Padmé’s New Fetish.

 “Master Skywalker! Master Skywalker! You’ve got to eat me! I’ve been following your exploits, and you’re so kriffing hot! Use my body to fuel those chiseled abs!”
 The blue-skinned Twi’lek was young, cute, curvy, and Anakin was pretty hungry, as he had skipped dinner in order to come and see his secret wife.

 “You know what?” Anakin said, putting his arms on the alien’s shoulders, “Sure. You look scrumptious, my dear. You OK if I do it now?”
 “Please!” She practically squealed with excitement.

 Without further hesitation, Anakin put her tentacled head into his mouth.

 The texture of her flesh was smoother than human flesh, and saltier too; she seemed to almost melt in his mouth. Anakin swung his tongue over her collarbone; she might have been a meal that was extremely convenient for him, but she was certainly an enjoyable one as well.

 He grabbed her shoulders and lifted her up as he continued to walk towards Padmé’s apartment. He hooked his tongue around one of her boobs, and pulled it up, out of her shirt and into his mouth. The fattier meet gave her flavor just the little kick of sweetness to put her flavor over the top. He found himself ravenously pulling her into his mouth to get both of her boobs inside of him. He actually froze in place for a moment, closing his eyes to savor her flavor.

 Her hand reached out and touched his crotch.

 *Nope!* Anakin grabbed her hand and shoved it into his mouth. That part of him was for Padmé only. He grabbed her waist and pulled her further down. Her stomach had a more lean, savory flavor than her chest. He kept chewing as he walked. Her flavor was phenomenal, the nooks and crannies keeping the experience fresh enough, but she wasn’t his priority tonight. After all, Padmé was waiting.

 He shoved her ass into his mouth as he rounded the corner towards Padmé’s apartment. His prey’s pants were soaked thoroughly; the salty cum was a perfect seasoning, and her bubble butt had the perfect kick of that sweet flavor. He took another moment to savor it, before keying the bell on Padmé’s door.

 Padmé answered her door to find her husband with a pair of slender, shapely blue legs dangling out of his mouth. Anakin quickly slurped the legs down, so that what remained of the young Twi’lek quickly disappeared from the world.

 Padmé stared at the bulge the prey made as she traveled down her husband’s chest into his stomach, her mouth slightly agape, her pussy beginning to moisten.

 “Sorry, I had to skip dinner to get down here,” Anakin said, “And she seemed pretty eager-“
 Padmé pulled Anakin into the apartment, keyed the control for her door, and pulled Anakin into a passionate kiss, her hands rapidly covering every inch of Anakin’s body. Anakin pulled Padmé in close, his wife fitting into his arms like two components perfectly made for each other, even with Anakin’s stomach as big as it was.

 “I guess you didn’t mind that much,” Anakin quipped with a smirk.

 “I, um…” Padmé’s cheeks colored. Anakin rarely saw the unflappable senator flustered, and he found the effect rather adorable. “I never realized I might’ve had a vore fetish. It’s not very normal in the culture on Naboo, and most of the time I’ve seen it in person, they’ve been Mon Calamari men twice my age. But seeing you do it…” She stepped back and looked him up and down, thoroughly fucking him with her eyes.

 “Strip.”
 Anakin Skywalker, General of the Grand Army of the Republic, Hero of the Battle of Geonosis, Cristophsis, Kamino, and many others, a man who could match Count Douku and General Grievous in saber skills, immediately began to take off his clothes at the firm command of the 5’4” unarmed woman.

 “I figured we’d talk first.” Anakin said. “Catch up-“
 “Oh, you can tell me how Ahsoka’s doing after round one.” Padmé said. “We’ll want to let your Jedi stamina recover before round 2.”
 Padmé watched with satisfaction and arousal as a bulge formed in Anakin’s robes. She then shrugged out of her nightgown.

 The moment Anakin was out of his robes, Padmé was all over him, her arms rubbing over his belly, her lips pressed tightly against his. Anakin cupped Padmé’s pert, tight ass, and pulled her close, his penis rubbing up against her pussy lips.

 Padmé broke off the kiss, and stared for a moment at Anakin’s wide lips, before looking him in the eyes.

“You’re a beast, Ani.” She said. “Between all the strength housed in those rippling muscles of yours, the energy of the Force, and the woman melting away in your belly, you certainly have all the raw strength of one.” She stepped onto her tiptoes to whisper into his ear. “I expect you to fuck me raw like one.”

If he’d been able to ask the Jedi for advice on his sex life without immediately getting dismissed from the order, yelled at by the Council, and probably causing Obi-Wan’s ears to turn permanently red, they probably would have told him to show restraint. But Anakin figured that a Jedi was selfless, and did everything they did in service to others; and something told him Padmé wasn’t going to be satisfied unless he went all out.

“You might regret asking me to do that,” Anakin said, “With all due respect, Senator Amidala.”

Padmé gave a playful smirk. “Actually, I prefer to go by Senator Skywalker. You of all people should know that it falls onto the commander to question the consequence of their order, and not those receiving the order. Now, fuck me as hard as you can.”

Anakin picked her up and slammed her onto his dick right then and there.

Padmé gasped as Anakin’s entire length rammed into her with enough force to fill her up entirely. Pleasure racked through her body as Anakin continued to pound into her as hard as he could. She was entirely in Anakin’s grasp. Her body was lifted into the air, Anakin’s hands on her ass. Anakin had complete control over her body-and with the way that he was pumping waves of pleasure into her, he practically had control over her brain, either. Padmé was completely at Anakin’s mercy, and she wouldn’t have it any other way.

With each thrust, Anakin’s belly slammed into Padmé, and her body had to curve around it. With each thrust, stomach acids continued to splash over his prey, beginning to dissolve her away. Padmé could feel, with each thrust, the woman dissolving away inside of his body.

Anakin threw Padmé onto the bed, thrusting down into her, his weight-with the Twi’lek’s added to it-pressed into her.

“Don’t stop, Anakin.” Padmé moaned. “Don’t stop…keep fucking me, keep using that woman to fuck me…use her to power your powerful body…keep fucking me, Anakin-“

 Anakin grabbed Padmé’s wrists and pinned them down.

 “Yes…” Padmé moaned. “Use me as your sex doll, Anakin…”

 Anakin leaned into Padmé and pressed his forehead against hers.

 Through the force, their minds merged into one. The full depths of their feelings for each other filled their shared minds. Anakin felt Padmé’s newborn vore fetish, and he guided her hand to his belly. Suddenly, the fact that this completely random Twi’lek was gurgling away inside of him was as hot for him as it was for her, and he found himself wishing for more meals, more delicious women to power his body…

 *I have some handmaidens who would be eager to become prey.* Padmé spoke into his mind. *And I’m sure I can find some more girls…I’d love to keep feeding your powerful body.*

Padmé’s mind connected for a moment with that of the Twi’lek. She startled back from it, surprised.

*It’s okay…* The Twi’lek whispered to her. *I’m glad Anakin’s got himself a lover…he’s so dreamy. You fuck his brains out for all of us, okay?*

 *Trust me,* Padmé abruptly wrapped her arms around Anakin’s torso, and began to buck her hips into him with enough force that her hips rose off the bed. Anakin moaned with the force, and threw his head back. *I’m never going to stop doing just that.*

Padmé’s increased thrusting kept compressing between the two of them, and the young, digesting Twi’lek continued to get covered in acid, melting away, content in the security of Anakin’s love life.

 Anakin and Padmé would continue to pound into each other for about an hour. The switched positions multiple times. Anakin lifted Padmé up with the force-a sensation that Padmé found increased his dominance over her, since there was no way she could fight back-flipped her over, and put her on all fours, and proceeded to fuck her doggystyle, His belly against her ass, the skin rubbing against Padmé’s back, another constant reminder. Padmé could feel the Twi’lek’s weight on top of her, the two of them united in being conquests of her husband.

 “Anakin,” Padmé moaned, “Tonight you can take whatever you want.”

 Anakin’s thrusting slowed slightly.

 “My ass, Anakin.” Padmé said. “Fuck my ass.”

 The last three words were said more softly, but still with a commanding iron.

 “Yes, Mrs. Skywalker.”

 Anakin sank his hands into Padmé’s pert, tight ass, pulling out of her to step back and admire it, kneading it, spanking it a few times, before grabbing it, and spreading it open.

 “You own me, Anakin.” Padmé said. “All of me, always. Take me.”
 Anakin lined up, and thrusted into her, his dick throbbing as he took her. Padmé screamed, plain and pleasure consuming every cell in her body, her entire mind overwhelmed with the sensation, but the more he thrusted, the more it settled into pleasure, the more thrilled she was at her complete submission to him.

 The two continued to fuck, eventually leaving the bed, and fucking around the room. Padmé’s handmaiden would spend much of tomorrow cleaning up spots of cum around the room, as well as a great deal of time in the restroom, unclogging one of the toilets. Padmé would find herself distracted in meetings-as well as at night, of course-by the image of Anakin’s big belly, and the knowledge of how many other women could easily meat their feet dissolving away inside of his powerful body. She began mentally preparing a list of women she could talk into her husband’s stomach, and thinking about the best ways to talk them into becoming prey, a thought that would help her masturbate through night after night.