

Chapter 5 – Red Mistress, Black Master

Lando counted himself as being a Master at studying people from all different walks of life. This bird, however, was proving quite the tough one to figure out. She had brilliant crimson feathers and a nearly constant face that said she had no time for nonsense. He knew that she was a woman of action too, having seen her use a lightsaber, a blaster and just about everything in the book during combat situations. She was as deadly as she was fine to look at, and the scoundrel found himself looking at Mara Jade plenty of times during their trip.

It was the end of the first week now, essentially the end of the first half of the journey. Luke Skywalker asked Lando to give Mara a ride aboard his ship, the Lady Luck. The former Emperor's Hand had stayed behind the Jedi, obviously not too thrilled about something. Her eyes had brightened slightly once Lando showed her the interior of his vessel. Just like him, the yacht was beautiful, inside, and out.

Mara ended up leaving Luke behind without much of a goodbye, and Lando felt sure that the two had gotten into one quite the disagreement judging from the alluring redhead's icy shoulder.

"Thanks again, Lando. I am sure that you and Mara will find something on Rhen Var. If I didn't need to keep training the new Jedi Knights, I'd be right there with you,"

"It's not a problem, Luke. A nice fortune of credits and a trip to some place few people have seen, I couldn't ask for a better trip. I just wish the company wasn't an ex-Imperial, Haha,"

"Well, she hasn't been an Imp for a while now but... Well, nah, it's not important. Safe travels, Lando. Message me if you run into any trouble,"

"You got nothing to worry about. And I'll keep my eye out for Mara," Lando said as he shook the younger man's hand. Naturally, the consummate gambler knew that Mara could take very good care of herself, but he wanted to set the young Jedi's mind at ease. With the weight of returning the Jedi to the Galaxy on his shoulders, Luke had enough on his plate without worrying about his girlfriend, especially after whatever argument the two had gotten into.

'Not my business,' Lando had thought. But that had been several days ago, and overall, Mara had just kept to herself, making for a less than ideal traveling companion. She handled herself well, being his copilot, helping to navigate through a pocket of space frequented by the Remnant and pirates. But other than that, he figured he could only count up to a hundred words from her gorgeous lips.

'This is going to be the longest, and most boring trip ever if we don't figure out some common ground,' Lando thought to himself as his fingers tapped on the steering console of his vessel.

"Alright, I'll bite. You obviously have something on your chest," Lando softly declared with a sly grin. "Normally I'd serve you up a nice meal and try to pull back the curtain over a nice bottle of Corulag Red, but I try not to mix business and pleasure,"

"I thought that is what you always do, Calrissian?"

"Oh please. Lando. Always Lando to my friends,"

“And your enemies,”

Lando twirled his hand and gave her a half-shrug. When even that didn't break her frosty resolve, he leaned back with a bit of a frown.

“Are you trying to tell me something, Mara? Haven't we always played well together?” The gambler said. After all, both he and the breathtakingly beautiful redhead were outsiders to the main trio.

“My finesse and your ferocity,” Mara gave him a cold look of indifference.

“Whatever you say...”

Later Lando found Mara training in the dining room. She moved most of the chairs around to allow herself plenty of space. When her eyes saw him, she stopped.

“I'll put them back when I'm done,”

“No rush...” Lando said, he tried to focus on just walking, but the redhead as a sight to behold, even if she wasn't wearing her current outfit. To work out, the former Emperor's Hand chose a matte black outfit. Lose-fitting it was not and his dark eyes couldn't help but enjoy every curve of her tits and hips.

'It would be rude not to appreciate, but then again, she's with Luke,' Mara's gaze narrowed on him. Deftly, she jumped and flipped over the dining table, landing in front of him with all her sweaty glory.

“Spit it out, Lando,”

“Alright, you missed your calling as a gymnast,” She rolled her eyes at him.

“I can hear your thoughts when I focus. You don't need to worry about, Luke. Hmmph. He has his head so far in the clouds these days, it's enough to make me want to kill him again,”

“Obviously, it's none of my business, but naturally, I know it's never good pissing off a woman without a good cause,”

Mara gave him a short smile. “So, you'd piss me off too? Risky move...”

“Haha. Who me? No, I wouldn't dream of it. No if you were my girl, we'd be missing across the stars, making only the best kind of trouble. They are still a lot of good deals to be forged out there, with a bit of luck,”

Now poured on the charm. Leaning in close, he gave her a sparking grin. “Then again, just being around you would be a fantastic adventure all on its own,”

“You think I'm the kind of girl who would fall for some line like that?”

“I think you already have, you made sure to work out here instead of in your stateroom,”

"I... ahem. I wanted to apologize," He nodded, now realizing her choice of attire might have been a simple over-correction. Not that he minded.

"I appreciate you wishing to indulge me. But you've got nothing to make up for,"

"Luke can just... be so arrogant. Worse, he lets the Jedi business ruin his life sometimes,"

"Leaving other... tasks..."

Mara didn't nod or answer. Instead, she gave him an appraising look. "You're saying you've never done that? Left a woman waiting?"

"Never! In fact, with the right motivation, I could give you a first-hand presentation," The redhead actually laughed at that.

"I was trained by top Imperial spies in sexual fitness. I'd eat you alive," Now it was Lando's turn to chuckle. He leaned in, giving her a crooked grin.

"Mind making a wager on that?"

She brought her body right up to him.

Her hands ripped open his dressy shirt.

"You know that was a one of a kind,"

"Shame..."

Then she pushed him against the one of the tall viewports that formed the walls of the cabin.

Kissing and rubbing and then she feels his cock. Even through his black satin pants, she could tell that the size was remarkable.

"No wonder you're so confident,"

Lando was not much for strength, but years of being a cardshark let him with dexterous hands and plenty of tricks to catch his opponent off-guard.

'I love a strong woman, but showing Mara the ropes will be a lot more fun...'

With that, Lando reached a hand forward, caressing her cheek for a moment. Then his dark fingers streamed down her light skin and gripped her neck.

He pulled her in for a kiss. Within moments of connection, his silver tongue began exploring the inside of the redhead's mouth while his free hand pulled up her workout shirt.

Mara battled back, biting his lip and preparing to wedge him against the wall more, to show who was the dominate party at the moment. But then, something wedged her own body.

'He's getting... bigger!' She thought with surprise. And still he kissed her, causing more parts of her body to call out for badly needed affection. All of the strain and trauma of her training left her in a constant state of needing validation. Many times, she could simply pull away or leave the potential lover by the wayside. Right here in this moment, his thick fingers tweaking and playing with her nipples while his thick erection continued nudging her pussy, Mara felt her body's wild side becoming more and more alive!

Their lips parted and then Mara heard a womanly, unrestrained moan crackle through the air. It took her a moment to realize the sound had come from her own lungs. The air in between the two crackled with electricity and very quickly, she found her curiosity overwhelming her control. She pulled Lando's hand from her neck and eagerly began slurping and sucking on his fingers. Her lower mouth became no less unfettered than her lips. With each hurried breath through her nostrils, the sharp-cheeked beauty felt a river of her juices forming. In no time, she knew that Lando had to be feeling her the wetness of her workout pants against his throbbing cock.

Her greenish-blue eyes sparkled at the dark exemplar of charm and gentlemanly decorum. No longer did she wish to prove her strength to Lando. After tasting his fingers with her lips, Mara could think of nothing she wanted more, than tasting his thick black cock in her gushing white pussy.

"No need to rush,"

"Shut up..." Mara brushed him off and quickly turned away from him and pulled down her sweaty pants and panties. She gave him an unexpectedly cheeky grin and then waved her fingers towards him, in a flash, Lando felt his pants loosening as his belt opened up. Mara used the Force to yank down his own clothes, finally revealing his long and sturdy cock to her hungry eyes. Using her incredible flexibility, the peerless redhead lifted up her right leg and set her heel on one of the support ribs of the ship, opening up a clear opening to her dripping lips.

Privately, Lando felt glad he's splurged on a top-of-the-line cleaning droid as Mara's lips were far wetter than he'd imagined. Then, he wasted no more time and guided his thick cock right up to her welcoming pussy.

As much as Mara had been preparing her body for the penetration, nothing could quite prepare her aching pussy lips for when the thick dark head at the tip of Lando's cock began shoving against her petals.

"Eahuah-uhaah... Ooouha-huah... Ehuaah! Oh fuck!" Her eyes shot open as her breath hitched. Her pale tits shivered suddenly as her body struggled to get used to the great thick girth now spreading her body open.

"Lando... you better..." Mara's hair bounced, and her lips gaped open while her eyes struggled to not roll up into the back of her head. The throbbing pillar of big black cock stroked again and again within her tight, squishy insides.

“Finished already?” Lando slowed his thrusts after asking the question. His hands washed and rubbed all over her ass and eventually even reached across her lower body and stroked and teased her clit. She howled like a Nightsister in heat. No one had ever found her button so quickly and in no time, Lando’s thrusts picked up the pace, spearing all the way up into Mara’s womb while the former assassin’s pussy started squirting all over the stately deck of the *Lady Luck*.

“Not a- Ooouhah! Chance. Keep going... Make it fit all inside of me! Lando! Don’t you dare stop! “Ohurah-huah... Oooh-huahoooh fuck!” Savage beats of white-hot pleasure coursed through her body. She’d never cum so quickly and the redhead suddenly felt her pussy scrambling to squeeze and milk her handsome lover’s cock. In the face of such a complete and humiliating defeat, her mind rallied around one lone idea.

‘My one saving will be if I can make him cum close to when I do,’ Anything other than that felt like such a dishonorable outcome.

‘If I’m going to be streaming out like a Nar Shadda whore while I tumble through my orgasm, I’m at least going to enjoy feeling his cum pour out inside!’ Using every last ounce of strength and focus that had survived the onslaught of Lando’s big black cock, Mara steeled her nerves and invested everything into tightening any slack in her folds.

The gambler let out a savage grunt and the heat inside of his throbbing, cum-laden balls ignited. His last strokes were nice and deep, resonating with lustful hunger as his crown smashed against Mara’s womb.

“Ooouuuaah! Sithspittuaah! Oh fuck, baby...” Mara screamed out deliriously. Her mind became unfettered, bouncing through a dizzying dream of heat and lecherous aching as Lando’s cock drilled her throughout his own release. The first spurt of his thick sperm scorching her pleats made Mara’s tongue droop out. Her mind noticed nothing but the searing warmth of her orgasm, and the wet drops of spit flying off her tongue while her pussy squirted again.

When her mind finally returned back to reality, her vision remained a mess, spinning and sliding. Luckily, she found herself being cradled by the scoundrel’s arms. They lay on the ground and when the strength finally came back to her, Mara leaned forward and saw the warm trickle of Lando’s jizz slowly seeping out of her slutty hole.

‘Well... this trip is going to be a lot more exciting than I predicted...’ Mara thought to herself. Within a minute after she recovered, the sexy redhead began grinding her sweaty naked body against Lando and hungrily nibbling and kissing on his neck. Round one had simply gone by too fast for her, and the assassin’s hunger would simply not abide only fucking him once.