The flashing lights and deep scent of Asari wine were the natural allure of Afterlife, but even then for the tipsy turian, it was becoming too much. Kavus’ senses were rapidly being overwhelmed, and his cock had become so hard from a number of complimentary asari dances that he could no longer tolerate merely being teased. He hurried into the bathroom and threw himself down on one of the toilets, hands fumbling with his pants in order to get them down below his hips. His hard blue cock sprang free, glistening from pent-up lust, and Kavus’ mandibles flared as he began to stroke himself.

As he relaxed and let out an intense whine through his subharmonics, Kavus was suddenly startled into silence by the loud slam of the door, and the sudden resurgence of throbbing Asari pop. When the door finally shut, he was instead made to hear the stomping of a large Krogan, the other alien’s ass hitting the porcelain with enough force to nearly shatter it.

“Ugh, damn fucking Asari…” He snarled out, his voice gruff and battle-scarred. The krogan suddenly interrupted himself with a loud, raunchy fart, so loud that Kavus’ ears rang from the force of it. Nonetheless, the turian was so hard that he refused to halt his efforts, and soon the schlicking sounds of him beating his meat were interspersed with the wet, slopping noises of the krogan battlemaster taking a fat, sloppy shit.

“Turian.” The krogan suddenly snapped out, forcing Kavus to freeze again. “I can smell what you’re doing in there. I’m flattered that you’re getting off on this, but you’ve got to know that I can’t have someone like you knowing what I’m doing.”

“I-I wasn’t-” Kavus tried to defend himself, but there simply weren’t enough words available to explain that he wasn’t getting off to the krogan.

“I’m not judging you, turian. Get up and come into my stall.” It wasn’t a question. It was a demand, one that somehow got Kavus’ knees weak and his mandibles flaring. He moved like a creature possessed, wordlessly rising off of the toilet and walking towards the larger stall at the end of the bathroom, without even pulling his pants up. His cock drooled a drop of thick precum onto the tiled floor as he silently marched towards the krogan.

The door was wide open, and he pushed it to see an absolutely massive krogan battlemaster staring at him, slitted eyes locked on Kavus. The krogan was obviously battle-hardened, his rocky body covered in scars, and a powerful clawed scar slashing over his right eye. His plates were a deep, rusted red. With his pants down, his textured thighs were on display, alongside a fat quad that dangled down towards the wide-set bowl. His cock, fat and veiny, with a long, thick foreskin, hung imposingly into the bowl, beginning to pulse and stir as the turian’s gaze locked on it. A little chirp escaped from Kavus’ throat.

There was a blue flare over the krogan’s armored hand, and he suddenly heard the lock click back into place. Instantly, Kavus knew that he was over his head. Not only was this an ancient krogan battlemaster capable of breaking off his cowl with one punch, but he was biotic.

Seeming to see (and smell) Kavus’ flaring panic, the krogan simply shrugged and reclined against the toilet, moaning as another thick turd plunked down into the bowl. “Well, I suppose there’s no need to be rude. I’m Wrex.”

“W-Wrex…” Kavus’ voice came out akin to a purr. He could smell the intense odor of the krogan’s waste, somehow tainted with the telltale heady scent of asari, but what caught his nose was instead the intense musk of Wrex’s cock. Before the battlemaster even had to command him too, Kavus slumped down towards his knees and leaned towards the fat, textured cockhead, which curved down into a few fat spikes able to spear any willing hole wide open. Just like every other part of a krogan, Wrex’s dong radiated dominance and authority.

“Man, it’s usually another asari blowing me when I’m passing another one of her kind.” Wrex guffawed. “But there is some real pleasure in getting one of you rigid bastards to do the same. Wonder what the hierarchy would think about this.” He taunted, interrupting himself with another brassy blast of gas.

Thankfully, it seemed to be the last one, the last breath of the asari stripper compacted in his gut released back into the world. As he loomed over the fat, pulsating penis, he was also given a glance past the krogan and into the bowl below. He could see the chunks of bone and undigested blue interspersed with the waste, and instantly Kavus understood that Wrex was not bluffing.

“You heard me, turian. Get to sucking.” He demanded, and Kavus suddenly felt a surge of biotic power on his fringe. Wrex guided him down, validating his fantasies and pushing him hard to fully realize them. His mandibles flared outwards as his long, thin tongue suddenly pressed out of his mouth, curling around the cock and beginning to massage the fat meat. Wrex instantly leaned backwards and released his biotics, leaving the turian to motivate himself.

“Remember, no teeth. You couldn’t scratch me if you tried, but I’m still not in the mood to deal with an uppity turian.” Wrex dryly instructed him.

Nonetheless, Wrex lifted his muscular hips and pressed his cock past the turian’s mouth plates, his warm, wet mouth becoming a holster for the long, fat, textured cock. His plates were actually spread to their limit by Wrex, barely even able to fit inside of him. Nonetheless, he managed to fulfill the krogan’s demands, stuffing his gullet with the fat glans of the krogan. Then, with a little bit more force, he pushed through the turian’s throat barrier, and buried himself in the plush blue throat as deep as he could go.

Kavus could barely breathe, and every breath was immeasurably tainted with the thick scent of krogan dick. Most turians retained predatory biology from the days of old, and it was the only reason his gullet was able to gape as much as it currently was. Regardless, it didn’t make it easy to serve as a cock holster. Occasionally, the turian found a rare gag reflex kicking in, his throat clamping down over the cock and spasming as the krogan managed to tickle just the wrong spot.

However, there was no way for him to pull away. Sensing that his new toy was being pushed to its limits, Wrex returned to using biotics to hold the turian in place like a cocksock, keeping the flared mandibles of the turian twitching against the base of his turgid cock. The occasional spasms were just what he needed to get himself even harder than before.

Just in time, Wrex groaned, and his cock released a thick glob of spunk into the turian’s throat, which fell heavily into his stomach. Wrex softened, and his hole yawned as a delayed log crackled its way out of him, slowly but surely. With every grunt and push, the turian’s throat bulged with a pulse of that cock. It was only after that log had been successfully pinched off, the blue fringe beneath still glowing with the remnants of a biotic escape attempt, that Wrex finally gave him a chance to breathe. The turian pulled away with a gasp, his throat aching pleasantly as he tried to lick up the thick saliva that still connected him to the cock as well as that which stained his mandibles.

“You know, I’ve fucked a few quarians in my day, and there is something I really like about dextro mouths. They get me tingling real good, and you’re no different. Not bad for a limp-dicked turian.”

Kavus’ pride was marred by that remark, but against all odds it only made his own cock harder. He let out a keening whine, demanding further defilement by the krogan battlemaster, which Wrex eagerly fulfilled for him. The krogan’s calloused hand grabbed the turian by the cowl, holding him steady as the hiss of a bidet sprayed the krogan clean. After that, he stood up, keeping the turian on his knees, and turned around, his fingers releasing the turian in order to grab the top of the stall door.

“Let me put you in your place. I’ve always told turians to kiss my ass, but consider yourself lucky you’re the first to get to experience that.”

Kavus was able to stare at the soft beige of the krogan’s cheeks, the only part of him unarmored and unworn by battle scars. The soft, reddish ring of flesh puckered as he was made to stare at it, the hole nearly as demanding as the alien who it belonged to. As he approached, the krogan’s natural musk hit the turian, and somehow it only served to pull him deeper.

His tongue unravelled to drag its way along the krogan’s surprisingly supple backside, the turian’s hands groping at the plump cheeks and spreading them in order to get his tongue thoroughly deep. He lapped at the intense, heady flavor of the larger alien, his tongue worming its way into the smoldering heat that burned inside of Wrex. The krogan had enough internal control to clench, again locking the turian in place, this time without the need for biotics.

“That’s it… show some submission, it’ll get you far in dealing with me.” Wrex growled at him, sparing a gruff moan as Kavus took initiative and reached around to grab his still-hard cock and give it a few strokes. That earned him another pleased noise from the larger alien, and a renewed surge of biotics that pressed his faceplates snugly between the muscular cheeks. Wrex’s hole twitched and tensed even as Kavus was given a bit of freedom to worship the krogan’s ass however he felt necessary.

He withdrew his tongue from the hole in order to offer longer licks that encompassed the krogan’s fat quad, snuggling against his balls and paying them the attention that they so intensely deserved. He licked over all four of them, making sure that each crevice was properly lathered with dextro spit. His other hand went around to massage the nuts as he beat off the krogan, returning the attention of his mouth to Wrex’s hole.

The battlemaster squatted slightly in order to make his hole more flexible, succeeding in giving Kavus just enough range to brush against the dozens of incredibly sensitive nubs inside of the alien’s backside. The turian moaned as Wrex let out a surprisingly pleasant noise of delight, his nuts tensing in Kavus’ hand. He could feel the krogan’s fat cock tensing and throbbing forcefully, and knew that he had finally found a weak point in the older alien.

And exploit it he did. Kavus gained a bit more power, beating off the krogan as quickly as he could as his tongue flicked and grazed those internal nubs, each one sending another jolt along Wrex. Finally, after only a couple minutes of focusing on those spots, Wrex came, his cock somehow growing even harder as fat globs of krogan cum exploded onto the bathroom stall, the white overwriting the other stains and markings that had been carved into the wall. There was enough that there was even some backsplatter, the thick, musky nut slamming against the wall and splashing backwards onto Wrex’s hips and stomach. He let out a shaky moan as all four of his nuts fired their shots, the turian continuing to wiggle his tongue to prolong the sensation.

Once the krogan’s nuts were empty, he pulled away, and Wrex turned around to face him, gesturing to the beads of cum that remained on his body. Obediently, Kavus went to rectify that, lapping up the thick batter and savoring the intense spicy flavor that it held within. Then, still concerned about leaving with permission, Kavus hesitated in taking his leave.

“Damn, for a turian you make a damn good cocksucker. It’s a shame that I’ve got to do what I’ve got to do.”

“What do you-” Before he could say anything else, Wrex motioned with his hands, and the turian’s muscles simply stopped working. He stared up at the krogan with wide, terrified eyes as the krogan took an imposing step towards him, his cock swinging dominantly between his legs in a state between hard and flacid. The cockslit seemed to be loosening with every gruff breath the krogan took, and soon the flared head was pressed against the bridge of his nostrils, drooling a stream of lingering spunk over his face. The cockhead was definitely widening, he realized, as it began to press forcefully against his face with tangible suction.

“Yeah, I can’t have Aria on my tail if it comes out I’m taking my cut out of her staff… and I definitely don’t need anybody thinking that I’m cozy around turians. Nothing personal, just business.” Wrex stated matter-of-factly, the glint in his eyes validating the panic that surged inside of Kavus. He should have considered that Wrex was capable of stasis, and taken his leave as soon as he possibly could. The turian let out a keening noise; his hesitation had caused this.

The cockhead suddenly relaxed, and it was enough for the pinkish abyss to encroach upon Kavus’ periphery, the front of his faceplate fully accepted by the fat cock. He could feel it continuing to widen. It crept over his mandibles and pressed the emotive appendages flat against his face, his mouth clamped shut by the warm intensity of the krogan’s dick.  
  
By the time that the stasis had begun to dissipate, Kavus was rendered effectively blind and mute by the predatory penis, the front of his face consumed as it crept along his fringe and towards his cowl. All that he could see was a very dark pink, and his other senses were overwhelmed by the harsh massage offered by the deeply musky tunnel, which already seemed to be showing its distaste for turians.

Kavus realized, upon tapping his thighs with his hands, that the status had dissipated. He screamed at himself to reach up and grab the cockhead, to try and force his head back out, to withdraw his claws and make an effort to free himself. And despite the awareness that it was the rational option, the turian remained entirely still, unmoving. He cursed himself for his inability to move even as the predatory organ claimed him.

Any other species would have failed at taking a turian, but the krogan proved completely undeterred by the numerous stony crags that marked the other alien, his cock simply stretching and releasing extra pre like a snake in order to get him down. It slipped past his fringe without much effort, and crept past his cowl after only a moment or two of intense breathing and throbbing. His arms were pressed harshly against his sides, locking his choice into reality. At that realization, Kavus allowed himself a pathetic whine.

Wrex’s weiner took him without much else of a struggle, his thighs and slender legs proving no issue in the slightest. He slipped down the shaft with nary a moment of pause, the disorienting change in perception lasting only as long as it had to. The turian soon landed in the waiting quad, swelling it out with his angular mass as contractions pushed the pool of spunk upwards and over him.

The tightness brought Kavus an intense amount of discomfort; turians were not meant to curl up in tight spaces, and the nearly vacuum-tightness of Wrex’s sack pushed him to his limits. He let out a few desperate noises as he tried to resist the pressure threatening to compact him on all sides.

Over a bit of time, it became easier and easier to tolerate, until at last Kavus was able to relax somewhat in the face of the tightness. This wasn’t out of any mercy from the krogan’s innards. The fact of the matter is that he was melting away into spunk, the process so gradual that he felt nothing at all beyond easily explainable numbness. Once his clawed feet and lower legs had been thoroughly wasted and converted into white, he was able to return his attention to the still-unsatisfied appendage between his legs.

With a desperate trill, Kavus began to beat his meat as ruthlessly as he could, racing the digestive process towards completion. The motion created quite a stir in the nuts, splashing up thick globs of concentrated krogan cum as he slammed his fist back and forth over his dick. It ate its way through his armor and exposed the softer flesh beneath his plates. Kavus let out increasingly intense growls of his own as it began to get to his face, eating through and numbing all of his senses.

At long last, he was able to cum, his cock firing off three shots of dextro spunk that were rapidly overwritten by the krogan’s DNA. With it went his cock, which simply softened into a thick glob of reproductive fluid and pulled away. When he pulled his hands up as well, they were similarly useless, rendered little more than pure masculinity.

Realizing that this was his last stop, Kavus leaned back and softened, bathing in the boiling ball batter silently, completely still, as it continued to work him into raw materials. When he finally gave way to pure nut, his body simply pulled away like the foam atop the waves of Palaven, his body pulling apart completely painlessly and cutting off his thoughts entirely.

Upon the realization that he was done wasting the turian, Wrex, who had otherwise leaned against the stained bathroom stall wordlessly, took a few heavy steps towards the toilet and gave himself a few strokes. He was so overstuffed with cum that he came almost instantly, letting out an intense snarl as his cock fired rope after rope of white into the bowl, smothering the cooled ex-asari with a sea of white. Kavus proved an incredible load, blowing down more than four gallons of near-sterile krogan spunk into the porcelain tank, raising the water level by more than double its initial height. Wrex softened as his balls finally returned to a manageable size, each one still as large as a softball.

He pulled his armor up, stretched a bit, and muttered to himself as he moved to flush the toilet. When it proved unwilling to obey him, Wrex swore, and pulled the handle a bit harder, to no avail. The asari and turian cocktail had managed to choke the crapper entirely.

“Well, shit. Guess I’d better take my leave. Don’t need Aria biting off my head after this one.”

Without another word, Wrex stepped out of the bathroom and out of the Afterlife club, entirely free of guilt, leaving Kavus as the only one to marinate in his mistakes.