The feeling didn't shock him. Buzz him. It was just... nice.

Comfortable.

Like a warm, oozing wave of honey were washing through him. Melting the tension in him as he kissed her big, soft breasts.

Relaxing him.

Soothing him.

"Good boy," Marra said, leaning further forward, burying him deeper beneath the wonderful weight of her breast. "Doesn't that feel goood?"

It did feel good.

Stars, it felt amazing.

More wonderful than he imagined anything could feel.

Warm.

Cozy.

Wonderful.

So perfect he whimpered, shuddering, trying to refute that it felt good. Trying to find some flaw in the feeling of warm, oozing pleasure that washed through him in a wave he couldn't understand but utterly enjoyed. Shamefully revelled in. How? How could it feel so goood?

"Do you like that?" Marra murmured above him as he kissed and adored her wonderful breast.

“Mmmm,” he moaned.

“Of course you do,” the mooma softly laughed, pulling back, his head trying to rise with her bust before his bindings held him back. “You see,” she breathed as her breasts swayed gently above his face, utterly captivating his staring eyes. “Our power isn’t in our scent. Or our kisses. Or our sweet words.”

“No?” Lorrin murmured, enraptured with the motions of her breasts. But not controlled. He’d know if he was being controlled. Corrupted. And he wasn’t. No. Not at all.

“No,” Marra crooned, her voice like sweet honey dripping into his ears. Into his mind. “It’s in our presence. Our bodies. We captivate, sweet boy. Entrance. The sight of us. The presence of us. We draw you in and enthrall you. We are everything you could want. Everything you would need. We are the lover. The mother. The mistress. The goddess. Perfectly formed to appeal. Psychically attuned to your basest needs. The longer you spend in our presence, the more addicted you become. The more enthralled. You do not come to just love my breasts. You come to need them. Need me. To be away from me becomes painful. To not be in my arms is torture. Your mind bends beneath it. Your very humanity betrays you to us. You are an animal, my darling boy, and we are more than predators. We are something better.”

Lorrin looked up at her, and realized it was true. She was. Her voice slid through his mind like a knife. His body trembled at her touch. Her very presence enthralled him. She was perfect. Utterly perfect.

“Kiss me,” she breathed.

“C-can’t,” he gasped. “Tied down...”

Her lips quirked with amusement. “Are you?”

He heard a fading hum. He looked down, and realized his hands were free. The bindings were gone. He felt again the needle in his finger. He looked up.

Reached up.

Grasped her breasts.

Squeezed.

And couldn’t stop.

Marra smiled down at him. And oh, that smile. That radiant happiness filled him with joy. “Good boy,” she breathed, leaning down, burying his face beneath her soft, immense breasts once more.

Lorrin whimpered in ecstasy, kissing those green orbs, shuddering at the taste of them. The softness of them. How? How could he have hated her? How could he have thought of attacking her? Betraying her?

No.

He needed her.

Needed this queen.

This goddess.

"Good boy," Marra's voice said softly, melting him more beneath her. "Such a good boy..."

He groaned as he felt the soft slickness of her pussy against his cock. Felt her rise. Felt her lower herself atop him, and sink his shaft deep inside of her. He groaned at the velvety smoothness of her pussy. How she began to rock, bouncing atop his cock. Slow at first. Lazy. But so wonderfully. So perfectly.

"Yes," Marra breathed above him, her voice like the loveliest song he'd ever heard. "Yes. Adore me, my good boy. Worship me. You're doing so well. Doing so perfectly, melting to me. Giving in to me. Love me, my precious boy. Give in to me. Surrender to me, and be my good boy."

"Yes," he groaned into her breasts, his lips finding the glowing nipple. Suckling it as he thrust up into the buxom goddess atop him. "Yessss! Mistress... Mistress Marra. Love... love you. Love you. Oh. Oh mistress... Mistress..."

He felt her hands on his head, pulling him deeper into her breasts as she increased the pace. An image of the mooma he'd seen the night before flashed in his mind. A memory of her and her lover and he nearly sobbed at his hate. His contempt. He'd been such a fool. Such a bad boy.

But he was a good boy now.

A good boy for mistress...

#

The connection took a while, but finally it went through with a beep.

"Lorrin? Is that you?"

"Yes," he said, voice hot. Almost breathless. "Director, I have it!"

"You do?"

"Y-yes," Lorrin gasped. "But... but I barely... barely made it out. I'm on... on a small escape pod, in the Cadmus Sector. I need pick up. Send the retrieval crew, and I'll hand it off. It's... it's a device. A type of... of psionic suppressor. If we can reverse engineer it, we'll take down the entire... all of them. All the mmmmoomas."

"Understood. Send us the coordinates. Good work, Lorrin. The Movement thanks you."

"Yes," Lorrin gasped, tensing as pleasure shot down his cock and throbbed into his balls. "Yes. For... for the Movement."

He killed the feed, slamming shut the data pad, and finally let a helpless, wonderful moan escape him.

"Mmmm," Marra purred from behind him, the mooma's loving lips kissing his neck and shoulders, his body pressed into the soft cushions of her breasts as her hand glided up and down his twitching, sensitive cock. "Good boy, Lorrin. Such a good boy."

"M-Mistress," he whined, shuddering as he squirmed on her lap, his cock throbbing helplessly with need. "M-may I cum now? P-please? Been... Been a g-good boy."

"You have," Marra whispered in his ear, a shiver quivering through him and into his aching, heavy balls. "And you may cum, darling. Cum for me. Cum for Mistress Marra."

He cried out at those words. Those blessed words. His cock throbbed as he came, spurting into his Mistress's hand and his lap, his head lolling as euphoria surged through him with his surrender.

He sagged against her, panting, happy, loving. Sated and smiling in dumb, adoring pleasure.

"Such a good boy," Mistress murmured, lifting her hand. Lorrin turned his head, watching in breathless excitement as she licked the pearly seed from her fingers. She smirked down at him and tapped his hip. "And your reward, sweet thing. Mistress needs some attention."

"Th-thank you, Mistress," he gasped, sliding out of her lap and between her legs.

"You're welcome, my darling boy," Marra said, her rich red lips smiling as she spread her thighs, revealing the lush folds of her pussy.

And Lorrin, kneeling, adoring, leaned in and began to gently lick her out. Tenderly taste her juices, his mind spinning like he was getting drunk off them. And maybe he was. For he felt only happiness at his place. Only joy to know he would soon deliver the Movement's strike team

to their own mooma mistresses. Only pleasure to know that soon, more of the Movement would fall into the hands of the mooma. That soon they would learn what he did. What he'd always known but dared not accept until now.

That they needed the moomas.

And the moomas would be so very kind...