

“So I’ve saved you,” the Krogan, Thrax Runda, said, giving the Turian a smile as he unclasped the chains.

“So you did,” replied the Turian, Quintus Naxx, standing up once he was freed. “I never thought a mercenary of all people would rescue me from those pirates.” The Specter agent gave Thrax a smile. “Thank you.”

“Of course. I’m Thrax. And you are?”

“Quintus. Quintus Naxx.”

Quintus looked over the mercenary. That was when he noticed that the Krogan was wearing skimpy heavy armor—crotchless, leaving nothing to the imagination. Compared to his slightly torn bodysuit, it was . . . /very/ alluring.

Thrax noticed the other man’s looks, and smiled. “Like what you see?”

“I do,” admitted Quintus, blushing.

The Krogan smiled. “Like my cock, do you?”

“Very much.” Why was he even saying this?

Thrax leaned forward, putting a hand on the Turian’s shoulder. “Want to go inside it?” he asked, grinning.

Quintus blushed redder. “I would like that . . . very much. . .”

“Then let’s go.”

The Krogan took a few steps back, until he was against the other wall. Then, he began to strip.

The top of his heavy armor came off and was thrown to the ground, revealing that naked reptilian body. Then the bottom half was removed, and Quintus got a good look at the Krogan’s cock: it was huge, and dripping with precum.

“Well, go on,” said Thrax. “I don’t put things in my cock fully clothed, you know.”

“Of course.” Quintus took off his bodysuit quickly, revealing his own avian body and small penis, blushing when he glanced back at the smiling Thrax.

“You’ll make good cock food,” noted the Krogan. “Kneel in front of me.”

The Turian obeyed, and knelt before Thrax, his head in front of the other alien’s dick. He saw it open up before him, as if it knew it was going to bed fed soon, and a smile crossed his face.

“Hold still,” ordered Thrax.

He lifted his cock so that the tip was directly in front of Quintus’s head. Before the Turian’s eyes, the penis opened wide, then went wider, enough for him to fit inside.

Then, a blink later, he /was/ inside, as the tip submerged him within it, and the journey began.

He was surrounded in a tunnel of cum, cylindrical walls dripping around him on all sides, getting warm semen on his face and cheeks. It was actually quite a relaxing experience, and the Turian closed his eyes, letting himself be swallowed down by Thrax's dick.

The Krogan moaned loudly as the Turian entered him, feeling the man's head begin its journey into his penis. He always savored that first swallow in, the first step from shaft to ballsac—his "quad"—and he loved the feeling of new cock food inside of him. And this one in particular was quite lovely, bulging out and filling up Thrax /very/ nicely. He needed more—and he needed it now.

Quintus felt another swallow shove him forward, and the dick expanded to fit his shoulder, stretching far to get around his body. He was in the proper shaft now instead of the entrance, and this place had even more cum to be found. It oozed all around the Turian, who simply smiled, waiting for the rest of the journey. This was fantastic.

Thrax moaned as his cock food properly entered his shaft. Fuck, he loved it when they got in there, got properly inside of his dick like that. It meant that they would soon be inside of him completely, and that was always the best part of getting people in his penis. It was only a matter of time before Quintus reached his quad. The Krogan smiled, and his dick swallowed more of his prey. This was going to end well for both of them.

And so more and more of Quintus was gulped down by the cock, swallowed up by the massively-growing member, which inflated to fit his form, squeezing it tight. Both aliens were having the time of their lives: Quintus loved being fed to the hungry cock, and Thrax loved being given cock food. The Krogan could feel every inch as his prey was swallowed, and it was absolutely beautiful.

Finally, Quintus felt the area in front of him opening up, and then he was in a much larger space, a circular chamber that was filled to the brim with thick semen. The Turian gasped. This was the quad!

Thrax moaned in delight as he felt the other alien enter his quad. Fuck, his cock food was almost there! This was the best part—and he couldn't wait to feel every beautiful moment of it.

More and more of Quintus emptied into the quad. First his head was shoved inside, pressed against the cum-covered walls of the place, smeared with semen as he came in. Then his neck and shoulders popped through, crowding the space already—it was going to have to expand to fit the rest of him. And expand it did: as his body entered the chamber, he could feel the quad inflating around his size, getting bigger and bigger—larger than he reasonably thought possible! Until, finally, his feet slipped into the space,

and the Turian was sealed within Thrax's quad, helplessly stuck in an enclosed area of cum.

And he was loving every second of it.

So was Thrax. The Krogan sighed in delight as his quad were fully filled, and leaned against the wall, feeling the bulge inside of him move and squirm. He always loved it when things got to full size—this was something excellent, something he had dearly missed. “You alright in there?” he asked.

“Oh, this is fantastic,” replied Quintus, filling the Krogan with joy and relief. “Thank you. Thank you so much.”

“Great.” Thrax smiled. “I’ll let you out soon—but I want to savor you a bit more, first.”

“That sounds perfect.”

The mercenary closed his eyes, feeling the Turian move against his quad.

This was absolutely perfect.