

During yet another day of her imprisonment, Sabine Wren was dressed in a black body suits and combat boots. Her captor called Forge, a name she still did not know, was dressed similarly, although he wore his black training helmet, continuing to cover his face as he always did around her.

Sabine had not been expecting to fight him one on one. Recently she had started being drilled by a silent woman with snow white hair and piercing blue eyes. The woman was probably around twenty-two, and she hadn't given Sabine a name either. All she gave Sabine were bruises as she instructed Sabine in what she said was the Echani fighting arts.

So once that painful lesson was over, Sabine had expected a break, not to find herself on the training matt again and fending off her captor and who was claimed to be teaching her how to mix the new holds and grapples she had just learned and combine them with the heavier attack style of Mandalorian hand-to-hand fighting.

"Heh. Are you even trying? I can't believe you thought that would hit me. Why don't you break out another droid? Of course, you could be worried I'll break a new one just like the last one..." Sabine grinned sharply, becoming more and more confident that this time even though she was pretty tired, she would get the better of him.

"Droids are predictable. I don't want you to be predictable,"

"I've never been predictable,"

"You put your artistic flare on ships, weapons and armor, including some vestments worn by your teammates. This recognition will cost you your life one day. Maybe even your friends as well,"

"If our people had a bit more culture instead of just endless war history, maybe I'd actually listen to you. My art is important..." She didn't say how it honored her father. He didn't need to know that.

The two clashed against one another. Sabine got a good ear punch but he retorted with a kick to her chest. She managed to keep her footing, and then swatted a him with a powerful jump kick of her own. He pushed aside the kick and then gripped her arms with steel resolve, twisting and turning her body into a hold.

"One day... when our people are free, perhaps you can test your theory. For now, no more markings on anything. Is that understood?"

"It was heard..." Grumbled Sabine, every fiber of her body trying to break free from the treacherous idiot's grip.

"Petulant as ever,"

"I get that way when I'm a prisoner. Let me go and you won't have to listen to many any longer..."

"One day you will learn. Our strength lies in our secrecy, Sabine Wren,"

Forge didn't care to have to teach this to her, but it was a lesson she sorely needed. When he had first learned that she was working with the rebels unit calling themselves the Spectres, Forge was glad to learn they used code names on missions. When he found they used the same ship, outfits and even the same droid over and over again, he nearly cursed at the monitors. It was a wonder that any of the crew still drew breath.

Sabine scoffed back at him. "My strength lives in my fists..."

Shoving one elbow into his chest and another into his arm, she used a technique she'd learned to break free from his grip.

"You are strong. But not nearly strong enough for the battles ahead,"

The fight continued on in the open space aboard the Mandalorian vessel. On and off, each warrior would grumble, sigh, pant or curse as each volleyed for dominance over the other.

"Once I am done teaching you, the teacher will-"

"Will become the prisoner! Maybe even a slave if I feel like it,"

Sabine's leg sprang out, nearly hitting his helmet. As she turned, she shifted forward and tried to avoid he counterattack. Her pain slowed her. One fist hit her shoulder, but she was still in the new position she wanted to be. Smashing his chest with and elbow opened him up to more. She grabbed his hand, preparing to flip the helmeted dick end over end.

"You'd make a perfect punching bag!"

She grunted and pulled but was unable to yank the man up and over her shoulder. Instead, Forge counted the young woman and shoved his leg in between her thighs. The daughter of Ursula Wren felt a sudden rushing feeling when the black material covering his leg rubbed her pussy. All she had on after all was her black body suit and a pair of simple panties.

Forge could have chuckled. She still talked so much during a fight. He though surely that had been scoured from her. 'Perhaps I haven't been tough enough,'

After he wedged open her legs, he chopped her right ear, making her head ring before he tripped the young woman over his leg and sent her crashing to the ground.

"I'll never stop getting up!" Sabine growled out, her tone becoming more and more heated.

The two charged at one another, continuously trading blows. With her new Echani training, Sabine was faster with her hands than ever before. She was sure she'd take him down, but it as things continued playing out, she realized only a headshot might get him off his game enough for her to tackle him to the ground.

'If only I could smash his visor and see his eyes when that happens,' She thought wishfully.

'He's kept me locked up on here like an animal for a week... maybe longer. I'm can't wait to show him what a poor choice that was!' The silent ode burned through her body.

'Once I knock him out, if he says some takisit about how he was holding back, I'm going to rip out his tongue!'

That was when she tried out her newest plan. Day after day when she was allowed to roam free in the training area, she had waited till his back was turned and started loosening the screwd on a piece of piping. It was part of the backup coolant system, so as long as the primary failed she felt confident it wouldn't cause the ship to explode on her.

So when she felt her energy at about half her normal strength, she headbutted him to get a headstart and then raced over to the wall and ripped out the heavy pipe. Now armed with a weapon and now just her knuckles, she was quite sure she could win.

When Forge asked her calmly and resolutely to put down the pipe, Sabine drowned him out with a battle roar.

The teenage Rebel continued screaming as she sent the pipe left and right, up and down to try to knock his block off. In the end, Sabine got close three times and yet each time she failed to land the target she wanted. To round out her final loss on the matt, Forge ducked the bar sailing through what would have been his helmet. Up close and personal, the Mandalorian trying to make Sabine into the best she could be, delivered a one-two punch to her face and shoulder before tripping her to the ground with a 'Drunk Monkey-Lizard blow'

The Mandalorian saboteur landed on her back, wrecked and nearly out of breath. Her chest hurt from the last attack and her hands fell to the sides of her body. The strain to both their workout clothing was quite evident as she lay there on the ground. Beleaguered golden eyes looked up at her captor. Her breasts rose and fell while she breathed in the cold air of the ship. She realized her breasts had been exposed from one too many strikes to the chest.

'No doubt all the grappling attacks didn't help either. Examining the wear and tear more, she let out a soft gasp when she noticed that even parts of her thighs and her sex had become exposed as well.

"Where did you get these from? A Toygarian who only sells cheap secondhand crap?"

At that moment, a rage welled up within Forge. She had come close, too close to actually hitting his helmet, perhaps truly injuring him. Now his blood was up and his old instincts to fight and kill were eroding his more calmer and driven nature. The primal energy that some believed were the souls of a Mandalorian's ancestors cried out at him to kill the bitch.

'She will never bend. She will never become a proper warrior. She's useless and will only end up getting you killed.'

He clenched his fingers, taking a step forward towards Sabine. She looked up, noticed his change in demeanor. Somehow she couldn't bring her hands to the ground to push her body up.

'There is hope. There is time. Killing her would ruin every plan, all the lives lost, everything you've done. You have to press on...'

Still, the fire pursued. Blood boiled and as he looked down at her through his visor. Forge spotted her look of shame and embarrassment at being defeated once more, along with a bit of a strange look after she noticed him looking at her soft-brown nipples.

"None of your rebel friends or the Cadets at the academy put you on your back as much as I have. Did they?"

Sabine growled at him, but when she noticed a rip in his own clothes and a sigh of long hard flesh, her lips dropped open.

She quickly got a hold of herself, fighting off the little warmth on her cheeks as she turned her cute nose and sharp mouth from him.

“I... I am not down yet,”

The Mandalorian’s body drew closer, the flames and fury bubbling with every breath from his lungs. His cock pressed forward, eventually pushing out and revealing itself to the nineteen-year-old sprawled out on the fighting mat.

Forge fought against his basic impulses, but just like Sabine, something had awoken inside his mind. Each thought cascaded from controlled to chaotic. If she had to be spared, the least he had earned was his spoils, like many raiders before him when the Mandalorians spread across the stars in their great crusade.

“You’ve submitted...”

The powerfully built Mandalorian in his black body suit and emotionless T-visored helmet crouched over Sabine’s lower body. Even with the helmet, Sabine could guess what he was focused on.

Through his scanners, Forge noticed her elevated heartrate. It was thumping far more than just from the fight.

“I have not!” Sabine spat back and swung her legs across the ground to trip him up. Still the better fire, Forge’s superior training and strength stopped the sneak attack dead in its tracks.

“Huraahhh...” The young girl with dark violent and lavender color grunted. She should have kicked him in his dick. It was exposed and just begging for it after all. Her eyes narrowed. The young woman gazed up at her captor, a mix of shame, anger and...

‘Stop looking at it. Look at his helmet...’

“Submit girl...”

“You’ll get no begging from me,”

“If you do not admit defeat...”

Sabine looked up at him at him and then her eyes dropped down towards his sex. She noticed the strong size of his cock and the then her eyes dropped to the warm colored and slightly damp flesh of her exposed sex.

‘I have to win. And... while he’s... distracted with me... I’ll put him on his back and smack that helmet off once and for all!’

“I’m not down yet. If I had even one of my blasters, you’d have a big hole in your head!” Her words came out amidst frantic and shortened breaths. She hadn’t realized it until now, but more and more juice had been trickling free from her folds while blood rushed to her clit.

‘Karabast!’ She thought as the skilled saboteur felt her body betraying her.

Forge saw her will to battle, she was determined not to lose, or even accept that she had already lost. He patted the thick tip of his cock against the nineteen-year-old's pussy. The ends of her hair fluttered due to small twitches of her head and neck.

"Ne shab'rud'ni!" The insult wasn't as strong as her last one. Sabine felt heat on her cheeks as her neck lowered back while she started to process the feelings entering her brain. Each time he tapped her hood and the wet lines of her lips, it didn't feel terrible. Quite the opposite actually.

'Why does his cock feel so good?'

She felt her nipples fighting to full erectness. Part of her wanted to cover them up. He wasn't pinning her arms or anything, but then... she didn't think it was right to cover them up. 'He's winning, and if I do that... well... I... then my hands won't be able to grab him and choke him!'

Her strength burned inside her heart, even while her toes crunched and her heart continued bouncing beneath her breast.

"Huaahh... huh... hawaaahhh..." Her golden eyes widened. 'I can't moan in front of him. I don't... like this. I... I'm only thinking it feels good because I haven't gotten to... to do anything about it. Because he imprisoned me!'

Still, her lips continued opening, releasing new mewls and moans as she turned and looked away. She tried to imagine being somewhere. Mainly not in a position where if she looked down she could see where her pussy was being split apart by the bastard's incredible cock. Her lower body filled with warmth and titillating sensations. The young woman with lavender highlights found herself continuing to stare at his cock and even the nice-looking balls dancing against her body while her pussy yearned to feel even more.

'This is so wrong... I don't want... to feel this way. I want to feel...,' Eventually, even thinking started sliding off of the table while her half naked body twitched and trembled. Every time the Mandalorian pumped his body forward, Sabine felt her ass lift up while the deeper recesses of her pussy clawed and tingled around his big, long dick. She was so wet that a pool of her girlcum had formed on her shaved pubic mound and all parts below. The sticky nectar not only filled her mind with her scent, but it also made it easier for her captor to drive his cock inside her tightness with even more power.

"Wait... I'm... not.... Hoouaahhh!" Golden eyes fluttered as she gasped. No one had made her feel this way before. He was finding all of her weak points. In between each thrusts, she hungered to rip off his helmet and alternate being wanting to scream into his face, tear at his eyes, or just gaze upon his face while begging him to fuck her harder.

'How is he doing this? It's like he's trying to make me fall in love with his cock! Never... I'll never... allow... that...,' Sabine thought, even as her naked body quaked from his powerful thrusts. Whatever thought she tried to make kept getting knocked off their rails as her captured jammed his cock nice and deep against the door to her deepest point. Eventually, in between her racy moans, Sabines legs spread open even wider. The man claiming to be teaching her and molding her into a better fighter continued reshaping her pussy with his big thick cock. When he saw her legs widen, he gripped the spot behind her knee and kept her in the position she had offered him.

Now when he thrust inside of her, Sabines eyes became half-lidded and completely shaded by lust.

'Now he's fucking me like an animal! Like he's trying to breed me! While.... I'mm... I'm never going to...

"Fuck.... Fuhuaaakkk!" No matter her resistance and her thoughts, the cannisters of pleasure that had built up during her imprisonment and even before continued bursting open each time his dick bottomed out inside of her and his thick balls rubbed and tickled her spread labia.

"Get'shuk! Guahh... awauahh... Muun! Muahah!!! Nar dralshy'a," Hearing her cry out in Mandoa for him to hammer her pussy harder made her feel loss amidst the tides of her pleasure. All she wanted to do was feel him jab his thickness into her sex, to use her without a care about what she wanted. The young woman howled and each new barrage of thrusts made her pussy gush out more and more of her cum while her heart hammered away beneath her bounding breasts. She began pulling on her nipple and rubbing the hot flesh of her areolas while she gazed up desperately into the armored helm looming above her.

In an attempt to stifle her moans and screams, the young woman with violet and lavender hair bit down on her knuckles. She tasted her flesh, just as her pussy continued tasting the sucking up the powerful cock jumping and throbbing inside of her. Part of her mind urged her to hold on, to at least snare victory from him by having her cum first, but she was unable to hold back her orgasm any longer. When it came, it came like a ship ripping through space within her mind. The cup of her lust flooded even as the man who trained her continued fucking her with the same vigor and drive as when he taught her.

As the heat overwhelmed her, she couldn't even close her legs if she wanted to. The only thing racing through her mind was how pleasing it felt having him continue to thrust deep inside of her while her entire body melted from head to toe.

"Niaahh... hurahhaiaahh!" Sabine mewled out as a themrl detonator of white-hot pleasure began scorching her flesh inside and out. 'More... more.. make me cum even more you beast!' Sabine feverously thought as her head spun and her pussy ravenously milked on her teachers big, thick junk. She forgot about everything else at that moment. Her family, her friends, even her imprisonment became thin slivers of memory compared to the huge river of pleasure she was drowning in.

A powerful surge of heat was the first sensation to bring her back to reality. It burned her in the most intimate and natural way. She didn't know what to think about that, and her only thoughts were on how she could actually move her fingers and toes under her own control now. She missed basking in the warmth of her orgasm, but now her pussy felt a bit sore and her back was strained.

'Maybe if... if I let him do this again, we can do it before training for hours...' She thought glibly. Still a bit lost in a daze from her orgasm and the feeling of him shooting his load inside of her, Sabine didn't remember him getting up or hear him coming back. She only realized he'd been gone when he nudged her bare, sweaty shoulder and handed her some towels and a bottle of water.

Eventually she realized that the man wearing a Mandalorian helmet and a black body suit had stopped looking in her direction. His head was even angled forward and down.

"N'eparavu takisit," The apology surprised her immensely.

"... I... uh," Sabine's breathing slowly began to normalize. Her brain still burned, just like the insides of her pussy where he had cum inside of her. She was surprised that her first instinct wasn't to grab

something sharp and jam it into his neck like he had sank his cock into her pussyflesh. Instead she looked at her teacher.

“I did not submit to you in our duel. And... when we fight again, this will have been the only time you saw me like... that...”

Before any of them could say anything else, the space around them rocked violently. Sabine and Forge grabbed one another to keep themselves from falling and hitting one of the nearby walls. She felt his warm cock against her flesh. It was wet, still coated in her juices, but she didn't mind it much.

Immediately rebuking herself, she stood up and saw her captor doing the same. No words came from either of the Mandalorians. They were under attack, and whoever it was, it sounded like the first attack had already eaten through plenty of their shields. When the man in a black helmet and body suit left the training area, Sabine found herself following closely behind him. Imprisoned or no, she had to make sure she didn't get blasted to bits by whoever was firing on them.