

Content Alert

In this chapter I'm going to mark a sex scene since it has kind of a primal sentient encountering our two spunky Mando lasses. I'm sure most Patrons will be fine, but just in case, the start and finish will be marked.

Krownest

Bo-Katan knew how to hunt a Cevolk. The Tylauris would be another situation, but she knew she could handle it.

Ursa Wren continued following behind her guest, Bo-Katan as they entered the wooded area on the edge of the mountains. She kept her thoughts about Bo-Katan's decision to herself as the Countess and leader of Clan Wren made sure to keep up with the blue and black armored woman.

'We are Mandalorian. We stand among the most skilled and cunning of our generation. If we find a Tylauris, we will make short work of them...' Still, as strong as that front was, a few nervous thoughts remained inside her mind as her armored boots continued moving through the undergrowth.

While Ursa was having second thoughts, about the hunting trip and other things, Bo-Katan had the steel resolve that she had seen Pre Vizsla display time and time again. She would kill the beast because it would show Ursa Wren her strength. Then Clan Wren would join her forces. Word would spread like fire and more clans would follow because they would realize that her path was the only way to free Mandalore from the Sith.

'In some ways, I could simply wait out Maul. Perhaps find a little planet of my own and recruit warriors from far and wide, train them and prepare them. It is only a matter of time before Maul does something foolish or the True Mandalorians in the Capitol realize he doesn't give a single Meiloorun about any of them.

'All he wants is power and to kill Kenobi. He will not bring Mandalore back to a Golden Age. Not like Pre could have, not as I will...'

In time, the pair found more signs that they were getting closer to the Cevolk Bull. The discovery filled Bo-Katan with excitement. She hadn't killed anything in days.

"We should corner the beast. I'll end it with my knife," The busty woman in blue and gray armor boasted.

Ursa studied her companion for a moment. A big enough Cevolk would be hard to bring down with an accurate spear throw, let alone a stab at the perfect strike point.

'What is she thinking? She's more likely to scare off the beast if she tries to get in that close.'

The woman in gold and gray armor let out an aristocrat 'huff'

"Your boldness is foolish. Risking the prize to prove your worth is juvenile. Even if you accomplished the kill as you plan... you know that my mind is made up..." The Countess declared with all the pleasantness of a Bantha fart.

Hearing that proclamation, Bo-Katan almost stopped in her tracks. 'Then why in the blazes did you invite me out here?' She wanted to scream out, but the sister of the late Duchess trapped her tongue. Resetting her gaze on something she'd seen before, Bo-Katan moved further from Ursa and then crouched next to a boulder and tree.

The other Mandalorian female inched closer. She'd been prepared to hear some form of rebuttal from Bo-Katan. Instead, she only found the woman digging her hands into the mud and then reaching up and covering her breastplate, crotchplate, and essentially her entire armor in the filthy muck. Ursa recoiled.

"What are you doing?" The woman dressed in much more stately armor called out as Bo-Katan planted another handful of the thick mess onto her helmet and shoulder plates. After she was thoroughly gunked up her plates, she made sure her visor was free of any of the mud.

"You've been staying too long in that castle of yours, Ursa. Even if we end up using a spear against the Cevolk, we should mask our scents..." Bo-Katan said before grabbing another pile of mud and foliage and walking towards Ursa. She smiled behind her owl-like faceplate when the woman actually took a step back.

'Hah. I wonder when this nob last personally hunted a beast or even skinned a fish,' In Bo-Katan's mind, the woman could have ended up just like Satine if she hadn't come to visit. True Mandalorians belonged in the thick of battle, in the grit and the grime, not in palaces or estates. In the undaunted warrior's mind, being stately and proper was a worse fate than even service under Maul.

"We can't all be... never mind. You cannot seriously expect me to-" The question that wasn't even finished being asked received a swift answer when Bo-Katan walked over and smooched her mud-covered palm against the Countess's gray and golden breastplate. The sheer audacity of even the simple act had Ursa's mouth agape with shock.

"I-I... what is the matter with you?" Ursa called out while Bo-Katan continued on, sliding her fingers this way and that on her armor.

“Your armor can be washed, Countess. But if we miss the Cevolk, this hunt will be for nothing...” Bo-Katan grunted out, obviously having a little bit of fun as she dirtied up all of the woman’s finely kept armor.

They continued tracking and each time they saw a sign of the bull, they moved slower, their helmeted gazes ever watchful. Eventually, they got within striking distance of the Cevolk.

Each woman prepared for the strike. Bo-Katan held both spear and blade in her hands, very used to fighting with a weapon in each hand. Turning to her host, she leaned her helmet to the side in silent question.

Ursa nodded back wordlessly.

The fierce redhead stalked her target. A fire of rage and fury at the wastefulness of the day began clouding her mind while her yellow eyes remained on the antlered beast.

‘If I am to have wasted a day here, I will at least have the honor of bringing Clan Wren a feast...’ Bo-Katan thought, inching closer and closer towards the large four-legged mammal.

Suddenly she heard a ‘Snap!’ The Cevolk’s head rose up, turning immediately towards Bo-Katan, she took a breath and prepared to pull back her spear when suddenly something else appeared.

Ursa felt her throat tightening in surprise. They were not the only ones who had found their Cevolk. With a mighty roar, a tall and lumbering beast of fur muscle and horns crashed through the trees. The first thing the Mandalorian of Clan Kryze noticed was the Cevolk jetting away from the area.

“Sheb-sucker!” She cursed. The beast stretched out its arms to its side and barred its large mouth at the two hunters once more. The threat wasn’t made of words, but it was clear all the same. Leave.

Bo-Katan charged in bravely. Her spear was ready in her hand and the agile woman bounded off a boulder and propelled her armored form towards the Tylauris.

“Die!” She hissed out as she aimed the weapon at the creature’s neck for a killing blow.

The Tylauris, unfortunately, was just a bit quicker than the armored woman. It turned to the side, causing Bo-Katan’s spear to miss its neck and then stick into its meaty shoulder. Her forward momentum carried her body down but her grip on the spear made the archaic weapon break apart.

The creature, now with a spear tip embedded in its shoulder let out a pained howl. Ursa moved in with her spear, looking for an opening and then dodging out of the way as the beastman swung it’s hairy at her. On the other side of the Tylauris, Bo-Katan pulled her knife from her boot sheath and then moved back in to strike again. An inhuman roar caused her to think twice. With two heavy steps, the creature down from the mountains sized her up. She didn’t pull back, but she didn’t race in either. Using the

trees of the forest, she continuously ducked her helmet just beneath the powerful attacks of the behemoth.

Finally, she got her opening as one of the beast's arms got caught between two trees.

"Ba'ge bac'ner!" She grinned devilishly and then swooped in. She aimed her blade towards his internal organs because without her jetpack, she had no hope of being able to strike against his neck or eyes. At the last moment, the arrogant woman saw it, the mangy fist popping free of its trap. She didn't know if the beast had deceived her, or she was just unlucky, but suddenly she received not one, but two powerful, pummeling hooks. Her Beskar saved her, but as she drifted up from the ground, Bo-Katan came to a bouncing crash at the base of another tree. She grunted inside of her helmet and prepared to get up, but she felt nowhere enough strength or will to push through the pain now aching in her arms and legs.

'I'm going to skin him!...'

Ursa saw what had happened to her fellow Mandalorian and she tightened her grip on her spear. 'I should run, I can go and get my soldiers. Then we can scorch this menace. But... by then...'

Her helmeted gaze darted over to Bo-Katan. Who knew what would become of the heiress? Bo-Katan was a problem... that was easily understood. Still.

'I... I can't just leave her. No... I... I can't,'

As Ursa struggled, she braced herself and tried to get in between the Tylauris and her peer. It was a mistake since the large, furry creature had been ignoring her. When the small Human woman tried to stab at its head with her spear, the beastman turned, whipping its powerful tail at the gold and gray armored woman with alarming speed. The tail was not only fast but strong. It smacked against the spear in her hands and cracked it right off Ursa's helmet. The spear broke and caused her to flinch, as the Tylauris faced her with all his might and bestial fury.

Hauling her up in one hand, the beast with a squished snout-like face with sparkling, dark eyes snarled at her. Its other powerful hand moved forward and ripped Ursa's helmet off. Seeing the feminine face who had been hiding in an armored shell intrigued the creature.

But this one smelled weather to the creature. Better saved for last. Barring a maw of ugly but vicious-looking teeth, Ursa got a faceful of the wretched smell of what remained of the mammoth foe's last meal.

"Oh... by the ancestors... that's disgusting. Put me down! Leave us o-or I'll-" Uninterested in hearing the Human's yipping, the usually mountain-dwelling sentient merely flung her against a nearby tree. Ursa tried to get up off the ground, but armor or no, the impact of her smashing the tree had knocked the wind completely out of her lungs. She coughed and wheezed as pain flashed through her body.

>> NOTE – If you're not a fan of Feral Sentient Creatures and naughty women, Skip this Scene. The End of the Scene will be noted in Bold and Underlined.

Resuming its focus on the first little critter who had interrupted its hunt, the Tylauris went over to Bo-Katan's form. Her yellow eyes glared up at the beast. She began reaching out for the vibroblade nearby, but the creature's energy and drive would not be deterred. After planting a hooved foot on her arm, and hearing her squeal with rage and pain, the massive beastman grabbed her by the throat and then shoved her face-first to the ground. Moving in behind her, he examined whether or not this thing was also another female hiding behind strange plate that resisted its strength. It turned out to be true.

Unlike the one with brown fur and olive flesh, this one had intense, red hair and pale skin. Now unhelmeted, Bo-Katan's gaze looked back towards the creature as the Tylauris' claws pierced into her jumpsuit and ripped aside the black material. The Tylauris chortled behind her. It turned out that finding the sweet, soft, and squishy parts of these females was as easy as shoving a shelled rodent onto its back to find its unprotected flesh.

Bo-Katan snarled as she felt her jumpsuit being ripped. Soon her pussy and asshole were on full display to the feral beastman, along with a cold chill from the forest around them.

"Par gar ge'c mirdir baat bic!"

Whatever the woman said was no concern of the Tylauris. She had to pay a price for her interference. He could have just eaten her, but she was not as soft as she'd originally appeared. A clawed hand pinched Bo-Katan's rear, feeling her hard, taut flesh while he grabbed and positioned her arms against her back. Reaching out from between his legs, the monstrous being's cock started unsheathing itself in preparation to dominate the foolish, red-furred creature.

"Ni par partaylir Tylauris jare mirci't..." The fiery redhead growled out in confusion. Soon, all thoughts fused into one alarming realization when the tip of the massive flatheaded cock touched down against her unguarded pussy. Bo-Katan bit her lips instinctively.

'Impossible. This dumb brute can't... no... even if it does, there is no way-' The Tylauris gripped her by the shoulders and pulled her body back to envelop the first few gargantuan inches of rock-hard flesh into her velvety embrace.

"Di'kutuaahoowaaah!!!" The woman with short-cut crimson hair wailed out as her pussy started getting railed by the monstrous Tylauris. Working to slam more of its girth inside of her, the creature almost regretted his first thrust. The bitch was incredibly tight, far tighter than any of the females of his kind.

Then again, he liked a challenge.

Bo-Katan meanwhile continued becoming intimately familiar with the great power of an adult male Tylauris's cock and sex drive. The creature's sex was long and big with a bit of extra bulbous thickness

for the first part. Behind that, she could feel its sheathed flesh. It was warmer and stronger than the larger part currently barreling into her womb, and soon enough, she began feeling her pussy juices splay out in great amounts as she was utterly dominated by the feral beastman. His raw cock forced haggard breaths out of the redhead's lungs while her tits bounced freely without fabric or armor.

"Osik'la ni! Osik'la niiahaah!" When her thoughts caught up to what she was saying, Bo-Katan could hardly believe it. She was being split open by the Tylauris and yet she kept begging for more. When the creature's thick ballsack began tenderizing her butt and the outer folds of her vagina, the woman's cheeks blushed while her eyes began crossing. As her juices stained the little tuft of red pubic hair, the Mandalorian couldn't keep her tongue from flapping while she was hard-fucked by the much larger being.

'I'm just his bitch... a bitch to be used. Fuck... fuhuaak... why... huhaah... why does it feel... so Osik'ling good?!' Each thrust left her with less and fewer thoughts. It was like her brain was an anvil being smashed by a power hammer and each strike continued breaking her into pieces.

The beast lumbered over her naked back, its powerful breeding pole slamming inside of her with more gusto than she'd been letting any man fuck her. Bo-Katan's red locks jumped with each surging thrust and soon, her pussy began to pulse while the last vestige of her control flew off like a rocket from a jetpack.

"Huaah... harder... slam me harder... punish my hole with all of your raw strength... huhuaa... ffuhuaahk..."

Her yellow eyes crisscrossed, losing any trance of their usual sharpness. No... if she could see herself now, Bo-Katan hardly felt she'd recognized the woman gasping and begging for the being gripping her shoulders to pound her womb even more.

Floating and bumping along feelings of bliss and utter pain as she took a cock quite larger than any before, her saliva slowly rolling off her tongue suddenly leaped in the air as a searing pitcher of cum started being poured straight into her sex. Every inch of her unprotected inner folds and passageway shuddered with thrilling sensations and a deep burn as the creature used her with little to no thought of her own pleasure. Bo-Katan felt so full and throughout it all, she continued feeling the flatheaded tip as he continued pounding away at her juicy cunt.

'He's cumming... he's cumming and shaking... his hips... Karabastuaaah!' she thought before her mind felt like it was pelted by a disruptor blast as more and more copious blasts of the Tylauris' jizz filled her cunt completely.

When it was finally over, the Tylauris grabbed her head and pulled her back as he thrust one last time, making sure she would not soon forget the cost of coming into his territory. Then, after yanking his huge, alien cock from Bo-Katan's pulverized cunt, the beastman set its gaze on the other female

offender. Lying limp on the forest floor, the torrent of cum soon exploded out of the Mandalorian's pussy and made a mess of the little patch of Bo-Katan's pubic hair.

When Ursa Wren came to, she realized she no longer smelled the stink of her armor from when Bo-Katan had covered it in mud. Instead, she smelled something incredibly foul, and felt something boiling and gross rubbing against her pussy.

"What? What is this... how dare you. I am the Countess of Clan Wren, you foul creature! How dare you desecrate my armor. This has been in my family for- Dank Farirkooohuaah!" The Tylauris jammed its great sex into her folds and a ruined jumpsuit became the least of her worries.

'He... h-he... put that... thing... inside of me...' Ursa was too shocked to even think about how she was not only being stretched out to the point of breaking by the Tylauris cock; but that Bo-Katan's juices still coated the monstrous rod as well. All she could process was her utter disgust and the unfathomable tension of her pussy struggling against the foreign object throbbing within.

"You... nraah... you can't just shove this rotten thing inside me... nrrnn... do... you... Huaah... know who I amihuaah?" Ursa swooned and fell forward, planting her gauntleted hands on the rigid chest of the mammoth being. Each time his cock pounded inside of her, it nearly felt like her stomach was bulging from the huge shaft being pushed within her shapely form.

"By my Ancestors! You're going to break me... Just... what... what are you trying to dowaaah!" The normally prim and proper Countess moaned out as the bulbous girth of the length continued blasting through her deeps. Each time he pulled back, she not only whined out, but it also felt like a shard of her brain broke off each time she witnessed the awesome majesty of the apex creature's mating behavior.

"I am... n-noble born... you... must... cease... this..." Ursa's strength gave out amidst her howling, almost animalistic grunts. She continued protesting about how she was so far above the foul cretin you might have imagined that it was the fact that he wasn't on her status level that was the problem. Soon, however, astute, and arrogant lies aside, the brunette turned into little more than a cocksleeve for the mighty Tylauris, just as Bo-Katan had.

"Don't..." The Countess with shaky orange eyes mewled out, all strength in her body only going towards her pussy. She yearned to feel more pleasure, to feel utterly ravished by the beastman. It was unlike anything she'd felt before. Still, all of her upbringing and austere nature, could not be undone just because of such a strange occurrence. Even when she felt him beginning to twitch and get bigger inside of her molten tunnel.

Her orange eyes shot open.

"Don't cum... inside... I'll neveruaahh... forgive ... youaaah!!!" She moaned out wantonly as the cock bull-rushing its way against her womb slammed into her flesh with reckless intent. The next second, the woman in her tattered jumpsuit with only a few armor pieces began nuzzling the mighty specimen. She even rolled her hips and kissed his neck, urging him onward to complete his task.

'I... I will tame this beast. I will be the first... Mandalorian... to do so...' she thought, adrift in a haze spiked by erratic pleasure and a compromised mind. Any thoughts she managed only had one goal, feeling the beastman spill his load inside of her.

When he finally came, Ursa screamed out louder than ever before. Seeing yet another open hole, the orgasming creature stuck his long tongue into her mouth to shut her up, and to prepare her for something else he had in mind. The two moaned out against one another and Ursa saw flashes of whiteness spark through her vision as her pussy became utterly flooded in the scalding semen of her captor.

When he finally stopped spurting inside of her, Ursa hugged her half-naked body against his dank-smelling fur. Her confidence eked slowly into her mind, making her believe she'd somehow gotten through to the barbaric monstrosity, even though his cock was still nearly splitting her in half. Suddenly, the beast got up from its lying position and gripped her limp body with a clawed grasp. Ursa just blinked weakly in confusion. Then, he pulled her unceremoniously off his cock and flipped her body over. Ursa fought through feelings of vertigo and found herself staring right at the still somehow hard penis. She blinked and her nostrils flared from the smell. The sight was no better. The Tylauris's shaft throbbed, coated with a gooey mix of both the beast and her own juices.

>> NOTE – Scene End

"No... oh no oh no... not that... you must be frakking me!"

The Tylauris let out what she assumed to be a laugh and pulled her in, closer and closer. Then suddenly, it stopped.

'Hyuuuk!' was the last sound she heard before the tall creature lost his grip on her. Ursa tumbled to the ground and settled onto her knees. Looking up, she saw Bo-Katan with her arm wrapped around the Tylauris' neck with her vibroblade dug into the back of the being's head.

"Never... huaah... turn your back on a Nite Owl. Di'kut!..." She spat through a scold before she stabbed once, and then twice more. Ursa ended up having to roll to the side to avoid the dead body as it crashed to the ground.

Slowly crawling over to the brunette, Bo-Katan inspected her for wounds but Ursa shooed her away. After managing to breathe in a few uninterrupted breaths, the Countess had immediately sought to cover up her body.

“Ni naas...” Ursa said, still in somewhat shock about what had happened to them.

Bo-Katan nodded and then reached down to pick something up. Ursa’s crotch plate.

“V-vor... Vor entye, Bo-Katan...” The Countess of Clan Wren replied, before bowing her head respectfully. Who knows what would have become of her if Bo-Katan hadn’t found the strength to kill the beast? Ursa resisted the urge to rub her pussy which was still leaking out all of the frothing load of sperm from deep inside of her.

Lady Kryze nodded back and then began finding her own armor plates. It was a proper poodoo-show. She knew instantly the pair could not patch up the damage to their jumpsuits.

“Looks like we’ll have to sneak back in,”

“You’re correct,”

Ursa said with a mild look of amusement. She turned when the redheaded warrior sat down next to her. In Bo-Katan’s hands was her own helmet, and Ursa’s. Ursa respectfully took it and slipped the buy’ce over her head. When she turned, she looked at Bo-Katan, who was watching the beast’s dead form.

“This turned out to be quite the hunt,” Bo-Katan said sarcastically.

“It proved we have much to learn, if we are to work together for your goals...” Ursa declared slowly, her normal grim yet determined tone returning to her speech.

Bo-Katan’s Nite-Owl helmet immediately turned back towards the other woman. “What do you mean?”

“There are not many Mandalorians I know who are as persistent as you Bo-Katan...”

A thin smile appeared behind Bo-Katan’s armor plate. Perhaps it had all been for something after all. Without at least one clan joining her, she would have been lost. No one would join her crusade. That being said, Ursa hung out the fishing line for quite a while. Right at the point of her frustration boiling over, her fellow Mandalorian finally continued.

“Six months. That is all I can give you,”

“I’ll take it. Thank you, Countess Wren,”

“You’re welcome, Lady Kryze. Together, we shall ensure a proper Mandalorian ruler leads our people...” Ursa said.

Rising up, Bo-Katan reached out a hand to help out her new ally. Ursa accepted it gladly. Now all that remained was for them to get their shebs back in doors.

'When I join her, I won't mind journeying to some warmer locales,' the leader of Clan Wren noted.

The only question that remained in Ursa's mind was where Bo's crusade would lead her next.

I hope you enjoyed. Don't forget to vote! 😊