

Location – Lothal

The Mandalorian named Sabine Wren walked the streets of Lothal. As usual, she was clad in the upper body armor and helmet of a Mandalorian warrior. While some warriors of her people relied on heavy plating for brutish full-frontal tactics, most of her gear was always geared to give her increased speed and agility for situations like dodging or capitalizing on distractions. Lighter armor meant that it was easier for her to chuck grenades and bombs, the latter of which, she was looking to shore up her supply of.

‘Hmmm, what should I get, cryos, flames, proximity mines? Probably best to make a mixture. Who knows what will happen the next time we go out on a mission.’ The grown woman thought as she continued walking around the Imperial-occupied city, she pulled out her datapad. With a quick couple of button presses and commands, she found a page containing the latest listings for Merr-Son ordinance. Her vibrant brown eyes looked over the items on the catalog. A frown formed behind her T-shaped visor.

‘That will never do the type of damage I want.’ Frustration boiled through her and she almost chucked the datapad aside. After pausing a moment, she closed the catalog and then started a quick laundry list to make some improvised explosives. Sabine realized she probably wasn’t mad about the damage yields. While the listing had been for civilian weaponry, mainly flashbangs and smoke grenades, it wasn’t the catalog that was frustrating her.

The young woman with blue and orange hair was mad about Hera. Yet again, the green Twi’lek captain of the Ghost was holding her cards close on their next operation. Being left out in the dark annoyed the Mandalorian girl to no end, especially whenever she saw stormtroopers or signs of the imperial occupation. Just complying with orders without knowing much about them or the bigger picture had her mind thinking of the past. When she studied and served at the academy on Mandalore, there was no room for questions. You just did, and Hera had promised Sabine that it would be different with her outfit.

Sabine’s sharp eyes pulled up from the datapad. ‘Maybe I should just do my own raid.’ Targeting a troop convoy on her own wouldn’t take much skill or explosives for that matter. With the devices she was looking to build, she could sabotage a vehicle’s engine, or make a precise explosion occur right as the targeted transport was moving down a street. A smile formed on her lips and she hooked up the datapad to her belt. After that, she began her hunt.

About an hour later, Sabine had found most of the basic compounds she needed. Unfortunately, after the last mission, she was fresh out of blasting caps, something required for just about all of the explosive experiments she was thinking to doll out. Just thinking about having them built and ready to make it a bad day for some of the white-armored occupiers got her excited inside her armor.

Once upon a time, the Mandalorian girl could have found blasting caps all over Lothal, a mining world long before the Empire swooped in and took over. But now Lothal was in the Empire’s grip, just like Mandalore, and her family’s ancestral home of Krownest. The imperial forces weren’t stupid, they knew to restrict certain items or at the very least, to only make them available to actual miners. But Sabine wouldn’t be stopped, the young woman knew just where to go for the supplies.

Moving quickly, but not so fast as to draw the attention of the stormies, the athletic operative headed to a different part of the city. There she came across a store that looked like it was not only late on its bills, but also like one good speeder crash away from falling apart. The Broken Pick might have looked decrepit, but so long as the owner was still alive, Sabine was confident she'd find just what she was looking for.

'Easy there,' she cautioned herself as her helmet looked back and forth. This part of the city was never without a couple of lowlifes and criminals looking to make some credits. Her fingers stroked the grips of her blasters, not only to center herself but give a sign to any would-be attackers that even if they tried something, she would at least make them pay for it.

Inside the shop, she found Jumper waiting. "I need some X-11 Hydrosplanners."

The old Aqualish with one eye looked her over. "It might be a while. That part should have been retired for years now, but I'll send word." Nothing else was said, and Sabine turned around after dropping a few credits for the old man. She knew the organization didn't pay him much. When she left, she gave her ass a little wiggle knowing that even with only one working eye, Jumper never seemed to miss the chance to check her out. She didn't mind. Giving the old man a treat would hopefully always keep her on his good side.

She walked in a slow but practiced circle around the area nearby the shop. Once she made contact, it was customary to stay close. One moment she was walking alone, and then the next, an attractive female of the Iktotchi race was walking next to her. The woman with down-curved cranial horns cleared her throat. "You called for me. Speak wermo."

"I need twelve blasting caps and three power packs for my Westars," Sabine said, recalling that she was running just a bit low on her weapon's magazines.

"I have six blasting caps at a place nearby, I'll figure out the rest by tomorrow. Come." Nodi, the horned woman said and took the lead. Sabine followed her down an alley and the two ended up at a noodle shop. The food smelled awful, but Nodi went inside all the same. There the horned woman nodded at the vendor and then went into the back. When she came out, she handed Sabine a small bag. The Mandalorian woman reached to take the bag, but Nodi didn't let go.

"Where are you going to use them, Mando?"

"Wherever I want. Since when do I need to give you an itinerary?"

"Well, it's just that my boss would like to give you a discount. We just need to know where Imperial forces might be distracted. Fifteen percent off the price."

"I'll think about that for the other charges. I think with the six you have right now. If I knew where I was going I would tell you, but today, I'm feeling random and chaotic."

"I understand. Just don't lose your fingers, girl. You're one of our best customers on this rock."

"One more thing." Sabine wanted to sigh inside of her helmet. She knew what the 'one more thing' would be.

"Have you given any thought to my boss' offer?"

“No offense Nodi, but I already have a job.”

“Times are getting difficult. My boss is even tempted to offer you ten percent more on each job. You just got to prove you can do it.”

“You have my answer.”

“Alright, Mando girl. Enjoy your job, just remember who to find if you ever want to make some real credits.”

After Sabine left Nodi, she went out looking for some fun. She'd have to make the explosives when she got back to the Ghost, but she wasn't going to return without enjoying herself just a bit. It wasn't long before she found the opportunity. An Imperial lieutenant, his underlings, and two stormtroopers arrived almost right onto her lap. They stepped out of a nicely furnished speeder and Sabine could feel her lips salivating. 'Time to give them a gift,'

Taking out her spray tool, she checked to make sure she still had some paint loaded and then she waited to make sure the officer and his cronies were out of sight.

Everything went well for a few minutes. She was just about to finish off when a trio of stormtroopers came into the area.

“Hey, you! Stop that at once!” The white armored soldiers aimed their weapons at her and immediately started pursuit.

Moving quickly, Sabine dived off to the side, blasters appearing her grip so fast it seemed like magic. After firing off a couple shots, she rolled away from the enemies and towards the entrance of an alleyway. As the Stormtroopers closed in, she fired off additional warning shots above their heads. Killing them wasn't really an option since that would definitely escalate things. Fortunately, the white-armored thugs flinched in the face of her shots and it gave the young woman the chance to escape.

Sabine raced through the alleyways and when she didn't see anyone around, she prepped her jetpack to blast off. Right as she was about to escape, she turned and saw a stormtrooper drawing a bead on her.

Her feet rose up off the ground right as he shot the stun blast. She couldn't believe her crappy luck when the stun blast hit her. Her vision swam as the blast took effect. The last thing she felt was a sense of falling before things went black. The last thing she remembered was her hands flailing at nothing as she tried to grab onto something to stop her fall.

The first thing that the young woman realized was that someone had removed her gauntlets and her weapons. Fortunately, even without her weaponry, it wasn't like she couldn't kill people with her hands. Unfortunately, the young woman quickly realized that she wasn't going to be jumping into action anytime soon, not with her hands locked with binders and rope around a chair.

“What was she doing?” She heard a voice ask.

“Being dumb. She painted some mess on Lt. Tombs' ride.” A second voice said. It was strange, but it almost sounded like the first one.

“I hate that guy.” Sabine realized she must have still been dreaming. The third voice also

“Quiet, she’s coming to.” A light turned on nearby. When her eyes opened, they worked to adjust. In front of her, she saw a man with close-cropped salt and pepper hair. He looked like he was maybe in his forties, but everything about him shouted out soldier or fighter.

“Listen up troublemaker. I’m sure someone like you knows how this works.”

Sabine kept her reply slow and lumbering. She wanted them to underestimate her. “I’m not sure what you’re talking about, sir.”

“Don’t waste my time. Your commlink, it’s got frequencies used by terrorist groups on the planet.” The stormtrooper in charge leaned in, holding her commlink close to his lips. She looked away from him, feeling naked without her blasters and gauntlets.

Another man approached. He wore stormtrooper armor, but just like the first man, he had no helmet. Stranger still, his face was nearly identical to that of the first man who had spoken to her, save for some different scars and a different haircut.

‘They have clone troopers on Lothal? They must be part of that new company that arrived,’

“Give up another rebel in the area and we can talk about a deal. Refuse, and you’re on the first boat to Stygian spire.” A dark gravely voice declared.

“Easy there big guy. I’m no rebel. I’m just an artist.”

“I wasn’t born yesterday.” The second trooper said.

“Yeah, do we look foolish enough to fall for some nonsense like that?” The third clone said, he was skinnier than the rest and had a purple tattoo on his left eye.

“I don’t know, I’ve yet to meet a smart stormtrooper. Maybe you’ll surprise me.” The slap across her face was expected, but that didn’t mean she was able to completely ignore the pain when the first clone hit her. ‘If he did that with my helmet on it would have broken his fingers.’

“Your weapons, Miss Artist, are illegally modified Westars that should only be in the hands of the Imperial military or specific contractors. I don’t think you’re either of those two. Plus, your gear is true Mando steel. Warriors wear gear like this, not street punks.”

Hard to hate a man who knows true art when he sees it. Why don’t we talk about another deal? Something that will be good for all of us.

“Are you crazy. You’re our prisoner.”

“I know but we gotta figure out something. I work for my uncle, he’s sick and he needs my help with his fighting ring in the city. I help with security, that’s why I need the big guns. If you help me out, I promise, I won’t do any more art, I mean graffiti.”

“We’ve heard fake promises before.”

Sabine shrugs off some of her armor. Now with more range in her arms, she was able to reach the cocks of two different stormtroopers. A quirky smile appeared on her lips when she started feeling warmth flowing and filling their cocks.

'This will be a cakewalk.' Sabine thought as she turned and winked at the stormie whose cock she didn't have a grip on yet.

"The presentation is basic, but I still have an opening." She said with a chuckle. The veteran clone officer took her cue and quickly removed some of his white armored plating. Sabine saw that his cock was big and hard, and he pressed it towards her at the same instant she relaxed her jaw and gave him a perfect wet docking bay for his 'ship'

"Mrrlllhhp!" Sabine gurgled and sucked on the stormtrooper's thick throbbing cock. Her brown eyes fixated on him, nurturing him to full erection while she nurtured her own growling lust by enjoying every bit of his taste. It wasn't long she tasted precum on her lips and inside of her mouth.

'Such a salty treat. Maybe I should have tried this earlier.' Sabine thought as her chin and lips rolled forward, taking more and more of the man's girth while her skillful hands never forgot about the other two troopers that she was handling. Just like the cock drilling towards her throat, the other two cocks were starting to leak precum, and quite freely. The warm trickles turned into floods and soon all three of the Imperial troopers were groaning and shivering. Of course, the stormtroopers hadn't had a go fuck in many months. As a result of people like Sabine, they were on nearly constant rotations and they weren't going to be happy with just her handiwork.

"Let's open her up boys!" The man with his cock in her mouth shouted out. Despite looking a bit worn and weathered, the troopers moved with incredible speed. Sabine barely had time for a breath as they ripped off her remaining armor and nearly tore off her black bodysuit. Soon the young woman was completely bare, save for a bit of drool on her lips and precum smeared on her fingers. Her breasts rose and fell to the rhythm of her labored breathing but she didn't stand still for long. Taking the initiative, she put her hand on the chest of the lead trooper and moved him onto a chair.

"Watch her movements." One trooper behind her said, but by now Sabine's lust has been tickled. She wasn't going anywhere till she was completely satisfied. Swinging up her naked leg over the man's body. She got into position while quickly rubbing her fingers over her clit. As she smeared the men's thick warm precum over her most sensitive button, she let out a stuttering moan that made her tits shake and her pussy loosen in preparation. The Mandalorian girl always loved a good time, but with her work, it was rare that she got a proper fucking. She only hoped the stormtroopers would prove adequate. When she lowered her lips and felt the man's thick rod pushing her lips wide, Sabine moaned out and quickly felt confident she would not be disappointed.

"Mriaahh... I can't believe the size of that thing." The purple and orange-haired woman cried out. Her vaginal lips rubbed and throbbed all along the nice big prick pressing into her sex. Sparks of pure lust spread out from her clit and Sabine inflamed them even more by moving her hand back down and flicking and slapping the small pint point of flesh even as she road the trooper's cock like it was a raging bantha.

The veteran clone trooper soon decided that Sabine's tits looked lonely. His hands reached up, slapping her left tit once to make her yelp and then he quickly started pulling and pinching on her exposed nipples. The instant his attack began, he felt her pussy quiver and tighten all along his cock as she continued riding him.

“You... you geezers really know how to Nurrahhh... to treat a lady... Fuhhuakk... fuck me.” Sabine moaned out, her breasts starting to fill with heat as her sex felt like it was melting around the thick hard cock jamming along her walls.

“I sincerely doubt you’re even close to a lady.” One of the other troopers grunts as her body continues bouncing on his comrade’s dick.

“Shut up and get in gear.” Sabine’s eyes sparkle mischievously before a hand grabs the hand pulling on her tit. The stormtrooper was making her wet, but he could be doing more. He could be rougher with her.

“What?” The man nearby asked, his tone confused while his eyes never left Sabine’s tight bare body.

“I still got an exhaust port buckethead! Get over here and show me what you do to naughty girls like me.” Sabine could barely finish her last sentence. With her breasts being all but ravaged, it felt like her mind was being flushed in a bowl of tantric fiery pleasure. Still, when she heard the footsteps of one of the other troopers moving, she got even more excited and struggled to maintain control.

Any sense of control vanished when the man unceremoniously jammed his cock into her asshole. It had been what she asked, but generally, that hole’s lucky users used a bit more finesse for her sake. A line in her mind was cut and her pussy let out an explosive river of cum. Sabine screamed while her body bucked and gyrated on the large thick cock still reducing her pussy to a coil of melting flesh.

“Sithspittuaaah!!!” The young woman’s lungs burned as a flash of unabashed sensations flooded her mind and body. Her orgasm turned her into a quivering mess, but that didn’t invite either of the stormtroopers to stop.

Dazed and trying not to drown in the tumultuous feelings clouding her every thought, Sabine vaguely thought that her pussy was being stretched even more by the cock threatening her deepest points.

Is he getting bigger? It took her well over a minute to come to even such a simple conclusion. Focusing on the feeling of his raging iron-hard cock expanding inside her hole.

“Mrrawhhh... good...hot and muuuuuhhhh...” Her brown eyes were fluttering open and shut with each moment now. The soaring high was only just starting to crest, but it wasn’t like the two stormtroopers were going to be giving her a break anytime soon. Joining the fray, Sabine vaguely noticed that three other troopers were in the area. Much more important to even her sexually shattered mind was that her eyes saw that two out of the three already had their cocks out. Her nostrils worked overtime to bring in the new year while her tongue reached out and gently stroked along her drool and cum slick lips.

“Damn this tight ass. I’m nearly there.”

“Right there with you brother. Almost feels like she was just made to be fucked hahaha!”

“Would you two cut the chatter and just fuck me...”

“Roger that you slutty little rebel. Brace yourself!” The man who was the first to start fucking her declared. His hands slapped her ass and his teeth locked around her breast. Her eyes rolled back a bit as her body was flush with even more fire and pleasure than before. As his mouth tightened around her soft tender flesh, she felt the very first jolt of fiery cum.

“Yes... right there! That’s the best... Gurraaahhh!” The experienced soldier’s cock jerked inside of her again. Each twitch, each convulsion filled up her body with more of the clone’s thick warm cum. As the three other stormies in the room watched and jerked on their own long lengths, one could swear he saw the attractive woman’s eyes cross before rising up and becoming half-lidded while the man in her pussy continued filling her up with his thick load. All three of them continued masturbating on their own bulging cocks. The show was the closest they had gotten to a good lay for a while. They were not going to miss the opportunity.

Of course, one other cock was still a clear and present danger to Sabine. At least, to her ability to not cum once again. The hard pulsing cock continued punching into her puckering asshole. The skin had never been close to slack, but now, at the moment of his own eruption, it felt like a dozen firm warm fingers were milking and grasping his cock all at the same time. He couldn’t have pulled out of Sabine’s ass in time if he had wanted to, not that she did of course. Pleasure and strain pulsed in her mind, drawing her body’s own natural mechanics closer to a point of no return once more.

“Yes... this... this is a proper dick for a fighter like me. Its.... Itsuaahhh... it's getting hottuaah!!!”

“Enjoy some reinforcements, heh!” The other clone grunted before letting loose his own orgasm right after the young purple and orange-haired woman felt her mind fracturing one more time. All at once, her toes curled, breasts bounced, pussy tightened and her lungs emptied out in one rapturous moan as she came and felt her asshole being filled out with a great helping of cum. She was still in a delirious state when both of the troopers pulled their cocks from her. Her eyes felt disjointed and could barely focus, but her mind was able to perceive when they laid her back down on the chair. All she felt was incredible warmth as her heart hammered in her chest and both of her holes leaked out both of the thick loads of jizz the clones had planted in her. At that moment, the other three clones let out a chorus of barks and growls and added their own rockets of semen onto the Mandalorian girl’s naked body.

As her mouth slowly breathed in air, Sabine was rewarded for her efforts as even more cum splattered into her hair, onto her cheeks and breasts and even into the open hole of her mouth. After what felt like an eternity, she blinked and slowly managed to get a bit more focus. A small grin formed on her lips.

Things were looking up. She wasn’t in prison and if she could just keep her wits about her, she might very well outfox an entire squad of stormtroopers.