

Rebel Cruiser Vigorous

Deep Space

“Why are we here?” Doctor Aphra pinched the bridge of her nose in annoyance. One Captain Malion was an experienced Rebel with much combat experience and a good head for strategy, but his public speaking utterly sucked in the Doctor’s mind.

‘Why didn’t Vader just kill me once and for all?’ She thought drearily. Naturally, the thought did occur to her that his power over the Force told him that if he spared her, she’d end up wasting away in boring command meetings. Aphra didn’t know if she could suffer through another five minutes of strategies to use during tactical retreats.

‘Pretty soon I’m going to have to use a tactical retreat myself,’

The half-armored woman sitting beside Aphra straightened up in her seat. As much as Veyrah wanted to poke Aphra for distracting her again, she held off. She had more than enough to worry about without giving in to the Doctor’s whining.

At this point, the lovely Mandalorian had a very prominent belly bump now. Not only that, but her tits that were as large as Tala’s had been, the last time she saw her friend. Thinking about Tala made Veyrah sad. She glanced towards Aphra, silently wishing that the raven-haired troublemaker was half the ally that she had been parted from.

“We’re here to show solidarity with our compatriots. A sense of comradery is always important to victory and trust during battles...”

Aphra scoffed at the idea that these crazy do-gooders were her compatriots. She doubted that they believed she was anything less than a mercenary, or just an unlucky fool trapped by circumstance. They were right to believe that. Aphra never had much love for causes. She always preferred credits.

“No meeting will save them from a lightsaber. But we don’t need to be here, Veyrah. Ergo, it’s a risk,”

Veyrah’s eyes narrowed in frustration. Then, she took a calming breath. “What risk? This ship is secure,” She was part of the security staff on the vessel. The safety of the vessel enjoyed very rigorous upkeep under the Mandalorian’s care.

“So was Yavin IV once. I don’t want to get caught in the crossfire if some Imp spook decides to take a shot at Rebel brass,”

“Shhh, it’s almost over,” The Mandalorian growled at her.

‘It is not like I’m not bored too, Aphra. And hungry. This child is ravenous. I could eat two Reek steaks right about now,’

She absentmindedly rubbed her stomach. The Mandalorian who hadn’t been wearing her full armor set for a while could have left, none of her Rebel friends would have given her more than a nod, but her honor bound her to the seat, despite Aphra’s pleading. Plus, there was still one topic that she was curious to learn any new information about.

Captain Malion finally finished the briefing by going over new security protocols for the ship. Even before he opened up the floor for any last business or concerns, Veyrah's hand shot up like a proton torpedo leaving its launch tube.

"Captain, has there been any developments on Project Raven?" Project Raven was short for Project Ravenous, the code-word used for the file on Tala, her lost friend.

The grizzled captain who had helped liberate sections of his homeworld as a guerrilla fighter shook his head slowly.

"Sorry Veyrah," he started somberly. "But don't give up hope. We're developing new cells and contact all over the galaxy. Someone is bound to know something,"

Veyrah nodded, vaguely noticing other hands. She didn't care about other Rebel concerns, but it seemed one Rebel lieutenant had something else to add.

"I can't say I'm bummed you'll be sticking with us, Veyrah," His eyes told her was interested in more than her fighting skills. Some other people near him laughed and Aphra face turned into her 'I'm going to get revenge' look, so the tactical-minded Mandalorian decided it was time for them to head out. Veyrah herself was not immune to feelings of frustration about their sloppy attempts at flirty. As much as she wished to make the cretin pay for his comment, she still found it more absurd than anything.

'I feel huge. My nipples can't stop aching and they still want to spread my legs,' she thought. Still, leaving was the smart play. Even if Veyrah could have punched them in the face, it was Aphra's potential reaction that worried her.

'I can do a lot of damage. But I cannot turn a simple comlink into a grenade that fries bone and flesh like *she* can...'

They left the command center with very little pep in either of their steps. As boring as the meetings were for Aphra, she would appreciate having Tala around. The doctor had been developing her biological and physiological skills since boarding the ship. Part of her was more than eager to take another crack at freeing Tala, herself and the others who had been affected by the mysterious Imperial virus.

Veyrah's mind meanwhile had returned to the period of her pregnancy that she had been well and truly dreading. "Soon, I'll be really useless. They won't let me go on raids or even pilot a U-Wing to carry troops,"

"Well, you're already preparing to be a better parent than either of mine," Aphra declared grumpily. The unlikely companions walked towards a turbolift to leave the command deck. Nearby, they noticed the lights on the corridor flickering on and off.

"Sithspit," cursed Aphra. While they waited for the lift, she hoisted her hands on her hips and turned her gaze towards the Mandalorian. "I wish I still worked with the Imps,"

Veyrah wanted to frown but simply ignored the other woman. She'd heard this before and it was tiring the first time.

“Say what you want about them, but at least they don’t have so many power surges. If poor Rebel engineer disables my lab, I’m taking over the ship and using droids to crew it,”

“You will not,” Veyrah declared quickly. The Mandalorian knew how important the work in Aphra’s lab was, but she needed to stow such talk before someone got the wrong idea. Veyrah and Leo-Tanner had proven themselves to the Rebel Alliance. Aphra remained a wild card, one which Captain Malion could easily discard if the mood struck him.

Just before the lift opened up, she noticed a few cleaning droids just standing around. They looked lost, like they were trying to find something that wasn’t there. She followed Aphra into the lift. Inside, they found themselves among Rebel pilots and commandos. It was not a very full lift, but sure enough, both she and Aphra began feeling very warm. That turned into feeling sweaty, which quickly transformed into feeling horny.

Aphra herself felt the urge in the most fearsome way. She chewed on the bottom right of her lip as she struggled to fight it. The natural side of her brain however wanted nothing more than to rip off her pants, and the pants of the nearest male who could mate with her. Veyrah’s amethyst eyes suddenly watched as her companion began fidgeting with her hat. By now, she knew it was just a misdirect so that Aphra could start investigating nearby penises, querying which lucky Rebel had the biggest dongle to slide into her salivating socket.

The warrior just managed to wrench the hand of the tawny-skinned woman back before Aphra squeezed the ‘magazine’. Aphra bit her lip, struggling against Veyrah’s grip

‘Emperor’s black bones, she’s already got ‘mom lifts speeder off her kid strength! She’s going to be unstoppable soon. It’s kind of hot...’

Finally, the pair managed to make it to the level that contained Aphra’s lab and quickly moved out of the lift. Now without any men around, Veyrah released the other woman. Aphra nodded in silent thanks, though she noticed that both of them were now looking very sweaty.

“We gotta get inside the lab and bunker down,”

Unfortunately, they noticed that in front of the doors to her lab, a bunch of Rebels were waiting for them. She noticed that they didn’t look as cocky or suave as they usually did when they came a calling.

“I have a bad feeling about this,” She said as the two got close. “Don’t you have something to do?”

“Where is... Uzeriss?”

“She should be safely locked up inside. So beat it horndogs. We have work... yes work to do,” At the moment, her annoyance outweighed her horniness, though Veyrah did see the other woman pawing at her tits at one point.

“We don’t care. We want you. We want to do you. Again and again,”

“It’s official. Romance is dead,” moving deftly, she pulled out a blaster pistol, smaller than the one she normally packed, but it would do in a pinch.

“I was being nice before. It’s science time so unless you’re volunteering your body for me to chop up, move out!”

The blaster didn't intimidate any of the men. They didn't pull out their own weapons. Instead, they just started walking towards the group in a slow, lumbering fashion.

"Guys, I am... horny. I mean. I'm serious. Give me your sperm or you die. Karabast! I mean it. Back off!"

"Uzeriss! Give us... Uzeriss..."

Veyrah pulled out a blaster of her own. Aphra faintly saw her other hand move and then the Mandalorian started blasting. Aphra followed suit, realizing shortly after that her pregnant associate had flipped her own weapon to stun when she'd pulled her blaster. In no time, the Rebels were all stunned, forming a clump of horny knocked-out bodies outside her lab.

"What is wrong with them? Do you... do you think Uzeriss?"

"It can't be. It... I-I... I need more data. It almost seemed like a hive-mind thing! H-how... how did I miss it?"

The door to the lab opened. Leo-Tanner had a blaster rifle and grenade ready. He saw the bodies and then walked over to Veyrah. They were both happy to see each other but stopped short of exchange more than a concerned look. Both seemed to know something foul was in the air.

"Is Uzeriss inside?"

The father of the child in Veyrah's body shook his head. "I haven't seen her,"

Aphra cursed and then raced towards the lab. "Okay, we need to be in a better position till I get to the bottom of this. Find Uzeriss and take her to shuttle bay three?"

"What about you?" Veyrah growled out, not super thrilled about letting Aphra out of her sight.

"It's time to go mobile. Uzeriss is the key to it. If she's infected others on the ship, we're all in trouble!"

Veyrah nodded, suddenly understanding the new threat poised against them. She grabbed onto LT's hand and took him on a path to the nearest security center. From there, the mando planned to track down their wayward Mirialan.

Aphra went into her lab, sealing the doors behind her. Plan A was to get to a shuttle, a nice secure place where she could study Uzeriss, hopefully stop the spread and put an end to this. But Aphra loved contingencies, so Plan B was purely, get the hell away from a cruiser full of people who wanted to breed her.

'A cruiser full... This is it. This is what was off about the new strain they put in Uzeriss, the one they wanted to give Tala! It doesn't just alter biology to make women huge titted cum dumpsters! It's hopping to men too! And I... oh fuck me...' The realization smacked her like being run over by a sand crawler. For a full minute, she just stood there, dumbfounded by the brilliance of the Imperial scientist. They no longer had to chase down the Rebels across the galaxy. Introduce a few affected women into a ship like this, and if no one caught on, the entire Rebel Alliance would be nothing but a bunch of stark raving horndogs who only cared about fucking.

Finally, she managed to bring her focus back in. Working quick to make up for lost time, she started downloading as much of her data and research as possible into a hardcase, an armored containment

device capable of safeguarding at least half of the data she'd accumulated. Little by little, the case was prepped, but even downloading half of the information ended up taking too long.

Aphra, so concerned with getting her information out, didn't realize she had visitors until it was too late. Her brown eyes blinked, looking at a smorgasbord of Rebels in every shape and size. This extended to their cocks, with just about every man gripping their firm hard-on's excitedly as they surrounded the hot Doctor.

Finally, the dams keeping her lust walled off cracked and began to burst. Panting, the sweaty mess of a woman began scrambling out of her clothes. She tossed her hat and goggles aside and then frantically began stripping out of her clothes.

"Oh... I've been waiting for you... Mrwaah... Now I'm all alone. All your cocks... belong to me..." Aphra could only barely muster the words coming from her lips. She still had some control, or at least she believed she did. As she stripped out of her clothes, the screen on the case continued updating her.

'Just... just gotta keep them busy. For a little while. G-gotta... gotta get to the shuttle... I just... Oh god...'

Aphra's eyes centered on an absolute monster cock among the group. Not only was the thick spear as big as her arm, two thick balls nearly bursting with cum were attached to the dick as well.

"Momma likes..." Looking around, she turned and swung her arms forward, slamming a bunch of holobooks and other things off the surface. Then with a little hop, she primed herself to be fucked, spreading her legs out from the desk she'd taken up residence on. Her fingers rubbed and teasing the sopping wet mess of her pussy. Aphra's mind burned with delight as the owner of the monster cock took up position in between her legs. When he began teasing her opening, her hands rolled up across her warm-colored flesh and she pinched and pulled all over her nipples.

"That's right daddy. Fill me up. Give my naughty pussy all of your piping-hot jizz. I need it. Breed... breed this bitch. Pour all of your seed inside me-oooh-fuck!" Aphra's tongue streamed out of her mouth as she screamed with delight. The huge hulk of cockflesh was nestled inside of her pussy. It was just the tip and already she was close to coming.

"Give it to me. Yeshuah... huhah... oohuwaah... give it to me in my slutty little hole!" The man hammered on, pumping all of his cock into her steamy slit until he was balls deep inside of her. With each thrust, the strain became too much for the sexy rogue Doctor. Tears streamed down from her eyes as the strain and pleasure grew to enormous levels. Having her slutty body fucked like an animal felt amazing, more than that, it felt like what she needed to be doing all the time.

Her tits bounced and rolled against her ribs. As she squealed like a stuffed pig, Aphra managed to grab a hold of her lovely smooth flesh. Tugging her massive mound back so that she could lick and kiss her heaving tit. Tasting her flesh while her pussy salivated on the monstrously thick rod slamming up against her womb sent her bliss to lightspeed!

"Yes! Oh fuaahuak-fuah... huuahk! I'm cumming. Cummingaahah!" roared Aphra as her brain melted inside of her skull. Her eyes rolled up and her lips struggled to keep sucking on her tit. Her other hand continued rapidly flicking and stroking her clit and her folds. Even as she came, the man stuffing her breadbox would not be put off until he finally came.

The animalistic side of her brain took over. Throaty moans and haggard breaths to suck in air became the only noises coming out of her. The only other sounds in the area became a wet and sloppy cacophony of flesh on flesh.

'Blrup, wlup, dup, flup!' it sounded like the most beautiful music to her. She had never imagined being bred like a sow by so many men, but the female loved it. The strange box she kept glancing towards didn't matter anymore, not after the first rush of intense fucking sperm spilled out within her body. The male keeping her legs up in the air so that he could pound her growled like a rancor. When he pulled out his cock, her lips managed to form a pouting expression.

Soon, not even her lips remained open. She was taken off the desk and placed on all fours. One man opened up her sloppy pussy again, enjoying the wet tightness of her body. Her folds remained narrow, even after the first man used her slutty offering for his pleasure. Aphra's pussy wasn't the only hole on her body utilized by the Rebels.

Another man stood and front of her and said something. She simply nodded her head and gazed intently at his alien cock. It was ribbed and strange, but he had balls, which meant he had cum for her to suck out. Greedily, she began licking and slurping all over his tasty meat.

"Mrrmmuh... Mmmm... Nrrhuoahmmm..."

Aphra's head slid and jerked while her cheeks stretched out to help take every inch of the man's cock into her depraved hole. She became little more than a conduit for all their pleasure, just as Uzeriss had. In no time at all, she was sucking alternately between two cocks, while her hands busied themselves on another pair of cocks. Whenever the man beneath her was done flooding her pussy with the thick nectar her body so desperately needed, someone else was already ready to take over.

The room smelled of a heavenly scent to her. There was nothing she wanted more than to just spend the rest of her life being basted with load after load of syrupy jizz. When one man tested out her asshole however, the shuttle of her passion veered to the side and crashed against a canyon wall. Aphra's more rational mind returned thanks to the sudden spark of pain crackling through the bliss she'd been experiencing.

"Oh fuck! What... fuck... that hole! Guysuaah!" Aphra screamed out, but there was one plus side, she was back to her normal self, at least for the moment. When the Doctor felt the sheer amount of cum still boiling inside of her pussy, she realized she might be able to stave off her thrust, for just long enough. Her gaze looked at the case. All the data she needed had been downloaded. In fact, the process was long finished. But the case wasn't what she needed. Among a collection of pipes and other things, a switch was hidden. When the man burying his cock against her womb growled out and sent Aphra's mind spiraling one more time, she managed to retain one idea that might save her.

"Let's urhaah..." She coughed violently, expelling cum from her throat, which immediately felt wasteful. Her stomach growled out at her, wishing for her to start sucking again to replace the cum she'd just lost, but Aphra pushed through it. Ambling forward with cum drenching nearly every surface of her flesh, she finally managed to reach the switch.

Her hand slammed down on the failsafe. A signal sparked out from the control panel, and it zipped along a variety of hacks and modification she'd made to the ship's systems during her stay. Suddenly, the entire ship jerked savagely. Aphra luckily simply fell back into a pile of wet, warm flesh.

"It worked. Haha! It actually worked!" She shouted out in a daze. Turning to the left, she saw a cock, calling out for her attention. When she looked right, another one waited.

'No no no. Focus. This is your one chance you slutty bitch!' Try as she might, before she moved, she did at least lick the surface of one of the cocks to enjoy its aroma and sup on some more cum. But then, a hand reached forward, grabbed a handful of her long dark hair, and yanked her towards another horny Rebel...