

Veyrah held the glass of alcohol in her hand, but the Mandalorian woman had not removed her helmet. Sure, it was a time of celebration after a risky mission, but with fresh pockmarks and dents in her Beskar, the experienced raider wasn't quite ready to start relaxing. Naturally, Leo-Tanner, her partner in crime, and fellow rental Rebel, began playing with her gloved fingers to pull her closer to him. Her helmeted head craned to the side, and she watched him through her T-visor with a bemused look. He continued rubbing her fingers and only stopped once she'd gotten up and moved into his arms. Then and only then did the woman with a pixy haircut and amethyst eyes pull off her helmet and begin kissing the scoundrel.

Leo-Tanner took the horny woman first. Mounting her almost the moment he'd removed her plating and bodysuit, Veyrah moaned and played with the breasts and lips of a Rebel girl nearby who was lying on her back.

"Fuahauak... That's it... right there!" The Rebel moaned out as she continued flicking her nipples and clit while the Mandalorian watched another team member drilling the woman's cunt. The female squirmed, and her arms waved uncontrollably each time more of the cock slammed into her depths. It was a lovely sight for the Mando to get off on, but the thick cock wedging open her pussy was also worthy of her attention as well. One of the rebels with his cock out came over and poured some Corellian ale into the girl on her back. The ruggedly-handsome man crouched down to watch as Veyrah moaned while being pounded doggy-style from behind.

"Can I top you off, Veyrah?" The Nikto asked as he squatted down and offered her his glass. Veyrah nodded and drank her fill with the liquor while she deftly reached her hand forward. When her fingers gripped the Nikto's big, rough-surfaced cock, the unsuspecting rebel let out a grunt and nearly spilled all of his drink over her hair.

"I want... nurraahh... my fill of that too!"

"Well shit, that's all you had to say!" The excited man fresh from a life and death commando raid chuckled and changed his position. Now, one man stood in front of Veyrah with his dick nuzzling her mouth while her nether lips continued surging and quivering under the assault of Leo-Tanner's rock-hard erection.

The Human's cock tickled her deepest reaches. No matter how badly he annoyed her or how much she sometimes wanted to kill him over their past jobs, his cock could always be counted on to satisfy her carnal urges. Now more than ever, Veyrah couldn't believe it, but rubbing and masturbating on her own just was unable to cut it. Some nights she'd work herself into a sweaty mess with no release, just a headache to piss her off some more. As the bulging and veiny cock thrusting into her gushing hole, Veyrah simply continued driving her hips back while her hands began stroking and playing with the cock in front of her.

The Nikto's cock didn't have spikes per say, but it did have a few rings of blunted thorns. Veyrah's hands rubbed all over the nubs, and then she gave her comrade a little tug, imploring him to fill her ready mouth as LT continued stuffing her pussy. When his thick crown finally got to her lips, she found him already very hot, especially compared to the other cock steaming open her folds.

“Ahwah... yes... you really are a frisky Mandalorian,” The foolish Nikto declared. Veyrah wanted to roll her eyes, but she was too busy enjoying every detail of the thick, warm, and throbbing cock in front of her.

‘It’s so thick. I can feel the cum in both of their cocks, ready to race out and fill my holes. Keep going boys,’ Veyrah thought as she gave the cock in front of her all the attention of her mouth and fingers. As her tongue floated and teased the crease where his crown met his thick armored shaft, she made sure to lubricate as much as possible while her head started rolling forward and back with more speed. All of her focus was filled with making the Nikto cum, to have him throb and then send all of his copious amount of jizzum screaming down her throat. At her other end, she repeatedly shoved her hips back. The action had her hips meeting with LT’s driving thrusts, but it also provoked even more vigor from her compatriot.

“Take it, Veyrah. Enjoy my cock and my cum inside you!”

‘Haha. You’re only able to give it to me because I need you to scratch this itch. This... intense... all-consuming... never leaves me alone for a second, void-forsaken itch!’ Still, with her cheeks puffing out as the other man sank his thorn-ringed cock past her lips, the Mandalorian was no in no place to rebuke her annoying associate. Soon both LT and the Nikto reached the end of their limits. Leo-Tanner came first, his raw cock quaking inside Veyrah as her gushing pussy churned and hugged every inch pounding her. Soon, it wasn’t just the heat of his throbbing member melting her mind, but his cum as well. Fiery ropes of thick sperm shot out from the scoundrel’s cock with every grated growl. His hands slapped down on the woman’s bare ass as his cum spilled out throughout her reproductive organs, staining Veyrah’s womb with his essence.

The girl with short hair got no reprieve after the first explosion. Instead, her breathing suffered as the Nikto began skull-fucking the woman as her womb fed on a generous offering of hot, burning sperm.

“Mmllllphrrrh!” Veyrah called out, though hardly anything registered to both men as they filled her tight, soft holes with their respective releases. When the Nikto had served up a load of salty jizz right into her stomach, the man unceremoniously pulled out his dick from Veyrah’s mouth. She choked and then gasped, only to then receive a slap of the cock she’d just sucked-off.

“You should have joined us a long time ago. You’re as good sucking cock as you are at chucking thermal detonators,”

“You’re right, be careful that you don’t make me demonstrate which one I’m actually better at,” The woman with sharp purple eyes growled out at the thick-headed fool. He had skills with a blade, but his tongue might get him in trouble. After the two loads filled up her pussy and her throat, Veyrah ended up kissing and making out with the Rebel female who had also gotten her pussy filled up with cum. The two women perched, one on top of each other, while streams of thick cum slowly splurged out of their folds.

“Oh fucchuaakk... Mmmmrwaaah...” The Mandalorian moaned out before she rubbed her nose across the cheek and nose of the girl beneath her. As the two of them gently squeezed and played with each other’s breasts and nipples, other rebels came in, jamming dildos and cocks into the girl’s holes.

“That’s it... Void damn it. I want more and more of your cum!” Veyrah called out before she nibbled and sucked on the cute mouth close at hand. As she did, both women’s bodies started moving once again as their holes were jammed full of whatever phallus was ready at the moment.

Later, Veyrah enjoyed some rest while having her head perched on LT’s lap. She still had a dildo wedged into her asshole, and her pussy was leaking from over at least four separate loads. All around her, the other Rebels were looking to catch their second wind. Some played with their sexes, while others drank energy drinks. Leo-Tanner himself enjoyed some beer while stroking Veyrah’s head.

The girl who she’d made out with while they both got fucked crawled over to Veyrah. “You fuck pretty good, Veyrah. But what if I wanted to fight like a Mandalorian. How do I start?” The Rebel said before taking a drink from her own glass.

Stirred from the reverie of a sexual marathon, Veyrah’s eyes remained on the ceiling of the room, now teaming with the smells and sounds of sex and revelry. Finally, the woman let out a laugh and then turned towards the rebel.

“You watch me fight, see how I fuck, and you like my armor. But you would not want to be Mandalorian,”

The woman’s face screwed into a look of annoyance. “Why not?”

“To be Mandalorian, a true Mandalorian. You’d have to leave everything about your Alliance behind. I’ve learned about each of you; you all believe in this pipedream. So, don’t fill your thoughts with Mandalorians anymore. Trust me...”

The Rebel agent took a swig from her drink and then headed off to find someone in a bit of a better mood. Leo-Tanner, however, didn’t end up leaving Veyrah alone.

‘Perhaps I should have found someone else for my pillow,’

“We still have not talked about... what is going on, Veyrah,”

“I know, Leo-Tanner. And we will talk about it in the morning. For now, just... I don’t know. Tell that girl I’m sorry and see if she wants to suck you off while I watch...” Veyrah said limply. She was glad that he didn’t end up listening to her. Somehow, a mission completed with no casualties followed by round after round of mind-pleasing sex was not enough to make her forget about one missing comrade.

Luckily, she was given another distraction when a young second lieutenant came into the R and R room. Moving past all the naked bodies glowing and shining with sweat and other liquids, the Rebel officer brought a datapad over to Veyrah. Clearing her throat, Veyrah elbowed LT in the gut.

“Ow... what the hell?”

“It’s time to get dressed. They found her!”

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Veyrah and Leo-Tanner burst into the private room of the strip club. Behind her visored-helmet, the Mandalorian’s amethyst eyes spotted Tala, and a man holding an empty syringe in his hand. He looked

military, to be sure, and the moment he saw her and Leo-Tanner with their guns drawn, he gently put the syringe down.

"Hello. I think you have the wrong room," Brix said, gently leaning his body away from the two exhausted women so that he'd be near his gear.

"Move one more inch. And it will be your last," Veyrah warned him. The man looked back and forth between her and Leo-Tanner. To his credit, the man didn't even attempt to diffuse the situation. So, when he reached for his blaster, Veyrah gave him a short, warrior's death with a blast to his face. As the smoldering body crashed back down, LT holstered his weapon.

"I hope we don't need him for intel or anything," Veyrah ignored him and crouched down near her friend.

'Tala, what is going on with you?' Veyrah thought as she saw the now enormous size of her friend's breasts. They looked like they could have been storing up enough milk to feed a family. But there was another issue that immediately filled her mind. The Mandalorian's gloved fingers rubbed over her friend's stomach and found a puncture mark. The woman's helmet turned quickly, and she saw the empty syringe that the mysterious Imperial had dropped.

"Collect that syringe. And grab that other girl. We'll take them back to the ship and figure out what was going on," Veyrah said as she grabbed her naked friend and hauled her up to her feet.

Cumbucket's brown eyes slowly fluttered open, and she looked around lazily. "Veyrah? You found me... again...."

Veyrah felt immeasurably glad upon hearing Tala open her mouth and say her name. "At least your memory is in one piece, Tala. Now let's move,"

Cumbucket's eyes looked at the Mandalorian. Her life as Tala was so far behind her; she barely recognized that the name was once her own. The group of people prepared to leave the room, only to find a fifth person barring their way.

"I should have suspected," Dr. Aphra said sharply. "If Imperials figured out where we were, Rebels couldn't be far behind.

Veyrah's scanners examined the black-haired woman with electroos. The Mandalorian didn't recognize her, but she didn't need her helmet's systems to remember the heavy blaster squared on her. The strange capsule in the woman's left hand, however, was something that Veyrah couldn't identify.

"I don't know who you are, but you need to walk away," Veyrah said, wishing she didn't have to carry Tala right now. She could hardly have used any of her suit's hidden weaponry if she wanted to.

"Think again, Mando. You need to drop my friend right now," Aphra said, keeping her finger ready to pull the trigger on her heavy blaster pistol. 'Aim between the neckplate and the edge of the helmet,'

Leo-Tanner looked over at Veyrah while he held the unconscious Imperial agent in his hands. After hearing what the stranger said, he was confident this was about to end in violence.

"She is my friend and-"

Aphra saw the movement of the Mandalorian's free arm. Unafraid, the raven-haired woman took a step forward, leading with the canister.

"Easy now. I am sure that you've noticed something is... changing with your friend. The naming change, the size of her breasts, her sex drive, and overreliance on cum for sustenance. You don't like any form of doctor to me..." Aphra teased the Mandalorian and her compatriot.

Veyrah paused for movement and then looked at Tala and then back at the other stranger. "I am Veyrah, a Mandalorian and friend of Tala. I was trying to get her help before when we were separated,"

"Right, well I am Aphra and I am *actually* a friend of Tala's. She never mentioned a friend named Veyrah, and I don't think she'd forget someone like you,"

Veyrah bristled at the accusation that she was not who she was saying she was. "What is that you're holding?"

Aphra smiled at that. The Mandalorian wasn't as dumb as she'd first appeared. There was hope yet.

"Since you don't seem to know who I am, let's just say I have a talent for all things weapons. *This* is a dispersal canister prepared to launch a compound made with Tala's enhanced genes. If you don't walk away, I'll activate it, and this whole region, including you, will be infected by what they did to Tala..."

"She is my best friend. I just want to get her out of there,"

"You're a fairly good actress for a Mandalorian. But I'm not buying it. Leave her and retreat like Revan's on your heels,"

Veyrah scowled behind her armored helmet. "I don't have to explain a thing to you!" The woman's augmented voice screamed out from her speakers. But Aphra did not flinch, but she did wiggle the cannister.

"Did you forget who has a biochemical device that will turn you into a walking beast in heat?"

For a few moments, the woman in Mandalorian stayed quiet and simply observed the bitch holding a canister and a blaster at her. The woman did not sound like she was bluffing, and Veyrah, as much as she cared for Tala, was not interesting in being reduced to little more than a cock-hungry slut who didn't even respond to her own name any longer.

'Still, better to die on your feet,' She was about to attempt something when she felt a hand on her shoulder. Slowly, Veyrah's helmeted gaze turned back and she looked at Leo-tanner. The man who had been helping her for months simply shook his head.

'This is not the right time,'

Finally, against her better judgement, the Mandalorian looked at the stranger who seemed to want to protect Tala and gave her a simple nod.

"Fine. We will leave. But this is not over," Veyrah growled out at the bitch.

Aphra finally took a moment to relax. The mysterious Mandalorian and the man were gone, and she'd just made a deal with the owner of the strip club to handle the strange Imperial girl and the removal of

the dead agent. The owner made sure to let Aphra know how displeased she was, but Aphra calmed her down with a few handfuls of credits.

Nearby, Tala was drying herself off with a towel. When the woman finally came to, Veyrah and LT were gone, and Aphra told her that they'd have to find a new place, unfortunately.

"Really? This place has been so much fun. And I thought it was safe,"

Aphra shook her head while looking through her datapad. "Safe and this galaxy don't really mix, in my experience," She said grimly.

Aphra was about to grab her friend and take her out of the strip club when suddenly the back wall exploded. While Aphra was recovering and looking for her blaster pistol, a pair of flash bangs tumbled into the room. "Karil is going to be really mad..."

Nearly at the same point, the words left Aphra's mouth, the explosive burst apart, sending a bright flash that blinded and deafened the two women. Armored figures swooped in on jetpacks, and Aphra and Tala heard the roar of a speeder, but by then, it was too late.

Two of the armored goons hauled up Tala and then turned around and floated out of the wrecked room to bring the brunette onto the speeder waiting for them. As Aphra's vision returned to normal, she realized that the people in the room all had blasters and gear that was used by those in the employ of a Hutt Cartel.

'This cannot be good,' The rogue Doctor thought before remembering that they'd hauled off her friend. "Cumbucket! I mean Tala!"

One of the figures moved forward and hefted his own heavy blaster. He swatted Aphra in the side of the head and then shoved her over to the new ledge. Aphra got onto her knees and saw that she was poised right where the room's wall had been blasted apart. The wind of the open sky made her hair curl.

She looked at the figures holding their blasters on her. "What do we do with her?" One grunted.

Finally, the figure that had hit her in the side of the head removed his helmet. Aphra quickly found herself looking at Geriv, the Falleen who worked for Pahsa the Hutt. In fact, the green-skinned man with a topknot was the one who had purchased Tala and Aphra's freedom when they'd been tossed in prison.

Geriv examined Aphra and then shook his head. Bringing his blaster up, he blasted her in the chest. The bolt of superheated plasma hit Aphra and sent the unscrupulous archeologist off the ledge.

"She was nothing but trouble..." Geriv growled out. After reattaching his helmet, he activated his jetpack and joined the rest of his crew on the speeder waiting for them. He had secured his prize, and once he figured out the root of the strange change that had happened to Tala, he would use it to grow his own criminal empire.

Minutes after the speeder departed, Veyrah and Leo-Tanner appeared. They'd heard the explosion before they got far, but when they arrived, the Mandalorian woman found out that once again, she was too late to help her friend. Her wrist blaster and a blaster carbine whipped to the side when she heard a feminine grunt.

Aphra's body felt strained beyond relief. Only her datapad in her vest had managed to stop the blaster shot from killing her. Climbing back up into her room nearly did her in, though.

"I should work on my upper body. Too much... running. Not enough lifting..."

As the doctor stood up, she found the same Mandalorian and man from before holding her at blaster-point. Worse, she had no blaster, and the dispersal device had been destroyed when Geriv and his men stormed the place.

Aphra raised her hands and gave the two her best, 'you can totally trust me' smile.

"Hey... who wants to play the forgiveness game and help rescue, Cumbucket?"