

The Way of Things

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[Mass Effect] Humans are only good for breeding. The Asari have mastered the art of breaking them, and Thessia houses an enormous breeding hall where thousands of humans are kept in a constant state of fucked, pregnant bliss.

In this universe, humanity's worth is nothing more than a womb to be filled. They live for the glory - and pleasure - of Thessia.

[Mindbreak, Rape, Futa/F, breeding]

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The Way of Things
Chapter One: Stolen
-by Drace Domino

At every opportunity, humans seemed eager to prove that their usefulness was limited. They contributed so very little to the Citadel, and many Asari could never truly understand why the Council had decided to permit them to join. Perhaps it was all just a show to convince the humans in power that the natural course of things would be changing; a way to soften up their borders and their resistances. Not that it particularly mattered...the Asari had always been good at taking what they wanted from them regardless of their consent.

Sometimes; however, the humans took things back. It was in those moments that the Asari sent their best in order to reclaim what had been stolen. It was in those moments that a Justicar was dispatched, and woe befell any that were unwise enough to cross one.

Elez V'Tila scoffed as she boarded the ship of her target, her nose scrunching up at the scent. There was a foul aroma filling the rear of the vessel - a clear sign that the human that had stolen it didn't know how to properly maintain an Asari clutch ship. The relays had been poorly tended to, the power cells were leaking, and the entire thing needed to be taken in for inspection. Ultimately it was a good thing, since if the human knew what she was doing when she stole it Elez never would've caught up.

The Justicar removed her helmet as soon as she snuck on board; slinking in from her own cloaked vessel that had docked stealthily to the other. More of the human's incompetence showed - any Asari would've been easily able to tell that another ship locked onto their own like a leech on the belly. It only made Elez more confident as she began to drift from room to room of the Asari clutch ship, working from the rear to where the thief was likely waiting in the bridge.

Stern features were usually enough to tell anyone that Elez V'Tila was a Justicar; her rich blue skin marked with a scar or two across her forehead and tendrils, sharp purple eyes that carried many years worth of experience in their gaze. She carried no weapon simply because she didn't need to - for nearly a thousand years, biotics had taken care of any dangers she came across, and a single thieving human was hardly a threat. Humans were many things...but in their entire interaction with Asari for the past ten years, they had never been anything close to a threat.

Elez made a few mental notes as she continued through the ship, paying close attention to the parts that would require service. She'd need to run it back to the Citadel as soon as she neutralized her target, not just for the sake of the stolen vessel but for the security of its cargo. Asari clutch ships were known to

carry valuable treasure indeed, one of the few resources worth dispatching a Justicar in order to recover. And as Elez made her way into the primary storage room of the vessel, she came across said cargo with a small smile creeping across her stern, stoic lips.

“Justicar...Justicar...please...” Whimpers, moans, desperate voices coming from a containment unit she couldn’t quite pick out from the crowd.

“Justicar...please fuck me...” Another voice, added to the melody of soft tones flooding the room. One became five, and then ten, and then twenty as more containment units realized just who had stepped inside. Though none of them knew her name, they all recognized an Asari Justicar when they saw one.

They all recognized one of the species that they had been broken to worship.

From wall to wall, stretching for most of the ship, the containment units held naked human women in perfect suspension. Each one was positioned so that their arms were locked behind their backs and their legs stretched and spread, pussies exposed and left untouched. Like eggs in a carton the humans were lined up one by one in identical positions, clearly packaged for easy transport to their destination. Some had swollen bellies and were visibly pregnant while others were merely starting to show, but Elez knew that if she checked the vitals on each and every containment unit’s panel it would confirm that they were all with child.

A full Asari clutch ship, meant for immediate delivery to Thessia. The Asari that had allowed some upstart human to steal it would be severely punished.

“Justicar, I haven’t been fucked in almost a day...” A voice whined, pathetic words of adoration from an equally pathetic human. “Please shove your cock in me, Justicar...!”

“No, me! Me first!” Another called, a woman with older features. The human cattle came from all walks of life; every different shade of color their species could attain, and any age that fit the Asari parameters for healthy breeding. “I can’t wait until Thessia!”

“Silence, sluts.” Justicar Elez spoke, her voice low but commanding great authority. Though it pained the whores greatly to silence themselves none dared speak up after that moment, falling immediately quiet out of respect for the Asari. Elez took the time to reach for one of the nearest control panels in the cargo room, tapping a few buttons and chewing on her bottom lip. Once more she spoke but to no one in particular; simply the soft mutterings of a woman that was sent there for a purpose. “...let’s see how the clutch is doing...”

Despite the condition of the ship, there was no damage among the cargo. None of the cattle or the future Asari growing within them were harmed - a very, very lucky thing for the human that had stolen the vessel. As soon as she confirmed the status of the precious and treasured cargo Elez tuned the controls into the ship’s security feed, quickly focusing on the bridge to see what exactly she was up against.

A human woman; another one of those damned resistance soldiers that had been causing so many problems lately. From the feed of the camera Elez could tell she was tall, likely nearly six feet or even a bit over. Strong in her own way as well, sporting sculpted arms that made it clear she took great care of her form. Short black hair was cut close to her head; the style of a soldier that wanted to keep her locks

short while still having something for a lover to run their hand through.

Most importantly...she was leaning back and watching a holovid, completely ignorant that the stolen ship had been boarded. Elez merely chuckled, and as she switched the feed off her tongue danced lightly across her lips, nursing a bit of anticipation. Perhaps this mission wouldn't be quite as boring as she thought it would be at first...perhaps Justicar Elez V'Tila would make her own contribution to the clutch ship by the time she brought it back to the Citadel.

"Stay quiet, sluts." Elez spoke up once more, knowing that her word was law to the pregnant humans held in their unique prisons. Each one was glistening and moist from the mere presence of the Justicar, and not even Elez's mature resolve could completely keep her arousal in check. Already she was throbbing against the skin tight grip of her suit, and already she was picking out which of the whores she'd enjoy on her return trip. The eighteen year old redhead with a small belly bump. The forty-three year old woman with dark skin that was well into her last trimester. The twins. Definitely the twins.

But...her duty came first, and by the time Justicar Elez made her way through the cargo room her fingers were already crackling with energy. She was going to wrap plenty of humans around her enormous blue cock by the time she pulled into the Citadel's dock, but the first one was definitely going to be the thief.

Stealing from the Asari punishable by death, but the human on the bridge was very fortunate that there happened to be one containment unit left unoccupied. One she would fit quite nicely inside.

To the human's credit, as soon as she heard the door to the bridge open she was quick to act. It was hard to even blame her for letting her guard down; there weren't many in the galaxy that had the ship and the skill needed to catch a moving vessel and infiltrate it so efficiently. As soon as the door opened the soldier leapt from her seat and snatched up a pulse rifle that was nearby, hoisting it to her chest and levelling her gaze at the intruder. Without words or pause she fired off a few rounds in rapid succession, but a simple standard issue weapon was nothing compared to the might of a Justicar.

The blasts struck the biotic field surrounding Elez and made a muffled noise as they faded, but just to secure her advantage the Justicar let a hand lash out while fields of energy coalesced around her fingers. The weapon wasn't just ripped from the human's hands - it was demolished. Buckled and bent as invisible impacts struck it from every angle, until a simple ball of metal fell to the floor as a smoldering wreckage.

"You're taking this ship in the wrong direction." Justicar Elez smirked, allowing rightly-earned confidence to ease into her voice. "Thessia is in the opposite direction. That's your new home, after all." The human, even though she was clearly beaten right from the beginning, clearly wasn't the sort to go down without a fight. Her large fists tightened and her arms lifted in a defensive position, a growl rolling from the back of her throat as she responded.

"Fuck you, you blue bitch." She snarled, her eyes narrow and focused on the Asari's face. "Those girls are getting deprogrammed. I'll be damned if I let you take them back to that prison you call a planet!"

"Thessia is a paradise." Elez responded simply, sweetly, and even let her hands lower. One of them

folded behind her back as the other moved across her lap, idly stroking the stiff cock that still pushed against the material of her skintight suit. The teasing was so often one of the sweetest parts - toying with her prey until she finally indulged herself. "For the Asari and for our broodmares. You'll be well fed. Your health needs will be taken care of. You'll spend every single moment of your waking life in a happiness you can barely imagine."

"I've seen the holovids." The soldier growled in response, her hands still locked into tight fists. She was ready for anything - at least, she thought she was. She likely had no idea just how severe a disadvantage she was at. "Nothing but human asses sticking out of walls! You treat us like toys!"

"The human leadership is free to bring this complaint to the Council at any time." Justicar Elez responded with a smirk. Unlike the human she was clearly unconcerned, and instead of raising her hands she continued to lightly stroke and fondle her shaft. It was only getting harder and more excited the longer she stood there watching; studying the muscular soldier, her beautiful strong frame, her bravery for standing up in that moment. She was going to make for a delightful broodmare, and the Justicar was thrilled to be the one to breed her first. "But until then...you know how this will end, girl. Don't make me bruise you - you're already not nearly as pretty as the others." The soldier, her eyes flashing in rage, finally pushed her assault.

"I'll beat you down with my bare fucking hands, cunt!" She roared, lunging forward as if she were a Krogan battlemaster. Unfortunately for her, Justicar Elez wouldn't have been intimidated even if she was. As the human lunged forward she took a few wide swings, each one whipping through the air and missing the Asari by just a few inches. As she weaved and dodged Elez couldn't help but smile all the wider, and she pointedly licked her lips as the human worked herself into a frenzy. This one would be great fun to break - she had spirit. Spirit that took the form of berserk flailing and an angry cry that pierced the air of the bridge. "You took my sister! My mother! I'll never forgive you!"

"Forgive? Perhaps not." Justicar Elez finally responded, just as biotic energy once more crackled across her fingertips. When she returned a blow to the human it was swift and to her midsection, and riding it was enough force to instantly make the human double over. As she dropped to her knees wincing and trying to catch her breath, Justicar Elez merely smirked and gazed down at the prone figure below her. "But worship? That...I believe you can be taught."

Even now, with her body aching and tears marking the corners of her eyes, the powerful soldier was willing to resist. With her palms pressed flat to the floor she forced her head to look up, clenching her teeth and studying her enemy. For the first time she saw it - that massive cock only barely restrained by the skintight suit - and for the first time she realized just what would become of her. With a tremble of emotion running through her she spoke again, sounding like the pathetic, helpless mess that she really was. That all humans were.

"I'll die before I do." She swore, though it was a lie that almost every human in her position told. Justicar Elez merely smiled as one of her hands dropped down, and she allowed her fingers to smoothly, gently, run through the human's hair. She tousled the short locks, slid a thumb across the woman's sweat-marked forehead, and eventually lowered to lift her chin. Their eyes met, and Justicar Elez spoke without any trace of doubt, hesitation, and most devoid of all - mercy.

"You'll die of old age, many years from now." She cooed, her voice saturated and dripping with

condescension and dominance. “And you won’t be remembered by your sister, your mother, me, or any of the Asari you’ll give birth to before that day comes.”

A harsh truth, but on the bright side...she would enjoy every one of her remaining days as she served as yet another breeding bitch of Thessia.

“Karen Theodore.” Justicar Elez read the girl’s name, holding her identification between two delicate fingers. “Thirty-three years old. Ten years of service in the Alliance military.” She held the card up before flicking it lightly to the side. “This is out of date, Karen. Should I take that to mean you abandoned them?”

“The Alliance Navy was taking their orders from the Citadel.” Karen spat out, and still snarled despite her precarious position. “Wasn’t going to be a part of helping you blue cunts take whatever you want. Fuck the Alliance, fuck the Citadel, and fuck Asari.” Justicar Elez afforded herself a sweet little laugh at that, and moved a hand out to lightly caress the human’s cheek in a mocking fashion.

“Now now, I know you’re impatient, but not just yet.” She cooed, to which Karen merely grimaced and winced at the suggestion. “You know, Karen...you’re lucky that when you stole this ship you merely snuck on board and took it while it was refueling. I can’t begin to describe what would have happened to you if you had actually killed an Asari to take it.”

“...I can’t imagine something worse than this.”

On one hand, she wasn’t trying hard enough. But on the other...Justicar Elez could understand why she felt that way. After her swift defeat Karen had been quickly moved through the ship, brought all the way back into the cargo hold where she now had the honored position of occupying the vacant containment unit. She was laying on her back with her legs forced to spread and her arms behind her, her head held up by a comfortable pillow so she could watch as everything happened to her. Stripped naked down to her Alliance navy tattoos, Karen was helpless as she wriggled from side to side against her holding frame. On either side there were other bound humans in various states of pregnancy, and they either glared at Karen in anger for stealing them away to begin with...or outright jealousy because she had the Justicar’s attention.

“Karen. Sweet Karen.” Justicar Elez continued, reaching a hand up across her own forehead, down the back of her tendrils as if they were long, sweeping hair. It was an elegant motion, even sensual, and several of the imprisoned human broodmares moaned and cooed at the sight. “Whether you believe it or not, I don’t want to use such...brutish techniques. We’d much rather spend some time with a lovely human such as yourself, enjoy her company for an evening, and then-”

“Slap one of those slave collars on them and take them back to your fucking hatchery.” Karen glared, gritting her teeth. “Well, I won’t be so easy, cunt. First thing I did when I got into orbit was smash every last fucking one I could find that you hadn’t already slapped on one of these poor girls.”

Justicar Elez quirked a brow and gave a tiny chuckle, before moving a hand out and letting one slender finger caress across Karen’s stomach. The mere touch of the Asari was enough to make the human shudder from indignant revulsion, and the look on her face merely made Elez smile all the wider. Though

as a Justicar she was forced to very often remain serious and stoic, in times like this she deeply enjoyed a few moments of teasing brevity.

“...you should have destroyed this containment cell.” She remarked coyly, and started to spin on a heel. She turned to the nearby control console and started to type, all the while the complete center of attention of all the trapped human women. Even as she spoke of the dominance her species forced upon the humans, the trapped sluts watched her with nothing but adoration and desire in their eyes, a programmed worship that was crafted half from the Asari bond and half from the powerful slave collar. Knowing full well she was the object of desire of every trapped and pregnant bitch on board, Justicar Elez took her time in looking back over her shoulder to the newest acquisition. “It looks like the ship will most certainly need to be taken to the Citadel for maintenance. It’s going to be a...long ride for you, Karen Theodore. Not necessarily an unpleasant one, but certainly long.”

“You won’t break me.” Karen snapped back, glaring. She was far more stubborn than her current position suggested; her slit exposed, her breasts in the open air, and her body held at the perfect height for fucking. “I’m stronger than these women. I’ll beat you, just like humanity will beat your disgusting species right out of the Citadel and take it for their own.” She took a deep breath, steeling herself for what she expected to be torture of the most unique and penetrating variety. “Humanity...will...prevail.”

Justicar Elez could only barely contain her laughter. The Asari woman finally turned away from the console at the same time that she reached for her uniform, grasping a zipper near the top collar and slowly beginning to draw it down. As she did so blue flesh became exposed inch by inch, and while her arms slinked free the amount of moans and gasps of pleasure filled the room exponentially. The human sluts were responding just as they had been trained, and while Justicar Elez didn’t respond to Karen’s claim directly, she was happy to let the other humans do it for her.

“...she’s so beautiful...I want her...inside me...”

“...I hope she gets me pregnant next...”

“I can’t see! Ohh, I wish I could see!”

“Justicar! I love you! Please use this human fuckhole!”

As the Justicar continued to strip the cries of lust intensified, until finally Elez stood there wearing only her boots. Beautiful smooth blue skin - marked only here and there with tiny scars from a millennia of battle - traced every inch of her body, from her smooth tendrils to her toned and fit arms, to a flat belly and of course, a noticeably long, thick cock hanging from her lap. The thing was impressive in girth in a way that Karen had never witnessed a human man achieve; and it was already sticking straight out and clearly interested in the newly acquired soldier. As the moans of the sluts around them continued Justicar Elez stretched her arms to the side and basked in it, soaking up their adulation and their worship like it was the warm and soothing rain on Thessia. And when she finally lowered her head once more to even her gaze upon Karen’s face, her voice was still resting in that playful, teasing state. It was so much fun to toy with them first...after all, once they became pregnant breeding bitches, humans didn’t have quite the same fire.

“Your mother and sister...” Justicar Elez spoke, a small smile tugging at the corners of her lips. Even the

mention of them made Karen flinch, exposing a vulnerable position on a human that had less than usual. "They were taken, yes?"

Karen knew full well there was no good to be had in engaging in the conversation, but...even her resilient mind knew it might have been the last one she'd really have. And if it delayed what was to come, she could tell the Asari as many things as she asked. With her head hanging to her chest and her eyes downcast the stoic soldier spoke, her voice low and thoughtful as she dwelled on the memory of those she had lost to the same species that now came for her.

"My mother, she..." Karen swallowed, muscles tightening as rage swelled within her. "...she left a note for us. Said she met an Asari woman and was running away with her. Left us...left Dad...and we didn't understand it at first. Never knew she liked women, never thought...she..."

"The seductive powers of an Asari are quite difficult to resist." Justicar Elez responded simply, though didn't mean for the words to carry any comfort. It was a brag - not a consolation. "Your mother never had a chance once one of our recruiters set her eyes on her target. Consider yourself lucky you received a note, most women that rush into our arms do so without a second thought of their family."

There was a long, tense moment in which Karen glared daggers at the Justicar until Elez finally moved a hand, wiggling her fingers and gesturing for the woman to continue.

"Please, go on." She smiled as she stepped forward, her cock swinging gently side to side as she did so. She even took the time to reach a hand out and glide her fingers up and across one of the nearby pussies - leaving her digits glistening in nectar, and making the random human she had fondled moan in wild, uncontrollable desperation. As Elez teased those glistened fingers underneath her nose to draw in the sweet smell of human nectar, she continued with a tone that was designed purely to torment. "Your sister. How did she come to find the paradise of Thessia?"

More glared daggers, none of which could even carve the thinnest layer off of Elez's smug and delighted expression. She even popped each wet fingers into her mouth and licked them clean like after a fine meal, savoring the taste of the mewling slut lucky enough to enjoy her touch. Karen, with a heart that was rapidly breaking and her body still failing to break out of her containment unit, spoke in a voice that was mournful and low.

"I don't know everything." She sighed, and again her eyes became moist with tears at the corners. Though Karen Theodore was strong and bold and brave, some wounds were always raw and exposed. "She went to Illium to be a bridesmaid at one of her friend's weddings. Never came back. All I heard was she got onto an Asari ship the night of the wedding."

"Oh, what a lucky girl." Justicar Elez looked genuinely impressed, and brought her hands together in a soft, even respectful clap. "Only Matriarchs get to have weddings on Illium, and when they marry their chosen slut, well..." She rolled her shoulders casually, trying to play off her own small shiver of jealousy. "...she gets not only her bride, but every suitable woman in attendance. Your sister is quite likely living in one of the finest buildings on Thessia now, bred again and again by one of our oldest and most powerful Asari."

If there was any comfort for Karen to grasp to, that was it. But just when her lips started to drift towards

something close to a smile - as demented as it was to recognize that it was her sister's best case scenario - Justicar Elez was quick to step on her hope. She moved forward at last and allowed her throbbing blue cock to lift and crash down once more, dropping atop the human's lap and giving her a nice, clear idea of just how much of her soldier body would soon be filled with cock.

"You don't have that future ahead of you, Karen Theodore." Justicar Elez announced in a matter-of-fact voice, and gestured to the women that stretched from one end of the cargo bay to the other. "You? You'll be just like them. Happy, yes. But not special. Just another hole for women like me to enjoy, and another belly to grow the next generation of biotic goddesses."

Karen remained silent with tears on her face, either because she finally realized the futility of discussion, or she was simply in mourning for the fact that she was soon going to be a pale shadow of her former self. Either way, when Justicar Elez grasped her member at the base and began to guide it down, the stoic soldier didn't even try to push against the containment unit, nor did she even look away.

She met her fate head-on, with eyes open, as an Alliance navy woman should.

Head-on, eyes open, and tight, moist pussy slowly stretched taut around the shape of a throbbing blue cock.

The restraint units were specifically designed so that any Asari could step forward and enjoy one of the pregnant whores; it kept them completely held in place and stable to protect from their own willful thrashings or being displaced by the thrusts of an Asari with an enormous cock. Back on Thessia each woman held by one of those mobile units would eventually be transitioned into a permanent fixture in one of the walls of the breeding palace - a large museum of human whores with walls that could shift and move to deliver a particularly requested pussy.

It was all a system that worked very efficiently and had led to the Asari becoming even more powerful than they already were; the undisputed rulers of this sector of space as far as their ships could reach. For the species that were smart enough to bow their heads to the matriarchal society prosperity and advancement were their reward; for those that opposed annihilation typically came swift and sudden. And then there were races like the humans...neither too stubborn to be wiped out or too compliant to be rewarded. Thankfully, the Asari had found the perfect use for them, and Karen Theodore was just another one to be enjoyed.

If she was lucky, when they got back to Thessia her pussy would make a good impression and be enjoyed even while she was pregnant. If she failed to win over the affections of any of the resident Asari she would be placed into a breeding cycle, and the only cock that would come her way would be when she was ready to be impregnated again.

Now six inches in with plenty more to go, Justicar Elez wasn't entirely sure what category the human would fall into. Karen was remarkably tight considering she was about thirty and had seen her fair share of war, and it was likely thanks to her well-defined muscle tone and the fact that she took care of herself. She was fit, she was strong, and she had a cunt with a particularly nice, wet grip to it. Unfortunately her muscular features, slightly chiseled face, and light scarring from her life as a soldier wouldn't win her over to many. Most Asari back on Thessia only enjoyed the prettiest and the most dainty whores;

enjoying them while they were tight and young and sending them to the breeding programs once they were finished.

Justicar Elez had already decided - when she next visited Thessia she'd pay this headstrong human a visit, even if she wasn't "in demand." Even if she was already pregnant. After all, it seemed like the least she could do for a human that was strong enough to try standing up to the power of the Asari. She failed miserably; of course, but she still tried...and that was a very rare thing in these times.

"Your pussy's got a nice feel to it." Elez purred, allowing her hands to move forward so she could pinch the human's nipples. Slowly she twisted them from side to side as she shoved another inch of her cock in, taking it at a gradual pace so she could enjoy that first, wet penetration. "Your tits are firm, too. Make sure you smile when the upper class of Thessia surveys the new goods. If you're lucky, they might buy you for one of their servants."

The words only stung Karen all the more, and by now the tears on her cheeks were a guaranteed constant. She didn't try fighting against the inevitable anymore, but she did put every ounce of strength into maintaining herself as much as she could. She had heard the stories just like any Alliance navy soldier - that Asari women could make others aroused by their mere presence, that their physical contact could be dangerously alluring, that their attention could break someone's mind and heart in the same stroke. The proof of that last one surrounded Karen in the form of jealous humans with large pregnant bellies, and yet she still did her best to fight the impulses inside of her. Fight the arousal that crept across her thighs. Fight the stiffness of her nipples as they laid within the Asari's fingers as playthings. She clenched her teeth and continued to glare - if there came a time where her conscious sane thoughts finally disappeared, she wanted the last one to be how much she hated Asari.

"You broke all the slave collars, so they'll fix you with one as soon as you get back to the Citadel." Justicar Elez continued, and bucked another inch of cock into the woman's hole. She was only three-quarters finished, and already it was more cock than Karen had ever even dreamed of taking before. Her pussy was soaked and sopping as it struggled to grasp that blue length filling it, and nectar dripped in steady fashion to the basin below. Each restraining unit had a detachable tub positioned just underneath the respective slut's nethers - for as easy cleanup of juice and cum as possible. With a slightly wider gait Justicar Elez rolled her hips from side to side, preparing to take the plunge and shove the last few bits of her shaft deep into the human's tender pussy. "But let's see...if I can break you without one, shall we?"

With her final push forward Karen's silence finally broke in the form of a desperate scream, and following it was the calamity of noise that was every other breeding bitch in the cargo bay cheering. If their hands could reach they would've clapped. If they could lower their legs they'd give her a standing ovation. But as it was, all they could do is scream, cheer, and cry out joyfully for what was easily the worst few split seconds of Karen Theodore's life.

Pushed all the way down to the base, Justicar Elez could see the gentle slope of her cock pushing at the human's belly from within. Karen was strong enough that it wasn't terribly noticeable, but when she lowered a hand to approvingly run her fingers across the shape it was quite clear exactly what it was. She left herself hiltling the human for a long, cruel moment, and with her fingers dancing over that distended spot of Karen's belly allowed her eyes to trace up to the resilient soldier's once more. Again she smiled across her own slightly scarred features - a smile of dominance and ownership, a smile that

spoke in no uncertain terms that she wasn't just the winner of their fight, she would be the one to sire Karen's first child.

The first of many in a life that as of now was dedicated solely to that purpose.

Justicar Elez stopped to savor the feel of the human's raw, wet pussy wrapped wonderfully tight around her cock, and she took a deep breath of satisfaction as she watched Karen squirm and wince from the same delightful experience. It was a safe bet that by the end of their session Karen would have a very different opinion about getting fucked by an Asari than she did now, and she wouldn't be far off from becoming one of the moaning sluts that flanked them on every angle. Her stubborn nature was nice while it lasted. With a slow smile spreading across her mature lips the Justicar finally began to thrust, pulling her hips back slowly and sensually until she could feel just the tip of her cock crowned by the other woman's folds. She swayed her hips from side to side, took a slightly wider stance, and then truly began to fuck the imprisoned breeding bitch.

Wet, loud slaps filled the cargo bay as the Justicar rewarded herself for a job well done, treating her enormous blue length to the spoils of her daring space bound siege. Little Karen wasn't able to hold back her cries as she was steadily fucked underneath the watchful and jealous eyes of her peers, and she closed her eyes tight in order to pretend just for a few seconds that something else, anything else, was happening. The thrusts from the Justicar became louder and louder as she pushed herself forward with greater speed, until her hands finally moved to the human's thighs and she paused with her shaft midway inside of her. It was an abrupt stop that Karen didn't expect, and when she opened her eyes once more she found the courage to growl out in a low, hateful tone.

"W...What's the matter, you blue bitch?" She spat, sweat lining her brow and her expression strained and weary. "Finally realize how fucked up what you're doing is?"

Justicar Elez lifted her gaze, tilted her head and smirked with a cruel expression riding her lips. She shook her head simply just as one hand reached out for the control panel on the containment unit, striking a few buttons and humming softly to herself.

"On Thessia, a Justicar isn't given much time to...enjoy herself." She explained, and as her fingers kept working Karen could start to feel her restraints fade away. The locks were opening up, and the entire console was tilting to place her on her feet once more. Eventually Elez's cock popped free entirely, but even through the sharp and sudden gasp Karen continued to listen. "We're so often dispatched to the corners of the galaxy, we have to rush through every breeding session. I can't tell you how many times I've been offered a lovely hole to enjoy only to fuck it as quickly as I could...hardly time to enjoy it properly."

By the time Karen found her footing that reprieve was short lived. No sooner did the machine release her did Justicar Elez grasp her once more, a hand flying into her short black hair and forcibly twisting her around. Using her tremendous strength and a bit of biotic assistance she made the wobbling human bend over from the waist, and once more her cock eased against the entrance of the other's pussy. Mere split seconds before shoving herself inside, Justicar Elez growled once more with a deeply hungry tone.

"But nobody knows I found the ship just yet...so I've got all the time in the world." And with that, she

suddenly slammed her hips forward and once more impaled the human atop her throbbing blue cock. Karen's screams filled the cargo bay once more along with the usual desperate moans from the other women watching nearby, their jealousy now magnified that Karen was getting fucked in a position other than her restraint unit. The Justicar forcibly reached down and pulled up one of Karen's legs; spreading her thighs to make the slamming, intense penetration go all the deeper and harder. Her hips snapped back and forth roughly and violently, her cock delved down to the core with every single sudden press, and a wet noise filled the room when it wasn't being drowned out by Karen's screams of shock and grief.

"There, that's better!" Justicar Elez laughed with every inch of her cock throbbing against the human's tight, wet walls. Karen was gripping her more than the human would ever want to admit; a clear sign that things were already well underway. The human was soaked and wonderfully warm, ensuring that every press forward paid the proper attention to the superior Asari cock filling her. "Whores! Tell the new breeding bitch what becoming an Asari clutch slut means!"

It was perhaps the single cruelest order that Justicar Elez could have given, and the entire time it was carried out she continued to violently fuck the soldier from behind. All those toned human muscles meant nothing as she was forced to double over and present for a Justicar, and while her pussy was plunged raw and hard the voices of the other humans started to speak up in a chorus of gleeful praise. After all, they had been ordered to speak of just how happy they were.

"It's the greatest thing ever!" A joyful young woman called from the back. "I'm so happy they chose me!"

"My pussy is always happy!" Another woman spoke up, this one middle-aged yet still very, very much pregnant. "Our Asari owners are so kind - they never let a day go by before breeding me again!"

"I don't remember ever being anything other than an Asari breeding slut!" Another voice called. "Justicar, please do me next, I beg you!"

It was a harsh look into Karen's future, and the worst part was that she could already feel it happening. Her soaked slit was gripping Justicar Elez's cock intensely, milking it despite her own consent and the wills of her heart. Her body was betraying her, heat was overwhelming her, and she couldn't even try to concentrate with that steady slap, slap, slapping against her from behind. She bit fiercely down on her bottom lip until Elez fucked another scream from her, and her hands flew forward to brace against the restraint console. And for the first time, much to her chagrin, she found herself pushing back.

Pushing back against a thick Asari cock...pushing back against a cock that...made so many other women...happy.

It was an expected reaction, and when she first felt Karen begin to rock back against her Justicar Elez smiled enormously. Her hands locked against the human's hips as she held her steady, and she continued to give her exactly what her body craved. The Justicar's large blue breasts slapped back and forth as she continued to thrust, each one watched closely by the flicking eyes of the various breeding sluts. Her sack swung forward and slapped Karen's hood every time she pushed herself down to the hilt, and her grin was spreading more by the second. Though Karen at that point was a sweaty mess of misuse and shame, the Justicar didn't wear a drop of sweat or have the slightest sign of strain. Instead,

from her tendrils to her toes she was collected, calm, and fully in control.

And when she fully allowed her power to strength out, the Asari bond crashed against Karen's psyche like a tidal wave of psionic force. The Justicar's eyes went suddenly black as her grin intensified, and a pleasure unlike Karen had ever known in her old life finally grasped her. Sweltering waves of bliss rushed over her flesh like a second skin, each one making her feel depths of joy that she couldn't of even imagined before. She didn't just hit an orgasm in that moment - she hit a level greater than the combined magnitude of any climax she had ever had put together. Karen's eyes took on the same opaque black look as the Justicar's in that moment, the Asari bond dragging her screaming figure into an abyss of pleasure that she would never, ever return from.

It was a joy shared by the Justicar, but unlike Karen, she would not be broken by it. It was a pleasure she thrived on, a pleasure that her entire species had learned to control as a tool of expansion and a weapon of war. A pleasure that they were using to dominate the entire galaxy. And when the Justicar's orgasm finally rolled through her it sent a subtle psionic shockwave through the ship that had tremendous effects.

As her mighty blue member began to pulse rope after rope of cum into Karen's pussy, the human in question shrieked with the first remnants of her sanity quickly fading away. It was the psionic wave that shuddered across all the other bound breeding sluts of the clutch ship that set them off as well, and while the Justicar's cock spasmed and twitched with squirting cum she was treated to the melody of dozens of whores climaxing in unison.

Every slut on the ship that night hit a thrilling peak when the Justicar filled Karen, and similarly the basin underneath their restraining units caught the nectar and squirt that they offered. They writhed in joy and cried out for more as their bodies were overtaken by bliss, all brought on from the gentle riding wave of desire that emanated from the powerful biotic. Her cock throbbed as they squirmed and Karen twitched, her cum oozed deeper and deeper into a fertile human womb as their own pregnant bellies shook back and forth in delight and anticipation. When the Justicar was finally finished filling Karen's pussy she combed her fingers down the human's spine, leaving faint scratch marks as she did so in a form of grim appreciation. When she pulled her prick free she simply allowed Karen to drop down to her knees dismissively; not even bothering to catch her. Why bother? She wasn't pregnant yet, and there was nothing more of value to her than what would one day be in her womb.

The stoic soldier, once the strongest in her platoon and turned to become a freedom fighter, landed on scuffed knees as cum erupted out of her pussy. The copious payload of Asari seed was too much for any woman to contain, and there was no collection basin underneath her. Elez would simply let the mess sit there for now, and she watched with desire and joy as Kare oozed ounce after ounce of cum from her wet human slit. When the short-haired soldier found the strength to look up once more, it was clear that things had changed. Her stubborn look had faded, her sweat-glistened features had softened, and even her voice quivered forward with but a shadow of its former defiance.

"...J...Justicar..." She whimpered, and a hand moved forward to pet the other woman's cock still glistening with her own dense juice. "...please...fuck me again..."

Justicar Elez merely smirked, and her prick twitched underneath the affectionate pet. A week ago Karen Theodore had stolen an Asari clutch ship in the hopes of deprogramming the pregnant humans and

giving them a second chance at their old lives. Now there she was kneeling before an Asari, begging for another round of glorious pleasure.

The only proper spot for a human.

Karen Theodore had never met Jennifer Selly before. They were from two totally different colonies, and had never even been on the Citadel at the same time until the day Karen tried to rescue the sluts. Now, even though they were strangers, Karen and Jennifer knelt side by side sucking on a thick Asari cock. Karen's physically fit and muscular body was a stark contrast to Jennifer's own - curvy, slightly chubby, and heavily pregnant with a large belly...but both humans did their job well enough. Back on the bridge of the clutch ship Karen and Jennifer were hard at work, pawing across a throbbing blue cock and smearing it with kisses and spit.

And Justicar Elez, rather casually leaning back in her seat, was contacting the Citadel. On the viewscreen at the front of the ship the communication came through, and a woman even older than Justicar Elez appeared. Her smile was soft and deceptively kind - she looked motherly and sweet, but Elez knew her to be one of the most sadistic bitches in the galaxy.

"Matriarch Calyt." The Justicar gave her a small nod in greeting, but otherwise remained seated so the sluts could keep sucking her cock. "You'll be pleased to know that I recovered the clutch ship and added the thief to its cargo."

"Excellent work, Elez." The Matriarch once more smiled with a charming look, and a smile spread over her features that was more than enough to warm a room. A stark, stark contrast to the woman within. "I'm looking forward to seeing you again when you return. Thessia will be pleased as well."

"Everything I do is for my fellow Asari." Justicar Elez responded simply, and allowed her hands to drop to Karen and Jennifer's heads. They had started to properly worship her balls at the base of her shaft; licking and slurping and paying them the attention they so rightly deserved. "Do you have another assignment for me, Matriarch?"

"There's never a lack of work for you, Elez." The Matriarch responded in kind, and gave a simple nod. "I'll have a new project for you by the time you get back to the Citadel for repairs. Until then...well...I'd say help yourself, but it looks like you already have."

"It's a long trip back." Elez's smirk was her only explanation, and she gave the woman a short salute by striking a hand against her chest. "For Thessia, Matriarch. Justicar Elez out."

A split second later the communication was severed, and Elez was left with a slow moving clutch ship that would take days to get back to the Citadel. Thankfully, as Jennifer and Karen were proving, there were plenty of warm holes on board to keep her occupied. By the time they pulled into the dock she likely would've sampled every pregnant bitch on board, and ensured that Karen was among the bred.

Karen, for her part, had nothing more to say in the matter. She had become Asari property, and would gladly live the rest of her days in one of the breeding facilities. Justicar Elez merely smiled at the slut

where she was now on her knees; cheeks wet with spit, eyes distant and glazed with desire, her naked figure a slutty shadow of her old self.

“You’re welcome.” Justicar Elez spoke with a coy smirk, and continued allowing the human to suck her slick, heavy sack. Karen Theodore had plenty to be grateful for indeed - not just for her own breaking, but for that of her mother and her sister. Never would they have known such joy in their old lives.

The Asari were indeed taking over the galaxy...and they were making every woman in their path happy for the opportunity to serve.

For Thessia.

End of Chapter One.

2 - Resistance

The Asari are ready to make their move. The human resistance will be quick to fall, and their leader will pay for her crimes against Thessia. At least her soldiers will enjoy what happens to them once the Asari stuff them into breeding pods! Nothing more but fertile sows, kept only for the quality of their wombs and the pleasures they can offer to the conquering Asari commandos...

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The Way of Things

Chapter Two: Resistance

-by Drace Domino

"I need to know how this fucking happened, Conroy." Commander Macy Montoya growled as she pushed past a few other resistance soldiers, moving deeper into the heavily armored bunker of their base. Her voice was set with an outraged tone and she had already taken out her anger on the wall - leaving a few heavy dents in the metal thanks to her biotic punches. It was an understandable reaction, Macy had never responded well to bad news, and this was...this was as bad as it got. "Did someone fuck up and lead the Asari there? Did some piece of shit rookie not mask their signature? Did someone set us up?! I swear, they'll suffer in ways that'll make what those blue cunts do to us seem polite..."

"We don't know anything yet, commander." The woman hurriedly rushing along beyond Commander Montoya was an older woman; thin and tall with blonde hair that had started to silver at the edges. Though only a few years into forty the past few years of the resistance had aged her; months were long and stressful and marked with constant worry. She carried with her an omni tool that she was working feverishly on, doing her best to get to the bottom of things. "All we know is that the Caro Colony was invaded twenty minutes ago. A full platoon of Asari commanders and three Justicars."

"Goddamnit, Kane!" Montoya suddenly stomped a foot, pausing just long enough to spin on a heel and face the other woman. She even reached out a hand and struck the older woman across the face with a fierce slap; hard enough that it left a large, red welt on her cheek. Not at all uncommon behavior for the commander. She was a solid twenty years younger than Kane, but carried the stress even worse than her mentor. "We have almost a hundred women there trained in combat! And another three dozen civilians that are smart enough to pick up a weapon and fire! You're telling me that even with our assault cannons, with our biotic shields, with our fucking defense grid...nothing did any good?!"

"N-No, Commander." Kane responded with a soft voice, moving a hand up to rub her cheek. She sat on that thought only for a second before continuing, and started to walk alongside the younger woman once more. "There's only one part of Caro Colony's defense grid that's still operational - the security cameras. We can still load up the feed. We can at least see what's going on, Commander."

"Hmph. I don't need to see the feed to know that over a hundred good women are becoming breeding bitches to those pieces of trash." Commander Montoya huffed, yet still pushed through resistance

headquarters to where a large viewscreen sat waiting. The room was crowded with soldiers and planners practically tripping over each other as they scrambled their forces; half of them contacting other colonies to warn them and the other half seeing what could be done for Caro. Unfortunately for one such woman, she was a little slow in getting out of Commander Montoya's way. While bending down to pick up a data pad she was directly in her leader's path, and seamlessly Montoya flared out a hand with her biotic power and sent the poor girl spinning across the room. Without even looking back to see if she was okay, Montoya continued along towards the screen with Kane in check. When she stood before it with arms crossed and a scowl on her face she finally spoke again, a deep sigh rising in her voice. "...show me. Put it on screen."

Kane was nervous to do so considering the resistance leader's short temper, but with a tiny nod she did as instructed. A few taps on her omnitool transferred the feed to the viewscreen, and from the very beginning it was just as horrible as they would've expected. Several different cameras were all showing their viewpoint in a series of segmented panels on the screen, and all of them showed that Caro Colony had already fallen...and all of the human women there had been taken down by the Asari. Kane was tapping away on her omni tool as she took in information from the cameras, murmuring statistics as she did so.

"First shots were fired at exactly 9:47 in the morning, final shot was fired at 10:56 in the morning." She paused briefly and watched the look on Montoya's face; her dark skinned features twisting to a look of immediate disgust. Nine minutes. That was all it took for the Asari to beat down a hundred women trained in combat, and dozens more desperate for a chance to live their own lives. Montoya's features would've been considered young and pretty if life was anything remotely fair, but now in the midst of their war she wore the signs of combat. A few scars marked her cheeks and a larger one over her forehead, and her thick black hair was pulled into a ponytail, showing that another scar travelled down the back of her neck. All of them the result of a Justicar throwing her out a shielded airlock - something she had survived, returned from, and took vengeance for.

Commander Montoya was young, but not a woman to fuck with. Tough as nails, brave, and even though she had a hell of a temper she was a biotic that fought for the protection of humankind. For the right of their women to choose who they had children with - if any at all. She was an inspiring hero of humanity, and if they managed to beat the Asari she'd no doubt be one of the new leaders of the human Alliance. The president of Earth. Maybe even a seat on the Council, if the Asari were put in their place hard enough. She was a bad woman to have as an enemy, and a bad woman to double cross.

Kane took a deep breath, turned her attention back to the viewscreen, and continued with a soft, patient voice. "Structural damage of Caro Colony suggests that the blast doors were open and the Asari moved into the location without needing to crack the shields. The escape shuttles were disabled before the first shot was fired. There were...no casualties, ma'am. Only slight injuries, according to the sensors."

"Of course there were no casualties." Montoya responded with a sneer, and very nearly struck Kane once more for her stupidity. Her eyes narrowed at the viewscreen - at those segmented panels showing Asari domination and power. "They don't even think we're dangerous enough to need killing. ...and you can't knock up a corpse."

Rage flowed through her, every muscle tense and her blood boiling with outright fury. The screen before her showed signs of Asari dominance in the purest of fashion - nothing but a small platoon of those blue

bitches fucking naked, prone human women. It was almost too much horror for Montoya to take, but she continued to watch to pay some level of respect to the women that had fallen at Caro Colony. Not fallen in a lethal fashion; of course, but in a way that could even be considered worse than death. She was witnessing camera feeds of women that had been serving in the military since before she was born - women that were among the very finest soldiers, finest fighters, finest biotics humanity had to offer. Each one of them was stripped naked and each one of them was wrapped around an Asari cock. Sometimes two; if they were tough enough to handle it.

The state of things was outright chaos on the humans' end; some of the women were shrieking in fear as they were fucked and raped, some were fighting it to the point that they needed to be biotically cuffed, some were simply laying flat with a blank look on their faces, accepting it in the most depressing of ways. Others; however, and at an increasingly high rate, were enjoying it. Even in the short few minutes that Montoya watched the feed, she saw women go from crying in terror to screaming in joy, and legs that were desperately trying to close to stop entry into their pussy were now wrapping around Asari waists, hooking their ankles together to make sure that their new lover would stay inside of them. Humans went from crying to laughing, they went from fear to lust, and they went from resistance to submission. Such was the power of the Asari - the power to break down human women to base level sluts that lived for the taste of their cum. It was a hold that Earth's best scientists weren't yet able to break; but perhaps that was because the smartest engineers and biologists had already been claimed by the Asari. They were somewhere tucked away in a dark hole on Thessia, pregnant with their fifteenth child and still getting fucked on a daily basis.

Hell; at least they were happy. Montoya could sure as shit not say the same.

"...damn every one of these fucking monsters." Montoya hissed, watching as three confident and calm Asari commanders were making a young cadet airtight. The girl looked like she was barely eighteen; likely a fresh recruit that signed up to help other women. Now, the little redhead was stretched around three blue dicks, getting fucked in and out with reckless abandon. And moaning all the while. Montoya's fists tightened further and she practically seethed, her breathing slow and steady as she spoke. "I've killed more Asari than I can fucking remember, Kane. And it's never enough. The whores have numbers we can't hope to meet." Considering the fact that even a standard Asari with no special training or talent was the rival for five human women, it ensured that this was a losing war.

"I don't understand one thing, Commander." Kane spoke up, though still a bit cautious of Montoya. Especially when she was angry, the resistance leader was violently volatile. Kane herself had already suffered a broken arm during one such tantrum - the day that Montoya's own sister fell to the Asari. The older woman was certainly not looking forward to being on the receiving end of another one of her leader's tantrums. "They...disabled everything else. The weapons, the escape vehicles, everything. Why leave the camera feed on? Why let us know what's happening to Caro Colony? Why-"

Montoya simply raised a hand and it was enough to silence the other woman. Her fingers slowly tightened into a fist, and though she didn't strike anything just yet, it seemed like she sorely wanted to. If supplies weren't so limited she likely would've demolished the viewscreen by now, but instead all she could do was stand still and stoic and keep watching as Asari commandos fucked women young and old, civilian and military, terrified and delighted.

"Don't be a fucking idiot, Kane." Montoya scowled, and took a deep, furious breath. She was so angry

she had goosebumps, and one hand dipped down the front of her shirt to pull out the only thing that gave her consolation - a necklace. Not one of sentiment or family importance; though. A chain of dried Asari head tentacles, laced together on a wire. Tentacles she had ripped from the heads of the most powerful she had fought. With those tentacles exposed hanging from her neck, Montoya continued to seethe with every muscle in her body tight and tense. "They didn't disable the cameras because they know I'm watching. They want me to see this. They want every human woman in the fucking galaxy to see it. Fuck, I wouldn't be surprised if it was airing in the Citadel."

Kane, with a nervous look on her face, tapped a few buttons on her omnitool before giving a tiny whimper of worry.

"...it is, ma'am." She confirmed quietly, almost ashamed for her species. "Every bar. Every diplomatic office. And it's being uplinked to Omega for full distribution." A few more taps on her omnitool. "...Omega is charging for viewers to watch everything without pixelation."

"So it's come to that, huh?" Montoya murmured, eyes narrow. She was watching another part of the screen again; one in which Asari commandos were taking turns fucking the ass of powerful soldier. A woman she served with - a woman that had ripped the head off of a Geth before - now her pussy was overflowing with cum to the point of constant leaking, and her tender ass was the playful of blue dick. She had tears on her face but also a smile; a sure sign that she had been terrified until Asari lust had made her love it. Montoya thought briefly about people all across the galaxy watching it; up to and including the deviants of Omega paying for full access. It would've been almost funny were it not the end of her entire fucking species. "It's not enough they make us broodmares, make us give birth to more of them, they also have to make a profit off of our fall."

Once more she drew in a long breath, letting it fill her lungs as every part of her writhed with anger and hatred. There was one more option - one more command she hadn't yet given. It was a command that would ruin the lives of countless trillions, but Commander Macy Montoya had long since stopped caring about anyone that wasn't a human. When she spoke again her voice was ringing with grim sincerity; a somber tone that carried no joy, but a dark realization of what must be done.

"Kane? Contact all ships, all colonies, all active agents in the field. Everyone." She spoke with a growl, and slowly turned on a heel as she started walking back down the crowded situation room. "Begin Operation Shutdown."

If Kane's omnitool wasn't attached to her wrist, she would've dropped it. Her eyes went wide as she chased after her leader, padding behind her with wide eyes and a worried look. This was madness - this was every bit the worst case scenario, and she had been tasked with giving the order.

"Ma'am, we can't!" Kane rarely spoke out of place, but this was indeed a special situation. She followed Montoya to one of the narrow halls, away from the noise and calamity of the control room. "Ma'am, if we give that order, everything ends! The mass effect relays, the Citadel...everyone suffers!"

"I know." Montoya responded swiftly, voice level and stern and her hands closed to fists. "All weapons on the relays. All agents on the Citadel to their bombing positions. Take them all down. If we can't win this war, we'll make sure none of those miserable bitches can ever get near human space again. Let's just hope we've got enough soldiers this side of the Milky Way to wipe out what's left of them." Even

that wasn't a guarantee - not with the fact that Asari could simply...breed more of themselves with any human's womb, willing or not.

Still, it was too far. Too far for Kane, who stood tall and finally let her voice resound with strength and conviction. She straightened her back and looked to Montoya, finally taking a stand after far too much madness.

"Ma'am, I won't give the order!" She spoke to the girl twenty years her junior, knowing full well what sort of wrath this would earn. "The Turians, the Salarians, the Quarians...shutting down the relays means making them all suffer! Entire worlds will be starved for supplies! Quadrillions will die! The entire universe will ache because of thi-"

In truth, Kane was amazed she managed to get out as much as she did. Montoya swivelled on her with ferocity ringing through her, and her first closed-fisted blow came to Kane's face right where she had slapped her earlier. The strike was so hard that it sent the older woman crashing against the hallway wall, and it was followed up with another, and another, and another. Face shots, body blows, some laced with biotic energy and some not. Montoya pummeled her second in command, her mentor in the service, without remorse as she screamed at her.

"I - don't - give - a - fuck - about - them!" She punctuated each word with a punch, her eyes wide and manic, spit dangling from her maw like a rabid animal. Once Kane had slumped down to the floor with a bleeding, bruised face, Montoya kicked her in the stomach and roared with outrage. "The Turians and Salarians could've stopped this, but their worthless carcasses did nothing! The Quarians...the Quarians?!" Her indignation was particularly high at the suggestion of their well-being. "They help them every fucking day! Every fucking minute! Humans are stuck in breeding walls designed by Quarian engineers! Shackled with sensory collars made with Quarian tech! As far as I'm concerned, every last one of those goddamn space rats deserve to be ripped from their suits and forced to die slow, painful deaths from exposure! Don't you ever fucking say 'what about Quarian's again!'"

Montoya's breathing fell heavy, her shoulders rising and falling as she finally seemed to calm down. At least enough that she stopped beating senseless her most loyal officer, her oldest friend. Her surrogate mother - at least after the real one had been taken to serve as a broodmare. Kane was sitting on the ground with her blonde silver locks bloodied, her face well-beaten, and her entire form limp. Still, she had the strength to look up to the resistance leader, and through puffy eyes could see the look on her face as she spoke in the most hurtful words she could manage.

"Y...You...I knew I was...I was right...about you..." She coughed, and spit at her - leaving a noticeable red streak on Montoya's chest. "Fuck your orders, you lunatic. Fuck...you. And fuck..." She gazed at her omnitool, gave a sudden laugh weary with pain, and finished her thought. "...fuck the resistance."

Kane was unconscious by the time the alarms started to blare within resistance headquarters. And Montoya, so surprised as they started to sound, didn't even have the sense to put everything together. She had left Kane's unconscious body in the hall as she rushed to the armory, and already from every angle she could hear the sounds of combat. Gunfire, biotic ripples, screams of panic and fear.

The Asari had found them. Caro Colony was just a distraction. This would be the day that the human resistance died.

Kane had betrayed her - it was the only explanation. She had betrayed all of them. She had betrayed every human to ever live, every child that would have been born to exclusive human parents, and every accomplishment humanity had ever made. Montoya would've killed her without a second thought if she had figured it out earlier, but it didn't strike her until she was fully geared in the armory several dozen meters away from where she had left her.

"Fuck the resistance." The words of Kane still rang in her mind, telling Montoya everything she needed to know. Kane would've been the perfect agent for the Asari - she knew everything Montoya did, knew every security clearance, every path of access, and every procedure they would've done in response to action taken against them. And without Kane to give her information or operate the various computer systems, Montoya was little more than an angry woman with a gun and biotics.

Well...to be specific, a very, very, very fucking angry woman with many guns and powerful biotics.

And if this was the day the Asari tried to wipe out the resistance, she would put up a hell of a fight.

Montoya charged out of the armory to find that the headquarters were already under assault; the noise of biotic shockwaves echoed down the halls along with the cries of her soldiers. The same fists that wore Kane's blood across the knuckles now gripped the stocks of two assault rifles, and she charged ahead with a battle cry fully expecting that she would dominate this fight just like she did every other she had been in. After all, there was a reason she had managed to go so long without falling, there was a reason she wore Asari head tendrils around her neck. She was tough, she was skilled, and there were days when she was downright invincible.

This...was not one of those days. No sooner did Montoya run into the open with her weapons ready to fire did every muscle in her body suddenly betray her. The commander's body froze and she jerked forward from momentum, enough that her weapons flew from her hands and her black hair whipped forward before settling against her dark features. Instantly she looked around to see the culprits, and sure enough those fucking Asari had already penetrated deep into the base. There was a line of commandos in a kneeling position working together; each one with their hands outstretched and commanding biotic fields that kept the resistance leader in a state of gripped stasis. She could feel their powers working against her; squeezing her, probing her, almost promising the cock-riddled fate that would soon befall her.

And at the very forefront, commanding that line of biotic soldiers, stood the most intimidating looking Asari that Montoya had ever seen. She was dressed in the solid black of a Council Spectre; the material gripping her ample hips and her enormous bust and giving them both a firm, fierce squeeze as it remained skintight. The woman stood with hands folded behind her back and a confident smile on her face; a face that wore a few scars of her own. One in particular crossed down the side of her face and over one of her eyes; an eye that was now noticeably brighter and sharper thanks to a cybernetic replacement. She was utterly flawless in her power, her poise, and her authority...and she was well-known to the trapped human.

"...Yenezza." Montoya spit the word out, managing to find the strength to fight against the biotic

barriers, just enough to spit out her words. Her body trembled violently, and if she weren't held by that rippling blue energy she would've been charging at the Spectre in that very instant. "I should've known you'd be the cunt leading this place."

"...I'm so pleased that my reputation precedes me." Spectre Yenezza beamed, and took a sweeping bow from the waist. In the background Montoya could already see how bad the fight had gone; human women were being stripped of their clothing and Asari cocks were already becoming unleashed. The horrors of Caro Colony were going to be repeated very soon, right there in front of her. Her home. Her base. Humanity's last chance at survival. Yenezza beamed as she stepped forward, walking patiently towards Commander Macy Montoya, her smile cruel and sinister and her motions predatory. Before long she stood just a few inches before where Montoya was frozen in place, and she gave a tiny scoffing sound before speaking. "I presume you're the Montoya girl? The leader of this...pathetic display?"

Montoya wanted to refute that claim, but considering the fact the halls were already starting to fill with the sound of human women's moans, it was difficult to. They really were pathetic, and perhaps they even deserved what the Asari were doing to them.

"You're the whore that took my sister." Montoya hissed, clenching her teeth as she did her best to fight the fields holding her. "Lunar Colony 45-D! Maria! You fucking took Maria, you who-aaaaaargh!" Montoya's face turned even darker as she suddenly allowed her own biotics to flare into life, and she surprised just about everyone in the room as her fist suddenly ripped free of the combined fields of the Asari commandos. It wasn't enough to release her from their grasp, but it was enough to take a single punch. A single swing. One strike from a place of fury and anger, one chance to get some level of revenge. A single punch from Montoya could have given in a woman's skull - but it had to hit first. And hers was easily tilted away from by Yenezza's swift, deft movements. It didn't take long after for her arm to once more be seized by the line of commandos, and they continued to hold her in imprisoned stasis as Spectre Yenezza gave a short, low whistle.

"My, my, such an angry little beast." She cooed. As Montoya's eyes flickered to the sight of three Asari women gang banging one of her cadets in the distance, Yenezza ignored it completely. After all, Asari stuffing human bitches with blue dick was as commonplace a thing as it came to her. Thankfully, enough cock had been shoved into her mouth to muffle the screams somewhat. Yenezza chuckled a bit as she reached forward to the string of head tendrils on Montoya's neck, her fingers scooping the dried pieces of her fallen sisters and hold them aloft. She clicked her tongue to the roof of her mouth and shook her head in disappointment, but it was a bit hard to tell at who. "Such a waste. Though I suppose any Asari that would let a worthless cow like you strike them wasn't exactly one of our best."

That much...was perhaps a lie. There were pieces hanging around Montoya's neck that were considered a true blasphemy; pieces of matriarchs and justicars that needed to be properly tended to and returned. With a deft motion Yenezza ripped the necklace from Montoya's throat and tucked it away, her eyes narrowing and her tone growing dark.

"Your resistance is over, slave." She announced simply, and levelled a cold, calculating glare on the human. One hand lifted and she waved for her commandos, each of which paid her immediate attention. Yenezza, much like Montoya, was not a woman to deny the orders of. "Asari! Let this one watch humanity fall...then take her to my quarters. No one's to touch her until I enjoy her first." She chuckled a bit, and slowly licked her lips before spinning casually on a heel. "But don't worry, ladies...you'll all get

to fuck her soon enough.”

Spectre Yenezza laughed sadistically as she walked back through the halls to finish up the job, and Montoya stared down a line of powerful commandos. She was beaten, she was helpless, and she was effectively broken. In her darkest moment Montoya had hoped that her necklace of tendrils would earn her a swift and brutal death - but as she watched Yenezza walk away she knew that wouldn't be her fate. The Asari thought far too little of humans for such an end.

Humans weren't even dangerous enough to merit killing. Why waste a good womb?

The next few hours the Asari tortured Commander Montoya without ever laying a finger on her. Trapped within a biotic prison, the human was forced to watch as a full squad of Asari fucked and filled her soldiers as their screams turned from terror to joy. She was paraded around to be shown to every woman in the headquarters, and the response they gave her varied depending on how far along that particular woman had been stuffed with Asari cock. Some glared at her with hatred in their eyes; fully recognizing her as the woman that had led them to failure, the woman that had made it possible for the Asari to turn them into breeding cows. Others...well...the reaction of the others was even harder for her to endure.

“Thank you! Thank you so much! I love being an Asari cocksleeve!” One of the newest recruits giggled in delight, her eyes glazed as she looked to Montoya and was pistoned between two thick blue dicks. Some of the more weak-willed girls broke easier to the sway of the Asari; specifically the ones that were still going through Montoya's rigorous training regiment. She had been hard on those women, pushed them to the breaking point knowing that she could mold them into better soldiers. But in the end? It just made it easier for the Asari to win them over with a load of cum and a few thrashing orgasms.

Just another one of Montoya's failures. For hours she watched it with her stomach twisting into knots and her heart aching in a fashion she hadn't known for a long time. As a commander she had tried to shunt out her emotions; tried to remain steadfast and stoic and not let grief get in the way. Usually she let anger overtake her as a method of hiding her sorrow, but this...? She didn't think she could get angry enough to eat up the heartache of seeing so many good, decent human women wrapped around so many Asari dicks. It was worse than Cora Colony. Worse than her own home colony. Worse even than the day her sister and mother were claimed.

And it was all her fault. When she breathed in she could smell the sweat of human fucklust as the writhing bitches were filled. She could smell the thick Asari cum as it rolled from their pussies and asses and dripped from their lips. She even felt the spray of nectar as some of the girls were fucked into fits of violent squirting - almost always from the ones that were thanking her. Thanking her for her mistakes, for her failure, for her fuckups.

Thanking her for being the woman that doomed humanity's last hope.

And now...she was in Yenezza's quarters waiting for the real punishment. By that point Macy Montoya had been properly bound in physical means; her body stripped and her legs lifted up to the point that her ankles could be shackled to the matching wrist. Her hands were locked into fists to prevent her from using bionics, and the metal bindings were military grade - strong enough to keep a team of Krogans at

bay. The position was as shameful as anything else that day; leaving her pussy exposed and her thighs stretched, and locking her in a position that left her available for anyone to use. So far, no Asari had been bold enough...but that was only because of the orders from the Spectre.

Spectre Yenezza. The woman's quarters were reflective of her cruelty. Though the bed Montoya was resting on was comfortable, surrounding her on all sides was proof of humanity's fall. The Spectre had six separate breeding booths in her quarters for her own pleasure - each one a closed booth that had human women stuck inside. The faceplate of each was crafted so that their pussies and asses were exposed but the girl beyond couldn't be seen - they were nothing more but pleasure holes for their owner.

Montoya had not been blind to the fact that in her current position she could've easily been fit inside such a booth. With any hope of escape rapidly fading from her the dark skinned soldier laid there prone and exposed, staying quiet and keeping her sadness in check...at least until the door opened and her new owner stepped inside.

"My my...the crew did a fine job preparing you. It's too bad you're not a more delicate woman." Spectre Yenezza sighed a bit, and shrugged free of a bathrobe she had worn into her quarters. It left her fully revealed to Montoya; every inch of blue flesh, both exposed tits, and a cock that made Montoya wince upon sight. It was fucking enormous...and already almost fully erect. The Spectre wore a few scars across her body just like Montoya did; and the fact that they were so similar wasn't lost on either as Yenezza crawled atop the bed. She knelt in front of her new slave and let her cock drop atop the other woman's pussy; simply letting it rest there to give Montoya an idea of just how far it would stuff inside of her when the time came. "You'll be happy to know that we took your headquarters without a single loss of life. And your crew is...adjusting quite well. They're already having the time of their lives, and so very excited to be in a...motherly way."

"Fuck you." Montoya was resilient to the end, glaring at the other woman even as she felt the weight of Yenezza's cock atop her. Her eyes traced the Asari's hands as she reached over to the nightstand, moving to claim one of the slave collars that the Asari used. Something to help keep her complacent, no doubt. Montoya tried to wiggle herself away from the collar as Yenezza slipped it into place and locked it into position, but there was nothing she could do. As it beeped to signal that it was working, Montoya glared at the other woman and hissed through her teeth. "What about Kane? You could've at least killed that traitorous cunt."

"Oh don't be silly...why would we kill her when she did such a good job?" Yenezza chuckled a bit, one hand moving to the base of her cock. She started to push herself into position, delighting quite a bit in watching Montoya squirm. As that glistening cocktip pushed against her pussy Yenezza practically purred, already enjoying the warm, unwilling cunt of her rival. "When we were finished with her programming, she would've done anything for more cock. Lucky for her, Asari are true to their word. She's being rewarded right now by some of my finest soldiers."

A pause, and a simple shrug.

"Well, perhaps not my finest. She's a bit old, you see. And I'd rather the first generation of my elite soldiers' children from your colony come from the very best." She pushed herself forward and lunged the first two inches inside - two very, very thick inches that Montoya grimaced upon being stretched

around. With her cock steadily making progress Yenezza gazed down at her bound bitch, and her hands lowered to tease fingers across the woman's scarred body - tracing the lines of glorious combat with her delicate fingers. "It's why no one else was allowed inside you until now. Sorry to keep you waiting...but surely you know that the offspring you give me will be among the very best. The strongest. The bravest. The most resilient."

"I'll..." Montoya could feel her rage creeping back into her, face flushing as her muscles went tight and her pussy screamed around that massive cock. "...I'll...kill myself first...and every poor human you broke..."

If there was one thing that the Asari took seriously, it was the future of their species. The breeding dens of Thessia. The security and the safety of their broodmares...but not particularly their happiness. And when Commander Macy Montoya threatened it, her punishment came swiftly and fiercely and without a trace of hesitation. That massive cock was suddenly jammed forward with full force and Montoya shrieked as she was penetrated; her belly bulging from the tremendous length and the great girth that flooded her. Yenezza let a hand lash across Montoya's cheek in a wicked slap that darkened her flesh and then swiftly grasped her hair, yanking it to the point of horrible pain as she twisted her knuckles to the mattress. Montoya's tough body became little more than a sensitive flesh sleeve of ache, and now the dominant alien loomed over her like a shadow and barked words devoid of any compassion or kindness.

"You will do nothing of the sort, you miserable whore!" She brought her face in close to Montoya's so the human could feel her breath down her throat; just like the breath of extinction was rushing across humanity. "You'll have my children! They'll be Justicars by their hundredth year! They will live to scour the galaxy for every last human pussy hiding in every last rathole planet and bring them back to Thessia so your miserable kind can continue its only true purpose! And when I bring them to your breeding den and let them fuck your pregnant bloated body, you'll be so mindless and broken you won't even recognize their faces through the tears!"

It was a harsh reality that Yenezza painted, but...it was indeed a reality. One that Montoya knew there would be no escape from. The Asari collar around her throat would assist Yenezza in breaking her, and she knew full well that by the time the blue bitch hit her orgasm she would leave the human a mindwashed mess. She had seen it before. She had seen it happen to her sister. The collars enhanced the bond, intensified the human's pleasure, broke their resistances to nothing.

Montoya was on borrowed minutes, and all she could do to resist was lash out in helpless fashion. She reared back and spit in Yenezza's face in response to the Asari's grim claims, but the Spectre merely roared with laughter. As it dripped down her cheek and across her lips she merely trailed her tongue out to collect it, purring as she did so and bringing her face down to the other woman's ear.

"...I'm going to spend the entire trip back to Thessia wrapping you around my cock." She murmured, just as her hips continued to slam before again and again with ruthless, violent motions. "Do you really think I'm worried about a bit of spit? After all...you're going to be the mother of my children! At least fifty, I'd say. By then you'll be too old and I'll throw you to the pleasure pits."

Montoya had killed many Asari, among them women that Yenezza knew. Loved. Considered sisters. And so...Macy Montoya would be a special case. Plenty of Asari would get to fuck her...but only Spectre

Yenezza would breed her. Her own personal baby factory - one of many planned punishments for a human that had dared fight so hard against the inevitable wave of Asari superiority.

The strikes from Yenezza were intense, and every time her lap clapped against the human's her enormous cock made her belly bulge from the shape. The mortified Montoya shrieked as she was claimed for the first time, and even though she knew it was impossible she did her best to force her bindings away. The military grade metal was sadly unforgiving, and the fact that Montoya was surrounded by her own future only made it all the harder to resist. She'd be stuffed into one of those booths too; presented in such a fashion that only her useful lower holes were offered. The sluts in those booths were already shivering from the sounds they could hear - they knew a pussy was getting fucked, and knew that it wasn't their own.

Montoya just glared up spitefully at the other woman, knowing nothing she could say or do would stop this. Her only hope was that an errant asteroid would decimate the Asari vessel and kill everyone on board - including herself and all the other human resistance members she had led into this nightmare. Such relief didn't come, and Montoya continued to glare ahead at the Asari's smirking face, studying both her normal eye and the one that was brighter, segmented, and cybernetic. And through it all, Yenezza merely smirked.

"Your pussy's...barely adequate." She hissed, slamming her hips forward and keeping her cock hilted within the other woman's pussy. She even lowered a hand and slapped the bulge, making Montoya shiver and shudder from the contact. "Even if you provide me with good offspring, I have better cocksleeves that I enjoy more. Tighter sluts that worship Asari as the gods we are to you." She clicked her tongue to the roof of her mouth, and looked dismally down at the grimacing human. "Montoya...let me be perfectly frank. You're the worst fuck in your family."

Harsh words, considering that Yenezza was likely the only one that had fucked them all. They were the words that finally made tears roll down the human's cheeks, her eyes weary and utterly unable to hold them back any further. Upon seeing that look in her eyes Yenezza merely gave a sharp laugh, and slapped the woman's face hard enough to send those tears smeared across her lips.

"You've earned so many punishments." She hissed, and gestured to the nightstand where the human's grim trophy necklace was still sitting, waiting to be delivered to Thessia. "It's a shame, too. If you simply would've bent down and accepted Asari as your destiny...well...you and every other human would have much happier lives. You see, Montoya..." She smoothed her hands down Montoya's body, across her shoulders, breasts, tummy, all the way to her thighs where she hooked her hands and prepared to thrust. "...for other humans? Being a prized breeding bitch for an Asari of my stature would be a living paradise. But for you? Well...don't expect those tears to end anytime soon."

And sure enough, they didn't. Montoya openly wept as the Asari went right back to fucking her, driving forward hard and intense and sending lewd, wet noises through the room with every push. She was fucking her so fiercely that every thrust sent another squirt of nectar against the Spectre's sheets; tracts of juice to mark just how wet she had stirred her prey's cunt. When Yenezza's climax finally came she gave a sharp and sudden roar of delight, and her hands locked against Montoya's tits as she hilted herself for the glorious moment. Her cock throbbed, pulsed, quaked against the tight seam of the dark skinned human's cunt, and with her eyes locked on her new bitch's, she released a terrifyingly large payload.

Montoya had seen footage of her women being raped - of humans being fucked and filled by Asari. She knew that the blue bitches had a heavy cum quantity, but what filled her that first fuck of the evening was...more than she ever would have imagined. She howled. She wept. She sobbed. And through it all, Spectre Yenezza just kept filling her. Pulse after pulse, load after load, and that horrible, virile warmth continued to flood her tender fuckhole. Yenezza's confident smile hovered over Montoya's face like the moon - or at least, the closest thing to the moon or sun she'd ever see again. She knew from that very first creampie that she was likely already pregnant, she couldn't possibly imagine taking in so much cum and not being seeded by the end of it. Even still, Spectre Yenezza was there to remind her just how hopeless things were.

"Well...that's one." She cooed, and rolled her hips from side to side as she stirred the human's cum-filled, sopping cunt. "...but I'm not nearly done with you yet."

It was hard for Montoya to know which was worse; the hours in which she watched the members of the human resistance get brutally gangbanged by Asari commandos, or the hours in which she was fucked in every hole by Spectre Yenezza. Trapped in her bound position, the commander was left utterly helpless as the Asari allowed herself into every part of Montoya, fucking her long and deep and savoring her hateful glances every bit as much as she savored the warm grip of her holes. Her pussy, her ass, her mouth...nothing was sacred as she was claimed by her new owner, and every time another burst of cum flooded her she struggled in a state of anger and fury. She hated every part of it - from the taste of the Asari's cum as it rolled over her tongue and down her throat, the way that the woman's warm cream was the only comfort to a stretched and sore ass, and of course the knowledge that with every bit of cum thrust into her pussy it was ensured even further that she'd be pregnant soon.

And through it all, she found herself wondering: why hadn't she broken yet? Why didn't she start screaming in pleasure like the other human women? The collar was in place, and she had certainly witnessed human women falling far swifter and easier. Usually after the first creampie they were completely ready to become wanton cocksleeves for their Asari masters, but in the past few hours she had taken...well, a number she couldn't hope to remember, but more than was good for her sanity.

Yenezza popped her dick once more out of the human's pussy, a satisfied smile spreading across her face as she did so. The Asari's thick blue dick slapped atop the human's belly and leaked a bit of cum across it; it even twitched and fired an errant thread over the other woman's tanned breasts. At the sheets below Montoya was leaking a steady stream of cum that pooled against her thighs and only grew larger as the seconds passed, the human gazed up at her owner with tears in her eyes, sweat through her dishevelled hair, and a look of outright horror still marking her face.

"...why?" Was all she demanded, her voice hoarse from shrieking, her body weary from being this monster's personal whore. "Tell...me...why."

She didn't need to clarify what she wanted to know - Spectre Yenezza knew instantly. The Asari licked her lips and stretched her arms wide to the sides, showing off her flawless blue figure from those large blue breasts to the throbbing dick that continued to pulse. A dick that she'd keep abusing Montoya with as soon as she let the woman know just what sort of nightmare she was in store for.

“So you finally figured it out that something’s wrong?” She smirked, moved a hand forward, and teased her fingers through the human’s sweaty dark locks. “Oh my little pet...have you really just been laying there wondering why you haven’t started to enjoy it all this time? Maybe you’re just a bad lover.”

She laughed dismissively, and gestured to the line of fuck booths that set against the walls of her quarters. Exposed pussies of nameless girls; each of them so sensitive that a mere touch from an Asari would send them into spasming climax. It was a pleasure that Montoya wasn’t to know.

“You see, that fashionable collar I gave you...it’s different from the others.” Spectre Yenezza explained simply, smoothly. She was already pushing her cock forward again for yet another round, smearing the tip through the cum on the sheets and then lining it to the girl’s tender, well-used ass. Once more Montoya winced as it pushed inside, but the stretching of her rear couldn’t hurt nearly as much as the revelation Yenezza offered. “Normally, the collars enhance the...allure of Asari. It takes our already intoxicating charm and amplifies it tenfold. It makes you human cattle the perfect little fucktoys - sensitive, excited, and eager to please. Happy little breeding stock.”

“...and mine?” Montoya hissed, eyes red and weak. She already knew the answer.

“Yours is the opposite, of course.” Yenezza chuckled, and lifted a brow. “It blocks what we naturally do to humans. It keeps you...wonderfully aware of yourself, and of course, of what we do to you. Impressive, isn’t it?” She laughed, and jammed her cock a solid five inches deep into Montoya’s ass. After the girl’s screaming subsided, Yenezza growled out once more in a wicked tone. “You’ve killed too many Asari and been too big a thorn in our side, whore. You deserve a special punishment. You deserve...Clarity.”

And with that, Yenezza began to fuck her new cocksleeve all the harder as she screamed. It was a long way back to Thessia, and the trip would serve as a chance for Montoya to come to terms with her punishment - as if anyone truly could. Clarity was a punishment reserved only for the worst of the worst, and Montoya had earned it years ago.

On a ship now populated with hundreds of human breeding cattle, hers would be the only screams not born of pleasure.

End of Chapter Two.