

Akaavi Spar was struggling. The Mandalorian warrior had been tested by all manner of challenges since a very young age. She'd passed a baptism of fire at eight years before she had to contend with an even greater challenge when everyone else in her clan was dispatched because of dishonorable falsehoods. The pain of losing her family was something she still fought against, but she no longer struggled to find their killers, as each and everyone responsible had fallen to Akaavi's hands.

Sadly, just as he felt her life was finally turning around, she found herself squaring off against a new foe, as insidious and volatile as any Sith the red and black-skinned Zabrak had ever faced off against. Though she was never someone who wasted words, it was hard to attach a single word to the feelings she was struggling against these days.

Pain. Loss. Regret. Loneliness.

The root of each of those problems for her was the disappearance of the man she had grown to love. For several months, she had seen neither hide nor hind of the man known to many as simply 'the Captain' To Akaavi, the man whose tongue always liked to wag had another name. Cyare 'beloved' in her native tongue of Mando'a. Even though months had gone by, there wasn't a day when the fierce warrior wasn't reminded of her loss, which sometimes threatened to send her spiraling back down to the ground all over again. To avoid this, to face her troubles with courage, she generally filled the time by turning to other emotions, like anger and rage.

"Rwuaah! Firraah!"

The mandalorian struggled on. She fought in a simple workout top with tight shorts. She continued pummeling the combat dummy with her raw fists. Sweat trickled down her red and black skin while her cranial horns buzzed from the endorphins sneaking through her body as she continued exerting herself.

In the end, she practically caved in the dummy's face. Her knuckles were raw and red. Part of her wanted to continue, but her body was soaked with sweat, and any more abuse might have broken the integrity of the dummy. It was not the way of a good soldier to let their temper and emotions drive them to be wasteful.

She moved the dummy back to the side of the room and then headed for the refresher. Taking off her clothes revealed the woman's lean and taunt body. She was built like a sleek tank, the kind you could not run from, and that would utterly obliterate you once you could run no longer.

Ritualistic tattoos covered her body, forming a tapestry of symbols and hidden kill marks that had grown across her body since the first time Akaavi ended a life. Akaavi went into the shower unit and thought about the Captain and what he would do to her if he was here with her.

'He would also tell me to pick myself up, to not spend each day lamenting the loss. He would probably make some joke about it not being very Mandalorian of me.'

She found herself missing the rogue's touch. In a moment of weakness, she thought about touching her own body in his absence. But the woman knew that the pleasure from the self was nothing like the pleasure from a lover. Akaavi moved her hand away from her hip and let out a heavy sigh as her head leaned in, and her horns landed on the side of the shower wall.

When she was all cleaned up, she went to the cockpit. Just like she'd left it, the ship was drifting through the void, which made it more difficult to push aside her feelings of loneliness.

'Loss is a friend to every warrior. You must do this because otherwise it will be your enemy, and each time they reappear, they might ravage your weaknesses.'

All the instructions and platitudes from her trainers brought only the tiniest crumbs of solace to the Mandalorian.

Craving a new distraction, she looked up her messages on the ship's system. She no longer grew hopeful when a new day dawned that she might hear a word from the Captain. The dagger that slipped into her body was too painful to accept every time she woke up, which meant when there was no new word or lead for her to go on, she only felt the barest sliver of pain.

Of course, even though she had trained her body and mind to weather the storm so that one day the sliver might not even be felt anymore, that didn't stop Akaavi from hitting the refresh button. No new messages came, and she quickly looked for another way to distract herself.

She found a bounty for a man named Boxheb. Her green eyes scanned the data and found a kill order out for them, to the tune of ten thousand credits. The money would be good, though not necessarily needed. She had flourished with the Captain and currently wanted for nothing. It was part of Boxheb's bio that really caught the attention of her sharp green eyes.

Boxheb was reported to be a valuable asset of Valkum Startech. She remembered the name because her trail came to Clan Rook during her hunt for those who had betrayed her clan. Among Mandalorians, the Rook Clan was middling at best, but she'd learned that they'd strong armed their way into control of a few companies. Valkum was one of them. Akaavi almost smiled, thinking of how Valkum would react if they found out a noteworthy asset like Boxheb had been eliminated. Valkum deserved to pay just like all the others who had a hand in the destruction of her clan.

She got on the trail once again. It felt good having a job, having a purpose, something to sink her teeth into and not let go until she was satisfied. Akaavi had no clan to call upon for support, but she did have several contacts of the Captain who were more than happy to help her, and quickly at that. Most underworld types don't enjoy long conversations with deadly Mandalorians, especially someone of Akaavi's caliber and reputation.

Her clearest lead sent her to Nar Shaddaa, the Smuggler's Moon. Boxheb was on the run from several loansharks, but the list didn't end there. From the sound of things, the scoundrel was close to running afoul of Chuggo the Hutt. With such a list of enemies, the Zabrak couldn't help but think that Boxheb was similar to the Captain; he'd certainly had no shortage of enemies and lacked a problem gathering more when it suited him. She parked the freighter in a yard with a trustworthy overseer, another contact of the Captain.

The Sniivian wasn't too happy to see her, but when she simply offered him a good rate instead of any threats of glance laced with violence, he informed her that on his life, no one would come close to the ship unless they were coming with her. Akaavi obviously took him up on his impromptu oath.

It wasn't in her nature to be super discreet. She prowled through Chuggo's territory, looking for signs of her query, but if there ever was a place for all manner of filth to scurry into a hole and never come out, it was the Smuggler's

Moon. A few times, she managed to get close to him, but the sleemo was either quite lucky or he had enough friends (or people who owed him money) that didn't want to see him run into a Mandalorian on a mission. Given the kill order, another hunter may have opted for a different method of taking on her target. Akaavi had access to long-ranged blaster rifles, the kind that would drop Boxheb with a single shot and allow her to disappear without a trace, but such a killing lacked honor. Thus, the hunt continued. Before long, Akaavi was sure she'd sullied her armor in just about every dive, night club and hole in the wall eatery the Hutt-controlled district had to offer.

Finally, she learned of a group of thugs called the Rathtars. The bounty hunter learned that Boxheb convinced them he could supe up their swoops for a tidy sum, only to collect their credits and even steal one of their leader's bike.

'Dumb as they are, they may be the allies I require to finally track down the target,'

The Zabrak met the group at their hideout, a rundown holoivid entertainment theater with barely functioning screens. It wasn't a cold meeting, she'd contacted the Rathtar leader Okrom earlier and found out they were interested and that even knew the latest place where Boxheb was laying his head. Better still, with a Mandalorian backing them up, they'd have more than enough firepower to take out the rat and any protection he had.

When the Mandalorian beauty walked in, just about every set of eyes fixed on her immediately. She noticed the sloppy technique, but didn't make any cutting remarks. She wasn't there to train them to be good soldiers, or at least, a cut above whatever she might label them as now.

"A Mandalorian, eh... You're everything I thought you might be," Okrom said while smoking a deathstick.

"Good. You said that you know where Boxheb is hiding,"

"I did. But of course, the boys and I had a talk. The rat owes us big, but why should we split his hide with you? There are six of us and only one of you after all,"

Akaavi almost let out a growl. She immediately felt a little angry with herself for not keeping her helmet on so she could roll her eyes and voice her frustration within the sealed chamber. She was about to flex her hand into a fist when she took a deep breath and managed to relax her body. The Mandalorian remembered a lesson from the Captain. Sometimes, it was easier (and quicker) to let your credits do the talking. Once she got Boxheb, she'd earn a substantial bounty, and it wasn't like she was struggling for credits anyhow.

"I'll give you two thousand credits now. You'll take me to Boxheb and I'll pay you another four thousand. If we go now. I have already spent more than enough time trasping through this durasteel... paradise," The Zabrak warrior found it nearly impossible to say the last word through her gritted teeth.

With that sum now out in the open, Okrom and his gang began eagerly talking to one another. Akaavi believed that they'd soon come to an agreement. There might be one more round of haggling, but soon, her gut told her she'd be back on the hunt to bring down Boxheb. Before that happened, one of the gangers gave her a curious look. It wasn't a glare or anything, and the warrior woman couldn't quite pick out what was on his mind. He leaned in and spoke to Okrom. At first the leader looked indifferent, and then a crooked kind of a smile broke out across his face.

"How about another offer? It's been a rough week, and the boys and I are in need of some relief," Okrom pushed his underlings to the side and walked right up to the proud Mandalorian.

Akaavi studied him with a sharp eye. "The credits I offer will pay for plenty of... 'relief' around here,"

"We're thinking of a little something closer to home," The greasy young man licked his lips, and recognition sparked in the Mandalorian's green eyes. She realized what the man and the rest of his peers were talking about.

"State your terms clearly. I don't have all day,"

The gang all started exchanging mischievous grins and whispers with one another. The biggest one, an Acrona with slow eyes, appeared to be the last to notice what they were up to. Once he figured it out, the alien's triangular head leaned forward, and Akaavi caught him staring right at her ass.

"Hmmmph,"

"We all get to have a turn with you. Haha, once we're done, we'll take you to Boxheb,"

"Yeah, but first, maybe we'll take you to dinner," Another one of the maggots commented, getting a riot of laughter from the rest of them.

Part of Akaavi itched to raise a gauntlet fist, hit the small switch on her glove, and roast half of them with her flamethrower, but she resisted.

'It would be a waste of fuel...'

"What you ask is worthy way more than the money I offered you,"

"Haha. I don't think it's a matter of credits, boys. I think the Mando knows she's not strong enough to be able to take us all on. I don't blame her," Okrom chuckled and stepped closer to Akaavi, close enough that she noticed the bulge starting to form in his pants. The criminal may have had a smart mouth, but he was also certainly packing a large blaster in his pants.

Akaavi closed her eyes. Her head turned, the preface to a swift departure because otherwise, she was likely to add the six of them to her body count. But... she lingered. The claim... the very affront that she was not strong enough to make the bastards cum scratched against the peerless surface of the woman's honor. That shield had been forged in multiple baptisms of fire, and rare was the challenge that she could not accomplish.

Even though this wasn't a test of combat, it would surely be an exhibition of strength, one she was now determined to win and to win so savagely that none of the scoundrels would ever forget the day their leader made such a careless comment.

"We have an accord. I'll take you on, but there is one condition. No one can use my sex. Everything else is fair game," She didn't bother to confide in the rabble that she was saving her pussy for the moment her lover returned to her arms...

“Hey, that’s fair. Just don’t be afraid to tap out if we become too much for you to handle. How about you start off on your knees? If we’re going to use that nice ass of yours, you’ll want us good and wet,”

Akaavi bit her tongue to drown his words' indignity. If she could have taken a chemical cocktail to tune out the entire situation, she may have done so. In the end, the proud warrior honored the bargain and even decided to loosen up her breast and leg plates since that would make the situation easier and hopefully get her back on the hunt in less time. When her red breasts were exposed with their black markings, she almost moved her hands up to cover up her nipples as some of the riffraff ogled her breasts and nipples and chuckled amongst themselves.

Okrom’s cock was big and still growing as she grasped it with her gloved hands. She hadn’t held a cock in so long and immediately felt guilty for entering the agreement. But in the same breath, her sense of duty and a fleeting wave of lust had her lips opening, and she pressed the thick (and unwashed) cock against the O shape formed by her lips.

“Ah yeah, that’s it. Take it right inside...” Okrom said in between muffled groans as Akaavi’s mouth began enjoying his throbbing glans. The woman’s horned head began bobbing up and down on the colossal cock, but she didn’t forget about the other horny slumrats either. The first two that came forth quickly unzipped their pants and found the Mandalorian’s strong hands stroking their cocks. One was humanoid, and the other had a thick, sheathed cock. When she stroked and rubbed the latter’s member, she watched as a thick, purple section reached out. It was slimy already, and she noted with at least some satisfaction that it wouldn’t be hard getting him lubed up for anal.

Akaavi coated every inch of Okrom’s penis with her saliva. Something made her continue even past that point, however. When she finally let the man’s big, juicy cock fall from her lips, she realized that the interior of her mouth was now soaked with his precum.

‘That was careless,’ She admonished herself for letting the irrational side of her mind take over, even for a moment. The Mandalorian’s mental chiding did little to stem the flow of lust curling up within her bare nipples and the red bulb of her clitoris. Turning from the gang leader’s cock, Akaavi spat on the other two dicks in her hands and gave them a few more rubs before each glistened with her spit in the dim light of the old theater.

“Move on,” Like a lewd assembly line, she soon had another cock burrowing into her throat while two fresh cocks took their place in between her fingers.

“Slurrrpghff.... Whurrrpfff... Murrhhlpphh”

Akaavi struggled with the sensations. Even through her gloves, the cocks in her hands were all so warm and practically coursing with fiery potential. Naturally, the one who’s tip edged closer and closer toward the back of her throat was the hardest to contend with. She was trying to focus on just servicing their needs and not truly giving into the fluttering buds of her arousal, but the fierce woman was finding that harder and harder to accomplish.

While she continued getting the last trio of cocks ready, Okrom had her change position. He perched his body underneath the Mandalorian vixen and started wedging his well-lubed cock against her little button. When she felt his warm glans pushing against the back door, Akaavi’s green eyes widened.

'Perhaps I should have practiced with a finger before letting them go in with their cocks,' Unfortunately, there was no time to back up because the gangsters were only concerned with pushing in. The Mandalorian pulled the cock from her throat and howled out voraciously when the man's crown punched inside her overly-sensitive passageway.

"Fuck. She's tight as screws on a speeder! You boys will love this Mando slut's tight butt!" With a few quick strokes, Okrom's massive phallus dug deeper and deeper. The sensation of his cock throbbing against her walls while he penetrated with ever more eager thrusts had Akaavi wailing like a bitch in heat.

"Nurraaah... Oh fuck... My ass... it's... it's not a can of lubricant..."

"Are you telling me to go easy on you?"

Akaavi nearly thought about giving in for a moment, but then the decision was taken away from her. Okrom continued thrusting, and the other gangster, previously enjoying her mouth, pushed every inch of his cock back into her throat. The dual surges of pressure and pleasure ignited a detonite block in her mind. Akaavi came for the first time in months. Her lips rumbled, and shadows of her moans eked out from her cock-stuffed mouth while Okrom continued impaling her tight asshole with his hard schlong. Her body shivered and drool streamed from her lips but it wasn't the only place she was leaking.

"Nggghaah.... Oh fuck... Yes... This is.... Very intense..." Akaavi mumbled out when she pulled the aggressive sleemo's cock from her mouth while Okrom continued thrusting into her compact tunnel. Even though her pussy was fast on its way to turning into a frothing mess, and her nipples burned with pleasure, the Mandalorian felt optimistic. Sure Okrom had made her cum first, but she felt very confident she'd be able to handle him and the rest of the cretins.

It was right around that point that the outnumbered Mandalorian realized that the unruly gangsters didn't plan on just enjoying her big red ass one at a time... One had moved behind her and crouched above Okrom. With his boss' help, they lifted Akaavi's bouncing crimson ass a little. The woman had precious time to realize what was happening before the second man started wedging his tip inside the Mando's snug orifice, a hole already struggling with the massive cock still charging into her cavity.

"No... Did you take too much spice?! There is barely room for one in there... Ngraaah... I c-can't take two..." Her protests withered and were replaced by enraged moans as the man ignored her. After a little more struggle, he finally managed to hilt his big meat inside the naughty Mandalorian. Feeling her hole stretched out to the point of breaking made something crack in Akaavi's mind. Her eyes crossed for a moment, and her tits bounced as she let out a very wanton moan.

"Haha. Giving up already. Don't worry, we'll help you out. I know this asshole can take both of us,"

Through the heat and strain, Akaavi fought to recover. The fierce warrior raised her hands, balled her fingers into fists, and prepared to crush Okrom's face. She never got the chance as other gang members restrained her; she was some kind of feral beast. Further enraged, Akaavi snarled and hissed, but her strength failed her. It had been an incredible struggle just managing the sensations of one cock teasing her rectum. With two massive cocks hammering her passage, Akaavi barely had the sense to breathe in between her tantric moaning.

“Echutta!”

The only saving grace she enjoyed was when the two sleemos finally came inside her. The raw, aching burn inside her poor butt was somewhat assuaged when she felt the first pair of violent spurts of cum. The warm seed gushing into her quivering hole brought some relief, but her sensitive walls continued becoming more inflamed each time the bastards shoved their fat meat inside Akaavi. She finally managed to breathe normally when Okrom and his friend pulled out their spent rods from her gaping hole. If she wasn't still being restrained, Akaavi would have limply fallen to the side. The reprieve only lasted for a moment, however. Without warning, a fresh pair of cocks slammed into Akaavi's weak, tortured hole.

“Fuuaahaakk!” She swore and cursed up and down in Mando'a and Huttese as her body was humped like she was little more than a cocksleeve for their entertainment. No threat or oath of vengeance curtailed the hard-hitting pounding her ass received. At one time, the devious streetrats hoisted her up and managed to shove a third cock inside Akaavi's fractured back door.

“Fierfekuuahu-wawhua-ooouhaah!”

The sensation of being so full that she was sure something had broken within her body blinded her like the most intense flash grenade. Akaavi's tongue lolled from her lips without energy or direction. Her bright green eyes were either closed to fight back the sweat on her face or staring off into space due to the white-hot mix of agony and pleasure from the vigorous anal fucking. In time, the three cocks turned her asshole into a boiling crockpot of pain and raw euphoria. Her mind was too tattered and mushy that she couldn't even properly enjoy her orgasms or bask in the sensations of the second creampie when the new men fucking her filled up her asshole with cum yet again.

When the last walked up to the plate, Akaavi wanted to beg him to give her a moment, but her lips felt too heavy to form words. Caked in saliva and precum, they barely managed to open up to steal air into her lungs. Soon enough, she was panting and gasping again as the final gangster fucked her ass, humping her like a rabbit on its deathbed. When he whined about getting 'sloppy seconds' Okrom smacked him hard and corrected him, saying he was technically getting filthy fifths.

Finally, her asshole received the last salvo of boiling hot cum. Her legs shivered and she could hardly feel anything below her belly by that point. Struggling onto her hands and knees, her vision was still blurry as she searched out Okrom.

“Good... now... take me to Boxheb... Once I get cleaned up...”

“Oh yeah, about that, change of plans. Chuggo is our friend now, and he doesn't want some Mandalorian running around taking away his new favorite toy,”

“I will kill you for this...”

“Ehh, like we haven't heard that before,” Okrom chuckled like a jackal, and suddenly, she saw a shockstaff being wielded in his hands. She was too tired and too sore to avoid the strike.

She faded in and out of consciousness after that. She felt the rest of her armor plates and undersuit. Her hands tried to fight off the people stripping the beskar steel from her body, but by then, Akaavi was well and truly tapped out after being 'tapped' by the entire squad.

The beleaguered warrior finally managed to stay awake for more than a few seconds and found her body being pushed into a steel cage. She pushed back, and saw Okrom standing nearby as his men helped push her inside.

"You will die screaming! I will not rest until I make you choke on your own tongue!"

One of the filthy traitors smacked her face and tit with a shockstaff, forcing her deeper into the cage. With her last bit of strength, Akaavi turned and charged back for the bars, but they quickly slammed shut in her face. With nothing left in her engine, she crumpled to the floor, her asshole still gaping and leaking cup while her breasts slowly rose and fell with her haggard breaths.

"Come on, let's get something to eat. That red doll really took it out of me haha,"

"Yeah, but we put a lot into her too!"

The gangsters left. For a long time, Akaavi just focused on getting her strength back, which meant getting her breathing under control. She steeled herself against the fear and focused on the white-hot fury of rage inside her. It was a small element and would require nurturing, but she'd done it before. Eventually, she noticed that she wasn't on her own. A cell nearby housed a human. The woman had short black hair and a cybernetic implant on her forehead. By Akaavi's reckoning, it appeared that part of her implant had been removed or broken off.

For the first time since getting into the cell, she pulled her naked body up and held on dearly to the cold metal bars to keep herself on her feet.

"Hey.... You there... What is your name? We have to get out of here..."

Mako slowly opened her eyes and glanced over to her new cellmate...