

The life of a Rebel fighting in a galaxy-spanning Civil War is not an easy one. Sabine Wren knew that. She accepted that. Sometimes, without complaint. This time however, the woman with purple and orange hair knew she'd have some choice words for Hera and Kanan when she got back.

'If I ever get out of here...' the busty petite woman with perfect curves thought pessimistically. If she were still a member of the Empire, she'd classify her mission as FUBAR and recommend an immediate abort. A week ago, she'd snuck into Jabba's palace to install listening devices in the crime lord's majestic and sprawling palace. Sabine infiltrated the place with her usual confidence, but she had not planned on another Mandalorian running her plan.

When Boba Fett grabbed her, she'd growled out every insult in Mando'a, but the bounty hunter in dented and scarred Beskar didn't flinch. He simply dragged her out to Jabba, presenting the young attractive woman to the large, disgusting mammoth of a Hutt.

Eventually, upon deciding that Sabine wasn't going to give up any information on her mission or the members of the team, the leader of the Hutt Cartel licked his big, fat lips hungrily.

"Quite the feisty little lothcat. I think I know *just* the trick to take those claws out of your paws..."

From then, Sabine found herself stripped out of her armor, helmet, and jumpsuit. When the guards came for her underwear, the big lumbering Gamorreans chuckled as they noticed that the eighteen-year-old freedom fighter didn't even have a bra on for the dangerous mission.

They each snorted and squealed once they stripped her down to her warm, golden flesh. Then, Jabba commanded her to be stuffed into a two-piece bikini and leather boots. The red Lashaa silk tickled her thighs and butt since the bottom piece was just a G-string, even less than she usually wore. The mesh attached to the brassier did little to nothing to cover up her flesh and worst of all, Sabine kind of liked some of the looks that Jabba's entourage gave her when she stood in the complete the first time.

'If that sleemo with the brain of a nerf thinks wearing this will make me cave, he's even dumber than he looks...'

That had been her mindset earlier. Now, a week later, the revealing bikini skill adorned her body. Worse than that, each day, the Hutt had her dance for him and her guests. At first, Sabine resisted. She was a Mandalorian, not an exotic dancer and she only danced for those she chose to. Multiple stuns from shock pikes eventually weakened her resolve. Luckily for Sabine, she decided that it wasn't the worst thing to be pressed into. The dancing helped keep her nice and limber, and ready for an eventual escape. Each night, the former Imperial cadet closed her intelligent coppery eyes and made a mental note of anything she could use. In her cell, her arms hugged her body, rubbing the sides of her breasts that the bikini didn't cover as she tried to keep her body warm and her spirits up.

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Juan the mercenary's helmet gaze swept over his datapad. As bib Fortuna said, the credits from his latest job now filled his account.

"Everything is order."

"Very good, bounty hunter. Now, relax, enjoy the comforts of my palace,"

Juan stiffened inside of the hardened durasteel breastplate wrapped around his chest. He swore he could almost hear the coiling snake emblem on his armor hissing out in disgust. A feeling the mirrored his own. But he kept quiet. If Jabba the Hutt asks you to take a load off, that's generally what you do.

He took a seat and politely accepted a drink but made no move to pull up his helmet. Like others, he enjoyed his anonymity. After scanning the room for any traps or people preparing to ambush him, Juan did manage to relax himself a little. In front of him, he watched as Jabba's small grubby hand waved to his in-house band.

"Ho ho ho! Begin!" The lethargic crime lord commanded. Soon the room was filled with the sound of a jizz, slitherhorn, and a nalagon. The tune was energetic and made even better by the appetizing group of backup singers. But what really caught Juan's eye was the danger who came striding out.

The moment his green eyes caught sight of her colorful hair and lovely tits swaying with each acrobatic twist and pivot, the mercenary grinned from ear to ear. "I'm really glad I have my helmet on. This is just too sweet...'

Late in the evening, the soldier of fortune begrudgingly decided that his loyalty to the Rebellion demanded he help Sabine out of the jam. 'If I don't help her, she's liable to try strangling Jabba and knowing her, she'll do it without any back-up at all...'

The plan was simple, sneak up on the security guard late at night and take him unaware. Then he'd open up a few prisoner cells to make sure it didn't look like just Sabine was the target. He made sure not to open up her cell all the way so that he could come and lead her out himself. Naturally, when he opened up the door, he didn't expect Sabine to drop down on him when he came inside.

"Warrap!" He grunted as her body sent him crashing down. Reacting quickly, Juan's hands sprang out, stopping him from falling completely. Then he rolled to the side, broke Sabine's grip, and plastered her hands to the side. She still had plenty of fight in her, and the woman with short purple and orange hair fought on valiantly, but his armor and most importantly, his codpiece helped blunt her strikes.

"It's me!" The man growled out, but Sabine continued fighting one, at one point even trying to use the red silk to choke him out. Juan slapped her hands away and then with a popping hiss, he lifted up his helmet to reveal his face to hers.

"You? W-what are you doing here?"

"Trying not to get killed mid-rescue. So do you want to leave this place or not?"

Sabine gave him a mischievous grin and then quickly nodded.

Juan had to convince her not to stick thermal detonators at the power core inside Jabba's palace, but eventually the pair snuck out, hopped into Juan's ship, and burned ion to escape Tatooine. The skilled mercenary felt confident he hadn't left any clear trace that would come back to bite him, but he decided he'd keep some distance between himself and the Hutts for half a cycle. Or more...

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Aboard Juan's ship, the pair began making a series of jumps to go back to Lothal. They didn't go straight there. The mercenary hadn't made a living this long without knowing how to make sure to lose any potential trackers on his tail. Luckily, this gave the two some time to reconnect, and for Sabine to unwind after her imprisonment. To that end, when they were about one jump away from Lothal, the woman with a pixy hair cut pulled Juan into his cabin once the ship was back to flying through the safe corridor of hyperspace.

"What have you got in mind?"

She pushed a finger to his lips and then nudged him onto his bed. She was wearing the metal bikini one more time. 'The last time. Unless this ends up being a lot of fun,' Sabine thought with a silent giggle.

"Don't move..." The Mandalorian girl instructed him and then began playing some music on her datapad. With that, her normally poised expression softened into something close to what he'd seen when she'd first come up to him at that bar months before. The man with dark brown hair and sharp green eyes grinned at her and his body relaxed while Sabine began to dance.

The woman with firm, well-toned hips started things out nice and simply. She walked around the space in front of the bed, idly stroking Juan's knees and giving him sultry looks. Then the real fun started. With a nimble spin, Juan watched her body fall into a crouch. Sabine was agile normally, but all of her 'lessons' in the palace had given her a few new tricks.

From her crouched position, the half-naked girl in gold and red slowly extended out her body. As she leaned down nice and slow, Sabine's hands reached out and touched down on the cold metallic floor. The frigid sensation tickled the Rebel's mind. She let out a bit of a gasp and felt her nipples starting to twitch while control of the wetness between her thighs started to ebb.

Turning back at Juan, she fixed him a seductive look from her coppery eyes and then danced her fingers closer towards him. She felt it, the excited yearning within her body. He liked her in the bikini, she knew it. Naturally, the thought that she might be turning him on, while his eyes couldn't look away from her turned her on even more.

Bracing her hands, the woman wrecked and bounced her ass and shoulders side to side. The red silk attached to her belt danced with each erotic movement.

"Not bad, isn't it? The girls in the palace know they have to put on a good show or Jabba will be displeased..."

"How about we forget Jabba and you just think about pleasing me..." Juan said, while he continued losing his own battle against his arousal.

"Oooh... is that what you want?" Sabine faced her rescuer on her knees. Skilled fingers of rich olive rubbed all over her bare midriff before teasing her nipples through the mesh material.

Then, with a feat of exquisite flexibility, the young woman rolled her body and finished up in a position. With another small grunt, she angled her body into a 90-degree angle, making her butt the center of the scintillating presentation. Inside his jumpsuit, Juan feels his cock stiffen.

"I-I... well I know that a girl like you wouldn't be satisfied with just dancing..."

Sabine gave him a quick sly grin before vanishing it from her face. She began relaxing her body, slowly lowering her tits back down to the cold hard ground. Her body begged for warmth. She slapped her leather heels off of her butt and then as her pussy continued becoming a puddle of wanton desire, she crawled right on up to the bounty hunter. Reaching her hands forward, she scratched his knees slowly while hovering in front of Juan.

"I guess I can spend a little more time being missing before I return to my team..."

Moments later, Juan's hands scoured Sabine's smooth bouncing tits while her legs wrapped hungrily around his body. His cock was buried inside of her, nearly to the hilt, and while the bounty hunter pounded her with powerful thrusts, the Mandalorian gave back nearly as good as she got.

"How about it... you going to tell me how badly you missed my cock?" Juan grunted while his fingers flicked and teased all over Sabine's provocative nipples while her pussy churned and stirred along every inch of his cock.

"Haha. What a crazy fool you are. I'm already embarrassing... huaah... myself wearing these shoes..." Sabine grunted out as she felt her pussy squeezing and stroking the delicious cock burying its way nice and deep within her. Soon, Juan's hands left her tits, and he grabbed the meaty curve of her hips and ass. The new grip allowed him to full hilt every single inch of his shad inside of her, and Sabine decided she had to change tactics or risk losing the sensual contest.

“Eruaaaah... oohuaa... Count yourself lucky, Juan... Youaah... Fuck... You’re the only man in the galaxy I’d wear these things for,” Sabine squealed out, her eyes nearly always closing to help focus on all her other senses as the bubble of her lust grew and grew inside her molten core. She shifted her legs down from being wrapped around Juan’s back. Setting her toes down on the covers of Juan’s bed, the Mandalorian slut began pushing up from the bed, giving her a little bit more control of the situation.

“Fuck... your pussy is getting so wet and tight... And... ruraah... I have to tell you, you’re the only woman in the galaxy I’d risk a Hutt death mark for...”

“I.. huaah... I had everything... oh fuck...” Sabine moaned out. The omission filled her with dire worry and she realized just how dangerously close she’d come to cumming.

‘Sithspit. He can’t rescue me and make me cum first. I’d never live it down!’

She gets dangerously close to cumming and she’s like no, he can’t have rescued me, and made me cum first. That would be super embarrassing,’ Juan broke her concentration with a few more words while her breathing got desperately shallow, and her nipples cried out for attention.

“Were you going to say you had it all under control...”

“I... just shut up and fuck me... I need it... I need you to fuck me hard enough to forget that damned place. Ohuaah... Firefek! Deep... I want it deeperuaah!” Inside her pussy, she felt his cock getting bigger and bigger. The young woman with hips swinging with each powerful shove of Juan’s body managed to restrain her excited lust for a few more moments, but even Sabine Wren has her limit.

“Fuck it... fuck me... spear me with your big hot... COCKuuuaah!” Sabine cried out as her pussy creamed itself even as it walls tensed and quivered around the cock bringing her a massive infusion of bewildering pleasure. The sensation felt so shattering that her hands squeezed and pulled on the bedding beneath her.

Juan watched the spasming slut as her fingers practically ripped away at the sheets. Pushing up from her arms and toes, the woman with multi-colored hair and heaving breasts shook again while she arched her body up off the ground with the help of her big-strong lover.

“Stars... your dick... I want it... I want more of it...”

The man who hadn’t even cum yet smiled and pulled her body up to pull her into a fierce embrace. “Good, cause we’re just getting started...”

Sabine licked her lips and then hungrily pressed her mouth against his. She began murmuring and whimpering again as her body bounced and grinded up and down against Juan’s muscles.

When their mouths fell apart, Juan reached a hand down and stroked the edge of her lips which clung tightly to his cock like a swamp monster on its treat.

“Oohuaahh...” Sabine squeaked out. The insides of her pussy were still being spread by Juan’s big, long cock and the outer petals of her sex felt incredibly weak and sensitive.

“You got this wet from just cumming once...” Juan said as he held up his fingers. Sabine’s cheeks burned and she gave him a little pinch with her folds.

“I had a whole week of nothing but dancing... and my fingers could never satisfy me...” She growled out with a little pout on her lips. Juan smiled and kissed her again, and then began repositioning her so that her body was still flush to his, but now his hands were able to wrap around her amazing form and squeeze her tits some more.

“Big trouble as you are, you’re still the best dirtiest gal in the sector...” The naughty woman smiled to herself at his words. With the slight pause, she’d been able to give her pussy a reprieve. Now, the woman locked her arm around the back of Juan’s neck and then began bouncing her body up and down once more.

“Big talk, bounty hunter. Just relax while I wring every last drop from your balls... Come on... I know... huaha... I know you want to cum... to cum insideuuaah...” Sabine’s voice trilled and fluttered as she felt her body growing weaker. She was able to squeeze and milk his cum, but every brush of friction and heat from that only made another bubble swell up inside her naked body. This one felt even more intense than the last.

Juan grunted out as he felt the voluptuous vixen trying to pressure him to orgasm on her direction. It was wonderfully cute, but the man’s dense muscles flexed with excitement as he played with her belly, inner thighs, and extremely keen nipples. All of that and his lumbering thrusts started making Sabine’s eyes widen as alarms rang out inside of her body. No matter what she wished, what she wanted and craved, she was still far too weak to completely command the situation.

“This cock... this big dumb cockuuaah... it’s... how can it feel so... good?”

Sabine’s body rocked and burned under Juan’s onslaught. It was clear he’d remembered every little point to scratch inside of her smoldering passage. Soon enough, every bouncing thrusts of his hips had his cock ringing on the door to the jubilant slut’s deepest point.

“Karabast... just fuck... fuck me... jab every inch to my womb... huaah... I want it... I want every inch... and your Cum!”

Sabine’s mouth never seemed to shut by that point. She just kept moaning and begging out for more pleasure. Juan’s hands around her stomach tightened and he hammered her fantastic ass down against his body with all the strength he could muster.

“Burn my naughty pussy with your seed... lluaah... Cum all you want! I need every... kriffing dropuaah!” This time, the pair of young lovers came together. Juan’s green eyes gazed over Sabine’s sweaty and shivering body while he enjoyed the first powerful blast of his cum shooting out to pain her insides white.

The Mandalorian girl’s lungs burned as every inch of her mind and body burned with the brightest and most pleasurable intensity. Her tongue flailed out and her coppery eyes rolled back in her head. As she drooled out over her tits, she found her erect nipples flailing along to the tantric shudders of her body as she came again.

Amidst throaty groans and gasping moans, both of their bodies collapsed to the side. Juan’s strong member remained tightly lodged in Sabine’s velvety grip, but neither bounty hunter nor Rebel seemed eager to move. Both eventually found their lips seeking out one another and it wasn’t long till Sabine decided she could play just a bit more with the handsome merc before she returned to the Specters.