

# **Alien to Ambition: Part 2**

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First's battered body lay next to my massive one. My member was finally soft and had shrunk to 16 inches. First's long shimmering auburn hair was draped across the featureless grey room. Between servicing me, she, at my request, had instructed the ship, which was apparently very mutable, to make us a new bed, one that could accommodate my mass and our vivacity in lovemaking.

For those of you just joining us, I was currently in a body I had manipulated an alien race to create for me. It was over 7 feet tall and several hundred pounds of hard, defined muscle. Additionally, it produced copious amounts of potion pheromones and aphrodisiacic semen.

The green eyed apricot skinned beauty next to me, with leaking breasts that were at least 5 gallons each, was the leader of that race. They had come to Earth and abducted me to learn about ambition, a quality alien to them. Because of this, and because of their lack of hormonal understanding, I had been able to utterly seduce First and planned on doing the same to her race. Due to their lack of ambition I had no idea how much they'd object. Time to find out I guess.

"I have been thinking," I said to the worn out female at my side.

First responded quickly, "That it's time for me to get a new body? This one's pussy, as you call it, is already completely stretched and very sore. I'd be more than happy to continue sucking your wonderful cock, but I feel like I should switch. Also, these breasts," she hefted one of her 19,000 cc orbs, "feel small now, I think I should get bigger ones."

"Umm..." First acted like no human, male or female, would. I was a still a little overwhelmed and by First's responses to many things, and her alien outlook, but I had learned to adjust quickly in my life. "Well, we can do that in a bit, but I wanted to talk to you some more about your interest in ambition."

"Oh, that" she said, a little disappointed.

"Yes." I said, "I was thinking. On my planet many times one person's ambition is used by others."

She looked a little confused at that. I tried to explain.

"A person that is the head of a group will often direct that group based on their own wants and desires. Their ambition."

"Oh, you mean a leader."

"Yes."

She looked at me. "So, are you saying you want to become our leader? To replace me?"

I knew with my phonemes heavy in the air First would have difficulty getting upset with me. At least, if she was still in the body I had created for her, which she was not. I did not know anything about this current body of hers, or how my phonemes were affecting it. Thus, I was slightly frightened by this question, not knowing how I should respond. When it was clear I was not going to answer, First continued.

"I really wish you would."

"What?" Again, I was bewildered. That seemed to be happening a lot.

"I was only our leader because no one else would do it. We needed some direction, and I had the most wanderlust of all of us so I naturally became our First."

"You don't want..." I realized how foolish I had been. Of course in a race with no ambition no one would want to be the leader. Composing myself I said, "Yes, I would be happy to become your leader, if you'll help me with it."

First squealed with delight. "You can call me Second from now on then. We can inform the rest of the crew. This is all very exciting!"

She sprang to her feet. Her slight body was actually very strong and she had no trouble with the hundred pounds of perky mammary flesh on her chest. The firm orbs did sway and jiggle from the sudden movement, but she was out the door, which opened for her, before I could follow. I noticed this time how the door was much larger than it had been when I was smaller. It seemed as if the ship automatically adjusted to the needs of those in it.

Outside in the hallway was the caramel skinned, blue-eyed, golden haired vixen I had taken to be an enforcer of some kind. First, now apparently Second, was telling her that I wanted to become their leader. The dark-skinned woman looked me over. Of all the people on the ship, she had the most resistance to my actions onboard. But, she smiled at me. "How wonderful. Second was getting very tired of being First, but no one else was willing to take the job, and she was so suited for it. I am sure you'll make a competent leader. You've already given us much to do."

Everything had been happening so fast and I suddenly realized that this dark-skinned woman was in a new body. The Twins, whom made the bodies of everyone on board, and been instructed by First, now Second, to make new hormonal bodies for her race. This new body before me had breasts about 1000cc's, easily bigger than E cups on her frame. Given that I was surprised, it took this long to realize. Other than that it was more or less identical as before. Her golden haired pussy was trimmed and her eyes were the color of sapphires, but there seemed to be more warmth behind them. She seemed to be a little slighter of build and she seemed to have more eyeliner than before, her lips full and crimson. Her hair was also longer, but I could not help but notice not as long as Second's. I guessed that Second had given orders that she was to have the longest hair and biggest boobs.

If this dark-skinned vixen had a new body, then she was no doubt being affected by my pheromones, which I was told were permeating throughout the ship. I had no way of knowing if that was the reason why she seemed completely ok with my becoming the new leader.

"I know," said Second, "Why don't you allow this one to experience fucking while I tell the rest of the crew? I will still have to help you, of course, but it's been ages since we had a new leader." I looked at the dark-skinned huge breasted woman and could only nod. Second clapped her hands in delight and scampered off. Her breasts bouncing with every movement, leaking milk onto the grey ground, which seemed to absorb it.

The dark-skinned vixen looking at my massive frame and monolithic cock that was now rock hard at its full 22 inches and 11.8 diameter. "Yes, I would like that," is all she said.

I took her into my room. She was inexperienced, but a quick study, no doubt hooked up to the central achieve of the ship like everyone else. Her race had extensively studied human mating. I started out slowly, not knowing what the Twins had done with her body. I massaged her clit to start and was able to quickly bring her to orgasm. This dark-skinned beauty seemed to have more self control than Second, and she did not cry out, but closed her large bright blue eyes and rolled her head back, purring as I pleased her. Trying out my elongated tongue as she sat at the foot of the bed. It being our first time I thought I should go down on her first. When she was good and sopping, and letting out moans of satisfaction, I stopped. Then I positioned the huge head of my member next to her ready pussy. Her trimmed golden hair wet with her juices. I wondered how large her vagina and cervix had been designed. So, I decided to find out. She looked at me over her huge breasts with her bright blue eyes, her body waiting to be penetrated for the first time. I surged into her, claiming her cherry. Her self control forgotten as her head wrenched back and she let out a bestial howl. I guessed her pussy had also been made too small, and when I hit rock bottom, I knew it had been.

I hoped the Twins had kept the masochistic nature I had implanted into Second's body when they made this one. As I looked into those wide bright blue eyes, I was sure they had. Pleasure mixing with pain becoming pleasure flashed across her dark face as my long shaft pumped away at her. Slowly at first, I built momentum. Buffeting her cervix with my massive head. Forcing her to take more and more of my gargantuan poll into her too small gash. I realized I would be wearing out the bodies rather quickly at this rate. I could see orgasm after orgasm wash over her face as milk leaked out of her massive tits. I massaged and squeezed them, squirting the white liquid everywhere. She was completely lost in desire and bliss as I did, her whole body rocking back and forth. Her cries filled the air. Soon she was hoarse as sweat beaded all over her body. I was happy to see that the Twins had not made her body tireless. After I finally forced my entire mammoth poll into her I could feel my own orgasm building. My grapefruit sized balls tightened up to my vast rod and shot pints of my serum into her. I was careful to shoot all of it in her. I knew that if she tasted it, she would want more and would only become hornier, and I had other business ahead of me at the moment.

Her womb, therefore, received all I had to offer, her tight tummy swelling from the force and volume of blast after blast of my spunk.

Finally, I finished. Pulling out of her, a torrent of cum pouring out, I looked down at my handiwork. Her pussy was permanently stretched and she looked completely exhausted. Her body was covered with sweat gasping for air, air filled with my musk, she looked up at me, her new leader towering over her, with awe.

"You are happy with me being your new master?" I asked

Still gasping, she nodded. "You are our leader." She said, almost matter-of-factly.

I suddenly realized, also being hooked up to their archive in this body, that I was listed as such therein. The ship now acknowledged me as its leader, and I could control everything. I closed my eyes, overwhelmed by the realization. I had not known that I had only access to a small part of what this ship and everyone on it could do.

The force of that knowledge almost brought me to my knees as I stood there in the dim light of my room. A single tear fell from my eye. The knowledge and capability was so awe-inspiring.

Truly, this race was not living up to its potential. It could do so much, but had lacked the ambition to do so. I resolved to change that. This room was the first thing I would change. I now knew the ship was made up of thousands of tiny machines, nanites, and they could be used to reform into almost anything. I had them change this room into a throne room. With my dark-skinned concubine still panting below me, I made the room become a massive atrium. The bed she was draped on disappeared. Columns came down from the ceiling, which rose to 70 feet in height. Platform after platform, one on top of the other, rose in the center of the floor, forming stairs. At the top of that was created a massive throne. On a whim I had the nanites create gems to place on the outside of that chair, which I had them make out of gold. The ship only had a finite amount of gold lying around as well as other elemental metals, and I used all of it to center this massive throne. I added high windows in the room, and had fake sunlight come from them and fall on that throne. I was thinking about making a mural of myself taking over the ship,

but decided against it, settling for a Victorian style pattern and theme. No images, just shapes.

Now lying on the floor, the dark-skinned vixen looked up at that seat. "Is that a chair for you? It looks too big."

She was right, of course, the chair was made for someone larger than myself. I smiled, "Yes, it is." And I walked out of the room.

I immediately went to the Twin's room, where new bodies were made. When I entered it, I saw that Second was already there, overseeing her new body design. I could see from the symbols on the screen that it had the ability to vary its breast size. '*Clever*' I thought.

The Twins had not changed bodies. One was still a very short slight redhead with pale skin; the other was still a bronzed towering Amazon. Their eyes were still black and their breasts still C cups.

"Second" I said, in this bodies communing, resonating, hypnotic voice. She was at my side in a moment, her breasts jiggling.

"Yes?" she said, her wide green eyes looking at me with a true willingness to please. "I need to talk to the Twins, alone." I said, "Leave the room and don't let anyone come in." Second looked disappointed, but complied with my wishes.

When we were alone I looked at the Twins. I now know they were far and away the smartest beings on board. They were called "the Twins" because they had at one point been the same entity that had accidentally cloned itself in a body swapping experiment. I looked at them. "You know that the chemicals this body is outputting is changing the behavior of everyone on board, don't you?" They looked at me with their cold black impassive eyes, and nodded. "But, you don't really care, do you?"

They looked at each other and shrugged.

I almost laughed. "Here I thought I was tricking your race into becoming my servants, but I'm really not am I? You're all willing."

The Twins just looked at me. "Well," I continued, "of everyone on the ship, it's your cooperation I am going to need the most. Do I have it?"

They both looked at each other, then at me, and simply shrugged. At that, I did laugh. "Good enough," I said. Now, we need to work on my new body. I need you to use all of your skill on it. I will be back later. Also, I have an ambitious plan for the nanites this ship is made out of. I will be steering it out to Jupiter."

Suddenly, I realized I was in control of the ship. I did not need to tell anyone to move it; I could just move it. So, I did. I instructed it to release some of its nanites when it got there.

After I made sure the Twins understood how I wanted all new bodies on the ship to be made, I called Second back.

I told her she could continue her work, on her body, but that I had a few alterations I had told the Twins about. As always, she was very amenable.

After that I went around the ship fucking everything that moved. The ship was completely filled with my pheromones. Everyone on board knew I was the new leader of their race, and all of them wanted to try out the new concept of mating. After I had decimated five tight virgin pussies, I realized I would never be able to fuck all several hundred of Second's race with this body. While I was supremely strong, I had made this body without the limitless stamina it would need to complete the Herculean task of pleasuring everyone on board. After I had gone through fifteen cherries from stunning, dexterous, accommodating women of all shapes, sizes, and colors I was completely worn out, my giant member raw and sore from overuse. I had wanted to hold off a little on switching bodies, but could no longer continue on like this.

At my request the Twins had been making new bodies for every member of the crew. The bodies all had hormonal systems built to my exact specifications. All had masochistic tendencies as well, turning the pain of an overstuffed pussy into pleasure. Other than that, the crew had all picked out their own shapes, sizes, and color. There seemed a natural affection for some to pick out bodies that had similar colors.

When I entered the room I saw Second was also there. She was still green eyed and auburn haired, but her skin was very pale now, and her waist was back to being only 16 inches in circumference, just as I had designed for her originally. Her hair was probably about 15 feet in length, and dragged heavily behind her like a

vale. Her breasts each about 30,00cc orbs. Her body was very thin and emaciated, and she could barely walk, her engorged nipples leaking milk onto the floor.

She had been waiting for me in the Twins room. I had instructed the Twins not to switch bodies. I wanted them, and them alone, to be thinking straight.

When I entered the room Second tried to jump on me. She clearly wanted to give me a blowjob on the spot. Her virgin pussy looked like it was begging for release. My spectacular body was already partially recovered from its recent experiences, but I still wanted to switch first. "Sorry Second," I said, "I would like to get a new body first."

Second's red full lips formed a pout, "But I was waiting for you" she said peevishly, swaying her breasts as she did, leaking milk all over the floor. Her face still looked like it had perfectly applied eyeliner as she batted her full lashes at me, her large green eyes looking longingly at my tremendous tool.

"I'll tell you what, when I get my new body I promise you will be the first I fuck, alright?" She looked delighted at that. "Now," I said, "I would like to be alone with the Twins for a while, why don't you meat me in my room, which is now called 'the throne room,' by the way." Second nodded, and happily dragged her humongous knockers and perfect butt out of the door. Her weak body was having a very hard time moving. She had clearly built it with only one thing in mind, fucking me, and not for moving about the ship. I realized it would probably take her a while to get to my room.

After she left, I turned to the Twins. "You ready for this?" I asked. "This must be the most powerful and accomplished body your race has ever created. They nodded their understanding, and we set to work."

There was so much knowledge this race had wasted, but I and the Twins put all of it to work making that body. Now that I was their leader, they seemed not to blanch at any of my request, but simply did them. I was a little surprised at that, but then I remembered how this race did not have any ambition. The Twins did not really care what their leader did, and were simply happy to help me. They had many ideas of their own as well that they'd never cared to try out. I was getting more and more excited as we worked for hours and hours. Finally, we were done.

I lowered my old 800 pound 90 inch tall body on the table and shut my eyes.

I did not even need to open my eyes to know I was in my new body. It was indescribable, like a continual orgasm of power. The ship buckled a little from my very presence in this body. As I opened my glowing kaleidoscope colored eyes that could see the complete electromagnetic spectrum, not just the few wavelengths of visible light. I looked down at my perfect body. It was 9 tall and weighed over 5 tons. Its sinew was obscene. Legs like redwoods, arms more massive than a strongman's waist. Its muscles perfectly defined, and not like human tissue at all. They were much more dexterous, dense, powerful, and nearly tireless. Even if I had been normal sized with them I could have won a fight with a bull elephant, but now I was the size of a bull elephant. I could easily run through buildings if I wished.

Again, much of our work had gone into my member. It was colossal before, and now it was over twice that. Far past a meter in length it was 48 inches, diamond hard. I could fuck the side of a car with it and not feel any pain. It could punch through steel with enough force, force I now had. It was now almost as big around as my last huge one had been long. I hoped the Twins had listened to me when I asked them to make Second's pussy. I did not want to kill her. My balls hung heavily underneath my massive unmovable monster. At the size of soccer balls they were the most efficient sperm factories ever conceived. They would never run out. I could cum continually if I wanted to, drawing mass from all around. The semen they produced was no longer addictive or an aphrodisiac, it was much more insidious. The sperm they produced was more like nanites than anything else.

Again, the real masterpiece of my body was the pheromones it produced. I could now control the kind and output of them, making those around me feel what I wanted them to feel. But, it was always emitting ones that made people feel intense admiration, loyalty, and awe towards me. Not that it was really necessary on this ship, since I knew this race didn't even had a word for "mutiny" in its native tongue. The ship would quickly fill with those pheromones; I now had control of its air system and would instruct it to do so. No corner would be without my presence.

This body also had a much deeper connection to the ship. I could even control the nanites that had been released on Jupiter. They were doing as instructed.

I could feel the table straining under the weight of my new body. The energy my body was outputting was actually destroying the nanites that came in contact with it, but luckily others quickly repaired and rebuilt them. I could feel people moving around within the ship. I could even feel Second impatiently waiting for me in my throne room. She was sitting on my massive golden throne, her hair cascading down on all sides. On a whim I closed my eyes and extended my consciousness. I made a small tendril come out of the throne and stimulate her waiting cunt. She let out a cry, and I laughed, bringing myself back to my stupendous body. I got up. I had to be careful moving around in this powerhouse of a body, since I could easily physically destroy the ship if I wanted. I could feel the nanites in the floor straining to hold up my body. I stood at my full 9 feet of height, looking down on my now small 7 foot body.

I smiled, my teeth a radiant white that almost glowed. With a wave I indicated to the Twins I wanted that body destroyed, as I strolled out of the room.

In the hallway, I willed my throne room to come to me, instead of the other way around. I opened the door, which was automatically big enough for my frame. I was well over 5 feet wide at this point, my body forming a perfect V. I looked up at my golden chair and the super-sexy willing woman sitting in it. I caused the chair to unceremoniously kick her out of it, as I strode up the steps 5 at a time. Second, looking put out, rubbed her perfect porcelain butt as I sat down in my huge throne, which was the perfect size for me. My erect humongous member, whose weight was probably comparable to my original body, throbbed proud in the air before me, casting a shadow over Second on the ground.

I looked down at her, seeing some resentment in her eyes after the way I had just kicked her from my chair. I said, in a voice like thunder that completely filled the vast room. "No one sits in this chair unless I say."

I tested out the use of my new pheromones, and I saw all resentment completely disappear from her bright green eyes as my body output the proper chemicals. "I am so sorry!" she said, sincerely, her eyes widening, "I did not know!" she looked almost desperate.

"It's alright" I assured her in a calmer voice. Then, in my booming commanding voice, I said, "Pleasure me." I leaned back in my throne, my colossal dick straight and unyielding. The soft gold of the throne molded itself to my diamond hard body. Within this body gold was as malleable as a pillow.

Second looked up at my vast cock with unchecked want and absolute desire. She started to make the climb up, hesitating to enter the throne, but I nodded. Her weak emaciated body having difficulty, so I gave her perfect butt a little boost.

Looking relieved, she continued the long trek to my tip. She laid her whole body down the length of my shaft, her cunt rubbing the base and her mouth sucking the tip. My tree trunk sized member easily supported her body weight. Her huge leaking breasts hung on either side and she used her hands to rub them back and forth along the shaft. Her thick lips wrapped around my elephantine bulbous cock head. Unbelievably, she could take my whole head in her mouth, but even at a different angle I doubt she could've fit the rest.

I let her perfect cock sucking mouth do its work. Expertly, she pleased me. She used her whole body to try and simulate her master's cock. Her gushing cunt rubbing, her massive breasts kneading, and her perfect mouth sucking. I watched her lithe slight frame writhe on my tool, desperately doing all she could to bring me to orgasm. I realized, by design, how useless only one woman was to me now. This body had been created to fuck hundreds, but I had promised Second she would be the first, so I allowed her this honor. I closed my glowing eyes and did my best to allow my superb body to feel everything she was doing. I could feel her whole body contort over my cock and my swinging soccer balls moved into position next to my mightily shaft. I reached out and grabbed her perfect butt. The force of my orgasm almost took her head off. Had I not been holding her she would have been blow off of the throne and down the 5-story drop to the ground floor. With a squeal of delight she deliriously tried to drink from my raging fire hose. I was outputting gallons of sperm. Second's body absorbed what it could.

I lowered her to the floor next to my throne, and stood. She was facing away from me, and looked back up at her master, past her perfect butt. Her wide green eyes on the other side of those long lashes looked so content knowing she had made me cum. She smiled her radiant smile.

I also smiled at her. Using my sperm, which was now within her, I willed her breasts to grow. Already over 5 gallons each, they started to swell, the nanites of this ship augmenting her mammary glands. Her red full lips, still a little stretched, let out a moan of delight. I made sure this would be an awesome experience for her. Her pale breasts filled with milk and swelled, larger and larger, her areola spreading and her nipples thickened and lengthening. Her body, still with its thin frame and 16-inch waste, started to spasm in pleasure. Her breasts became bigger than her whole petite self. As they grew her pussy, as well as the rest of her, rose off the floor, supported by her milky orbs. Up and up her body went until her pussy was right at the tip of my 4-foot, 16.6-inch circumference monster. I let my cock head touch her gaping pussy.

She looked scared. "No, its too big!" she cried, "I can't take it! Not with this body!"

I smiled, listening to her pleading; her telling me how massive I was, and how she could not hope to accommodate all of me. That seemed to be more what was upsetting her. Not that I might kill her and she'd have to reboot, but that I would not be able to get pleasure from her too tight pussy.

Finally I took pity on her. "Don't worry. I informed the Twins to make this body able to handle me." Second's relief was tangible. "but, only barely" I continued, grabbing her hips.

I drove into her, demolishing her cherry and feeling her hips straining apart as I did. Second screamed in masochistic pain mixed with indescribable pleasure. While she could just barley accommodate my width, which was even now stretching her mini waist, there was no way she could accommodate my length. Her whole body contorting and spasming as indescribable feelings raced through its hypersensitive self, her breasts wobbling and her nipples spraying. My massive member battered against her cervix, but to no avail. Less than half of my behemoth cock was buried in her, and there was little hope of getting much more inside. She was trying, begging me between tears and cries to completely enter her, but it was impossible. I wailed away, her adept pussy muscles doing their best under the most extreme of circumstances. With the help of my sperm, she was

experiencing what could only be described as a continuous orgasm. Amidst that, her body was striving to do the only thing it was designed to do, pleasure me.

After what seemed like hours, her pussy was beyond repair. I could feel my own stupendous orgasm building. Deep within my balls the sensation started, as they visibly moved up to my titanic shaft. The voluminous semen started its long journey down the length of my cock, which went from 16.6 inches around to a nearly 20-inch circumference. Second's body nearly gave up at that sudden increase in circumference, as gallons of my spunk traveled the length. I came.

The pressure was intense; its force might very well have blasted a normal woman apart. Second's slight body had been reinforced to handle the pressure, but her cunt and womb could not contain any more volume. As fast as my seed gushed into her it gushed out. After two volleys I exited her, but continued to cover her body with my spunk. My powerful knees bucked from the sensation of this intense orgasm. I almost blacked out.

After cumming for long minutes my member started to soft and I slid to the floor. As I touched the ground, I felt completely refreshed and renewed, and my cock became rock hard again. This body was not tireless, but it had almost instantaneous recovery time.

I stood again, looking down on Second, her breasts were deflating, milk flowing out of them. Soon they were back to their 'normal' selves, each larger than several watermelons.

Second was battered and almost broken. She heaved, breath after breath of musk filled air entering her. Her whole body still spasmed experiencing aftershocks of the ordeal. My rock hard 48-inch member was above her, casting its shadow on her worn sweaty body. She looked up at it with awe and admiration, tears of joy filling her eyes. "We wasted all those years," she said, as she started to sob. "You have shown."

"Yes," I said in a voice that seemed to shake the room. "But, through me, your race will find its way."

I looked at the edge of the throne room, and a door opened. This room was now right next to the Twins, and they had been busy at work. I could see tens of Second's race had already been fitted with new body's, able to handle, if only

barely, my massive merciless member. I looked passed my 4-foot weapon down the 5 stories to that door, which was filled with women of every shape and size. All with huge breasts leaking milk. Some had mammaries so large they could barely walk. Some were, in fact, immobile and needed others to help them forward. All of their bodies were designed with only the thought of pleasuring me. They existed only to be fucked by me; nothing else was taken into consideration. All had too tight pussies and a burning need to be filled with my divine tool. They all looked at me with bright eyes, as more started to fill the doorway, the Twins working tirelessly. I looked down on my subjects, the room and ship filled with my pheromones. On a whim I closed my glowing eyes and had this body output the right mix of chemicals.

"Cum" I commanded in a resonating thunderous voice, and all of their bodies buckled. They fell to their knees as powerful orgasms rippled through them. Moans of their pleasure filled the air. Second still by me, too exhausted to move, also came again, twitching on the ground as she caught the full force of my overpowering pheromones. I strode down the stairs towards my subjects, and stood before them.

They all looked up from the floor at my towering tool and me. A deep longing within their large warm eyes, each ready to serve their new master. "Attend me." I told my sex slaves. Happily, they complied.

For days I ravished pussies, my monster dick cutting a swath through those virgin holes.

The orgy was endless. They would help each other as I entered them. My oversized weapon could not fit completely inside any of them, and the others would massage, simulate, and suck any part of my package not buried in someone's gushing gash. My recovery time made me basically tireless. I would completely use up snatches, permanently stretching and contorting the lower halves of my masochistic servants' bodies, and they would just crawl back to the Twins to get new, fresh, virgin cunts. Always tight, always overstuffed and overtaxed, their cries of pleasurable pain filled the large room. Huge lactating breasts were always being offered to me and I sucked them dry. Using that milky mass to create more and

more gallons of my spunk and musk. My servants' bodies were wired to be able to have an orgasm just from being milked, and many became delirious from that experience long before it was their turn to feel my mighty rod. On and on it went. A continual loop of sex. My seed infecting all of them, breast growing and shrinking at my command. They all desired only to bring me pleasure with their perfect, fresh bodies. When they became too exhausted or ravaged they would simply get a new one.

Finally, I called a stop to it, and told my servants that on this day we would rest. They all told me they did not need rest, they all begged me to continue the orgy, that never in their long existence had they ever done anything as wonderful as this. They pleaded with me to fuck their pussies raw unremittingly.

I told them no.

Looking at their pouting disappointed faces, I promised them we would continue later. I told Second to stay, and ordered the rest out. Second was on her fifth or sixth body. I had always made sure she was in the thick of things, and in her liveliness she had gone through bodies quickly. I looked down at her, and decided to turn off my pheromones for a bit.

"I would like to talk to you," I said, in a calm voice. She looked up at me with her big green eyes.

"I was thinking of subjugating Earth." I said.

I went on to tell her a story about my life. How I had been bounced from one foster home to the next never having a true family, that, despite my good grades, I still had to debase myself to get a scholarship. How women had scorned me. Second looked up at me though all this. When I was done with my sob story I looked to her for a response.

When I was done with my explanation, she laughed, a very musical sound. "Well, I don't know why any of that would bother anyone, but if you want Earth just take it. We'll help if you want, should be fun."

I shook my head. Despite my mastery of Second's race, I felt like I would never understand them.

"I will." I said, and, "You will."

I brought her head to the tip of my tremendous cock. With a squeal of delight she stretched her ruby lips over my titanic bulbous head and did what she did best.