

(Every character depicted in the story below is a consenting legal adult over the age of 18)

A/N: Ventress and Tann fuck and then its on to Dathomir!

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Asajj doesn't hold anything back. Sev'rance lets out an expulsion of air as her naked blue body hits the bunk, but she barely even manages to make a noise before Asajj is on top of her, pinning her in place with a wicked grin.

Beneath her, the other woman looks delightfully unnerved. Not in a scared or fearful way, but in a way that makes it clear she's not quite sure what to do in this situation. But then, that's her own fault isn't it? She'd kissed Asajj first, so if she didn't want things to turn out this way, she should have kept her perfect blue lips to herself~

Speaking of... Asajj leans down and captures Sev'rance's lips in another kiss to start things off, a kiss that quickly graduates into an entanglement of tongues as she pushes hers into Sev'rance's mouth and begins to wrestle with Sev'rance's.

The alien woman moans into Asajj's lips at this, arching beneath her ever so slightly. It's a good an invitation as any... so Asajj ends their lip lock and begins sliding her mouth down the pristine blue flesh before her instead. At the same time, her hands find and capture Sev'rance's wrists, pulling her arms off to the side and holding her in place.

What follows is the normally composed Commander of the Confederacy whimpering and squirming as she surrenders everything to Asajj. Inch by inch, bit by bit, lick by lick. Asajj's mouth moves across Sev'rance's flesh as she worships the blue skinned alien like a woman possessed. And she is possessed in a way... possessed by a desire too strong to name.

The Dark Side is heavy in the air as Asajj licks and sucks and nibbles at the expanse of beautiful feminine flesh before her... but it's not a bad thing. This is

the Dark Side at it's best in fact. Passion becomes power and Asajj drinks of the heady sensation that gives to her, even as Sev'rance mewls under her.

She makes sure to attack the blue alien's tits especially aggressively, after sliding her tongue along Sev'rance's jaw line and suckling at her neck and moving across her collar bone. Once she lands on those breasts though, Sev'rance's moans grow all the louder, especially when Asajj teethes at her nipples one after the other, biting down and tugging with just enough ferocity to make the other woman feel it.

After lavishing both blue breasts with quite a bit of attention however, Asajj pauses... and then pulls back. She could have continued downward, could have gone lower and lower until she was nestled between Sev'rance's legs... however, she's in charge here. And that demands a certain level of dominance.

Submitting to anyone save for Lord Vader himself was unacceptable at this point, even when it was Sev'rance. No, especially when it was Sev'rance... she'd already made it clear she knew she was beneath Asajj, after all. More, she'd made it clear she was happy to be under Asajj.

With that in mind, Asajj flips herself around in a display of athletic dexterity and flexibility, her own naked body sliding over so that one moment she's on top of Sev'rance and facing her... and the next she maintains her topside advantage but is now facing opposite of Sev'rance's head.

The result? Her knees are on either side of the alien woman's head, her pussy lips hovering over Sev'rance's face for a brief moment to allow her to register before Asajj promptly sits down.

Sev'rance makes a muffled noise as this happens, her face suddenly covered by Asajj's cunt and her head trapped between muscular thighs. However, she also doesn't hesitate to slide her tongue along Asajj's slit before pushing deep within her to begin eating her out.

Asajj groans at this, tossing her bald head back for a moment and moaning in appreciation as she feels Sev'rance begin to show her submission in the purest,

most physical form. This was what she'd been looking for... this was what she needed. And with Sev'rance bending the knee, metaphorically speaking, it meant Asajj didn't have to hold back either.

Reaching down, she grasps the blue skinned woman's thighs in both hands, prying her legs apart. They were already slightly spread to begin with to be fair, but Asajj spreads them even further, giving more room for her own head to dive down betwixt Sev'rance's thighs so her tongue can begin exploring the blue folds she finds down there.

Sev'rance moans under her at that and the vibrations this sends through Asajj's cunt are quite pleasurable as they both commit fully to eating one another out. Tongues, teeth, mouths... all are brought to the forefront in order to pleasure the other as much as possible.

Asajj certainly doesn't restrain herself, going from driving her tongue as deep into Sev'rance's cunt as she can one moment, to biting and nibbling at the woman's clit the next. Sev'rance returns the favor, sliding her tongue along Asajj's sensitive insides and writhing it around within her pussy.

The Dark Side of the Force is with them more than ever as they exult in one another's pleasure. Their passion, their desire, their ecstasy... these are not things that the Light Side would have them dwell upon. While Asajj will always be grateful to Knight Narec for the things he taught her and the help he gave her, she knows now beyond a shadow of a doubt that he relied too heavily on the wrong side of the Force. In the end, it had gotten him killed.

The power to win, the power to protect your loved ones and yourself... it lay in the Dark. Asajj has never been more sure of that then right now as she and Sev'rance sixty-nine there on her bunk, going at it through multiple orgasms on both of their parts, making one another cum over and over again for what feels like an eternity... and not enough time at all.

Eventually it comes to a close... but only after they've each obtained a much greater knowledge of one another's bodies... and even an increased knowledge

of the Force itself. Peace was a lie; there was only passion... and passion was the first step on the path to breaking one's chains.

Of course, all good things come to an end, unfortunately. Eventually they are finished and after a short sleep together, they part ways. Sev'rance is right that the both of them cannot vanish from the Confederacy together. Not only would it draw too much attention, but having a woman on the inside of the Separatist Movement still even after Asajj's departure will best serve Lord Vader in the long run.

It doesn't make Asajj any happier to have to leave Sev'rance behind, but she takes those feelings and uses them as fuel, powering her connection to the Dark Side just as much as having sex with the blue-skinned alien had done. Her hatred towards Dooku and his Master for all their slights against her has never been stronger... but thanks to the teachings of the holocron that Lord Vader had given her, Asajj knew how to use that hatred in more constructive ways. She could control it... and that made her all the more powerful.

Still, she would be lying if she said she wasn't a little bit nervous on her approach to Dathomir a few days later. Faking her death and escaping in the aftermath was ultimately the easy part. Dooku had cultivated a reckless streak in her after all, making sure she had a need to prove herself to him above all else.

As such, Asajj going a step too far and biting off more than she could chew, only to be killed... well, that was probably well within the Banite Sith's calculations. In fact, she suspected she was always intended to be something of a disposable asset to the Count, given what she knew now. She was never a true apprentice, after all.

Regardless, having followed her orders, Asajj still isn't sure quite what to expect upon landing on Dathomir. This was the place of her birth, the place she'd been taken from so many years ago. What would it be like to return to it? What would the people be like?

Lord Vader's missive had spoken of the Nightsisters, of her people being an ancient Dark Side Sect of Force Users. But he hadn't elaborated any further

than that, leaving Asajj frustratingly in the dark a bit on the subject. Who were the Nightsisters really? What sort of power could they call upon that would make them worth allying with against the Banite Sith?

Signs of life on Dathomir seem rather limited, so when Asajj ultimately finds a village, she sets her ship down on the firmest ground she can find close to it and sets out on foot. However, she doesn't even fully reach the village itself before someone appears in front of her, an older woman dressed in red robes, her face painted in the same fashion as Asajj's.

"Lost daughter... you return to us..."

Asajj straightens up at that, swallowing thickly as she feels a certain tension at this confrontation. It's not like she wants to reach for her sabers or anything like that, but her hands twitch all the same as if searching for something to do.

"... I do. I assume you are a Nightsister then. I have come in search of you."

A dark chuckle leaves the robed figure's lips.

"A Nightsister, she says... your education is lacking, my dear."

Asajj can't help but bristle at that, her eyes narrowing.

"Through no fault of my own, as you should know!"

At her barked rebuke, the older Dathomirian falls quiet for a moment, any trace of humor slipping away as she studies Asajj like one might study a bug.

"Yes... indeed I should. After all, I was the one who forced your mother to give you up to the criminal Hal'Sted, all those years ago."

Asajj's eyes widen at that, her entire body going stiff. That was the last thing she was expecting to hear. A blatant admission of being the reason Asajj lived most of her early life as a slave? White hot fury rises up within her breast, rage almost

coloring her vision red as she begins to seethe... but Asajj is not the berserking marauder that Dooku had tried to turn her into.

No, in spite of the Count's best efforts, Asajj has left that path behind thanks to Lord Vader's holocron. She controls the Dark Side... the Dark Side does not control her. And so, with great effort, she pulls herself back from acting rashly and instead asks the obvious...

"... Why? Why did you do it?"

There's a pause as the older woman once again seems to study her quietly. It's almost enough to make Asajj's fraying self-control snap... but she holds it together long enough for the faintest of smiles to appear on the other female Dathomirian's face.

"You were a contingency. One of many. Our enemies are great... and grow more and more powerful by the moment. Even as the sun sets on the Republic, even as the strength of the Jedi Order wanes with each passing day... forces that would see us destroyed continue to grow stronger."

Asajj narrows her eyes into slits. She thinks she knows what's being spoken of... the Banite Sith. Dooku and his Master, Sidious. The enemy of one's enemy and all that. Lord Vader wouldn't have sent her here if he didn't have reason to believe there was already animosity between the Nightsisters and the Banite Sith.

And yet... she can't just move on from this. Especially since...

"But I was just a babe. I knew nothing of our people, our ways. Even if I were supposed to be a contingency... if you had been wiped out, I would have never known I was supposed to carry on your legacy!"

Here, the beginnings of a smile become a full-blown smirk.

"You underestimate my power, child. I am Mother Talzin, first among the Nightsisters, and greatest Clan Mother our people has ever known. Tossed out

into the wider galaxy, far away from this, our home, you would have been perfectly positioned in the event that the worst came to pass. I would have come to you in whatever form necessary and turned you into the Nightsister you were supposed to be.”

Asajj’s breath hitches at that. She has a name now, at least. But truthfully, Talzin’s identity is almost meaningless compared to the rest of what she’s saying... what she’s *implying*.

“Alas, it was not meant to be. I can taste the stench of both Jedi and Sith on you. I can tell you’ve had more masters than I intended for such a short life. Tell me... why are you here, Lost Child of Dathomir? Have you returned as a harbinger of our doom?”

Asajj stiffens as the smile drops from Talzin’s face and is replaced by a narrowed eyed look as she barks out her questions in an accusatory tone. Gritting her teeth in response, she steadies herself, making sure to speak in a clear, concise voice. After all, she speaks on behalf of her True Master now... and she refuses to fail him.

“No. Not your doom... your salvation. You speak of the enemies that grow in power and would destroy you. You’re talking about the Banite Sith, aren’t you?”

For the first time, Asajj sees just a flicker of interest in Talzin’s eyes. And she knows, just from that, that she has the other woman right where she wants her.

“An interesting distinction.”

Asajj shakes her head, quick to correct.

“An important one. Because you’re right. I was led astray. First by a well-meaning Jedi Knight too reliant on the wrong side of the Force to protect himself or me... and then by a Sith. Count Dooku convinced me that I was special. That I was to be his apprentice. He lied to me, used me, and was ready to discard me at a moment’s notice... because in truth, HE was the Sith Apprentice. To Darth Sidious.”

Talzin arches a brow.

“You know more than expected, child.”

Asajj smiles, going for the kill.

“Because of my True Master, Darth Vader. He is not of the Banite Order. He is a different kind of Sith. And he sees an opportunity to join forces against our mutual enemies... to kill Sidious and Dooku and wipe out the Banite Sith once and for all. That’s why I’m here, Mother Talzin. To offer you an alliance on Lord Vader’s behalf.”

There. That was well done, right? Of course... only time would tell...

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A/N: Remember to Vote, leave a Like, and let me know what you think!