

Cel moved swiftly into the hangar. The utility access door closed behind her as the Sith moved closer to the ship. Golfan was inside the ship. Anger rose in her veins as she removed a vibroblade from its sheath. It felt strange to the young woman to not be holding her lightsaber, but the blade would attract attention she did not care to enjoy at the moment.

Fifty years ago, Entil would have just been one more terrestrial planet in the populated Kafti sector. These days the planet of rustic brown lands and luscious blue seas lay within the boundaries of Darth Tivigar's territory. Even though the Eternal Alliance reigned over the stars, Cel knew that Tivigar was ambitious and looking to expand his realm. Worse, Tivigar was a menace to other Sith and he had a passionate hatred for Cel's mother Jezka. Galactic alliance or no, some Sith ways died hard and Cel knew there was nothing the deadly Sith lord would like better than killing one of his enemy's children. So, for now, her crimson blade remained deactivated and concealed in a pack slung over her left shoulder.

As the lovely dark-haired woman inched closer, her connection to the Force sent a ripple through her senses. Instantly her fingers tightened around the blaster in a holster on her right hip. Someone nearby was strong in the Force. The energy felt wild and disjointed, but it rang out to the Zabrak-human hybrid all the same. It left her with uncertainty when she was on the eve of vengeance. Whoever was near, it wasn't one of Tivigar's Sith warriors. The knowledge led the dark sider to resume focusing in on her target. All she needed Golfan to do was leave his spaceship. Cel knew he hadn't gotten his target yet, so all she needed to do was wait.

Her opportunity came a few minutes later. The landing ramp to the ship she was watching lowered and out walked her target, Farec Golfan, bounty hunter and the murderer of a friend to Cel and the Hive. His death was a long time coming. Thanks to her cunning, stealth and discretion, Cel was confident that Golfan had no clue she was even on the planet. All the same, she approached quietly and with the Force to shield herself from his senses. When she got close enough, she leapt, vibroblade ready to plunge in between his helmet and neckplates to score a lethal blow. Right before her blade connected however, lightning seemed to crackle in between her blade and Cel's target.

"Urah!" She growled out as her left hand reached out to use the Force to shield her from the repulson field. As she came back to the ground with a small slide, the young Sith woman quickly regained her footing. The first thing she noticed was Golfan laughing at her.

"Hahaha! Foolish Cel. Did you really think I haven't fought one of your kind before? How did you think I killed your friend."

"You will die today bastard!" Anger seethed through her dark amber eyes. She wanted desperately to pull free her lightsaber but she persisted.

"I doubt it. Run off back to your mother before she loses someone else close to her. I mean it to, you never know when someone will offer hard credits to devastate Jezka..." The bounty hunter warned her, every syllable magnified and distorted by his helmet's voice systems.

"You won't kill one of us ever again." She had to end this fast or he would escape. She knew that his jetpack was not just for show.

"Don't count on it." Golfan said as he turned her back to her.

Cel knew it was a move to bait her to attacking, but she wasn't going to let him win. She knew she could beat him. She would beat him. Racing forth she flung her vibroblade first to make sure he wouldn't fire off his jetpack. The bounty hunter actually moved his head to avoid the strike and then he turned to face the Sith woman charging in at him. The tip of a heavy blaster pistol rose up to target Cel. He was just as fast as she remembered.

When he shot a trio of scorching green blaster bolts at her, Cel used her speed and the Force to avoid them, falling onto her knee guards, the young woman slid just below the three green shots of super-heated plasma. When she passed him, she heard him starting to laugh again. It was the opening she had counted on.

As the bounty hunter indulged himself, he felt a powerful invisible grip pulling at him. Before he could engage his jetpack or one of his other defenses against the force power, Golfan was dragged back and down until his head crashed against the concrete ground of the hangar. His repulsor shield flashed, cushioning the blow but adding to his momentum as well. Like a cork from a bottle, the bounty hunter sprang up from the ground, his speed magnified by Cel's skilled manipulation of the Force. The end of his rebound saw Golfan's armored boots crashing against his ship. The newest collision sent him soaring back to the same ground he had just bounced off of.

"No!" His shield had managed to cushion the first two blows, the second did him in. When Cel rolled over the bounty hunter's armored form, she found dozens of cracks and dents on his helmet with blood seeping out of some of them. Cel admired her work for a moment before she used the Force to pull the vibroblade back to her grip. Inching closer she was about to stab the unconscious man in the neck when she felt the warning in the Force once more. That was the moment she encountered the stranger.

"Woah woah lets hold up for just a minute. I kind of need that guy alive." Cel knew she should have just slid the vibroblade in but she also heard the sound of a blaster pistol being primed. She rolled her eyes up slowly. Standing in front of her was a man dressed in fringer clothing with a blaster leveled right at her.

"He's mine."

"I see that." Dantis said as he squared off against the mysterious girl about to cut off any chance he had at finding an immense treasure. "I just need a bit of info from him, if he can still even breathe. You really did a number on him."

"No." She said, debating once more whether to risk jamming the blade into Golfan and then sending it quickly into the gut of this troublesome interloper.

"Let's not be hasty. Once I get the information I'm done with him. It won't take long and then you can kill him." Dantis pleaded with the Zabrak woman while he kept his blaster on her. He had not hidden from the bounty hunter and waited for an opportunity for this long just to have some dark sider slash his target in half. "Listen, it won't take more than an hour and then feel free to dice him up however you want." The human said slowly, hoping to drag this out as every extra second meant one where the strange force user wasn't killing a link he desperately needed to investigate.

"I don't care. Now get lost before I lose my patience and do to you what I did to him." Cel retorted sharply. The edge in her voice grew with each word.

“How much is this worth to you? I’ve got credits. He probably even has some on his ship.” Dantis said. That sort of argument would work on him every day of the week. He figured she might have a different mindset, but just in case she needed the scratch, the suggestion might buy him a moment of distraction from her.

“No credits will fill my desire to kill him.” Cel growled out. She looked around and saw that there were two technicians in the hangar. Once again, the dark side warrior started debating if she could kill both the bounty hunter and this dummy quickly and quietly enough that they wouldn’t notice. She was losing patience.

“Listen I like the intensity, but I’ve been hunting him for two months.”

“Three months.” Her anger rising.

“Hurh...would be really great if you could work with me here.”

“Enough of this.” Cel said before she used the Force to grip the man’s throat and toss him towards a group of shipping containers. She was confident he’d be knocked out or at least smart enough not to risk another hit. With him out of the way, she focused her attention back on her target. It was time to end this.

“Hey you!” Cell turned back and scowled as she saw a pair of Sith troopers moving into the hangar. One was still at ease but the one who had spoken had his blaster up and aimed towards her.

*These idiots are the last thing I need,* Cel thought as her mind worked on a solution. The tip of her vibroblade was inches from the bounty hunter’s heart. She was so close. Of course, the trooper had the drop on her. She simply kill the bounty hunter but she got the feeling the Sith troopers would open fire. Normally she could have deflected the laser bolts with ease, but her lightsaber was still hidden in the pack on her shoulder.

“Move away from him now.” The guard said causing Cel’s spirit to dampen even more. Three more troops in black and purple armor arrived. They leveled their blasters at Cel and instinctively she used the Force subtly to pull down the zipper on the pack. The Zabrak-Human hybrid debated who to hurl around first when someone ended up chucking something else into the mix. With two light clinks, a silver device landed right in front of the guards. A flash and a sudden bang blanketed the area. Cel caught some of it, but compared to the troops, she got off easily.

Only one trooper recovered quickly enough. The armored drone of Lord Tivigar opened fire right on Cel. In a heartbeat her lightsaber flashed into her hand with the crimson blade lunging forth right as the first blaster bolt got to her. She easily deflected the burst of red fire and then slammed all of the soldiers with a powerful force blast. As the soldiers tumbled like children’s toys, Cel turned back towards her target. She grabbed the bounty hunter’s shoulder and prepared to driver her blade right through his heart. Unfortunately, she had been distracted by the imbecilic and the troopers and she hadn’t noticed the hunter had regained consciousness. A single blaster bolt rang out; followed by two others.

Cel blinked, unwilling to accept that Goldfan had wounded her and yet he had. She fell back, three blaster bolts with smoking columns rising from her wounds. The Sith landed back against the ground of the hangar, heard other shots nearby and the sound of a jetpack taking off before her eyes closed and she passed out from her wounds.

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“Where am I?” Were the first words that Dantis heard the young woman say when she came to. After his target had fled, the adventurer had let out a string of curses that would make a Hutt blush. The situation had turned from bad to shit and the only thing he could do was hitch a miniature explosion onto Golfhan’s ship so that the bounty hunter might be delayed a bit when he came back and tried to flee. Once the device was attached, Dantis had started looking for a new route out of the hangar. He found a sewer grate and was about to take the exit route when he heard the girl with a lightsaber groan. Realizing he couldn’t just leave her there, Dantis used the binders he had intended to use on Golfhan to bind her hands around his neck before he exited the situation via the sewer.

“And what happened to my old clothes!” Dantis fought his nerves when her second sentence rang out in the safehouse he had brought her to. The simple apartment room hadn’t been used in months, but he had needed a place to lie low, patch her wounds, and... clean off all the crap from the sewer.

“Our exit from the hanger wasn’t exactly hygienic. Your clothes are being washed. I also washed you, cleaned your wounds and applied bacta patches to the three blaster wounds that should have killed you. Lastly I gave you some old clothes to get you covered up. I didn’t think you’d let me say one word if you woke up naked. So what I think what you meant to say, twice now, was thank you.” Dantis slowly said as he finished working up a handy tool that would make sure Golfhan didn’t escape when he came across him once more.

“I would not have been wounded if you left.” Cel declared as she sat up on the medical bed she had found herself on. The young Sith immediately regretted it as pain flashed through her wounds. As her body slowly fell back onto the bed she focused all of her power to numb and then begin healing her wounds. She still could not believe that the bounty hunter Golfhan had shot her. He would die slowly for such an insult.

“Much as I loathe to admit it... you are right.” Cel said, her mind forming a plan after a clever naughty thought about how she would get out of the room had come to mind. More than that, if it worked, she would be well away from this imbecile as fast as possible. The man looked at her with surprise in his blue eyes as she moved off of the medical bed.

“Woah wait. You nearly died. You shouldn’t be walking.” Dantis was cut off when she put her hands on his chest and inched her head up to kiss him on the lips. It was just a small peck but given that it had come from a woman who had looked like she wanted to kill half an hour ago, it was surprising to say the least.

“You told me to reward you...” The dark haired zabrak-hybrid declared as she mooshed her breasts against the man’s chest. Without her bra on, there was little keeping her nipples from poking at his body through the thin layers of their clothes.

“Bacta heals my kind surprisingly well. You need not worry about my health.” Cel said. It was a true enough statement given she actually planned to absorb some of his own health and vigor to fuel her enhanced healing powers. As a follower of the Dark Side and the ways of the Hive, Cel had learned how to use sex and intimate bonds to achieve her own needs when she was very young.

“You don’t waste time do you?” Dantis said as Cel pulled off the simple top he had dressed her in. Her eyes noticed the man taking a breath to calm his nerves as she inched her half naked form back to his and then grabbed his hands.

“Do you not want this? I mean me?” Cel said as she felt her body’s natural reactions flushing through her form. Her connection to the Force and the Hive burned through her body intensely as her pussy started quivering in anticipation. She had been so busy hunting Golfhan that she hadn’t found time for an easy encounter for about two weeks now. Both her connections and her upbringing as a Sith joiner had seen Cel grow up quite sexually liberated and prone to approaching relationships with a casual if not predatory manner at times. Her fingers pulled his hands up and set his ringers on her nice full C – cup breasts.

“You’re still wounded. Bacta is strong but it’s not strong enough for what you want.” At first Cel thought her plan wouldn’t work, but then her instincts about males paid off.

“You really want to do this? Right now?” The stranger who had scuttled three months of hard work asked her. She worked hard to keep a flash of annoyance from filling the dark amber coloring of her eyes.

“If I didn’t want this, there would be no way you would be touching me like this or be this close to me.” The young Sith woman almost added, ‘after all the trouble you caused me.’ But the man was proving to be very capable with his hands. Even before she started speaking, he had started igniting a fire in both her tits and her nipples. As a slow moan climbed out of her throat, she moved her hands down to undo the buttons of the pants that he had dressed her in. The action pushed and squeezed her breasts together which seemed to create an even more open invitation for the male. Suddenly a jolt of bliss echoed through her body as the man she had just met pulled hard on the half-zabrak’s pink nipples.

“Ahheye!” Cel cried out sharply. “You don’t need to be so rough...” She declared, her eyes looking away from the man who continued pulling and pinching on the sensitive and delicate flesh of her tits. Soon enough, Cel’s nipples were as hard as durasteel. She was surprised at how quickly had become aroused. As she leaned forward a bit more, she pulled down her clothing and revealed her shaved pussy and well-toned ass. Slowly, she pulled her legs free of her clothing. Soon, her pleasure jumped again when the man started leaning forward and licking all over the young Sith woman’s hard sensitive nipples. *I’m all yours in this moment. You will please me and help heal my wounds. That is your only use,* the lovely zabrak girl thought privately.

Dantis was still a bit surprised to find himself in the situation. He had helped her out, but situations where he helped people out of jams didn’t normally play out like this. Generally, he got roped into their quest and just hoped it might end up helping out his own goals. Soon enough, his brain told him to shut the hell up and enjoy more of the gift that the universe had blessed him with. His fingers squeezed on the sides of the woman’s perfectly round breasts. Her flesh was soft and practically begging to be squeezed and fondled with. With a quick grin, his fingers continued hunting every point on the girl’s skin that made her body tremble and shake. His cock stirred in his pants. When he didn’t think he could wait any longer, the rugged explorer pushed the sultry dark-haired woman up off of her legs.

Cel tumbled back as the idiot who had blocked her efforts, and *maybe*, saved her life, pushed her onto her back. The Sith-Joiner hybrid was thrown off at first and then she saw the wild look in the male’s

eyes. Under the right light, she might have thought he was handsome, but she was still teetering between finding value in him, or pulling force pulling her lightsaber to her hand and casually skewering him for impeding her mission.

Quick enough, Cel realized he was freeing up his cock right then and there. "Wait... we're not even on the bed..." She said, almost alarmingly. Growing up with her mother and her aunt Ashara, Cel had become quite perverse, but her mom still had installed a sense of propriety, something the man didn't appear to share.

The trouble maker paused, his cock almost free as he gave her a look of amusement. His light blue eyes traveled from her face down to her heaving breasts, her smooth stomach and all the way down to the spot between her legs.

"Seems like you're to go right here." Cel was about to disagree when she looked down to what the male had between his legs. The corner of her lip quivered slightly, and she felt her already wet pussy warm up even more.

"But..." Cel's voice trailed off. Her right hand reached out and gripped his wrist while her dark green eyes looked down along every inch of his prodigious size. The site alone of the man's sex awoke something inside her, just by her enhanced biology alone. Beyond that, something about his presence in the Force still nudged at her brain. Her last mental note before the primal side of her brain fully activated was to make sure to find out why he felt so strange in the Force. Her lust leapt to new burst when the man's thick cock brushed her labia. The heat felt so intense and she let out a hiss of sexual hunger. Her legs moved up from lying on the floor to a position where her knees could just start rubbing against his sides. As she formed new points of joining on a physical level, her mind reached out to his.

While she reached out in the Force, the man's patience reached its limit and he pushed the thick head of his cock inside her burning wet pussy. Cel immediately out a strained moan as her pussy became acclimated to the sense of his first few inches pushing within her body. While the pleasure was good, very good, she remembered what she needed to do to help her healing.

The Sith attempted to meld it to her own will, and with that of the Hive, a process Cel had done with previous lovers after learning the skill from her mother and Ashara. Despite having done it many times, she found herself unable to make as pronounced a connection as she usually did. Something was pushing back against the process and the horny young woman was too enraptured by her pleasure to deduce exactly what was going on.

Meanwhile, the males' thick cock continued spreading open her pussy and allowing more of her sticky juices to leak out before he slowly inched back his length. In the same breath as he pulled back, Dantis inched his body up and pressed all of his cock into the lovely girl's pussy. He couldn't believe how warm she felt. His mind's other big fascination was on how tight and how her pussy groped along his crown and the tip of his shaft. The sensations seemed to suggest the young girl's sex was actually reshaping itself to better conform to the shape of his cock as the two continued engaging their sexes.

Cel moaned out like a wild animal in heat as the strange male started building up more of a pattern as he drilled her aching cunny. It wasn't long before his accelerated thrusts made his chest bounce and strike against her horny nipples and giggly breasts. Her world became smaller, more intimate and focused on the sensation of his cock diving deeper and deeper inside of her body. Splashes of lust

erupted out, burning her thighs and signally a rise in her pleasure as the power of the Dark Side and the Hive penetrated every nerve, every flesh, every thought. Had she been close to the Hive, her mind would have subconsciously transferred some of the raw power to the Hive, the Queen and others connected to Cel's mind. But here, in the small space and only with the unconnected man hammering away at her pussy, all of the enhanced pleasure served only to magnify the supernova of bliss burning up inside of the young woman's sex and the rest of her body.

Cel didn't like losing so much control to her passions. The man's cock was only supposed to be a tool for her pleasure, one more gear in a massive system she had been born into. Even if she hadn't been cut off from most of her connection with the Hive, there was still something different about him. When her toes started curling she knew that now was not the time she could investigate, even if she wanted to. Her willpower was being ravaged in tandem with her pussy. Every inch of her sex gravitated towards the stranger's cock and she felt her cervix preparing to receive his seed. Had she been focused, Cel could have easily manipulated her body to keep that door closed. This time, as the curious male's cock struck against the entrance to her womb, the pleasure became too much for her to do anything but hold on, lest she burst to pieces from her impending orgasm.

"Keep going... thrust... show me how useful you really are... That's it... right... awuahhh... there... therwwauahh!" Cel suddenly cried out. Her thighs convulsed, locking up against the man's side as the heat boiled over in her tender quivering pussy. Instantly, all of her interior pink walls shivered and clamped down on the male's sex currently thrusting and throbbing inside of her. Inch by inch, her flesh pulled at his cock, urging him to push in deeper so that his semen could go right where her body wanted it.

Dantis, for his own part couldn't believe how hot the girl's pussy had become. When she cried out, he wouldn't have been able to stop his thrusting if he wanted to. His fingers flexed on the ground beneath them and his chest pushed in as close to her own as possible. While her body's intense heat brightened his own, his hips pushed in against her flesh so that his cock could go as far as possible in the mysterious woman's vagina. When all of her flesh coiled up around him, it felt like a glove made of pure sunlight had suddenly gripped the base of his cock to keep him from every pulling back. His balls tightened, and he involuntarily kissed the zabrak hybrid's neck before letting out a heated roar of pleasure. As the heat of her pussy overwhelmed him, he felt his entire cock jerk and spasm as he started to deliver thick volleys of his cum directly into the puzzling beauty's wanton opening.

Cel's dark amber eyes rolled up in her head as her inner most points were filled with the male's warm frothing cum. Her body continued spasming as it was assaulted by wave after wave of blissful release. The man's seed spilling into her body only intensified her orgasmic release and she ended up closing her eyes as her body simply became one big conduit of pleasure while her pussy spasmed and convulsed around the long thick cock still spraying the man's juices inside of her womb. When her breathing and sense finally returned to her, the first thing that occupied her mind was the sense of discomfort from still being on the floor, especially after she had been so thoroughly fucked.

Keeping her eyes closed, she used the Force to lift them both up from the ground. A quiet thought in her mind told her to simply dump him onto the ground where he belonged, but she quieted the notion given his cock was still a bit rigid inside of her. Cel would never admit it aloud but the young woman was enjoying the sense of being so full and warm. After pulling aside the covers and sheets with her mind, Cel slowly lowered them both onto the bed. She felt his cock softening slightly, but instead of untangling

her body from him, she simply rolled the man's body so that they were both lying on their sides. Her body now felt completely drained and she almost regretted using the Force. Cel had forgotten she had been using her powers to heal her body. Now lying against the naked stranger she had just let cum inside of her pussy, she found herself with barely enough energy to breath. She settled her head against his shoulder and then used the Force to pull the simple sheets and covers back over both their naked forms.

Dantis didn't think he could have been surprised more. The alluring girl had been quick to jump his bones and then turned out to be one of his best lays in a while. Now having been lifted onto the simple bed in the room with the girl's naked body cuddled up alongside his own naked flesh, he didn't know if this was real or a dream.

"Don't get any ideas. I'm still debating whether or not to kill you for what happened..." The young woman said as her head continued resting on his damp skin. The man allowed himself a small grin before he closed his eyes and rest his head back against the pillow beneath him. He didn't doubt her threats, but he figured this one had to be at least a partial bluster as he felt the fingers of her right hand curling up against his arm as soft breathes left her nose. Deciding to follow her example, Dantis closed his eyes and let all worry and thought slip from his mind as he fell asleep next to the strange woman.