

18 years after the start of Vader's Ascendancy to Emperor

"This will be easier than I thought," Ryoo thought confidently. An array of smugglers, bitter, washed-out pilots, and thugs barreled into the room. The woman, twenty years old this moon, betrayed no sign of worry. She was descended from royal stock and trained nearly from birth in all manner of statecraft, including the stagecraft of shadows. The lions might have thought they cornered a sheep, but her soft features hid deadly daggers.

"Stun her," the smuggler captain said, so full of smugness, fully believing he had just captured some Naboo police officer on her first undercover assignment.

"Don't worry, beautiful. Tell us who you work for, and we'll go gentle,"

"Ah, so kind. I'd like to forgive you. But Naboo never forgives,"

The door kicked open. A dark armored boot retracted as quickly as a small device bounced into the room. Ryoo smiled while shutting her eyes rapidly. The flashbang went off, and suddenly, all the criminals rearing to blast her to pieces found themselves blind and broken while the Naboo agent and her sister went to work.

Pooja came through the doorway, two chrome blasters firing off a barrage of pinpoint shots. The smugglers fell in pairs as Ryoo's sister cut them down to size. Of course, the youngest daughter of Sola Naberrie wasn't about to be outdone by her older sister. Her lips curled into a sharp smile as she prepared to take her pound of flesh in service to her homeworld.

She pulled a vibroblade and axe from the belts of the smugglers near her. Once their attention landed on her blaster-totting sister, it was all too easy for her to steal their weapons and slice through the weak points in their armor. To most other people, walking in and announcing to smugglers and pirates that you are going to bring them in dead or alive would seem a foolish idea, but Ryoo learned from her Aunt that sometimes the ridiculous plans are the ones no one sees coming.

With her backup supporting her with a withering barrage of burning green plasma, Ryoo swept through the outlaws like a wraith. The buzzing of the vibrating blades nearly fell short of the screams from the pirates as she cut through flesh, muscle, and even bone on occasion. Every target she brought down was another target that would not infect her beloved Naboo with its corruption. Each and every last one of the people in the safehouse that Ryoo or her sister dispatched was another seed that would never take root in Naboo's pristine waters and incredible villas. Her world could rest easy knowing that once again, on the orders of the Emperor, the blades of Naberrie had protected their home.

Some smugglers pleaded with her, shouting out how they could change and that their business had no victims. Neither Ryoo nor Pooja cared for their words because both knew in their hearts that they were all lies. The fear of ilk would not save them, and they never stopped, neither

blaster nor vibroblade. And just like that, the raid ended with ten spice smugglers dead and two wounded. N-1 starfighters, painted blue and chrome, arrived on the scene, their spotlights illuminating the street as Naboo constables dragged out the two living and medics prepared the dead.

The sisters enjoyed a moment between just the two of them. Pooja gripped the back of her sister's head and somberly touched her forehead to her sisters. An unspoken sadness emerged from their eyes. This was likely their last mission together. With this smuggling ring broken, the threats to Naboo security forces were minimal. Pooja would be assigned to take up new responsibilities as Senator of Naboo, just like her aunt before her. Naturally, the two sisters would have been fine fighting criminals together for years to come, but like everyone in their family, they had their duties. These orders, in particular, came from the very highest order.

They took a chrome-plated speeder back to Theed. Their long brown locks whipped in the wind as the green domes and stately architecture grew before them.

"I am going to miss this," Ryoo stated, her tone stoic and resolute, bearing little trace of the sadness in her heart. She didn't want to leave her career behind and walk through the avenues of political power, but she didn't want to lose her sister either. They had survived a brutal upbringing during the Clone Wars, and now they would finally be separated.

Pooja nodded and rested a hand on her sister's shoulder to squeeze her younger sibling.

"It's going to be alright. And if you change your mind, I am sure the Emperor can find something for you to do on Coruscant,"

Ryoo gave her sister a shrug. If she was being honest, she couldn't see herself on Coruscant. The world was like some huge metal nightmare with all the chaos of a hundred worlds jammed in together. She was happy to serve the Empire on Naboo, far far away from the city planet.

"I serve at the pleasure of Naboo. Always have, always will,"

"We both will, sister. But, I'm sure you won't mind it too badly if I call on you to be my security attache a few times of the year,"

"Anytime. Just make sure they are short stints. Once Naboo is completely secure, I'll be showing off my skillsets to the underworlds of the neighboring worlds,"

"Tatooine has no idea what is coming for them,"

"They do not. You know how much I've been holding back. When I bring justice down on that nest of scum, they will be begging the Emperor for his mercy,"

Both sisters laughed and boarded a small Nubian shuttle to take them to the *Vengeance*, Darth Vader's star destroyer. The sisters arrived at the hangar. When the landing ramp lowered, their honor guard of stormtroopers and a few naval officers could hardly take off the women.

Ryoo, ever want to dance on the line, gave the soldiers in their gleaming white armor a show by shaking her ass as they walked across the well-kept dock.

"Don't enjoy it too much. It's not nice to play with them," Pooja warned her sister. Even though she would soon be a Senator, one of the most elite and powerful people in the galaxy, it didn't feel right watching her sister flaunt her body in front of the soldiers, men and women who would throw their lives on the line to protect her in her new duty.

"Oh, come on. It's all in good fun," Ryoo said, all grace and veiled arousal despite having butchered several smugglers in the early hours of the morning. A good bloodletting always got the older sibling in the mood. Many a time, Ryoo shared that she was sure their mother and aunt got the same way. Why else would Padme Amidala have put herself in so many dangerous spots if not for the sensual thrills that came with the ride?

The sisters were not the only members of the Naberrie clan on board the *Vengeance*. Her Imperial Highness Leia Skywalker was aboard the massive warship as well. She leaned over a table with various open holobooks and a swirling holo-display packed with information in front of her. The woman was barely halfway into her nineteenth year, but she approached the tide of information with the eyes of an experienced politician.

Leia was away from the capitol to meet with her father and put the finishing touches on a new slate of senate initiatives. Even though Naboo was the jewel of the Empire, many planets on the Mid Rim and its edges were still threatened by pockets of fierce pirate resistance. The galaxy is such a big place that almost every couple of months, someone thought they could carve off a bit and keep it to themselves, away from the Empire's guiding light and protection. Leia was confident that the new initiative's call for new ships and new young men and women drafts into vanguard services would help blunt the edge of the most savage of pirate groups.

And so, one of the youngest but also hardest-working senators was drawing up new security and surveillance initiatives. She was confident the measure would go through, even without her father's guiding hand. From her first day in the Senate, Leia had butted heads with the old guard that survived the purges. Eventually, she tempered her stubbornness, learning from her mother how to forge allies to help pass her initiatives.

The door to the room opened up. Leia kept her surprise from her face, mostly because she wanted to see how Winter reacted. The other woman in the room was up on her feet, blaster and vibroblade at the ready. When Winter's sharp eyes saw Pooja and Ryoo walking in, she immediately relaxed her posture and bowed her head.

"The Princess didn't tell me you were coming,"

"I'm sure she sensed it," Ryoo said snarkily. Her cousin was right on the credits. As they came along the path towards the Emperor's quarters, she sensed their approach.

"Sorry Winter. I wanted to see what you would do," Leia said playfully. Pooja gave her cousin a slight frown, but Ryoo was pleased to hear one of the heirs to the empire being so flippant.

'I guess she's not turning into a boring legislator just yet,'

The other woman in the room with stark white hair was as lovely as Leia, if perhaps a bit more taciturn. Winter Retrac had been groomed as Leia's companion and bodyguard since a very young age. She took the princess' safety very seriously.

"What are you working on, Cousin?"

Leia was glad to share the finer points of her new outline with Pooja. Part of the framework had been designed by meticulously studying intelligence reports, some actually gathered by Pooja and Ryoo.

"Every little bit helps," Ryoo commented dryly.

"Yes, but that is the problem. It might be too little. We can shut down every spice smuggler in the core, but new ones always crop up. They say crime never pays, but obviously, some would rather risk imprisonment or death for the credits to be gained,"

"Do you have to make it sound so serious, Leia?"

"If they're trying to corrupt planets like Naboo, you can be sure that there are many plots afoot in the Mid and Outer Rim planets. Father has all this power. It would be a waste if we don't continue putting it to good use."

"It's more complicated than that, Princess. All that power means men and women, weapons, ships. The galaxy has a chaotic spirit,"

Leia's brow furrowed at her cousin. Who was she to talk to her about politics? "You always act like you know everything, Ryoo."

Her cousin grinned at her. "That's just because I do know everything,"

"No, I mean you act like you're this wise master. You're just a few years older than me,"

"And don't you forget it, Princess," Ryoo teased her before being reminded by her sister that they had other more 'pressing' engagements.

The two cousins left Leia and Winter alone. Despite herself, Leia couldn't keep her jealousy from bubbling up inside her. The twins had been given so much more freedom than her. Both were put through grueling training in the deadly arts at the advent of the Clone Wars, even though her father and mother tried to keep that hidden from her. They have allowed her and Luke to train in an extensive catalog of modified Jedi training lessons, but lately, their father has gotten busier with matters of state.

"We should follow them,"

"Follow them?"

"Yes. You are the Princess. You should be aware of all matters of state,"

Leia nodded, and then the two headed off, eager to make use of the side corridors aboard the ship, corridors only a few people knew about.

Ryoo and Pooja stood before the Emperor. The most powerful man in the galaxy had brought both women into his private sanctum. There, Vader personally congratulated them on their latest success against the forces that would harm him and the empire he fought so tirelessly to maintain.

"You two have done so much. I want to give you one last gift before you go to your new postings,"

The air crackled with intensity. Both women had known the man before them for a long time. Even when he was still a Jedi, he'd radiated power and confidence. For Ryoo especially, to be so close to him was to bask in the morning rays of a Naboo sunrise.

Pooja couldn't believe it. She was going to become a Bride of Skywalker, a fitting label for one of the breeders that the Emperor had chosen since he took over. Naturally, her aunt would always remain the Empress, but she had never assumed she would be given such a blessing. Of course, she had always hoped.

Ryoo smiled sharply. She had suspected that this would be the message spoken to her by the former Jedi General, but the young agent of justice had never allowed oxygen for her hope to breathe. Now, hearing that she had been right and that she would indulge in pleasure only a select few ever knew, it was almost too much. Her nipples stiffened, and her womanhood became such a wet mess it may as well have been deep under the waters of Naboo near the planet's core.

"Whatever you ask of us will be yours, my Emperor,"

"Then you shall carry my child. Both of you. In this, the Naberrie and Skywalker clans will be connected together once more. Naboo is safe today, but when her sun sets on me, I would not see it without valiant protectors. Protectors born of our union,"

"We would be honored to carry your child, my Emperor," Ryoo could hardly contain her excitement. The thought of laying with Vader, feeling his raw power and magnificence as he dominated her body, was one thing. It would be something else entirely to become the mother to a child between them.

Pooja stood beside her sister, radiating her own mounting lust, though she had a little bit more decorum than her sister, and simply bowed her head in assent. Moments later, all three beings were naked on top of Vader's bed. The two women's naked bodies were peerless and pristine, as pale as the first snow on Alderaan. Even though he was much older than them, Vader remained in physically peak condition thanks to his abundance of powers. His rigid musculature echoed with power, but it was his thick, long shaft that always carried the girls' eyes.

The three kissed one another. Vader's lips were hard and imposing like iron, and yet each time he pushed his tongue deep inside one of the sisters, Ryoo and Pooja felt their cores melting rapidly. The two sisters were soon so lost in euphoria that they even kissed and played with one another while Vader fondled their breasts from behind.

"My Emperor. Please claim my virginity first. I want to be your best servant," Ryoo cried out, her breathing already a broken chain of discordant sighs and grunts. Just having his tongue and fingers assaulting her body had turned the woman into a hot mess.

Vader gave her exactly what she wished, flipping her onto her back and savagely bouldering into her pussy. The sharp pain when he deflowered her registered on her face. Even with all her training and experience, nothing could properly prepare the woman to be gouged by his force-enhanced cock.

His his fell against her with the power of a hurricane, and Ryoo's hand floundered for a moment before Pooja clasped her sister's fingers.

"I'm right here, Ryoo,"

"Pooja. It's so biguaaah. I'm going to cum,"

"That's okay, sweet sister. Let it all go. We are just his servants, you know that,"

It took all of her focus, but Ryoo finally managed to let her guard down fully. Then, the pleasure flew through her like a massive headwind, and she bucked and spasmed on the bed as Vader continued hammering her smaller form. She'd never felt anything close to the white-hot pleasure crackling up from her gushing womanhood all the way out to her stretched-out toes.

The feelings of Vader's hardness shooting inside of her were glorious, but the agent of the Empire couldn't help but hunger for more. She wanted to feel it, the rush of his sperm shooting inside of her womb, turning her into a mother and giving her even more bliss.

"Tighten up your pussy! I don't want you to lose a single drop,"

"Yes Lord Vader. Fuwaah... Yesuaah. I will do it... I won't shame myself... Keep going. Keep using me as your toolwaahuaaagh!"

Vader betrayed the first sign of exertion as he grunted and started cumming a great wellspring of his sperm inside of the young woman he'd just deflowered. Ryoo's hole quivered around him. He could feel her still trying to tighten up, but the instant his juices began pouring through her gate, the former virgin started cumming all over again.

Her spasming and moaning was a sight to behold, and it made him hump her even as he came. Of course, he was careful not to let the scintillating sensations overwhelm his senses completely. Just as he'd done with their aunt and many other women before, he raised his hand, letting the invisible threads of his power reach out and touch her eager womb. The woman's egg hardly needed any guidance at all to meet with the onrushing of his own essence.

Eventually, Vader slowly pulled his cock free from Ryoo's soiled and reddened opening. Pooja surprised them both, hungrily bending her shoulders down to bring her hungry lips onto Vader's cock. She began slurping lewdly, supping on the tantalizing cocktail of Vader's glistening cock juices and her sister's girlcum.

Pooja made one simple request to her beloved Emperor. Ryoo watched with a hint of jealousy on her lips as Vader guided Pooja onto his lap. Her sister wanted to be on top, and Ryoo wished she'd had the courage to make the same request.

Settled above his lap, Pooja's mind frantically tried to stem the tide of her fear as she lowered her body. Inch by inch, she drew down toward Vader before finally pushing her vaginal opening down on his massive crown. The size of his shaft, even at the tip, was no laughing matter, and eventually, her sister had to massage her tits and kiss her lips to help ease Pooja down on Vader's massive, hot pillar.

"I am sorry, my lord. I was too weak,"

"You are not weak, Pooja. I would not have chosen to breed you otherwise," Vader replied simply while he began slowly pumping his hips forward to reach the tip of his stiffness toward the core of the young woman's flower.

"I can feel your pussy pulsing. You're getting so tight around our Emperor's cock. You've been dreaming about him impregnating you before, haven't you?" Ryoo teased her sisters shamelessly while fingering her pussy like a horny little rabbit.

"Ah... huwaah... no more than you, Ryoo. Oh... ahuwaah... my lord... that's it... It's getting so hot inside of my pussy. I want it so bad... bathe my womb in your cum. Please! Plesuaaaaah!"

Winter and Leia watched from a secret doorway, totally enraptured by what they were seeing. Winter's body felt hot and heavy as her eyes widened, witnessing the sight of such a powerful man absolutely wrecking the two beautiful naked women in his bedroom. Leia's bodyguard started losing all control, just like Ryoo and Pooja. She began kissing Leia while her hand drew downward over her own body.

While Pooja quivered and sang a never-ending ballad of cries and moans, Winter's hand ventured down to her belly and slipped beneath the lining of her pants. The stoic bodyguard found her panties already ruined with her arousal.

"They're a mess. I'm watching the Emperor use his thing on Pooja and Ryoo, and it's turned my pussy into a broken fountain. I should not let my feelings emerge like this. But I can't turn away,"

Winter panted breathlessly from the very moment her fingers touched her dewy folds. Even the simple touch of her outermost petal had her entire body tremble. Weak in the knees, she feared she might fall forward and bump her shoulder against the door while Vader prepared to finish up with Pooja.

When Vader finally came inside of her, the woman about to join the ranks of the Senate beamed with so much pleasure and power she almost thought she might start to glow. Feeling the massive swelling of his cock before he jerked and lurched against her cervix sent Pooja's mind spiraling out of control. Just like her sister, the orgasm rent her body and mind in two before it quickly patched itself on the tides of Vader's passionate offering into her womb. She had never enjoyed such a pleasant feeling, and there was so much of it as Vader continued cumming inside of her crevice.

"You came so much inside of me. Ahuaah... oohuaah... Mrrahmm... Thank you, my Lord. I must be pregnant," Pooja panted. Vader gave her a smirk before affectionately kissing her on the neck. He was fine with letting both women think that they were not pregnant yet. He never tired of having such power over life and also didn't want to spoil the moment for them.

Ryoo rubbed her sister's belly and looked at him dreamily, some of his seed still slowly dripping out of her slit. "My lord, can I ask for one more thing?"

"What is it?"

"Can we stay on the ship while we are pregnant? I know my sister is due to work more in the Senate, but I'd hate to be apart from her during this new chapter of our lives,"

"As you wish,"

