

'I should have just stayed in that prison cell. Given enough time, I would have gotten a chance to escape. But I went with her. It was supposed to be the easy way out...'

Doctor Chelli Aphra banged her head on the terminal's keyboard. "Oh... Oww..." She'd meant to get a little pain, if only to shut up her excited mind from falling into the trap again. While the woman with long black hair and warm... almost kind-looking brown eyes had no one to blame for her predicament but herself, spending her downtime thinking about it wasn't going to help her figure out the solution to her problem. And Aphra had an excessively big problem on her hands.

She leaned back and let out a ragged sigh of frustration. A little cloud of icy air appeared in front of her. Aphra's 'lab' was kept at a near freezing temperature that required her lean body to be wrapped snugly in cold weather gear she'd picked up from the people who owned the ship. The frigid environment was part of an experiment, but it was playing hell on her body, in more ways than one. Reaching a hand inside of her furred coat, Aphra's eyes closed as she found her nipples underneath her shit. Just like they were an hour ago, the twin little nubs were erect and craving warmth... And attention.

Suddenly she was no longer alone with her thoughts, and her budding arousal. A lovely Mirialan woman stood beside the rogue archeologist. Former Imperial Agent (Missing, presumed dead, mainly because her partner had injected her with a genetic virus as part of his orders) Uzeriss unzipped her own heavy, layered clothing and exposed a nice plump set of luscious green tits.

'I wish cum came out of those knockers... Maybe I should... No. Need to focus. Come on...'

"Are we playing, Doctor?" Aphra gave her 'assistant' a little smile. When Uzeriss' partner injected her with an enhanced version of the virus that Aphra's friend Tala had in her veins, the serum did far more than change her body. Years of intense training to help the Mirialan stop at nothing to serve the Empire suddenly became undone, like an overpacked kit that exploded because someone didn't realize the value of leaving a little wiggle room. Now the green-skinned woman with no inhibitions because her drive to get the job done had been corrupted into giving herself pleasure, as well as servicing those around her.

'She hungers for semen even more than me. Whatever was in that cocktail is some serious bad news...'

Aphra eyed the woman hovering nearby her, with eyes lusting and hands stroking the sides of her plump breasts while she eagerly chewed her bottom lip. The Doctor nearly laughed imagining how her Imperial trainers would react seeing what she had become.

"No, we're not playing... right now," Her body protested her words. It would have been so easy to pull down the green girl's pants and lick her pussy while she called in some Rebels to plow both their pussies...

"But you look stressed and I'm sure both our nipples could use some attention and-"

"I said not right now!"

With a bit of a huff, Uzeriss pulled back and then walked around the lab looking for something else to distract her 'enhanced' mind. Aphra sighed and tapped the computer screen in front of her in some foolish effort to speed along the data module running on the terminal.

'It's not like barking at her is going to make these tests go by any faster...'

The complex algorithm on her screen and some of the adjoining monitors formed the root of her frustration. The Human would have given much to be at a dig site or exploring some ancient home of lost weapons and technology. But... things could have been worse.

After coming to an agreement with the Mandalorian who had been infected with the same virus as Tala, Aphra felt grateful to have her own private space aboard the Vigorous, a Rebel vessel. Of course, beyond not being killed by the Mandalorian hottie, or the Rebels, they had insulted her with tech to handle her work that could only be called subpar... if she were feeling polite. Naturally, the cunning woman did what any reasonable scientist would do in a do-or-die situation and ripped off any non-essential tech she could from the ship to improve her capacity.

'And still these systems are less than half as good as what I'm used to,' She thought glumly and thought about asking Uzeriss to eat her out for the second time in that many minutes.

So, she waited, hoping that her most recent hypothesis and pre-tests would come up with a solution. 'It has to work... it must work,'

Like the Mandalorian, Veyrah, Aphra carried Tala's infection in her body due to their extended time together. The Doctor had the first-generation strain, and it wasn't as prominent in her because the moment she registered the scary development, she started working on countering the virus' effect on her body. She sealed herself up most days in the frigid lab and spent almost every waking moment learning, analyzing, and testing for a cure. Her eyes blinked and then looked at the screen again before dipping back down to where her nipples barked out for attention once again. Then they slowly looked up towards the sexy Mirialan. Uzeriss' curiosity had gone to Aphra's side project, a converted droid arm with a special attachment. The Doctor lipped her lips and then shook her head and focused on the terminal.

"M-must w-w-work. Y-you've got-t this-s-s,"

-xxx-

In another part of the Vigorous, the Mandalorian warrior Veyrah trained with Leo-Tanner. Both wore sweaty military fatigues they'd received after serving the Rebel Alliance while in the pursuit of Veyrah's dearest friend, Tala. Months ago, after losing her friend during a shootout with planetary security forces while Leo-Tanner prepared to get them offworld. Then, the second time she got close to reuniting with her friend and finding a way to help her, the accursed Doctor got in the way. Thinking about their first meeting made Veyrah shot out and she caught the male in front of her with a heavy kick.

"Easy... You're pushing yourself too hard, Veyrah,"

She wiped sweat from her eyes. "If I pushed myself this hard, my friend would be with us!"

"Maybe," Leo-Tanner said, a response that ended up making the handsome rogue raise up his arms quickly to deflect and block a hail of savage strikes.

"No... huraah... maybe... Kiaah!... about it!" Veyrah nearly screamed. As she finished, the woman panted, feeling worn-out, frustrated, and defeated. As much as everything seemed dark and hopeless, one element remained that gave her the occasional fleeting sense of happiness.

She yanked off her boxing gloves and tossed them at the training droid and then picked up a bottle of water. After taking a quick swig to freshen up, the Mandalorian turned back towards Leo-Tanner. Her eyes examined his face and then looked at all the bruises she'd given him.

She couldn't bring herself to say sorry, but when he came close, she gave him an apologetic look, stroked his face, and then reached up on her toes to kiss him. She felt weighed down as she inched up, but she made sure to keep her wet lips pressed against him to ensure he heard her apology loud and clear. A smile broke out across the warrior's face as he touched her little baby bump, the physical representation of their feelings for one another. Her eyes looked at him worriedly.

"It's fine. I deserve a god punch now and then,"

"You certainly do. But now since you put this little terror inside me... I don't want my baby to have an ugly father,"

Both expectant parents laughed and then Veyrah rested her head against his chest. She heard his heartbeat through his well-toned muscles.

She hated herself that after months since she'd last seen Tala, there was still no trace of her friend. 'Some bounty hunter I turned out to be...'

Still, the life in her body was something that gave her hope, unexpected as it was. The same could be said about Leo-Tanner. Once upon a time, he was just a contact, someone she paid for information to help her track the degenerates that made living in the galaxy a terrible place.

Now she looked at the scoundrel in a far different light. "You're still with me,"

"At least till you find Tala and finally get some rest," The man said with a roguish smile. Once upon a time, he'd stuck by the woman's side to try to find her friend since the three had all entered into an arrangement together when Tala first got infected. Crazy as things turned out, he wasn't in the habit of not seeing a deal through to the end. Things had turned progressively crazier and crazier since then, but he'd found himself falling for the brutal and exceptionally blunt woman usually adorned head to toe in Beskar battle armor. Still, even while he and Veyrah had fallen for each other, Leo-Tanner also had other reasons that helped make staying with the Rebels worth the risk.

A rebellion runs on more than just the 'Force' and good intentions. In the months since he and the Mandalorian threw in their lot with the Rebels to find Tala, Leo-Tanner found himself instrumental in arranging a number of deals to provide their squadron with weapons and supplies. He wasn't living like a king of course, but he was with a woman he loved who now carried his child and the moment that they finally got Tala back, Leo-Tanner hoped that the three of them would just disappear from the galaxy and leave Imperials, Rebels, and genetic experimentation for other people to worry about.

The Mandalorian nodded. She always put on a strong exterior but worry invaded her mind when she thought about her first child. Specifically, when the child was born, Veyrah knew, that all the training in the world couldn't stop her from needing to stay in one place for a time, to tend and care for the new life she and Leo-Tanner created. It made her scared that she would lose Tala completely.

But it was more than that... Parts of her mind already seemed rampantly eager to be bred the moment that her body was ready to be knocked up once again. Mandalorians always hold strong drives to

strengthen their clans, but the idea of constantly producing children was definitely not something that Veyrah had ever planned on. She didn't know how to even begin feeling about it. Luckily, after the man at her side drank some water, he told her to get her gloves back on. As the pair danced on the boxing mat, the fighter enjoyed a brief respite from all of her woes. If only for a short time...

-xxx-

The next day, the good Doctor gathered up Veyrah, Leo-Tanner, and Uzeriss for an experiment. Aphra looked more excited than the three had ever seen her before. A bit of dramatic flair even pervaded in her gestures as she welcomed them into her laboratory.

"I've called you all here because I figured it out!!! Those lazerbrain Imperial Researchers thought they made the perfect, unfixable strain that turns women into nothing more than mobile breeding factories that can only survive on a diet of cum!" Despite her anger at them, the Doctor had to admit it was a particularly deviously-designed biological weapon. If she hadn't been exposed to it, she might have said as such, but right now, ensuring her creation would do the trick was important.

"But they never counted one pissing me of," Okay... ensuring her creation would work, and making sure everyone knew how smart she was important...

Aphra looked at her audience. Uzeriss looked horny, which was always the case. Leo-Tanner stroked his jawline while standing behind Veyrah, and the Mandalorian looked far too distracted to compliment Aphra on her hard work.

'Some team... Wait...'

"Are your tits bigger?" Aphra gestured towards Veyrah. Uzeriss blinked with confusion and then looked over at the beautiful woman to examine the situation for herself.

"Yes, I'm pregnant,"

"Oh yeah... Damn... I should really get out of this hole more..." Aphra said quickly and tried to look away from Veyrah's belly bump, but it was a real struggle. The anxiety continued expanding through her body, feeding on the fact that she had a doctorate in archeology and expertise in mechanical and computer sciences. Her entire first month aboard the Vigorous had been focused on rapidly learning everything there was to know about biology and genetic experimentation.

Normally, she would never have volunteered to go first, even on something she was 90 percent sure would work. But even when she closed her eyes, Aphra could only see the future mother, which made her think about her own mother, and that...

"Right! Long-story short, I came up with this serum, right here!" Aphra felt her breathing increasing and she began racing towards the actual experiment portion of the day. Raising her hand, she showed the other a serum of light-blue liquid.

"We just inject this in our ahem 'stud' there, and then he needs to um... well he needs to inject his essence in each of us. My serum will turn his cum into a biological cocktail that will cure the infection in all of us, Aphra grinned awkwardly. It was far from her normal line-of-work to explain to someone how they could only be cured by being creampie'd by their lover, who would also need to fuck and cum in two other women, but that was science for you.

“That sounds remarkably simple,” Veyrah grunted out.

“If you’d like, I can spend about 48 hours, explaining the nitty-gritty, but I doubt any of you would understand it, and we’re still traveling on a ship that is being constantly hunted by the Empire, just in case you forgot,”

“Alright,” sighed Veyrah.

“Alright, I’ll go first...”

Aphra led them out of her laboratory to a more comfortable place, an officer’s quarters that seemed to be having difficulty with his security door thanks to some anonymous hacker. There, she gave the serum to Leo-Tanner. He watched as Aphra stripped down and then he injected the syringe into his arm and began stripping out of his clothes as well.

Veyrah watched as Aphra smashed the table in the room clear and then hopped up onto the surface and began folding her legs back.

“Veyrah, can you help me out a bit? His cum needs to go nice and deep to do the best work...” The Mandalorian rolled her eyes and then placed her hands on Aphra’s knees to push them back, helping to give Leo-Tanner a very nice view of Aphra’s unguarded pussy.

Very quickly, Leo-Tanner began pushing his hard and swollen cock inside the archaeologist’s wet pussy. After days of putting off her slutty assistant, having a big, strong dick drilling inside of her quickly ignited the inner cravings and desires that she’d managed to keep restrained. No shame or guilt flowed through Aphra. Only the burning desire for more called out through her being as she got rocked again and again by the stellar specimen.

“Nnngh... don’t... brr... don’t hold back anything. Deeper! Yes... oh fuck! Fuck me!” In between her moans and sensual shouts, both Veyrah and Uzeriss began fidgeting and stripping out of their own clothes. Inside of the officer’s stolen cabin, every woman waiting for a taste of the cure and Leo-Tanner’s cock quickly stripped out of all their clothing.

Aphra’s brown eyes dilated while her tongue lolled out without purpose or direction. She looked like a lazy Nexu in heat and quickly enough, the brilliant girl’s mind lost all strength, leaving her wholly in the hands of her body’s own natural reflexes as Leo-Tanner continued plowing her pussy. In only a few minutes, her pussy became so tight and constricting that the man started to cum. He and Aphra groaned out and their bodies melted against one another, but even after Aphra became nice and full with his spunk, the Human felt no need to stop.

While Aphra lay naked and dazed off to the side, the agent of the underworld shoved Veyrah onto her hands and knees and began furiously fucking her. The two mated like wild Reek’s. Veyrah looked back towards her lover while his cock drilled nice and deep inside of her body. The pregnant woman moaned while her pussy almost constantly stained her mate’s thighs with her juices as his big, thick cock speared inside of her.

Neither of them said anything and instead spoke through their bodies. Leo-Tanner’s hands stroked all along his woman’s pregnant belly and she turned back, kissing him fervently while slamming her hips back.

“Inside... Yes... I need to feel you... all of you... again... and again!” Veyrah screamed out as she started cumming once more thanks to each hard-hitting thrust of her muscular paramount.

The Imperial Agent Uzeriss watched all of it with perverted attention. Senses tuned to be overly-perceptive enjoyed every detail, which in turn made her little more than a horny mess. After the scoundrel planted his second load inside of the Mandalorian, the horny minx, once the most promising cadet of her class, fell on him like a torrential rain on Kamino. She bounced her hips fervently, riding and bucking on Leo-Tanner’s crotch while Aphra cuddled up to Veyrah. Watching the Mandalorian as she got stuffed by Leo-Tanner had stirred something in Aphra. That sense of love and affection that Veyrah and Leo-Tanner enjoyed was foreign to her, or at least... something she knew she could never truly hold onto.

Meanwhile, Uzeriss and Leo-Tanner both moaned as the scoundrel took the Imperial fast and hard. Having already creampieped two women, there was little he could do other than pump and dump. The cute Mirialan was as tight as Veyrah and Aphra and in no time at all, Leo-Tanner found himself clutching and kissing Uzeriss while his hips hammered into her as his testicles fired off multiple comets of his sperm directly into her pussy.

Nearby, as the four all cuddled up, succumbing to the incredible pleasure and exertion that the day had brought, Aphra grinned at Veyrah. “Great... work... Mission... accomplished...”

-XXX-

Unfortunately for Aphra and her friends, sometimes science is more art than science, and a hodgepodge of lessons on biology rapidly analyzed and researched while being constantly horny does not make one an expert, as Doctor Aphra hoped.

Late at night, the feisty Mirialan Uzeriss went out on the hunt. She started slowly enough, sucking one Rebel’s cock, then giving another a hand job. Soon enough, she found herself in the middle of a messy gangbang where she was the envy of many different recruits and veterans. As her holes were used to vent fears and frustrations, the vicarious, green-skinned slut found herself kissing and then eating out a lovely redheaded weapons expert. From there, more and more female operatives joined the fun...

Naturally, none of that concerned Aphra’s assistant. Uzeriss cried out blissfully, feeling her pussy grow nice and full thanks to the first load of cum in the night, completely oblivious to the fact that the virus inside of her remained well and truly entrenched in her body. Just as it had been designed, the concoction left her with no remnant of shame and Uzeriss spent the rest of the night being used as a cumdump while she did her best to ‘spread the love’ as far as it could go aboard the Rebel ship...