

Dantis moved on his hands and knees through the ducts of the Hutt's base. The fit was as uncomfortable as his goal was foolish.

'This is a new level of stupid, even for you,' the self-admonishment didn't stop him. A general sense of bravado in the face of danger went hand and hand with treasure hunters.

Eventually, the dark haired found himself looking down through a vent at his goal. Seeing the mysterious woman that had used his cock to help heal herself made part of him want to scramble back the way he'd come. But something kept him. He realized it was the memory of how when she had a chance, Cel didn't end up gutting him like a fish with her lightsaber.

Unscrewing the vent with his multitool, the lanky man with hair the color of night did his best to check for security inside the cell without tipping his hand. Finding none, he dropped down.

'Guess they didn't figure on her having any friends. Poor choice,'

The Sith noticed him in an instant. Dark amber eyes widened in the next. When he's spotted her, it appeared as though she'd been meditating peacefully. Now, Cel's eyes burned at the mid-point of annoyance and contempt.

Despite her expression, when his blue eyes examined the nullifier collar snug on her neck and a skimpy outfit with holes in all the right places, Dantis couldn't resist.

"Nice look Cel,"

The Sith's eyes flashed with anger but it was impotent. The collar held strong against any abilities the young killick hybrid wanted to unleash on the bastard.

"Before I kill you, I will carve those foolish words into your skin," she snarled through her agony.

Dantis had to laugh at her vigor, and to put a lid on his fear about being put through such a gruesome idea.

"Wonderful thought, but let's review your current predicament. You don't have to listen, you can just leave... or maybe yeah, maybe I'll leave,"

"Speak..." The growl in her voice sounded like some feral animal.

"I can get you out of here. You don't try anything and we'll both get what we want. The bounty hunter is still here,"

Cel's face contorted. She fumed and fumed, but eventually she gave him a nod. "Agreed,"

'I'll kill you once your usefulness is at an end...' The dark warrior silently threatened.

Dantis didn't remember a time he felt more like he had lost his mind when he started working on the collar.

The Sith smiled when she felt his fingers shiver while he continued his work.

'His hands felt stronger on me when we had sex,'

Shaking her head, Cel staunching shoved such foolish designs in a gutter. Still, when he freed her, she fought to keep even the simplest 'thanks' from rising out. Without him, she could have ended up facing the Nightsister again, an idea that remained very unappealing.

While he worked to free her from bondage, the Zabrak-Hybrid with the blood of two great powers took a moment to examine. This time, she actually took in his body and presence with more care than even after she'd used as little more than a charging station. And for a small bout of amusement.

'He's so simple. Back home I'd never need anyone to help me like this. But he still came here. Such a peculiar man,'

Naturally if he'd been part of the Hive, she would have kept him as a breeder since he had proven himself capable in bed. But he wasn't... and he'd ruined her original chance to kill the bounty hunter.

'Simpler to kill him,' thought Cel.

Soon she was free, and it finally felt like her neck wasn't at the point of breaking.

Dantis hooked the collar onto his belt and noticed the shapely young woman heading straight for the door.

Cel turned when she heard leather scraping together. She could not believe he'd freed her just to kill her since now she could use her powers again, but the Sith-Killik knew better than to assume anything. When her eyes landed on what he'd pulled out, she found that it wasn't a blaster, but a far more elegant killing instrument. Darkness flashed through her.

"You're lucky, most times when I find these, I sell them," She barely heard the scruffy Human say as she caught her lightsaber. Feeling the familiar weight, the daughter of Jezka felt whole again.

Tossing her hilt in the air, Cel quickly plucked the blade from his hand with invisible strings to test out her renewed connection. It sailed back into the Sith's raised hand. She sneered at the Human.

"Cease your irritating chatter. You are still responsible for this... this inconvenience."

"Sure, well maybe hold off that grudge till we're out of- Oh shit," worried Dantis as he prepared his own weapon.

Guards poured into the area. Beside Cel, Dantis blasted two of them in the ribs and then went behind cover.

'A Sith doesn't hide,' Cel thought before launching forward into the fray. Her crimson blade cut through armor and flesh like a blazing wing through a night sky. Her foes withered and cried out, missing limbs, or heads. The daughter of a Sith Lord basked in the chaos.

The Sith noticed the Human using her body as cover. Hoping up from his lowered stance, Dantis fired two rapid shots at the other guard. Cel stopped giving him her attention and instead screamed out. Removing two heads with a single swipe of her lightsaber, the fit and delectably formed figure became a wraith of darkness. Brutal killer energy flowed out of her and soon Cel caught Dantis off guard as she hurled a Gamorrean guard up and over her head with the Force. A swipe of her lightsaber sent both halves into another group of guards.

When she cut a path of destruction through four more guards, she came into a corridor with two heavily armed security droids, the Sith realized she'd lost track of Dantis. When the droids leveled their dual heavy blaster arms, Cel gave up seeking him out through the Force.

'I don't need him any longer. He was only slowing me down anyway. Too bad I won't get to kill him,'

Dropping low beneath the first barrage of green laser fire, the daughter of Sith and Killik heritage bounded off the wall. Flying forward, she corkscrewed and reached out her hand. Pulling on the wills and currents, she Force-slammed one droid against the wall behind it. Changing her dive into a roll, the battle-incensed woman; still in the skimpy prison garb the crime lord forced her to wear, neatly looped off the legs of the nearest droid.

Blaster fire erupted close to Cel's. Only a snap back of her blade managed to save her face and take one errant shot in her shoulder. The other droid had recovered. Spinning and turning with the punch of the attack, Cel dodged another barrage. Closing in, she eviscerated the droid with powerful swings of her azure blade.

Standing up in front of the smoldering pile of plate armor and circuitry, the ripped opened the doors. Alas, her good mood quickly vanished when she saw what awaited her.

"You..."

Dantis gave her an imp-like grin and then turned his attention back towards his target.

'I am going to enjoy this,' Fiery rage swirled inside the young woman's belly.

In front of the Human idiot, Cel stopped in her tracks when she noticed who he Dantis was holding up. It was him, the bounty hunter who cut down someone near and dear to her heart. She noticed the scoundrel keeping his hand firmly on the trigger of a blaster pointed at him. Eventually, she watched Dantis nudge the bounty hunter towards her.

'So, he can make wise decisions,' mused the Sith.

Cel was inexorably tired of things getting in the way of finishing this once and for all. It was time to end things.

The bounty hunter chose to ignore her, glaring back at Dantis. "You're scum. Worthless, traitorous scum!"

"Yeah but I think I'll survive this,"

Moving quickly, any softness in her expression vanished and became a face of pure focused rage. Her eyes seemed blazed and the bounty hunter tried to move. The last lesson he learned was that nothing could save him from the wrath of Celezka.

Nearby, Dantis watched the woman breath like some dreaded monster. Then, there was a flash of blue light and three differently shaped chunks of the man tumbled to the ground. The Human regretted watching.

'Well... at least that's over. Whatever that bastard did, he really made her-' before he saw her do something really idiotic, Dantis found his legs moving. His blue eyes locked into a terrified expression while he got closer and watched Cel drawing up air into her lungs.

“Karabast!” He hissed. The finder of lost things couldn’t reach Cel before she cut the relative quite with a scream.

It was a terrible, dark, and angry thing, like the call of a vengeful spirit. Unfortunately, the foolish woman stood in earshot of at least half a dozen guards. Those six summoned two dozen more.

‘What the hell?!’ Dantis thought as he quickly moved to cover up the scream. Cel shoved against him but he held on. A bestial bite against the flesh of his fingers changed his mind. The feral chomp was so painful he thought he might be missing a chunk of flesh and blood. Falling back away, Dantis’ eyes looked up to find Cel pulling back her lightsaber. When her arm flew forward, the blade spun towards him.

Before the blade tasted flesh once more, Cel watched in astonishment as the bastard lifted up a hand. Before it could sever his body, something forced her spinning blade away. The blue blade disappeared as the hilt clattered along the floor. Her dark gaze looked at him while her lips formed a terrible scowl. Dantis held up a single finger.

“You get one of those, crazy. Whatever your beef was with him, I didn’t sign up for a suicide mission,” Dantis growled out.

A feral animal growl answered him back. Dantis stood his ground but flinched as Cel yanked her blade back into her hand. Once again, the blue beam of instant death burned to light. It made her visage exceptionally scary for him, but if he were going to die here, he wouldn’t run from it.

Nothing held Cel back as she stepped forward. Her eyes burned with raging power, while her fingers hungered to be bathed in blood. She’d gotten her revenge, and now standing in front of her was an irritation without any merit; a useless waste of space that she’d allowed to live despite her judgement. Pulling back her hand, she prepared to correct her earlier mercy.

She didn’t hesitate, but she did lower her blade when an unconscious alarm rattled off down the length of her spine. A hiss like a viper’s threat resonated through her throat. Leaving the insolent idiot alone, she turned her back from him, bringing her lightsaber into a guard.

“Guards. Many guards,” Loathed as she was to admit it, she was not prepared for all the threats approaching. Her best bet would be to let the Human continue breathing, if only to use his body to eat some blaster bolts.

“Stay close to me. We’re not far from the exit,” Her teeth clenched and Cel’s eyes narrowed when the first guards appeared. She’d rather be tormented by her older siblings more than taking any advice from the thick-headed tramp. Alas she was acutely aware that her connection was returning to her like water through a miniscule opening. The anger she felt for him would help keep her alive. The more she succumbed to her anger however, the easier it would be for her to stumble headlong into a fit of battle lust.

‘I can’t fall to some criminal peons. What would Mother say?’ Determination rose up within her, something different than the violent storm billowing beneath her skin. With that feeling on her mind, she stepped closer towards Dantis. He had just enough time to look confused before she deflected the first volley of blasterfire.

Like inexperienced dance partners, the two moved with awkward and disjointed movements. Dantis led the way, navigating the criminal boss's abode and charring the insides of anyone who tried to stop them with double shots from his blaster. Meanwhile, Cel served as the best rearguard the scoundrel could have asked for. The shaft of blue light sizzled to block some shots while sweeps and dynamic motions of her hand sent bodies and random articles flying to sweep the legs out from other enemies. Something did seem to occur as they moved, something Cel didn't foresee. When an answer flitted through her mind, she dismissed it... but there it was, mocking her directly within the embattled cavern of her mind. She knew it all too well to not accept the answer. A bond, or rather, a simple string's strength of connection existed between her and the man constantly making her life harder.

'It must have happened when we mated. I should have just killed him then. Why didn't I just kill him?' New waves of anger fell through her form like a tumbling house of cards. As her connection stabilized, the Zabrak-Human hybrid started relying more and more on the Force to smash her enemies to the side.

In their hasty escape, Cel realized she couldn't kill as many people as she would have liked, but when the scoundrel announced they were close the exit, the young woman found she could live with that. Just before they emerged from the lair, newer, better-equipped enemies appeared from the corridors of the entrance area. These fools had grenade launchers. Cel wiped out half by simply rupturing the explosives within the weapons. Still, some explosive rounds flew out in their direction.

Tired and wounded, Cel fought on, managing to shove a pair away, but two more grenades floated in, mindlessly preparing to disintegrate her and Dantis in a wall of fire. At the last moment, one of the grenades seemed to be pushed by an invisible wave. It knocked the other grenade and caused it to go off target. The resulting explosion still deafened and burned the Sith acolyte, but the damage was far less lethal than she'd imagined.

She felt a hand pulling her. A muted snarl left her lips as she turned and prepared to cut off the insolent wretch's hand off. He must have sensed that was what she was doing because as she turned, she found the Human's hand releasing her own.

"I'm fine..." she tried to say but she couldn't hear any words. The ringing still continued in her ears as she spotted Dantis yanking someone out of their speeder as blasterpoint.

Wrenching open the door, she slid into the passenger seat. A moment before the door closed, Dantis sped the speeder away from the crime lord's base. Still suffering from partial deafness, Cel couldn't hear whatever the Human was saying. The Sith instead focused on being ready to kill him once they were a suitable distance away.

"Are you alright?" Dantis asked Cel as her eyes seemed to struggle to look at him. Looking own over her body, he discovered something that the hybrid's own adrenaline was blocking out. "Oh void..."

Through their connection, the young Sith woman felt his alarm while his eyes widened. 'Maybe he knows I'm planning to kill him. Finally I'll be...'

Cel's thoughts trailed off as her hand touched something wet and warm as she tried to relax her inside the speeder. She didn't want him to figure out she was going to kill him until it was too late. However, when she pulled her red fingers up, the young Sith realized something.

'Someone got blood all over me...'

She examined her body some more. Soon she found more and more depressions tinged by still cooling heat circles. It took her a moment but eventually the Sith soon realized that it was her own blood. Her left side, an arm and a leg had been hit by blaster bolts during their escape.

"Heh. Maybe I shouldn't have screamed..." She opined before the darkness took her.

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The young woman dreamed of her mother and Killiks. In the Hive, they all looked her with sadness and annoyance. She had not been trained to leave; she was trained as part of the agreement.

'I know you grieve, but you have a responsibility...' Her mother, Jezka had told her.

Three Killiks nearby didn't speak. They didn't need to. Instead, she heard their words through her connection, the great nexus of feeling and thought that she'd been connected to even before she was born.

'You belong here, child. One death cannot change your destiny.' The melodic tone of thousands of voices speaking in unison spoke to her like she was right back in the underground chamber.

She begged her mother and father to let her go once more. They had taught her to use her emotions to become better, more powerful. She was angry at the death of a family member, she needed vengeance, and she needed to know why they didn't care about it.

They had no answers for her and instead turned away, reminding her of her duty. That had been the point she made the decision. If they turned from her, she could turn from them.

Her vision drowned in swirling black darkness. Her hands flailed as blaster bolts hit her breasts, her abdomen, and her arm. When Cel screamed, the darkness filled her. If fought against her, ready to destroy her, but she fought on and on.

Suddenly, Celezka, daughter of Jezka woke up. Her face was flush, and her horns buzzed with energy while sweat rolled down her neck and shoulders. She still felt tired, but she no longer felt the tendrils of nothingness spearing through every inch of her being. Turning onto her side, the Zabrak hybrid saw she was lying on pillows and sheets. Purple eyes blinked and then scanned the room. Cel found herself in a fairly nice-looking hotel.

'Hmmp. At least it's a step up from the last place he brought me to,' The Sith was sure the Human was responsible. If he'd merely dumped her unconscious form out of the speeder, she wouldn't have woken up in such a place.

'He bandaged up my wounds... What... a fool...' Her eyes blinked again, each successive fluttering becoming slower... and slower. Soon, the Sith was asleep again, though this time she dreamed better dreams and didn't have to fight tooth and nail to keep the oblivion back.

Dantis lounged in a chair near the Sith. It felt more comfortable than many seats he'd parked on before, and the whiskey held loosely in his right hand was helping treat his stress after dragging her unconscious form along. He wasn't a bastard, but even he'd been surprised that he couldn't just dump Cel at a clinic. Instead, he'd run up one of his contacts, a noble who always fancied some new trinket of antiquity. With the information from the bounty hunter, Dantis was only days away from setting out on his next journey which meant some backers could get in on the ground floor.

'I just need to get him something shiny. Otherwise he'll string me up by my ankles and have a good drink while I bleed out,' He thought ruefully.

Nearby, he saw movement and he turned down the audio on the holo vid he'd been watching. The news had covered plenty of destruction from the crime lord's residence, but it appeared Dantis had been able to lose the trail of any cops or security.

The woman with Zabrak features rose on the bed and looked at him almost instantly. He figured she'd be too tired to glare at him. Dantis was wrong.

Hopping off the bed, the Sith stretched out her arms and legs. His eyes wandered for a moment before looking back at the screen. He didn't expect any thanks from her, but he was a little surprised by the brevity of her words when she finally spoke.

"I'm leaving now. I've got my revenge," Cel said as she scanned the room. Finding her clothing nearby on a dresser, she moved to it.

"Well I can't say it didn't have its moments," Dantis said as he rose up from the chair. He'd walk her to the door. Setting his back to the wall, he eyed the fit-bodied woman. He'd miss her constant threats to kill him.

The woman forged by Sith and Killik teaches paused her hands over her clothes. Dark-amber eyes snapped at her lightsaber and then back towards him. "You need to get your mind under control. It just may save you,"

"What do you mean?" Dantis asked, on edge already from hearing the anger thrust forward from her lungs.

"Arrragh... I can hear your thoughts. We're connected, when y-you," She couldn't blame him for fucking her. The choice had been her own. Straightening out, the woman with bandages set across her body and her arms raised her chin towards the Human.

"When you think about fucking me, I hear it like it like a dinner bell!"

"Why... what? Why did you bond me?" Dantis stepped closer, not truly believing her frantic words. How could they have a bond? He had no affinity for the Force.

"I used you earlier, to heal. This wouldn't be happening if I just killed you like I should. But... you kept me alive, so I will spare you... you're welcome,"

“I... Okay I’m not saying I wasn’t thinking that way, but you don’t have to worry about it anymore,”

He was done with her, and he had other things to focus on now. Moving closer, he grabbed a small bag that he’d filled with medical supplies to treat her. He dumped them out and looked to shove her clothes in so he could kick her out, once and for all.

“Now I know why I stuck my neck out for you! It’s this dump spell you put me!” Dantis growled out accusingly. It made sense to him. Her sorcery forced him to rescue her, to burn a bridge he’d had with the crime lord. He did not care about her or anything. He didn’t enjoy the little breaths she made when she tried to cover up her-

“Arraagghhh! No stop!” Cel hissed out. She tried to slam him into a wall with the Force but was too weak to do that. Instead, Dantis had to duck to avoid two magazines hurled at him.

He moved over to her. “Stop, I don’t want you. You’re nothing but chaos and insanity incarnate. And...” As he stood close to her, he felt it, Cel’s own desires. They rose up from her sex to her breasts like tiny floating balloons of lust.

“It’s you... You want to fuck me!” Understanding the truth, that they were somehow linked together.

Cel folded her arms, seemingly looking a little unsure for the first time in his mind.

‘Turn away. Turn away from him! Turn away now!!!’ Her mind screamed at her but instead she stood her ground. Having been taught never to back down, even her wounded state didn’t allow the Sith to give an inch.

‘Now if he’ll just give me an inch. Or... all his inches. He’s probably getting hard. Thinking about how I look when I... when I appeared to cum. What an idiot. Standing there and looking at me with those... eyes... No one else...’

Cel closed her eyes for a moment. She couldn’t look at him any longer. “If I ever... Ever! Let you touch me again; it would only be to use you. That’s all you’re worth, I know sleemos hopped up on spice who fuck better than-”

Cel didn’t know if she grabbed him first or if he grabbed her first. All she knew was that in the next instant, their bond lit up once again while their tongues fought for primacy as their lips kissed one another. The young woman did know that her tongue ended up in his mouth right around the same time she pulled off his shirt. Buttons scattered on the ground, but she didn’t care, just like she didn’t care when he picked her up. Muscular legs swung around his back, grinding her lower body furiously against crotch. As they kissed, her hands clamped onto his neck. She winced with pain when they both fell to the ground. She knew he’d wanted to turn, but Cel didn’t let him. Turning would have wasted more time.

She moaned out at him as his hands pawed against her hips and shoulders. Dantis took care not to touch her wounded areas. Instead his hand eventually narrowed down her body as husky sighs and indiscreet moans spilled out of her. When his hand found her petals, the embers of his lust became all the more potent. Fingers adept at working through booby traps and other delicate innerworkings surged in, painted themselves with Cel’s wet nectar. With every short



breath, the treasure hunter found more and more of her moisture. All her anger and rage continued melting away.

'Maybe it just moved...' Dantis thought with a grin. Suddenly Cel's hands pulled him in for a kiss that ended with a sharp bite on his lip.

"The time for your jokes is over..." She said softly, dark-amber eyes never leaving his own. The red pain of his lip lessened slightly when he added another finger inside of her. He felt her warmth but more than that, his dark-blue eyes could almost see the flickering flame of her passions each time his fingers moved.

Cel hated it. Or at least, that's what she told herself each time she trembled from his touch or cried out in shaded pleasure. She'd been groomed to be the perfect assassin, a dark shadow who didn't care about herself, only her missions. Now this man... this seemingly innocuous individual was connected to her, currently both mentally and physically. The dark-haired woman shifted her body upward, tearing and biting across Dantis' chest before falling back down when his fingers threatened to overwhelm her mind.

Another shiver ran through her naked form when he added his thumb against her clit. Grinding the big digit slowly against her sensitive numb had her fingers smashing the covers and tearing deep enough to threaten the sheets. Cel hadn't felt so good in a long time. A series of warm lights danced through her vision while beleaguered breaths fluttered along her gums and out along her twitching and lolling tongue. He'd done a number on her, but as the first sensations faded, the nimble Sith popped off of the bed, tumbling with the man she'd become bound to. They tumbled along the sheets for a time before she emerged dominant.

'You're not going anywhere...' Cel declared through their bond before her hands began racing down to his pants and the source of even more pleasure that she was hungry to capitalize on.