

A Galaxy of Magic

Chapter 30

Shaak Ti awoke slowly, and her senses took a moment to ramp back to normal. It required several seconds for her to register the odd thumping of the mattress beneath her. Her lekku flopped lazily over her shoulder as she blinked her eyes to establish her bearings. The dim, muted glow of the tent's magical lighting painted the interior in soft shadows.

She realized at once that the source of the movement was neither an attack nor a malfunction in the ship's artificial gravity. Instead, the cause was Harry himself, who knelt at the center of the mattress. He was entirely naked, and his skin glistened with a fine sheen of sweat.

Aayla lay in front of him on her back with her legs pressed tightly together and held aloft on Harry's broad shoulder. Her blue skin looked more vivid than usual in the darkness, and her lekku lay flat and still on the sheets as she gasped. Harry had his arm wrapped around her legs, and he held them in place as he used her body. He pushed his hips forward repeatedly, sliding the full length of his thick cock between Aayla's thighs and trapping it in the velvety, scorching-hot cleft formed by her pressed-together legs. With each thrust, the swollen head of his cock emerged at the apex of her thighs, slick and shiny with her abundant juices. It retreated, then reappeared seconds later, glistening in the faint light.

Shaak Ti's tired mind absorbed the scene with increasing clarity, and she propped herself up on one elbow. The sheet fell away from her body and exposed the full curves of her bare breasts and belly. The cool air over her skin made her shiver, but it was the sight of Harry and Aayla that sent heat pooling low in her belly and caused her pussy to begin to grow wet.

"Are you two ever going to allow anyone else a turn?" Shaak Ti asked. Her voice was low and husky from her sleepiness. She made no effort to conceal the way her eyes lingered on Harry's cock as it slid through Aayla's blue, silky thighs. It appeared even larger than usual, and each thrust forced the swollen head to part her pussy lips, squishing them apart before the shaft slipped back and started the cycle all over again.

Aayla turned her head and grinned at Shaak. Her eyes were glazed with pleasure. "You were busy sleeping, and Harry thought it would be rude to wake you. But you can have a go once I've finished with him." She moaned as Harry ground his cock between her thighs and made her body rock up and down atop the sheets. "Yes, keep doing that."

At that moment, Shaak Ti felt a hand touch her back. Maris, who lay on her side next to Shaak, had awakened as well. Her eyes remained fixed on Harry and Aayla, but her hand now caressed idle circles on Shaak's shoulder and wandered lower with each pass. Maris's ash-pale skin looked even more luminous in the darkness, and it created a sharp contrast to the vivid colors of the other two women in bed. As always, Maris had discarded any pretense of modesty.

The sheet was thrown off her, leaving her perky breasts completely uncovered. Her nipples were flushed a delicate pink, and the folds between her legs lightly glistened.

Shaak Ti leaned into Maris's touch and sighed as her own desire mounted while she surveyed the scene. Harry's abdominal muscles tensed with the rhythm of his thrusts, and the sight of his cock gliding between Aayla's thighs proved very arousing. The air inside the tent hung thick with the scent of wet pussy.

Harry glanced over and noticed that both Shaak and Maris were awake and watching him. He grinned, and his green eyes sparkled with mischief. "Good morning, ladies," he said in a low, pleasurable growl. "Or is it still night?"

"Does it matter?" Maris replied, and a slow smile spread across her lips. "You're not going to stop until you've had your way with all of us, are you?"

"Most likely," Harry teased. He increased the tempo, and the wet slap of flesh filled the room while Aayla gasped again and arched her back.

"Barbarian," Maris joked, and she giggled when Shaak Ti smacked her thigh.

Shaak Ti was now fully awake and feeling a strong tingle between her legs, and she shifted her body to obtain a better view. She watched as Harry's cock emerged and vanished in a steady rhythm. It was thick and glistening with Aayla's arousal, and Shaak couldn't help but want to suck it clean. With each thrust, the tip of his cock mashed directly into Aayla's clit and made her shudder and whimper. The way Aayla's thighs hugged him, and the way her pussy lips parted to cradle his shaft was strangely beautiful, but also very arousing.

Shaak Ti felt her nipples harden, and she reached to the bedside table for a discarded glass of water. She brought it to her lips and drank. Some of it spilled, and a stream of the cold liquid poured over her chest and ran down between her breasts and onto her belly. She let out a short yelp at the shock, and Maris immediately bent forward to lick the droplets from her skin. Maris's tongue flicked over Shaak's nipple and sent a sharp jolt of pleasure through her body.

Their actions caught Harry's attention, and he slowed his thrusts while he watched Maris and Shaak Ti explore each other's bodies. Their mutual touching grew more intense, and Maris worked her way down Shaak's torso, kissing and biting lightly, while Shaak combed her fingers through Maris's jet-black braids. The two women moaned softly, and their noises mixed with Aayla's gasps and Harry's grunts.

Aayla, meanwhile, seemed to float on a wave of pleasure. She reached forward and grabbed Harry's hips to encourage him to thrust harder and to force his cock even deeper into the tight vice of her thighs. Every few seconds her voice broke, and she let out a warbling whimper. Harry simply groaned in response.

Shaak Ti's hand wandered down between her legs, and her fingers found her clit so that she could rub herself in time with the rhythm of Harry's cock. Maris kissed her way down to Shaak's inner thigh and then gently nipped the sensitive skin, which made Shaak buck and gasp.

Aayla opened her legs, seized Harry's cock in both hands, and lined it up with her slit. She rubbed the head up and down her pussy lips, coating it thoroughly in her juices. Aayla held the tip against her opening, waiting for him to take over. Harry pushed forward, and his cock slid easily between her lips. The delicate flesh rippled and contracted around his shaft, making him groan in pleasure.

"Oh! That's the spot," Aayla moaned, and her head rolled from side to side on the pillow.

Shaak Ti remained mesmerized. The way Harry's cock was swallowed up by the slickness of Aayla's pussy and the way her blue skin trembled with every impact made Shaak's own pussy ache with need. Maris appeared equally affected. She had ceased her playful teasing and was now on her back with her legs spread, openly touching herself as she watched the display.

She couldn't restrain herself. She crawled across the bed toward Aayla, who welcomed her with a satisfied grin. Shaak Ti kissed Aayla gently on the mouth and then moved lower to suck and nip at her nipples, which made Aayla gasp with delight. At the same time, she slid her hand down Aayla's belly and between her legs. Her fingers brushed against Harry's thrusting shaft, and soon, her fingers were coated in her arousal. She spread it over Aayla's clit, which made her exhale a shaky breath. Every time Harry thrust forward, the shaft of his cock rubbed against Shaak's hand, and the naughtiness made her pussy clench.

The experience proved sufficient enough to push Shaak toward the edge. Her pussy throbbed, and she ground herself against the mattress, desperate for release. Maris crawled over, pressed her lips to Shaak's neck, and naughtily whispered into her ear, "You're so sexy when you're like this." Her words sent a shiver down Shaak's spine.

Harry's breathing grew ragged, and he held on to Aayla's hips with determination as his cock slid faster and faster between her folds. Aayla arched her back, her breasts jutting upward, and she let out a scream of pleasure as her orgasm struck. She clamped her legs tightly and kept Harry's cock locked in place while she trembled violently.

Shaak Ti leaned in and kissed Aayla deeply. They moaned into each other's mouths, and Shaak pawed at Aayla's jiggle tit. Shaak then turned to Harry and pulled him down for a kiss as well.

Shaak Ti broke the kiss with Harry and rose onto her hands and knees in the center of the mattress. She lifted her ass high, arched her back, and spread her knees wider so that her pussy was fully presented. Her lekku hung forward over her shoulders, and her breasts swayed beneath her.

“Harry,” she said with a low, urgent growl. “Get behind me and pound my pussy like a spaceport whore. Don’t hold back.”

Harry didn’t need to be told twice. He moved into position at once. He gripped her hips with both hands, aligned the swollen head of his cock with her entrance, and thrust forward in one long, powerful stroke. His length buried itself to the hilt inside her, stretching her wet walls and forcing a sharp cry from her throat. The wet walls of her pussy closed around him with a loud, perverted squelch.

He withdrew almost completely and then drove back in hard. Each thrust produced a wet smack that rang loudly inside the room. The mattress creaked beneath them, and the air filled with the musk of Shaak Ti’s arousal mixed with the lingering smell of Aayla’s juices still coating his shaft. Every time he bottomed out, Shaak’s ass jiggled from the force, and several fat drops of pussy juice began to drip down the insides of her thighs.

“Harder,” she demanded, pushing back to meet him. “Fuck me deeper. Use me.”

Harry did exactly what she asked for. His hips drove forward at a relentless pace, and the wet slap of their bodies grew louder and faster. The head of his cock battered her g-spot with each thrust, and her pussy made soft, wet squelching sounds as it clung to his shaft, refusing to let go. Drops of her arousal were forced out around his shaft and dripped onto the sheets. The sweet smell of her pussy grew stronger with every brutal strike to her g-spot.

While Harry pounded Shaak Ti from behind, Maris and Aayla turned toward each other on the mattress. Aayla pulled Maris close and kissed her deeply, and Harry watched as their tongues slid together. Maris’s pale hands cupped Aayla’s blue breasts, and her thumbs circled her stiff nipples while Aayla’s fingers slipped between Maris’s legs and stroked her clit.

Shaak Ti’s arms trembled as she held herself up. Her lekku swayed with every impact, and her big breasts swung beneath her. Harry’s hands tightened on her hips, and he pulled her back onto his cock. Shaak Ti moaned loudly. She loved having her body used by him. Harry grunted as his thick shaft disappeared into her stretched red pussy, and her outer lips clung to him on the pull-back. Her pussy left a glossy trail of her juices that coated the length of his shaft.

“Oh, goodness,” Shaak gasped between thrusts. She could feel her orgasm approaching. “Hurry up and fill me.”

Harry’s breathing grew ragged. He leaned forward and slid his hand under her to rub her clit while he continued to fuck her hard. The additional stimulation made her walls clench around him, and the wet sounds of their fucking grew even louder. Maris and Aayla kept kissing and touching each other. Their bodies were pressed close as their hands explored each other. Both watched Shaak Ti take every hard thrust.

Shaak's moans rose higher. Her pussy fluttered and then clamped down tightly around Harry's cock as her orgasm hit. She cried out and pushed back against him, and her body shook while he kept thrusting through her climax. The wet slap of their bodies continued without pause, and the scent of her release mixed with the rest of the wet pussy smell. Shaak trembled uncontrollably, and when he lightly pinched and rolled her clit between his fingers, she couldn't take it. Shaak squealed and rolled over onto her side, and his messy cock slipped from her silky depths. Harry grabbed his shaft and stroked it while looking at Maris. "It's your turn," he cheekily told her.

Maris squirmed away from Aayla and positioned herself on her back in front of him with her legs spread wide and her knees bent. Her pussy was completely exposed, and the outer lips were slightly parted and already glistening with arousal.

Harry knelt between her spread thighs and took his cock in one hand. It was still wet and slippery from Shaak Ti's juices. He ran the swollen head slowly up and down the length of Maris's folds, coating himself in her wetness and teasing her clit with each pass. The slick sound of his cock gliding against her was clearly audible between her frantic breaths.

At the same time, Aayla and Shaak Ti moved together. Aayla lay on her back while Shaak Ti straddled her face in the sixty-nine position. Shaak lowered her still-dripping pussy onto Aayla's mouth, and Aayla's tongue immediately began to work between her folds. Shaak Ti bent forward, pressed her mouth to Aayla's pussy, and lapped up every last drop of her juices.

Harry aligned himself and thrust into Maris. Her tight pussy stretched and closed around him, forming a tight seal around his shaft. She gasped as her insides were completely filled. He loved the feeling of her silky walls rippling and fluttering around him. Feeling the desperate need to cum, he immediately began to fuck her hard.

Maris reached down with one hand and rubbed her clit in tight circles while her other hand cupped and squeezed her breasts. Her back arched, and she thrust her tits into the air. Maris's pale nipples were incredibly stiff and crinkled, and they only grew harder once she started rolling them between her fingers. Her pale skin flushed deeper with each thrust, and Harry gripped her thighs, held them open, and continued to pound into her wet pussy. He thoroughly enjoyed the way her taut lips stretched out every time he pulled back.

He then lifted her legs and placed them over his shoulders, folding her nearly in half. The new angle allowed him to drive even deeper and hit her g-spot. He began to fuck her faster, until his hips were practically a blur. Her pussy started squelching even louder as arousal dripped out around the point of penetration. Beside them, Aayla and Shaak Ti continued their fun. Aayla's tongue delved deep into Shaak Ti's pussy, and Shaak returned the attention with equal intensity.

Maris's breathing became labored, and she rubbed her clit faster and squeezed her breasts harder as Harry's thrusts grew more forceful. Her walls began to flutter and then clamp tightly around him. She came hard, and her back arched off the mattress as a stream of pussy juice

squirted around his cock and sprayed across his abdomen and the sheets. The sudden wetness made every subsequent thrust louder and slicker.

Harry kept up the pace, continuing to pound into her through her orgasm until his own release overtook him. He buried himself to the hilt and held deep inside her as he came. Harry groaned and released deep inside her, filling her with thick spurts of his seed. Maris's pussy continued to spasm around him, milking every drop while the excess mixed with her own fluids and leaked out around his shaft. Harry gave a few more slow thrusts, intent on depositing every last drop into her. Maris clutched him tightly and whimpered as her pussy continued to suck him off and drain his balls.

Maris shuddered and rolled away from Harry while her pale body trembled from her orgasm. His cock slipped free from her pussy with a wet and noisy pop, and it left a glossy trail of her juices along his shaft. Before Harry could even catch his breath, all three women closed in around him, and they crawled on hands and knees toward their shared prize. Aayla crawled between his open legs, and Shaak Ti loomed over his chest with her breasts swaying. Harry couldn't stop himself from cupping one of those big, dangling tits. He squeezed the soft flesh and lightly pinched her crinkled nipple. Maris slid in at his side with her eyes glazed and lustful.

They descended on him together, and three mouths and six hands worshiped every inch of his aching cock. Aayla's lips targeted the sensitive head, and she wrapped her tongue around it and swirled the tip around the ridge. She then slowly dragged the tip over the slit to taste the droplets of cum that were already leaking. Shaak Ti cupped his balls, and she rolled them gently with her warm palms while she stroked along the base, and her fingers squeezed just enough to make his sack tighten. Maris pressed her tongue to the underside, and she followed the throbbing veins while her fingertips danced over his slippery shaft. She then nuzzled lower to lick the wet skin where his cock met his body.

He just lay back and let it happen, and he watched as they fought over his cock like it was the most precious thing in the galaxy. Each time Aayla sucked the tip between her lips and hollowed her cheeks to tug on it, Maris caught the shaft and stroked it toward Shaak Ti. Shaak Ti bent down and swallowed as much of it as she could until her lips stretched wide around the thick girth. Their mouths overlapped, and their tongues slipped and slid across the head and down the length. Sometimes all three licked at him at once, and their wet tongues slid together along his cock, almost making him see stars.

Between bouts of licking and sucking, the women kissed each other, and they shared his taste in deep and open-mouthed exchanges. Maris and Aayla locked lips, and their blue and milky pale skin mashed together while a thin strand of his cum stretched between their lips and broke only when they pulled apart to gasp. Shaak Ti pulled Aayla into a deep and messy kiss, and they both moaned loudly as Shaak reached down to stroke Harry's cock. They all moaned, giggled, and had their fun playing with his cock while leaving him on the brink of exploding.

Harry's body tensed as the pleasure built, and he could feel his release approaching fast. From the way the women giggled and whispered to each other, they knew exactly what they were doing to him. Aayla squeezed the base and held him upright, and Maris lapped at his balls while she sucked one into her mouth and rolled it with her tongue. Shaak Ti bobbed her head up and down along the length, and her horn-like montrals brushed his belly. She took him deeper with each bob until the head nudged the back of her throat and she swallowed around it.

The three of them worked together seamlessly. Harry gripped the sheets in both hands, and he was powerless to stop what was coming next as their mouths and hands continued to stroke and suck and lick every sensitive inch without stopping.

Harry felt it begin as a hard clench above his balls, and he groaned deeply before his hips bucked upward. The girls shifted at once, and they tightened their grip on his shaft as the first thick spurt of cum blasted from the tip. It shot upward with surprising force, and it arced through the air before it splattered across Aayla's cheek and upper lip. She squealed, pressed her lips to the leaking head, and greedily slurped up the next jet as it erupted straight into her mouth. The sensation of her soft lips sucking on the head set him off even harder, and the next few spurts came in quick, thundering bursts that filled her throat and overflowed past her stretched lips.

Maris and Shaak Ti fought for position, and their mouths overlapped around the swollen head as they did their best to swallow every drop. It was no use. Within seconds their lips and tongues glistened with slick, white cum, and their attempts to gulp it down only resulted in thick globs spilling from the corners of their mouths. It ran down their chins and dripped onto their jiggling breasts. Aayla mashed her lips to the tip, and she sucked like she was drinking from a straw while her tongue swirled over the slit to catch each fresh squirt. Shaak Ti wrapped her hand around the shaft, and she milked him with long and slow pulls that forced more of the hot fluid up into Aayla's waiting mouth. Maris cupped his balls in both hands, and she massaged and kneaded them while her tongue lapped at the sticky mess as it dripped down his length and coated her fingers.

Harry's orgasm seemed to go on forever. Each time he thought he was finished, another hot spurt would fill someone's mouth or streak across one of their faces, and he watched through half-lidded eyes as his seed coated the women's lips, tongues, and even their bare tits. Thick ropes painted Aayla's blue skin and dripped between her breasts, and more of it landed on Shaak Ti's red lips before it slid down her chin and onto the upper curves of her round, perky tits. Maris received a long stripe across her cheek and the side of her neck, and she moaned as the warm fluid cooled against her flesh.

The girls giggled and licked the cum off each other's faces and bodies while they traded passionate kisses. Aayla stroked the shaft slowly in her hand, and she coaxed out every last drop while Shaak Ti leaned in to run her tongue up the underside in long and firm licks that gathered the remaining cum. Maris leaned down to lick up anything that had been missed.

Harry couldn't believe how much was pouring out of him, but the girls seemed to love it. They were a complete mess, and their faces and torsos were covered with streaks and spatters of Harry's cum while their tongues and lips remained stained a bright and milky white. They giggled at the sight of each other.

Before Harry could get up, Aayla climbed on top of him and got into the classic sixty-nine position. She rubbed her damp pussy against his face, letting him know exactly what she wanted. Harry grabbed her ass, spread her jutting cheeks apart, and began licking. Aayla's eyes fluttered, and she lowered her head and took him all the way down her throat. Harry groaned into her arousal-slickened pussy as her throat muscles clenched his length. He wasn't sure when the girls would let him get up for the day. Harry could only hope he would survive the sexy onslaught.