

The interstellar smuggler known to most of his closest companions as simply the Captain was in an extremely good mood. One of his closest companions couldn't see his face currently, but she could feel his lips kissing her asscheeks as he gripped her well-formed behind. It was still taking Akaavi Spar a little getting used to.

"C-Captain... that's so... strange. Does my flesh really taste that good?"

The scoundrel and individual always looking for a good deal peeked up from the red and black-skinned Mandalorian's posterior.

"You have no idea. I missed this ass, and I'm not letting it go. Even if someone offered me a pile of credits," He joked with a grin before spanking both of his hands down on his lover's bottom.

It was nearly impossible to see the red on the Zabrac's cheeks, but her green-eyes did light up with excitement when she felt his familiar touch zapping the round curves of her well-toned rear. The double-slap had more than just the warrior's heart reacting. Little by little as the pair got nice and familiar with their naked bodies once again, she could feel the tension of her orifice easing. Soon, the skilled blaster-for-hire began enjoying a steady stream of her nectar leaking out. Only her Captain could see her like this, and it warmed her heart that after so far apart, he could still excite her body more than any battle.

"If you tried that, I assure you would suffer a long... dreadful death..." She promised even as her partner and lover continued playing with her ass.

After she spoke, Captain easily picked up her lewd scent. He'd missed it and he bent down, nearly salivating as the fragrance filled his nostrils. As the smell flowed through him, he licked his lips hungrily while his large cock stiffened and grew. By the time he was fully erect, he'd given the red and black petals of Akaavi a thorough wipe-down. He loved to talk, but there was nothing quite like using his tongue to turn a Mandalorian's pussy turn into a frothing mess. Akaavi was all but gushing in no time as she remained spread out on her hands in knees in front of his cock. Rising up, he patted her nice butt once again and then leaned in nice and close.

Touching the Mandalorian woman's chin, he pulled it to the side to meet his own lips.

"Captain..." She said right as the pair kissed. Despite everything that the galaxy had thrown at them, the two had resisted and ended up coming up with a winning hand. Their lips repeatedly parted only to rush in to meet again and again. Eventually, Akaavi

even pushed her tongue forward, eagerly attempting to wrestle control of the situation away from her lover.

“Mrrmhnn...” The Captain grunted as his eyes opened up to gaze at his woman’s attentive green orbs. Not content to lose the battle, the two ended up rolling on the bed in the Captain’s cabin of the XS - Light Freighter. As usually when they got a little rough, Akaavi wound up on top. She kissed the smuggler’s bare chest and ground her hips against his stiffening manhood. As much as she wanted to feel connected with him once more, she leaned down once again, gently nudging her cheek against his shoulder. Her hands remained tightly gripped on his body.

“It’s silly to act like this, Captain. But if I don’t hold onto you, I worry... you might vanish,”

Even in this situation, with all the romance and with both of them lightly breathing in near harmony, the neverdowell couldn’t resist a sly grin. He stroked the red and black-skinned woman’s cheeks and then gave her hip a little slap and squeeze.

“I’m not pulling any disappearing act. You can toss those worries like a bad Sabaac hand...”

The woman on top of him lets out a little laugh. On a muscle-bound woman trained in ten-ways to kill a sentient with just a butter knife, it was truly the little moments with her that made the Captain smile.

“Captain, you haven’t changed a bit. I... I mean...” Akaavi’s chin dipped ever so slightly and then she reached her lips forward to kiss him once more. After they slowly separated, the woman looked into his eyes with great tenderness.

“You know I’m no good with words...”

“It’s a good thing you’re a lover... and a fighter,”

Her green eyes roll and then she edged back along his body. It seemed clear that the Mandalorian was in the mood for far more than talk. Her body markings were lit up by the dim light of the cabin while she stared undulating and grinding the petals of her sex against the Captain’s joystick. As her dampness spilled out, warmed his body and informing him just how long she’d ached for him, the Captain held back a corny joke on the tip of his tongue.

Akaavi reached her hand down, gently teasing along his sensitive tip, feeling his own arousal and using it to focus her will. At times it was all she could do to hold back her will to fight, the drive to burning the galaxy because of what befell her clan. But here, in these intimate encounters between her and the man she loved, there was only her and him...

That said, it wasn't as if the sole survivor of Clan Spar was no soft flower in bed. The instant that she guided the tip of his cock inside of her pussy, the Captain let out a slight grunt at the incredible, but surprising pressure from her walls.

Meanwhile, the woman with an intimidating outer experience set off a smooth but comfortable pace as she bucked her hips, riding her mate while her hands run down the length of his hips and lower chest. Her body was as impressive and muscular as ever. It was a warrior's body, meant to survive against anything. In bed, it meant that the smuggler's endurance was put to the absolute test.

Luckily, he had a couple tricks up his sleeves.

Rising up, his dexterous fingers reached between their body. As he began thrusting his hips up to meet Akaavi's downward thrusts, the Mandalorian's controlled and measured breaths began breaking apart. They became huskier and much less refined.

The Captain did more than just churn his cock deeper and deeper inside the warrior's pussy as it gave off greater and greater pleasure to his mind. While both of them moved their lower bodies together, he reached his hand forward and kept one hand back to keep his body up. The fingers closed in and gently played with her nipples and tits, seeking out all the little sensitive spots that really got her juices flowing.

"Ohuaahh... Captain... you... that's very generous, but it's not needed," The woman with an array of dangerous-looking head horns called out. Strong as her words were, the fastest blaster in the universe had a cock that felt made for her. Not only that, when he began thrusting back in against her movements, the Mandalorian had nearly cum and couldn't be sure if he hadn't somehow gotten larger inside of her warm, sinewy passage.

"Long ago... I told you I... huaahh... I would serve you well," Akaavi growled out, intent on pushing her mate back down so that she could handle her duty as his woman. She wanted to reward him, and yet he seemed intent to ensure she wouldn't find his strength lacking. The Mandalorian who had earned her stripes hunting Jedi and Republic troopers enjoyed the effort, she nearly giggled at it. Nearly.

Allowing him a few more minutes to feel like he was her match physically, Akaavi eventually turned up the heat. Her thick, muscular hips began jamming down towards the Captain's pelvis

"I remember. Wait... does that mean... huaahh... w-we could have been doing this since day one?" For the smuggler, it felt easier to crack wise than to breathe as the Zabrak giving him a sweet and endearing gaze began serving his cock with bountiful if bracing squeezes with her pussy. Her control over her vaginal muscles was most impressive, and every now and then, he felt his jaw tightening as he struggled to keep up his own end of the bargain.

She laughed, both at his words and at the fact that he had still managed to hold off his release.

"I am always glad to know... huaahh... there is more to you... than a tongue that never stops wagging..."

Suddenly, the rapscallion's tongue ended up surprising her. She already knew he'd picked up some Mando'a after they'd been reunited, but the words that flowed from his cocksure lips suddenly filled Akaavi with astonishment and adoration.

"bic's an par gar, ner kar'taylir darasuum..." *It is all for you, my love...*

Her luminous green eyes blinked rapidly at that proclamation. It was as endearing as it was distracting.

"Y-your words and t-tricks won't save you this time..." Akaavi said as she redoubled her efforts. Unfortunately, she should have pushed him down earlier because when the Captain finally did pull out a trick, it broke down her engine faster than a hidden saboteur. While the two continued bumping and humping against their naked and sweaty forms, the smuggler's hand reached down and began playing with Akaavi's clit.

The Mandalorian immediately felt one of her walls of resolve shatter. Her tongue lolled out in what she imagined would be a very unflattering expression. Surprising, the Captain seemed to marvel at it. He continued, fervently toying, rubbing, and stroking her little piece of sensitive flesh. The heat in Akaavi's naked form intensified while their bodies rocked and ground together in carnal concert.

“Trickster... Scoundrel!... I... huuaahh... I will not... let you winnuaahh!” After that point, the glistening red and black-skinned woman used her superior fighting skills and swept aside his hand. Eager to claim victory from her dishonorable opponent, Akaavi fought against the growing tide of white-hot pleasure. Pressing her naked breasts down to meet the smuggler’s own sweaty flesh, she began slamming her hips down upon him like a feral beast in heat. Splashes of her juices further intensified the storms raging in their bodies. Little flashes of light erupted in her vision while she tried to fight back squealing moans from escaping her lips. Undeterred, Akaavi pressed on, pressing her body up and down with unrelenting purpose.

“I’ve bested you... this time... you uaaah... no.... You are... bestiihuhuaahah!” Suddenly, the Mandalorian’s tongue fell out of her lips once more. But it was so much titillating than that for the smuggler. As his balls erupted and his thick shaft jerked inside of the woman’s smoldering folds, he saw her incredible green eyes flutter and practically roll back up in her head as she moaned and gasped.

Akaavi only saw blinding light after that. Her body was a prison broken by a breakout of hedonistic delight. It was so unlike a warrior of her caliber, but with him, she didn’t care. When jets of steaming, thick sperm shot out and coated the succulent walls of her deepest recess, her entire body began shaking once more. Suddenly, she could feel her senses once more. The first thing that registered in her still half-burning mind was that the Captain had wrapped his arms around her to stop the Mandalorian female from flailing like a scalefish out of water.

“I... “

No new words came to her mind as she continued sighing out with pleasant little coos and strained gasps. Her pussy ached in the most delicious ways and she could feel her body tingling all the way from her core to the tips of her horns.

“I never imagined you’d have such a cute cum-face,” the smuggler said.

“If you repeat any details about such a perverted expression, I will skin you like a Gundark. Is that clear?”

“Yes ma’am,” The Captain said with a grin before he leaned back in, capturing his provocative lover’s mouth once more with his own hungry lips. After that, the two felt their eyes grow weary. As the ship continued through lightspeed, both Captain and Mandalorian enjoyed each other’s warmth and rested after quite the enjoyable reunion...