

Jalish Customs

by Cowkites

The Malik bazaar was awash with color. Due to its proximity to the Jalish Spaceport and relative security compared to the rest of the planet, the bazaar remained a safe place to humans for the most part. While many of the delicacies of the Jalish were to die for, and the architecture of the horned peoples were well known for their infinite intricacies across the galaxy; humanity remained one of the few fledgling species incapable of defending themselves against many alien customs and thus found themselves in danger on many planets in nearby solar systems.

Despite the danger, a young woman by the name of Hannah had decided to visit the planet as part of her training for intersolar relations. Even though the Jalish government found it unimportant from policing their people against heinous acts toward foreign species, the purple-and-black-skinned Jalish remain one of the few alien species that deigns to view humanity as an equal.

Hannah knew, however, that all the inhabitants of the Jalish homeworld were not of like mind and thus when she stepped out of the transport and got her first glimpse of the Jalish amidst the crowded halls of the spaceport, she felt her breath nearly catch in her throat. As a young woman in her early twenties, having a small frame and a cute demeanor, Hannah felt as if she stood among giants poised to steal her away at any moment. While the Jalish were taller than the tallest human on average, Hannah's petite size made the height difference far more extreme. Their skin was a solid, light purple that darkened as it neared the extremities until it was pitch black around the fingertips, toes, horns, and sexual organs.

The Jalish were a sexual people; it was oftentimes said that many early Jalish conflicts were solved when one leader reduced the other to a sex slave. It remained not uncommon to this day that many political leaders kept their failed political rivals as pets. It was with this knowledge from her intersolar handbook that Hannah had to go off of and shudder at as she approached one of the many exit platforms. A Jalish female stood at a desk, her long dark hair hung loose to either side of her neck and went just low enough to hide her exposed nipples. It was odd for Hannah to see a spaceport official in such a lack of clothing, but this was yet again another jalish normality.

As she handed over her paperwork, Hannah discreetly checked to make sure her translator was on and working; she was thankful for the device in such a foreign place. The woman looked from Hannah to the photo in her intersolar trainee guidebook repeatedly and Hannah couldn't help but blush at the sudden feeling of scrutiny cast at her entire form. Underneath this woman's gaze she felt like a piece of meat at a butcher's shop.

Instead of handing back the paperwork, the Jalish female slid it across the countertop and pressed herself forward; causing Hannah to need to stand on her tiptoes in order to grab it back. She nearly froze as the female laughed, her hair moving ever so slightly exposing the dark-nippled breast underneath.

“A small thing like you needs to be careful. Even Malik bazaar can be a dangerous spot for humans, especially since you are all so weak to our wiles.”

Standing up from a chair Hannah didn't know existed, the Jalish female stood even taller and walked outside the desk. Her curved horns were black to the tip and nearly touched the sign above her desk as she reached her full height. Bending over, she lightly patted Hannah's rear nearly sending her stumbling out the gate, “Remember, humans don't get lost here...they just find something they didn't know they were looking for!”

Hannah stood at the spaceport entrance for a while. She could feel the heat in her reddened face, and was embarrassed to admit that she had felt turned on throughout the entire interaction.

Am I really that weak willed? Or was she just toying with me; maybe they can turn it off and on...

She had to breathe deeply as she made her way to the bazaar, Jalish surrounded her now. Men and women alike shopped at various stalls and spent their time people watching from nearby benches. Hannah could feel the stares of many as she walked down the steps of the spaceport; she was thankful her nipples weren't showing through her shirt, but she pulled her coat tight none-the-less. The men were particularly distracting for her. The cock of a male Jalish is known to be mental poison to most foreign species, causing many foreign dignitaries to end up as breeding stock or fuck-toys for the horned people; as such, laws were enacted to keep males from being naked in certain parts of the city. This didn't keep Hannah from staring.

As she reached the bazaar, she became distracted enough with the beauty of alien culture to engross herself in something else beside the race of small giants around her. Going from stall to stall, she took pictures and notes at the extravagant devices that the Jalish were known for creating. Wondrous new technology that humanity could never have fathomed was being sold at almost every stall as if it were a popular newspaper.

Ever so immersed in her note-taking, Hannah barely noticed the moans on the wind; but as they increased in volume she found herself terribly distracted to the point of investigation.

In the center of the bazaar, on a large wooden stage, what looked like three smaller Jalish sat in cages. Their horns were stunted, and their colors were far less extreme than those of the other Jalish she had seen. Two of the three were pregnant, something Hannah thought impossible for the Jalish as they were a species dependent on 'livestock breeding' as it was called.

That was when she understood.

Hannah had heard of what happened to those who went outside the bazaar unprotected, but she had never seen it. Part of it was that the Jalish needed other species to breed and as such, once one became bred by a Jalish they were too important to be let go; the other part was that many species were fearful of interacting with their 'tainted' brethren for fear of conversion through proximity. As far as she knew, if she were to show up back at the spaceport pregnant, they would hand her off to be put with other breeders at some discreet location never to be seen on Earth again.

Men were not as fortunate. Getting fucked by a Jalish as a male would render you impotent, feminize your body, and leave you looking enough like a breeder to entice Jalish males to practically use you like an inanimate sex toy.

The thought of being in one of the cages on that stage filled Hannah with a strange arousal so powerful that she was forced to actually look at the Jalish in front of them to feel less on edge. After a moment of listening she discovered that the three before her were once high-ranking human government officials and were being sold to the highest bidder. That was when Hannah discovered the Jalish had a thing for ruining talent. Her disgust at the situation finally overpowering her dread curiosity, Hannah made a quick retreat further into the crowd toward the outskirts of the bazaar.

Thankful to be away from her species' humiliation, Hannah found herself walking along the edge of the bazaar, admiring the beautiful craftsmanship on the nearby buildings. Then, absentmindedly taking a risk she had only moments before vowed to never do, she stepped into an alley leading away from the crowds, her eyes fixated on a carving of Jalish orgies that went along the top of the building beside her.

Hannah barely noticed as a couple of young male Jalish stepped behind her.

"Lovely isn't it? It's surprising the way we Jalish have adapted as a culture."

Hannah's eyes widened as she turned her head only to find herself dwarfed by two Jalish. The both of them stood calmly next to her, one appeared to also be admiring the artwork while the other spent no time pretending to do anything else than stare at Hannah's form.

"Don't you humans ever get tired of such dreadful things." With one quick swipe of a fingernail, the Jalish ripped Hannah's shirt and bra in half causing Hannah to fall backward and shout in surprise. The lead Jalish's accomplice caught her with ease and she felt herself shudder with a strange delight as she felt her head rest on his firm abs. Even though the hands gripped her gently, she could feel the hidden giant's strength he possessed as he hoisted her up.

“Humans are unique among the galaxy in that they are very visually similar to us. The major differences being our coloration, our size and strength, and our far superior intelligence.” Hannah kicked her legs with all her strength only to watch the Jalish catch both her ankles with ease, “It must be frightening to know just how helpless you are right now, but do not be afraid. We are your betters, we know what is best for you.”

Placing both her ankles in one hand, the lead Jalish grabs at Hannah’s chest; easily ripping her bra completely off and allowing the Jalish behind her to get a hold of her wrists. Dangling helplessly between the two, Hannah can only watch as her pants are removed and her panties ripped from between her legs. Left naked, with her underwear dangling in shreds around her knees, Hannah is suddenly filled with a deep dread; images of the cages in the bazaar fill her head and she can only imagine what it must be like to see from inside those bars. She cries out for help, but the Jalish only laugh.

“Shush girl, you’re only hurting that pretty voice of yours. I will give you something to shout about.” Hannah’s voice caught in her throat as she felt the cock of the Jalish growing hard against her ass. She watched in amazement as the Jalish in front of her let go of her ankles and removed the loincloth around his waist.

“Yulti, bend her over. I’ve got first fuck and she looks ready.”

Yelping in shock, Hannah is quickly flipped over with her wrists pulled painfully behind her back. She feels the lead Jalish position himself behind her and spreads her legs. Hannah grows embarrassingly wet as he rubs his large cock along the inside of her leg. She breathes sharply out of her nose as it slides over her lips.

How can this be happening...I’m supposed to be smart...

“Animalistic, isn’t it? How your body responds to mine. This is a popular position, you know? Yulti’s cock remains close to your face as I impregnate you, keeping his pheromones constantly present in your system. While it doesn’t render you willing, it certainly makes the process...easy.”

Impregnate.

The word filled Hannah’s head like no other. She was going to be bred.

As the lead Jalish inserted himself inside her, Hannah cried out further for help. She didn’t want to be used in such a way. She didn’t want to feel reduced to ‘breeding livestock’. A cock in her mouth quickly shut her up.

Heat radiated from her pussy, as the lead Jalish plowed her. Jalish did not fuck women solely for pleasure; despite their advanced status, they fucked primarily out of instinct. Their cocks did

not cum once during sex, but throughout; and so, when Hannah began to taste the bitter taste that was Jalish cum she realized that her pussy was far more full than she could ever imagine. She could feel the warm, thick liquid trailing down the side of her thighs and dripping onto the cobblestone underneath her.

“By now you should already be pregnant, and so all the extra sperm will serve to make you more desirable. Each thrust will change your appearance, reduce your intelligence, make you pliable. You will praise me for giving you such full breasts, such a perfect womb.”

No, no, never! Oh god, my hair!

Hannah’s hair had begun to lengthen, the brown curls that had characterized her appearance had begun to darken and straighten into the hair of a Jalish.

Hannah cursed herself for the pleasure she felt, the noises she made as the Jalish cocks inside her continued to work their ‘magic’ on her.

“I can see your ass turning purple, bitch. You’ll make a fine breeder, the children you will bear will make our race proud.”

The one in her mouth came first. A Jalish orgasm is a powerful thing, and being mostly human still, Hannah was unprepared as dark Jalish cum filled her mouth causing her to gag. A strong hand gripped her jaw tight as the cock in her mouth continued to unload at a breakneck pace.

“You will need it slut. Eat it up. It only gets easier.”

Unable to do anything else, Hannah did as commanded; eventually finding herself embarrassingly good at completely sucking down the ejaculate that once filled her mouth. Pulling out, Hannah was removed from the cock behind her as well and turned over. She cried out as she witnessed the size and coloration of her breasts.

I’m really becoming one of them, dear god. It’s over...it’s all...

Hannah’s eyes widened as the Jalish behind her repositioned her on the lead Jalish’s cock. She hadn’t seen it hard. She was surprised she took it with such ease. The tip of the cock was black like her nipples, the shaft had to be at least a foot in length and was throbbing.

“Eventually it will become instinctual to pleasure, to please. You may not like it, but you will learn to perform.”

Hannah gave out a throaty moan as the second Jalish handed her off to the lead and she slid down on his cock. She could feel it twitch inside her, and it felt as if she might scream in ecstasy. Through tears of humiliation she began to orgasm, the Jalish pulled her close to his

form and she felt her engorged breasts press against the top of his abs. Her nipples were pinched and she felt liquid release from them. Hannah was nearly entirely purple in color.

“When you are not breastfeeding your brood, you will be milked. Every hole of you will be used and you will find curious satisfaction in giving in to instinct. You will learn the pleasure of living life on your back.”

Hannah shook with uneven breaths as she looked back the way she came. Jalish watched her from a distance, looks of satisfaction on their faces. Turning back to her captor, she looked up to see a look of ecstasy on his face. It felt as if his cock might reach her chest as he thrust one last time, and then she felt herself fill with Jalish cum.

As Hannah lay on the cum-covered cobblestone, she stared at the feet of the Jalish as she was collared and leashed. There was no use fighting, she was exhausted and they wouldn't let her go home. Her normally flat stomach had ballooned outward; knowing nothing about the Jalish breeding process she was unaware as to whether she was merely full of cum or already far into the pregnancy; regardless, as she was dragged further down the alley, she could only hope that instinct would take over in the years to come.