

**Commission 6**  
**Embracing Cuckolding**  
**Fandom: Mass Effect**  
**Pairing: John Shepard/Liara T'soni**

**Tags: Chastity, Cuckolding, DP, SPH, Melded Cuckolding, Shepard Feels What Liara Feels.**

The doors to her mother's chambers parted with a whisper of displaced air. Cool incense breathed out to greet her—soft, earthy, tinged faintly with the metallic scent of the machinery that powered the monastery. It reminded Liara of her childhood, of the countless hours spent with her face buried in old records of bygone civilisations.

Benezia sat beside the meditation pool, white robes flowing over her slight frame, her reflection broken by the slow ripple of the water. Her aura glowed faintly, steadier than the last time Liara had seen her. Calmer. The discord that had plagued her mind for years, the aftereffects of Sovereign's domination, steadily receding.

'Liara,' Matriarch Benezia greeted warmly, her voice a smooth current in the tranquility. 'It has been too long.'

'I wished to give you space.' Liara stepped into the soft light. She greeted her mother by gently wrapping her palm around the back of her neck and pressing their foreheads together. Benezia accepted the embrace far less stiffly than she had during her last visit. 'The healers say your mind has quieted.'

A small smile touched Benezia's lips. 'Quieter, yes. Though the echoes still linger.' Liara could tell her mother was still uncomfortable talking about herself, about her past domination and recovery. She swiftly changed the topic by raising her gaze, her sharp, wizened eyes forever able to pin her on the spot. 'I hear you travel again with the one who freed me.'

Liara tried to mask her annoyed frown. *Freed* instead of *Saved*. She understood it was ridiculous to bristle over semantics, but she couldn't help herself. It had always felt as if her mother never offered Shepard the respect he was due. 'Commander Shepard, yes. He's been assigned to the Council's outer relay project. I've... agreed to assist.'

Her mother's fingers brushed the beads resting in her lap, her sharp eyes still judging. Evaluating. Liara should have known better than to try and hide her feelings from her. Benezia's small, almost imperceptible grin at having so very obviously gotten under her skin rankled. 'I owe that human more than I can ever express,' she conceded, graciously. 'But what he did—what you saw him do—unnerves me still. No mind—*especially* not that of a *human*—should have been able to resist, let alone *break* Sovereign's hold over me.'

Liara's chest welled with pride for the man she respected so much. For the man she'd grown to *love*. 'He didn't break it. He *shattered* it. Where others accepted defeat and bent the knee, he *refused*. Shepard didn't hesitate, didn't let fear rule him. Despite knowing the futility of the task, he pitted his will against a *god* and *won*.'

Benezia regarded her carefully, her cool face devoid of all emotion. 'You sound as though you revere him.'

*I do.*

She didn't say it aloud—admitting as much would only complicate her purpose here.

'He's extraordinary,' Liara murmured. 'More than human, perhaps. Not for his unique biotic adaptation, nor his ability to attune himself to element zero's resonance—but for how he chooses to wield it. He uses his power for others, without question, without desire for recognition.'

Her mother's voice cooled. 'That humility will not protect him from the monsters in the dark—whether they be those on the Citadel, or those that whisper still from the void.'

*She still refuses to name the threat we all face?*

'It already has,' Liara said quietly, with conviction. 'It protected *you*.'

The words left her before she could temper them. A quiet thrill rose through her—defiance, sharp and electric. She had never taken that tone with her mother before. Yet she didn't look away. Her cool, steady gaze met Benezia's own, reflected like twin shards of ice.

The stifling silence stretched between them, soft and heavy, but Liara didn't back down, she didn't submit to her mother like she always used to.

Finally, Benezia's expression eased, the faintest crease of amusement at the corner of her mouth.

'You've changed,' she said. 'What happened to my little *sy'ra*? Always buried in her studies, too shy to look up from her datapads.'

'*Mother*,' Liara hissed, mortified. She could only thank the stars that they were alone.

Benezia's smirk was small but unmistakable. 'It is comforting to know you are still so easily flustered, daughter.'

Heat flared in Liara's cheeks—not embarrassment now, but something fiercer. 'Do not mistake respect for some trifling infatuation,' she said evenly. 'I am not a child with a passing fascination. Shepard is a great man, perhaps the *greatest*—and I believe he will change the galaxy.'

A faint smile curved Benezia's lips. 'Spoken like someone in love.'

Liara's pulse caught. Despite her best efforts, she never could fool her mother's discerning gaze. 'I didn't come here to be mocked,' she said, though the words felt hollow to her ears. Her heart tried to beat its way out of her chest, and she did her best not to give away the tempest inside.

Benezia raised a brow, amused. 'Then why *did* you come to see me?'

'I intend to marry Commander Shepard,' Liara said.

Benezia stilled, caught off guard by the proclamation. But she was too old—and had seen too much—to be truly surprised.

Her gaze drifted, distant, calculating. 'I cannot say I am shocked. The way you speak of him... your voice softens, your aura shifts. Though I am wary of him, I cannot fault your choice for a first bondmate. Humans burn brightly, if briefly.'

Liara squared her shoulders, drawing herself up to her full height. 'I am grateful you approve, Mother—but I intend for the Commander to be my first... and *only* bondmate.'

That earned her mother's full attention. Benezia's head tilted ever so slightly, eyes narrowing in curiosity.

'I came to see you today,' Liara continued, forcing her voice to remain steady, 'because I require the assistance of a Matriarch to perform the *Deep Melding*.'

For the first time during their meeting—for the first time Liara could *remember*—Benezia's iron composure cracked. Shock flared, raw and unrestrained.

'*What?!*'

'I love Shepard,' Liara pressed on, heart pounding as she ignored her mother's enraged hiss. 'I want to spend the rest of my life with him—and with the True Melding, that life could be longer than nature intended.'

Benezia's composure shattered completely. 'At the cost of your *own* lifespan!'

Liara didn't flinch at her mother's understandable fury. It wasn't a small thing she'd surprised her with—halving the span of an Asari's life to the benefit of another. But she'd made her peace with it long ago.

'I would rather live five hundred years with Shepard by my side,' she said quietly, 'than a millennium without him.'

Benezia's voice rose, a low snarl beneath her words. 'You have known him for a scant few years, Liara. How could you *possibly* know such a thing?!

Liara took a slow breath, tempering her tone. To someone as ancient as her mother, her decision *had* to seem reckless. Childish. But this was no *whim*.

'Mother,' she began softly, 'if this were merely about love, I would understand your anger. But it is more than that—'

Benezia barked out a sharp, mirthless laugh. 'Do not *mock* me, daughter. Do you expect me to believe you do this for the *greater good*? That your *precious* Commander is so important, he must be granted the lifespan of an Asari?'

Liara's throat tightened, but she didn't back down. 'Yes.'

Benezia's stare could have stripped flesh from bone. Beneath it, Liara felt the weight of centuries pressing against her resolve.

'Mother,' she said quietly, 'you are not the only Matriarch capable of performing the True Melding.' This was true, but finding another Matriarch willing to cross her mother would be a harrowing task in and of itself. 'I came to you out of respect... and perhaps, to allow you to settle a debt. One you owe the Commander—need I remind you?'

Benezia recoiled as if struck. Her breath caught, eyes flickered with something between pain and indignation. Slowly, she composed herself—closing her eyes, drawing in several long, measured breaths.

When she opened them again, the fury was gone. What replaced it was... something colder.

'You truly have grown,' she said at last, voice soft as a knife's edge. 'To wield such underhanded tactics to win your argument... I wonder who taught you such a thing.'

Liara's lips twitched. 'Would you be surprised to know the Commander can be... quite the rogue when he chooses to be? Beneath all that chivalry.'

Benezia huffed a quiet laugh—half amusement, half disbelief. 'It would have surprised me, had I not read your debriefings from the Normandy's mission logs.'

Liara didn't so much as blink. Of *course* her mother had found a way to access restricted Alliance records.

Benezia's smile faded. 'You truly mean to do this, even if I forbid it? The True Melding was abandoned for *good* reason. Affection changes, fades. And when it does, you will have already given away what cannot be restored—the very span of your life.'

Instead of answering, Liara inclined her head once.

Benezia sighed and pressed her fingers to the bridge of her nose. When she looked up again, her expression was marble—cool, imperious. The mother was gone. In her place sat the Matriarch.

'If that is what you wish,' she said finally, 'then so be it. I have but one condition.'

Liara waited.

'You claim this Commander to be righteous and humble,' Benezia continued. 'Then let him prove it. If this human has learned of our ways and encouraged your infatuation for his own gain, if he seeks to profit from your devotion—he will pay for that transgression with his pride.'

Liara felt a ripple of unease at her tone, uncertain what her mother intended. 'He knows *nothing* of this, Mother—nor can he. He would never consent to the Melding if he understood its cost. On this, at least, you are both aligned.'

Refusing to wilt under her mother's calculating glare, she pressed on. Eyes hardening into two chips of ice.

'And if you tell him in some misguided attempt to *help* me... I will *not* be pleased.'

For a long moment, silence hung between them. Then Benezia smiled—too sharp, too knowing. Pride and something darker gleamed in her eyes.

'You threaten a *Matriarch* now? Truly, you have grown.'

Liara met her gaze, unyielding. She felt suddenly like a *skarven* pup baring its fangs at a *t'sarran* queen—small, defiant, but unwilling to flee.

'Then I suppose I've learned from the best,' she said.

Benezia's mocking laughter—low, rich, and unreadable—echoed softly through the chamber.

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'You don't have to do this, John,' Liara said softly. 'You don't have to play my mother's games. We can find another Matriarch to perform the ceremony.'

John couldn't shake the sense that Liara was still holding something back. But given the absurdity of this so-called *ritual*, he couldn't imagine why she'd lie. Especially when she'd spent so much of the past few days trying to talk him out of it.

Still, he didn't back down. Whatever *test* Benezia had arranged, whatever quiet contempt she still held for him, Shepard intended to see it through. If this was the price of her blessing, he'd pay it—no matter how strange, no matter how humiliating.

For Liara? He'd already gone to hell and back. For Liara? He'd do *anything*.

And, if he was being honest, part of him *was* curious. Liara was brilliant, patient, endlessly compassionate—but *adventurous* wasn't a word he'd often used for her. The idea that some ancient Asari rite might coax her out of her comfort zone?

Well, that didn't sound like punishment at all.

A low, melodic tune began to drift from the adjoining hall—something slow and haunting, built from biotic resonance rather than instruments. Liara stiffened beside him, her cheeks darkening to a deeper shade of blue.

He reached up, cupping her face, his thumb brushing her jaw in reassurance. 'Hey. Relax. Stop worrying about me and try to enjoy yourself. If you're still nervous...'

He caught her hand, guiding it down until she felt him—hot, hard, unmistakably aroused beneath the folds of his robe.

Liara gasped. 'Oh...'

'See?' he grinned cheekily, the dimples he knew she loved prominent on his cheeks. 'I'm *fine*,' he assuaged. 'We're getting *married*, Liara. Focus on that—not your mother's weird sex ritual. No offence.'

'None taken,' she murmured absently, still staring down, her blush deepening. 'You're really all right with this? I...I thought you'd protest more...'

Shepard huffed a laugh, trying to not let slip his own eagerness. He teased Liara about strange Asari rituals, but he was no better. He could freely admit that he was a freak in his own right—his exes could attest to that. 'We humans have our own strange customs, you know? There's a thing called a *bachelorette party*. The bride and her friends go out for one last hurrah before the wedding. Sometimes it ends with, shall we say, *questionable* decisions. The fact that other species have their own strange rituals doesn't surprise me.'

Her lips curved despite herself. 'And after this, we'll be... bonded,' she said quietly. Not quite able to mask her excitement.

'After this,' he agreed.

For a moment their eyes met, and he felt the pull of her emotions through that faint biotic hum that always seemed to hang around her. Even when he wasn't trying, he could feel her. It was a sense he couldn't fully turn off even if he tried.

As a child, he'd treated it as a curse. Now? As Commander Shepard?

His biotic supremacy was an invaluable asset.

Liara stepped forward suddenly and caught his lips with hers—fierce, hungry, trembling. When they broke apart, they were both flushed and breathless.

'You know that's bad luck, right?' he teased.

'I don't care,' she whispered. 'I love you, John.'

'I love you too, Liara. Now get in there before your mother decides to drag you in herself.'

She bit her lip, cheeks still glowing. At the door she paused, turning back. 'Whatever happens in there... know that it means nothing. I love you. No one else. I intend for us to be together—for eternity.'

Then she slipped through the doorway and was gone.

*Why did that sound so...literal?*

Shepard exhaled slowly, a thrill of nervous excitement shooting through him as he dismissed the errant thought. He wasn't sure if his nerves were brought upon by the reality of finally marrying the woman he loved—or the shadow of the ritual her mother had insisted upon before allowing it.

The music deepened, echoing through the chamber like a living pulse. Two figures emerged from the shadows—garbed head to toe in flowing black robes, their faces concealed behind smooth, featureless masks. Not a glimpse of skin or motion betrayed who—or what—they were. And yet Shepard *knew*.

He felt it through the quiet hum of his biotics, a familiar resonance in the air around them—an unmistakable frequency that told him they were Asari. They bowed once, slow and deliberate, then gestured for him to follow.

He did.

The next chamber was vast and circular, its stone walls veined with threads of biotic light that pulsed in time with the low hum of the ritual. The air was cool, heavy with incense and the faint metallic tang of element zero.

Rows of shadowed figures filled the rising stands that ringed the chamber like a coliseum—dozens, each garbed in identical black robes and smooth featureless masks. The shifting light caught on the faint blue shimmer that traced their outlines, and through the haze of his own biotics Shepard felt them. Every one of them Asari.

Except two.

Toward the back, higher in the stands, stood a pair who were... wrong. Larger, broader of shoulder. They wore the same robes, the same masks, but beneath the layers he sensed no biotic signature—only the muted thrum of something human.

Before he could dwell on that impossible detail, his gaze was pulled toward the center of the chamber.

The heart of the ritual. The stars of the show.

Benezia stood beside the great stone chair—serene, radiant, ominous—and next to her, Liara waited, trembling beneath her robes.

Shepard's pulse quickened. When he'd first heard of the *Deep Melding*, he'd half believed it was a joke. Some elaborate Asari test of humility, maybe even a warning meant to dissuade him from pursuing one of their treasured daughters.

Even now, part of him still suspected as much.

Until the black-robed attendants guided him forward.

They stopped him at the foot of the throne. Without a word, they moved behind him and began to loosen the fastenings of his ceremonial robes.

He didn't resist. He'd expected this much.

What he hadn't expected was the weight of Benezia's gaze as the fabric slipped away, leaving him completely naked. Her eyes moved over him—clinical, assessing, but edged with something he couldn't quite name. He felt a quiet thrill when her piercing gaze landed on his painfully hard cock. It wasn't as if he was hung—if anything, Shepard was decidedly average—but he'd always gotten a kick out of it when women saw him naked.

He'd always been a bit of an exhibitionist.

And today, being exposed was the name of the game.

When she finally looked back into his eyes, her faint, knowing smirk told him she took a quiet satisfaction in the power she held over him. Or that she found his endowment...*wanting*. Shepard met her stare evenly, refusing to flinch or back down.

Benezia then turned to her daughter, producing a small box of dark metal no larger than her hand. She pressed it into Liara's trembling palms. The younger Asari took it in silence before stepping toward him.

Liara hesitated, offering a faint, uncertain smile before opening the box. Inside, resting on a cushion of deep velvet, lay a gleaming object that glimmered silver and blue in the ritual light—delicate, ceremonial, unmistakably symbolic.

For a heartbeat, Shepard almost laughed at the resemblance to a human wedding rite. The irony wasn't lost on him.

It was a ring...just not one that would fit on his finger.

Liara, still trembling, dropped to her knees just as she'd done for him many times before. She'd let him know that his *excitement* wouldn't be a problem, and Shepard couldn't help feeling curious.

He let out a slow breath when she slipped the ring over his hardness, shuddering as the cool metal visibly adjusted to be snug but not strangling. Liara slid it all the way to the base and Shepard had a brief and intense desire to burst out laughing at the absurdity of the situation—here he was, naked, his soon-to-be Asari wife sliding a cock-ring over his manhood, surrounded by dozens of her sisters.

Then Shepard gasped as the metal ring snugly fitted to the base of his shaft came to life. Like quicksilver, the ring softened and flowed, spreading outward in a gleaming wave that enveloped his cock and balls in a mirror-bright sheen. Then a wave of weakness—not powerful, but noticeable—hit him, and his hardness, his excitement ebbed, the metallic liquid shrinking to cover and encase him in his shrinking member.

When the Alien chastity device was finished with its work, it looked as if his privates had been gilded in silver, locked in its shrivelled state of two inches and dangling pathetically between his legs.

Once it was done, Liara drew back, her cheeks a dark blue as she flushed in embarrassment. He didn't know if it was *for* him or *of* him—and it was a sign of how fucked up he was that Shepard wasn't sure which turned him on more. She looked up at him with wide, luminous eyes—part disbelief, part devotion.

Behind her, the Matriarch's shadow fell across them both.

Before Shepard could be guided to the stone throne by the robed attendants—or Liara to the low bed by her mother—she turned, sudden and sure, and crossed the distance between them again. Her hands found his face, her lips meeting his in a kiss that stole his breath and left the world weightless. For a heartbeat, gravity itself seemed to yield to them.

Before anyone could intervene, she pressed her forehead to his.

'Let us Embrace Eternity,' she whispered.

The words resonated through him like a current. The chamber dimmed, sound blurring into a low hum as something unseen bridged the space between them. His biotics flared in response, and suddenly his thoughts were no longer his alone.

It wasn't sight, or sound, or touch—it was all of them at once. He felt the cool air on her skin, the flutter of her pulse, the tremor of awe that wasn't his but hers. Their nerves, their senses, their minds—drawn together, aligned, until it was impossible to tell where one began and the other ended.

For an instant, it was disorienting, too much—like being caught in the current of an infinite ocean. Then, as quickly as the typical panic had risen, calm followed. The tide receded, leaving only stillness, clarity, and the steady rhythm of two minds breathing as one.

When Liara pulled back, the link remained—an invisible thread humming between them. She stepped backward slowly, her gaze never leaving his, her lips parted as if tasting the connection still lingering in the air. Her cheeks were darkened to a deep, flushed blue, and her teeth caught on her lower lip as she moved toward the waiting bed.

*'I love you so much...'*

A beautiful smile blossomed on Liara's face. She responded in kind, but she didn't need to. Through the melding, Shepard could *feel* Liara's love. Her respect and devotion—feelings he shared for her.

He could also feel her arousal.

And she, his.

Rather than speak, Benezia raised an elegant hand into the air and clicked her fingers. The music stopped, the amphitheatre enveloped in a deep, stifling silence.

The two masked and cloaked humans that had been hidden amongst the sea of Asari joined them in the small arena without speaking. Benezia slowly backed away with a smirk on her lips as the two men let their robes drop, though strangely, their featureless masks remained in place.

The true nature of this *ritual*—if it were ever in doubt—became abundantly clear as the two humans' bodies were revealed to the room. The ridiculously sculpted and hard muscles had him initially thinking soldiers, but the perfect and unblemished skin had Shepard revising his opinion to whores instead.

An observation proved by the two ridiculously oversized cocks dangling, completely unashamed, between their legs. Long and girthy enough to put even a Krogan to shame. One whore's skin was black as night, the other a rich, caramel colour.

He could feel Liara's fascination and shock through the bond, which in turn spiked his own arousal...which in turn further increased hers. It was a delicious feedback loop that had always made their lovemaking *intense*—Shepard wondered how the melding would affect him when he wasn't actively participating in the *lovemaking*.

He felt terrified and excited in equal measure, a feeling that was only enhanced when the two men worked together to unfasten Liara's robes. They fell to the floor and pooled at her feet in a whisper of cloth, revealing Liara's perfect body to the room. Immaculate blue skin, heavy breasts with navy nipples that hung low on her chest, a slim body, wide hips and long legs.

Most important of all, the trickle of her excitement that spilled from her core and ran down a deliciously thick thigh.

The Asari were bred to be perfect—every curve, every motion designed by evolution and their own methods of genome hacking to draw the eye of any species that looked their way. They were biology's way of making connection inevitable.

And somehow, Liara still managed to stand out. He'd seen Asari before, seen what centuries of refinement had done to their kind, but none of them looked like her.

None of them made him weak at the knees like a soft smile from his woman did.

Sensing his thoughts, Liara shook her head and turned to give him that beautiful smile he loved so much, but invariably, she found her gaze drawn back to her two *suitors*. And judging by what they were packing and what they looked like, he didn't think there was anything *natural* about them.

Shepard couldn't just feel his wife's excitement and arousal as she gaped at the oversized cocks, he could feel *their* excitement too. The entire amphitheatre, the dozens of robed and faceless Asari were radiating arousal and excitement so strong that it was affecting him and, in turn, it was affecting Liara.

She didn't resist when the two men pulled her down to the bed, though she did offer Shepard one final, wide-eyed look. He grinned, and offered the woman he was gonna marry an encouraging wink.

*'Have fun...'*

*'They're...how are they so big?!'*

*'Oh Precious, how are you so adorable?'*

Shepard would have burst out laughing if Liara's excitement wasn't making him feel dizzy. Then he had to stifle a gasp and bite down on a moan that threatened to spill out as the masked men got to work—the dark skinned one palmed one of Liara's heavy breasts and began pinching her hard, pebbled nipples while the lighter skinned one started to run his fingers up and down the inside of her thigh.

Liara moaned in pleasure at the sensation...a sensation mirrored on Shepard's own body—or at least that's what it felt like. Her melding had linked their nervous systems together. They not only shared all thoughts, but feelings and sensations too. As Liara arched her back and moaned as her heavy breasts were played with, Shepard felt it. When a finger slipped into her soaked womanhood and curled *just* right to brush against the commonly known spot inside Asari that drove the *wild*, both Liara and Shepard gasped in unison.

*'Are you okay...?'*

It took a moment to clear his foggy mind enough to realise Liara was mentally calling out to him.

*'Stop worrying about me and enjoy yourself...'*

Shepard watched as Liara's hands trailed down the two chiselled bodies until they circled around the bases of both giant cocks, her fingers unable to close all the way around.

*'I...I think I will...'*

Shepard watched, his balls aching and his entire body flush with euphoria and tingling with pleasure as the trio on the bed writhed around in pleasure.

Finally, his passionate Asari grew frustrated and released her prizes to tear off the masks stopping the men from using their mouths.

Both men froze and turned to him in horror. Shepard would be lying if he denied the thrill at seeing the fear in the ridiculously handsome whores' eyes. Still, Liara's pleasure was more important than his ego...especially since her pleasure was currently *his* pleasure.

*'Treat her well, boys. She's precious.'*

They didn't even have time to be shocked. Liara pulled the dark skinned one down and captured his lips in a heated kiss while grabbing the back of the head of the other one and shoving it in her crotch.

He could tell Liara was pushing herself, was forcing herself to act more wanton than she was comfortable with...at least at first. His arousal fed her arousal, and hesitation bled away only to be replaced by need, a need Shepard fed with his own as he watched the two handsome, talented whores ravish the woman he wanted to marry.

Shepard and Liara both groaned as a long, expert tongue slithered into her core and got to work. It was a...strange sensation. He'd felt it before when going down on Liara himself when they were melded, but being apart from the action made it feel so much weirder.

To feel pleasure in an orifice one didn't have was a sensation he'd never grow tired of.

Being able to watch Liara writhe from afar, to see how the pleasure affected her while also *feeling* it himself made everything even hotter.

The dark skinned one pulled back from their kiss before readjusting himself on the bed, gently holding his oversized crown at the beautiful Asari's lips. Liara didn't hesitate, consumed by a frenzy of lust and avarice that had been enhanced by the endlessly escalating feedback loop turbocharged by Shepard's own powerful biotics. Her blue slips spread wide and she swallowed as much as she could manage, but that meant very little when the cock was as big as her forearm, the head as wide as her fist.

Shepard could feel Liara's first orgasm rapidly approaching, and it was all he could do to stay focused on the action and not close his eyes and ride the wave. When the man going down on her slipped a slick finger in her back door however, it all came crashing down.

Twins moans of ecstasy filled the otherwise silent chamber when Liara came, both of their bodies shaking as their bodies were simultaneously flooded with powerful, toe-curling endorphins.

While Shepard and Liara struggled to keep their eyes open, the two whores had little interest in slowing down. They'd barely gotten over Liara's first orgasm when the one who'd been going down on her lined himself up with her gushing, leaking entrance, her lips engorged and gaping open eagerly with her arousal.

When he sank that oversized cock mercilessly into Liara's too-tight womanhood, the advantages of Asari physiology soon became apparent. Their genitals—vestiges of a reproductive system long outgrown—had evolved into organs of pure pleasure, responsive and adaptable, capable of harmonizing with nearly any species in the galaxy... no matter how big or small.

And this guy was *big*.

Liara's mouth opened in a silent scream. Shepard mirrored her. He *felt* it as the cock forced its way inside, overloading her pleasure receptors and sending her into another world of euphoria.

She came. Again. *Hard*. Shepard didn't, but it *felt* like he did. He felt Liara's pleasure, and it was more intense than any pleasure he'd personally given to her before.

'Yes...' she whispered, huskily, her hips rolling and undulating in time with the man's thrusts. She didn't know what to do with her hands, especially since her other lover was currently cradling them and pinching her nipples. 'Ooooh, by the stars. Just, *oooh*, just like that. Don't... don't stop!'

The woman he wanted to marry was getting the fucking of her life, and he wasn't the one giving it. Not only wasn't he the one providing her that indescribable pleasure, he was on the receiving end too. It was hard to feel jealousy when both of them were beneficiaries of the whore's huge, talented cock.

It was one of the strangest sensations Shepard had ever experienced. He wasn't the one being fucked, his girl was, yet he may as well have been. He'd heard of cuckolding couples experiencing the taboo thrill together, but rarely, if ever, had it been as literal as this.

Every time the whore bottomed out inside Liara's receptive cunt, every time his huge cock reached the back of her cunt and touched the Asari g-spot at the entrance to her womb, stars burst behind their eyes, both Shepard and Liara's bodies writhing in bliss as they shared in and struggled to handle the intense pleasure.

Said pleasure reached another level when she was rolled over, and her dark-skinned lover grew tired of sitting on the sidelines.

His mind a hazy fog of pleasure, Shepard watched Liara's ass bouncing on the huge cock, her toned, muscular, blue cheeks jiggling as she danced atop and crashed against her lover's groin with every bounce. Every time she slammed herself all the way down, Shepard jolted in pleasure, his entire body flush with heat as he risked drowning in euphoria.

Then his vision of his love was blocked by the huge, naked black man. Between his tree-trunk like legs, he could still see Liara's lips spread obscenely wide around her lover's cock, her lips stinging with delicious pain as they sealed around it like a vice. The black whore held her still, taking a handful of meaty ass cheek in one hand while guiding his cock into her delicate rosebud with another.

Liara was Asari, there was no need to be gentle with their overwhelming endowments.

Liara *screamed*, her rapturous cries echoing and bouncing off the stone walls long after they left her lips. Shepard mirrored her, her pleasure spiking his pleasure, the feedback loop continuing. He could barely think, barely *breathe* as he experienced the feeling of two oversized cocks pistoning in and out of him first hand.

The two professionals alternated their thrusts, ripping orgasm after orgasm from both Shepard and Liara until they unloaded inside his love. He felt that too, felt that delicious warmth, the feeling of being full, of contentment and satisfaction.

And then... they went for round two.

By the time the ritual was *complete*, Shepard was a quivering mess on the stone throne... but Liara... she'd essentially been fucked into a coma, her body slick with sweat and her orifices *oozing* cum. The pleasure had been too much, and before she'd blacked out, Shepard could sense that she wanted *more*...even if her body couldn't handle it.

Honestly? As Benezia approached him with a look of respect in her eyes, Shepard conceded that he might just allow it...

*That...that was incredible...*