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Contains: Breast Expansion as Weight Gain, Stuffing

These characters are mine, the setting is not.

Happy Star Wars Day.

The Hyperfood Drive

A burnished-silver ship sped through Hyperspace. Seated in the cockpit, two women in brown robes discussed their mission.

“Tell me again where we’re going, Padawan.” The Jedi Knight, Jennlyd Whyste, wore her blue hair in a short bob, grey highlights showing her age.

“The planet ‘Pegrilia,’ Master Jennlyd. Did you forget?” Cinally Millbur, Jennlyd’s apprentice, had crimson locks that stuck out in a wild pixie cut.

“I did not forget, Cinally. Why are we going to Pegrilia?”

“We’re looking for some kind of... food... machine?”

The Jedi Knight pinched the bridge of her nose between thumb and forefinger. “It’s not... well, I suppose that’s not an inaccurate way to describe the rumors. Allegedly, there is a device on Pegrilia that can create edible food from otherwise worthless raw material.”

“That *does* sound cool, Master.”

“Yes, Cinally... ‘cool’” the older woman agreed, grimacing at the word. “We’re about to drop out of Hyperspace. Can you tell me why these rumors warrant our attention?”

“Um...” the redhead looked around the cockpit thoughtfully. “People need to eat?”

Jennlyd sighed, flipping several switches and pressing a button that made the ship lurch as the blurring stars solidified into a field of white dots. “Yes Padawan, people need to eat. With the Empire in ruins, the loss of their infrastructure, unjust though it was, has left chaos across the Galaxy. A new unlimited food source could be a great boon to the New Republic; feeding millions and possibly even revolutionizing star travel.”

“Like I said, cool!” Cinally grinned, bouncing a little in her seat.

The Jedi let out another sigh, tilting the control stick forward. The ship dipped toward the planet’s atmosphere as they began their descent. After the ship touched down and the pair went through their shutdown process, Jennlyd continued.

“We know little and less about Pegrilia. The settlement here is small, and said to be run by...” She waited for her apprentice to answer.

“Grand Moff Searly?”

“Searlu.” Jennlyd corrected. “And she was never a Moff of any kind. According to Imperial records she never rose above Second Lieutenant, though such ranks are irrelevant now.”

“Of course.”

The Jedi shed her robes, changing into civilian clothes.

“This is said to be an independent settlement now, but old hatreds do not die easily. We will be posing as merchants, so be on your guard, Padawan.”

Cinally followed Jennlyd’s example, replacing her telltale Jedi garments with less conspicuous clothes.

“Yes, Master.”

As the pair walked through a small settlement, the Jedi Master experienced a sense of *deja vu*. There were perhaps two dozen men and women walking around the dusty streets, between shacks and tents, and a large structure that looked to have been constructed from old ship parts.

There were no cattle, no fields, not even gardens. No one appeared to be working, save for the steady queue of settlers walking to and from the large building. From their clothing it was clear the residents of Pegrilia were former Imperials. A few wore officers uniforms, and the rest had the armor of Stormtroopers.

Every last one of them was inadequately clothed, however. The officers had jackets and coats hanging open over round bellies and full breasts; Cinally spotted one with his trousers undone. The troopers still clad in full armor walked with difficulty, the pieces visibly straining over their bulk. Most wore only pauldrons and boots; clearly breast and leg plates could no longer fit over their plumped bodies.

The reason for the disheveled state of the settlers’ uniforms and armor was no mystery; anyone who wasn’t waiting to refill their bowl from the large building was eating. Neither Cinally nor Jennlyd recognized the fare – bright blue and green lumps in a golden sauce – but it must have been delicious, based on the former Imperials’ voracity.

The Jedi glanced at her apprentice, who was gawking as they walked. “Remind you of anything, Cinally?”

“It’s... it’s kind of like *–uh–* Shore sun?”

“Shoresoun.”

“Right. But it isn’t all green and stuff like it was there.”

“Indeed. The rumors appear to be true; the machine must be in that building, and does seem to be providing endless sustenance to the people.”

“But they’re so... so...” Cinally’s voice dropped to a whisper. “Fat!”

“Hold your peace, Cinally. We will discuss excesses and austerity later. For now, we must seek a meeting with Searlu.”

Jennlyd waved down a particularly voluptuous former trooper; her breasts strained her under shirt and her snug trousers had several tears across her hips and generous rear. “Pardon me. Where might we find your leader?”

“Oh *–gulp–* you mean the Governor?” The woman did not stop eating as she spoke.

“Yes.”

The trooper gestured with her spoon toward the large building. “She’s in there.”

Jennlyd thanked the woman and they made their way across the dusty thoroughfare. The entrance was guarded by a single plump woman even larger than the last, who was also eating.

“Hello. We represent a merchant consortium, and would like to meet with... *Governor Searlu.*”

“Come back tomorrow.” The guard said through a mouthful of food.

Jennlyd lifted a hand. “*We have an appointment.*”

“Oh! –*chomp*– You hav’ an appoin’men? –*ulp*– Why didn’t you say so? Go right in.”

The interior of the structure was more like a small factory than a single machine. Pipes and belts ran everywhere, and a cacophonous din of gears and motors whirred around them. They found Searlu reclining in a control room at the center of the structure. For once Jennlyd was speechless. Searlu was even larger than the Twi’lek they’d met on Shoresoun. Each breast must have weighed more than the plump guard outside the door. Full and round they rested over the woman’s body, hiding all but her head and arms from view. She held a tube in her hand that ran somewhere into the vast machinery, with its end in her mouth. Cinally put the pieces together before her Master.

“It dispenses food into those bowls outside, but she has her own personal source in here...” The redhead’s eyes were wide as rectennae as she stared at the impossibly busty woman.

Searlu removed the tube from her lips. “Ah, guests! –*sip*– Welcome to Pegrilia!” She resumed her suckling.

“Thank you, Governor.” Jennlyd began. “We’ve come to—“

“Oh how rude of me! Would you like to try some of our food?”

“I don’t think—“

“What about you, small one? You must be positively *starving*.”

Searlu raised a remote in her free hand to press a button; a top-heavy trooper emerged from an unseen corner.

“Would you like to come with me?” She asked Cinally sweetly. The Padawan looked to her Master, who only grimaced.

Jennlyd would have lectured her apprentice on restraint, but feared giving away their identities. She nodded, adding simply “A sample.”

The busty woman led Cinally away, and the Governor gestured for Jennlyd to sit. They spoke at length about the technology involved in her miraculous food machine. The Jedi used extreme tact and diplomacy, flattering the woman as she built up to her request. After nearly an hour, she came to it.

“Governor, we’d like to research your device, to license its use on other worlds. We believe it can do much good in the Galaxy.”

“Oh dear *-gulp gulp-* I’m terribly sorry Jennlyd. *-slurp-* The machine only works here on Pegrilia.”

The Jedi suppressed her shock. “Why is that, Governor?”

“It requires a rare element found only on this planet as a catalyst.”

“I see... and could not this element be exported?”

“Sadly no. It becomes *-suckle-* unstable when subjected to Hyperspace. *-ulp-* We could perhaps export the food itself... at a standard market rate in *-slurp-* Imper-*-er-* Republic Credits.”

Jennlyd maintained her impassive expression with some effort. This trip had been a complete bust. There was little value in a food source at standard rates when the local populace clearly had no need of the revenue.

“That’s very generous, Governor. My colleague and I will take your offer to the consortium. I’ll leave you to your... meal.”

The Jedi strode out of the control center to the sounds of humming technology and the slurping of a woman suckling herself further into immobility.

Outside, Jennlyd found her Padawan reclining in a large chair, shoveling the strange food into her mouth while the same busty woman stood ready to hand her a full bowl. Cinally's trousers were undone and her civilian shirt rode up over a belly so full and taut the redhead looked pregnant.

"Oh hey Jenn! *-munch-* You gotta try this stuff *-ulp-* it's great!"

"Come Padawan, we're leaving." Jennlyd commanded.

In her frustration and shock at how easily her apprentice had fallen to passion, the Jedi had let her own serenity slip. The woman feeding Cinally froze, mouthing the word "Padawan" softly. It was repeated by others, growing in volume as the settlers stopped eating. A cry went out and the plump guard rushed into the food factory as fast as her thick legs would carry her.

"*Dank farrik...*" Cinally snapped out of her hedonistic trance. She struggled to stand, so Jennlyd grabbed her arm, yanking her upright. The Padawan was too full to run, but her Master dragged her as she waddled to the edge of the settlement.

"JEDI!?" Searlu's voice boomed behind them.

Jennlyd turned to look back as she hurried her overstuffed apprentice. The former Imperial officer emerged from the factory, floating on a large platform like a Hutt. Jennlyd's assumption had been correct; in her greed, the woman had gorged herself until her breasts were so large she could not walk.

"Get back here you witches!!" She screamed. "After them!"

The Jedi and her apprentice heard shuffling feet and huffing breaths as the former Imperials fetched blaster pistols and rifles. A set of bright energy bolts flew past Jennlyd's head, followed by several more. In a heartbeat the blue-haired woman had her saber out, the low hum of its green plasma blade rising and cracking as she deflected the few shots that came near them.

The squad of troopers and officers struggled after the pair, sluggish and weighed down by months of lazy pampering. Most of their shots went wild; but Jennlyd was able to deflect several back to strike the easy targets of under armored and over fed troopers. Eventually the settlers gave up their chase, bent over with hands on knees, gulping air from their brief exertion.

Cinally was not faring much better as the Jedi hustled her apprentice into their ship. Clutching her bloated middle, the redhead panted and wheezed while Jennlyd mashed buttons, flipped switches, and the small ship roared to life.

Breaking the planet's atmosphere, the burnished-silver ship glided through system space. Jennlyd charted a course to their nearest safe haven, and started charging the ship's Hyperdrive.

"Padawan..."

Cinally grimaced at the older woman's stern tone.

"Yes... Master?"

"We're going to have that talk about restraint and austerity now."