

Rebel Repair Yard

The *Ghost* barely made it onto the landing platform. The ship, a resilient VCX-100 had made some harrowing escapes before, but this one nearly saw them buy the farm. Hera was upset, not because she could have died, but because the *Ghost* had been damaged so grievously. Before the rebel technicians even took a look at the vessel, she knew it would take at least a month of hard work to get her back to a semi-operational status.

The repairs ended up feeling even longer because the crew was kind of thin at the moment. Only Hera and Juan were on the *Ghost* most days. Sabine and Kanan had gone off to Krownest to work on gaining the alliance of Sabine's clan. Hera knew that the mission was important to Sabine Wren, but she couldn't help but miss her beloved friend.

Zeb's duty at the Rebel base also kept him from being at Hera's side. Finally, Ezra and Anastasia came round the ship now and again, but the Jedi and emerging Jedi had been tasked by Rebel command with several clandestine operations that kept them busy while the *Ghost* was grounded.

Hera had smiled when Ezra copped to the secret, that he and the Zeltron were looking for traces of other Jedi survivors or just other emergent Force Sensitives like him (As someone with command level clearance, Hera had okayed the mission). She was proud that he was taking on more responsibilities, but with those two gone, the *Ghost* felt as quiet as its namesake.

Hera felt lonely besides. The feeling felt strange to her, even amusing. Once upon a time, she'd worked as something akin to an early Fulcrum operative, operating like a phantom wherever she spied an opportunity to learn about Imperial secrets. But now she felt a different kind of loneliness and she put the blame mostly on Ezra and Anastasia. When she thought back to the early days of the long repair process, she'd still be on duty, managing Chopper and a small squadron of other repair droids when she'd passed Ezra's room. Without his usual bunkmate to stifle his style, Ezra and Anastasia were making the most of their 'free time' by banging their brains out.

The sensual twi'lek had almost banged on the door and summoned them to help out with the repairs, but she felt it may make her look like a crotchety matriarch in their eyes.

'I'll let them have their fun. And they'll just have double-duties tomorrow,'

Of course, before she could give them more assignments or join in the fun, Command had sent them off on the trail of a teacher who had apparently displayed some Force Powers to a rebel sympathizer. So, the handsome human and the sultry zeltron sped off on the *Phantom*, leaving Hera unfucked and her ship literally fucked.

The mature and foxy woman with green lekku and an incredible figure knew that it was just a little hiccup and it wasn't a big deal. Soon Ezra would be back, or Sabine, and she'd just make sure to set aside some 'personal leave' with them to ensure that the Captain's desires and needs were satisfied.

'And then some,' Hera thought privately. The day Ezra and Anastasia left, her only solace was the knowledge that the *Ghost* was now halfway to being fixed up.

The days dragged on. News about the ongoing conflict slowed to a trickle, as far as wins or victories were concerned. Some in her circle feared that the Rebels might be losing their momentum because they hadn't managed to commit any major sabotage or destabilization of Imperial operations in the sector for weeks, but she knew better. Hera had learned about war from her father; She knew the war would continue and that it was a massive battle of attrition.

'We don't have to fight every day to keep on fighting...'

The next day, Juan returned from some bounty hunting. With Ezra and Anastasia using the *Interceptor*, the tough-as-durasteel mercenary was dropped off via a modified A-Wing fighter converted for passenger travel and courier missions. He was actually the only one of the *Ghost* crew not doing active Rebel missions, but he had completed three bounties in the month and sent some of his payment back to the Rebel Alliance, grateful for their assistance in feeding him information about the targets.

When the strapping merc-for-hire came aboard, he found Hera buried inside the interior of the *Ghost*.

“Hey Captain. I thought that everything would be fixed by the time I got back,”

“Hah... We’re... Nraaghh... almost there. The repairs are mostly done, I just wanted to fix up a new static jammer to help us the next time we run a blockade,”

Juan nodded with a grin. The *Ghost* was already one of the best ships for tricking or outright avoiding Imperial scanners. An updated static jammer would make it even stealthier.

‘One day, I’ll have to try parking the ship on Gobba the Hutt’s personal space yacht. That would be the payday of a lifetime,’

Hera slammed her wrench against a stubborn conduit box and let out a yelp of pain and frustration when it discharged an electrical shock into her arm.

“Yeouch! Hey... think I can borrow you for a minute?”

Juan dropped his case, opened it up and pulled out his toolbelt.

“There, that’s perfect,” Hera says as she looks at the diagnostic scanner while her other hand holds some wires connected into the guts of her ship. The twi'lek babe loved her ship, but sometimes it had a mind of its own, especially when she worked on enhancing some of its more high-end modifications.

“Is it working now?”

“Yes. Purring like a nexu kitten. Nice work as usual, Juan,”

The merc nodded his head and pulled a towel from his toolbelt. Hera watched him start wiping some grimy oil off his big strong fingers while his hard shoulders and biceps gleamed from the sweat of his repair work. When he was done wiping off his hands, she opened her green fingers.

“Give it to me. I’m doing a load soon,”

“Thanks, now it’s probably high time I get washed up,”

Hera nodded and then she found a deluxe hydrospanner as she cleaned up and restored the tools she and Juan had been using. She recognized the tool as belonging to Sabine. It was the best instrument for strengthening the power conduit coils. She packed her other gear away and took the expensive tool back to Sabine’s room.

It’s been some time since she’s been in the Mandalorain’s room. Her sharp green eyes noticed new art, which included a number of racier pictures. A nude self-portrait of Sabine holding a gun across her pussy while her other hand held a bomb seemed to be the new centerpiece. The sexy art tapped into Hera’s bottled-up lust and she found herself getting turned just from the nude painting. She blushed and chuckled, thinking how she was acting like some young hormone-addled teen. After putting the tool away, however, Hera’s boot hit a hidden switch when she turned around to go.

Buzzzz

A holoprojector thrummed to life. The captain’s eyes widened when the details of the image resolved. She saw Sabine and seconds after, the audio kicked in and she heard her friend moaning. The busty Mandalorian hottie was on her back, with her left leg braced up on a man’s shoulder. Hera soon realized that the man plowing the teen was none-other-than Juan. His powerful shoulders tensed up as he plunged his large cock deep into the voluptuous rebel girl again and again.

“Yes! Oh fuck Juan. Keep going. Push it inside me... don’t stop fucking me!” By all accounts, Sabine was thoroughly enjoying the sensation of Juan penetrating her womanhood, as her eyes fluttered closed and her lips/she released another moan of pleasure.

Hera found herself teasing her lekku and rubbing her breasts through her clothing as she watched the recording.

'I wish that was me. Oh, he's being so rough with her, but Sabine's loving every moment of it. That's my girl!'

The twi'lek undid her belt and her pants fell down around her waist. Her fingers touched her panties, finding them as wet as her mouth. She started off nice and slow, just stroking and teasing, but eventually, she yanked her panties down as well and got closer and closer to pushing a slender finger inside her molten fold.

"Ohuaah... Yes... Mrmmph... Ahuaah..." As Hera cried out while she played with her body, the woman's green eyes noticed the timestamp on the video.

'They recorded this before Sabine left for Krownest. Maybe it's a bit of a gift for Juan, to keep him occupied during long nights...'

"Mrwaaah... Mrmm... Nrrrgfff... Omrrmm..." Sabine kissed Juan and scratched her fingers over his forearm. The speed and intensity of his thrusts never slowed down as he fucked the curvy and adorable Rebel fighter.

Hera's fingers had long slipped inside of her pussy. Unfortunately, she just couldn't quite crest the hill and orgasm herself, not even when Juan and Sabine stopped kissing and the girl screamed louder than a mynock's screech. Frustrated, she turned off the holoprojector, pulled up her panties and pants, and quickly left her friend's bedroom behind.

'That's it... the next time I have some downtime, I'm getting laid!'

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"Juan, can you come to the gun turret? I found some more faulty wiring," Juan pulled his comlink from his belt to reply.

"Roger. On my way,"

Juan tightened up his toolbelt as he left the galley. He arrived at the ladder leading up to the gun turret and knocked his knuckles on the metal.

“What seems to be the problem?” Juan asked with a helpful grin on his face. Suddenly, his grin grew even larger when he saw Hera climbing down. The mercenary took a few steps back and then watched with growing enjoyment as Hera finished climbing down. She looked at him with that confident expression that she always had on, only now, she was only half-dressed. She still had on her jumpsuit, but the alien babe had pulled off her armor and gray suit and yanked off the straps to leave her upper body and perky tits completely exposed for the merc’s hungry eyes.

“The turret can wait. I need a bit of... personal maintenance before anything else happens...” Hera spoke in a lust-filled voice. In truth, she’d almost said ‘before I lose my mind’ but she didn’t want to come off as desperate, even though she was absolutely desperate to have Juan throw a bone inside of her. As if to drive the home, she reached her hand forward, grabbing a firm grip on Juan’s growing erection. Then she smiled, turned her body towards the open door to her bedroom, and led the merc by his cock.

About half an hour later, the floor of her cabin was littered with clothes tossed everywhere. Hera’s moans and Juan’s grunts filled the small room as the pair entered the third round of their lovemaking. Hera was on top of the mercenary’s cock, facing away from him. Her body leaned back, allowing her to put her hands on his rigid pectorals. Juan’s mighty shaft felt so good inside of her. She leaked out more and more juices each time she bounced her lower body up and then drove it back down. Her large bust danced with the rhythm of their lovemaking, her dark green nipples hard as kyber crystals as she finally got what she’d been craving for weeks now...

It seemed like Juan had been eager to get in some one-on-one time with the sexy Rebel leader as well. Even though Hera was leading the way, he didn’t just lay there like a sleepy bantha. One hand gripped her body while the other began spanking the perfectly round plum of her ass.

“Fuck... Yes... Orhuwaa... Keep going... Mrwwaaah... Juan your cock is getting bigger inside!” Hera’s green flesh turned a shade of red from all the spanking but she didn’t mind a bit, even when Juan pushed her forward and then started proneboning the feisty female while pulling her arms back as he pounded her like a piece of meat.

“Oh fuck... Yesssuah! You’re so deep... I’m about to-”

Both the rebel and merc suddenly heard their com units chirping. Just in case it was an emergency, Hera felt driven to answer her comlink, even though she was a little occupied.

“Give me one free hand,” She whimpered out in between her moans. Juan nodded and then the sweaty twi’lek, with some cum already on her lekku and her tits hit the activation switch.

“Syndulla here,”

“Hey Hera. We’ve got good news!” Sabine’s voice was the first on the line.

“She’s being humble, it’s great news,” Kanan said. After letting Hera move the mic into place, Juan started rolling his hips again, filling up her sensitive passage with his thick, hammering thrusts. Hera bit her lip and focused on doing her best not to moan, no matter how good it felt, especially with the added danger that Kanan or Sabine would hear her whimpering out in pure ecstasy.

“We’ve had our first proper meeting with my mother and brother. It’s a little tense, maybe bringing a Jedi wasn’t a good idea. But... it looks like they might be interested in helping out more with the Rebellion in the coming months,”

“Fuuaah... that’s... that’s great news,” Hera said, her cheeks blushing a rosy hue. She quickly looked back towards Juan and implored him to fuck her just a little less than he was. Unfortunately, the merc seemed to misinterpret her wish. Instead of pausing, he ended up flipping Hera onto her back, opening up her legs and shoving his cock back inside of her sweet dripping pussy. Hera’s entire world exploded and she came for the third time since she’d dragged the merc into her room.

“Congratulaaaaahuah.... Congratulations... That’s really good, Sabine. Every... Nrah... every world counts...” Hera continued speaking through her moans. She thought it would be better if she at least stumbled through the motions, rather than simply shutting off the com.

'Why the blazes didn't I just let them leave a message?!' Hera thought before she sucked and bit on her finger while Juan hungrily sucked and squeezed her bouncing tits together.

"Uh Hera... everything alright? Sounds like your channel is having some issues," Zeb asked with his usual deep, gruff voice. Juan grinned down at her and then continued licking and sucking all over the emerald treats of her hard nubs.

"Oh it's just the com signal... the *Ghost* still needs... fuaha... a little bit of work,"

Over the com channel, she heard Anastasia laugh a little. Hera panicked, fearing that the naughty zeltron might like the lothcat out of the bag.

"What's wrong, Anastasia?"

"Oh nothing... I was just thinking of an old joke..."

"Well I'm sure we'll hear all about it when we get back together. Negotiations aren't quite finished,"

"And we still haven't found our Jedi," Ezra added in. "If we don't find any clues tomorrow, we'll probably pack things up and bring the *Interceptor* back,"

By that point, Hera was still breathing hard and struggling to even come up with coherent thoughts. But, when she registered that Ezra and Anastasia might be in a rush back, some part of her managed to push through the fog of intoxicating pleasure washing over her mind.

"There is no rush. The... Nrrraah... the *Ghost* isn't going anywhere... And don't forget op security. Make the usual jump mrwaaah... Misderects before heading- nrraaaah..." Hera's eyes closed as Juan pulled and twisted on her nipple with his teeth while his hard package tickled her deepest... most intimate point. Her legs shifted up, rubbing gently against his hard muscles and massaging him affectionately while his crown pulverized the entrance to her womb.

“Nrwaah... b-back to Chopper base... We... Mrrrah... we haven’t spent so long on it that we want the Empire to sniff it out,”

“Of course, Hera,”

“The security of the base is our most important duty. But we’ll try to get some more allies as well. Talk to you soon. Kanan out,”

The rest of the crew said their goodbyes, each commenting that it would probably be a while before they were all in the same place together. Eventually, Ezra and Anasatisa signed off, leaving Hera and Juan alone once again.

At that point, the merc immediately let go of his temperance. Hera moaned into the side of his neck and her legs wrapped around him as a new swelling of fiery bliss snaked through her green body.

“Fuhufffkauaah... Oh fuck Juan... right there... Mrrwaa... mrwa-uwah-wahuoohu!” Hera kissed and licked his shoulders and neck while her body shivered against his form. Inside her pussy, Juan felt an incredible tightness that drilled through his will and he started pumping a fresh load right into the fiery twi’lek’s hungry womb.

Hera gasped out, becoming utterly absorbed in the tidal wave of warmth unfurling deep inside of her body. The pleasure was so engrossing that it took the pair a few minutes before they both coughed, having nearly forgotten to spend the effort on breathing after fucking for so long.

Hera laughed at him and stroked his short hair. A large smile was painted on her lips.

“What is it?”

“Looks like we’ve got plenty of time before they get here... You think you can still help deal with my stress? It’s as stubborn as I am...” Hera said in a purring, seductive voice before kissing the merc on the lips and giving him a quick smirk.

Juan gives her a thrust. Even though he just came, the merc's spear was already nearly at full strength again. "That wasn't enough for you?"

Hera moaned out and then stroked Juan's chin. "What? You getting tired already, mister?"

Juan grinned and then gave her another thrust. His cock hammering against her cream-filled pussy made Hera gasp out as their bodies ground together.

"Who said anything about bowing out?" Juan asked before he started suckling on her nipples like a thirsty gundark.

"That's what I like to hear," The pair slid right back into having sex once more. In no time, Hera's cabin started becoming filled by the upbeat tempo of her moans as the muscle-bound freelancer railed her sensitive opening with his mighty shaft. The naughty twi'lek was glad that the *Ghost* was nearly repaired and soon her comrades would be back, but she was even more pleased to be spending the rest of the evening with this stallion of a man.