

Quickie #13

Into The Garbage Chute

Dizziness. Headache. Disorientation.

Han stirred from what felt like a year-long slumber and his lungs sucked in humid air.

Humid? This was the opposite of Tatooine. His last memory was on that arid, desert world. What happened? He'd been on Jabba's barge, outside the palace and above the Sarlacc pit. He was about to be executed. There'd been a battle and then...

Nothing. That must have been when he lost consciousness.

'Where the fuck am I?'

He rose from the simple bed and observed his surroundings. It was a basic room, not too different from the adobe buildings common on Tatooine. He might have thought it a prison cell if not for the tub on one side of the room. Bath tubs were hardly a common amenity in the many holding cells he'd spent time in. Not to mention he wasn't chained or shackled. A pleasant change from his previous predicament.

He stood, moved to the room's only door and pulled on the handle. Locked tight, of course. He turned and resumed his inspection. Other than a toilet, a table and a couple simple chairs, there was nothing. He walked to the other end where the tub and the room's solitary window resided. The basin was half full of blackish muck. A mud bath?

The window offered a wide view of a bustling, smog choked city. A quick look down revealed the room was dozens of floors up. That explained the lack of restraints. The only way out was a thirty floor fall to instant death. He watched hovercrafts and small ships whiz through the sky. They whistled gently in the distance, their exhaust mixed with the city's bog-like stench.

'Nal Hutta?'

As if the universe had heard his question and was prepared to answer, the door unlocked and opened. Han whirled around. He was ready for a fight, if need be, but was confronted by...

“LEIA?!?”

She closed the door and turned back to him. The loud clank of a lock being secured resounded behind her.

“Yup. It's me” she said with a broad smile, placing her hands on her hips.

It was her alright, but something was off. Very off. The longer Han studied her, the more changes he

noticed. She was wearing a ridiculous *slave bikini* getup, no doubt furnished by Jabba. It was made of bronze and golden plate that barely covered her feminine assets and a long crimson cloth that dangled between her thighs. She had the same luscious dark hair and sparkling eyes. That much was normal. The odd thing was her aforementioned *assets* were so much bigger than they'd been previously.

Her breasts were roughly four times the size he remembered her having. Leia's hips were noticeably wider. Her abdominal muscles were taught and strong. She had the six pack Han had never quite managed. She even seemed taller by a considerable degree. What the hell was going on?

"Leia... You're alright?"

"Never felt better, if I'm honest. They gave me some weird drugs and I was out for a while, but I feel incredible."

"Wish I could say the same" he replied. Han cradled his forehead with his right palm before running it through his hair. "Is this Nal Hutta?"

"Yes, though I'm not sure which city. Haven't heard anyone slip the name yet."

"**Fuck!**" he cursed, shaking his head with sardonic half-smile. "Into the garbage chute again. This place is the worst. The **one** planet I never wanted to come back to! The Empire's trash compactor was less filthy than this hell hole."

"Oh, stop it" she snapped. "At least our lives aren't in danger. We almost died in that thing."

Her words made Han think. "Yeah, we're alive. Why is that? I mean, I know why *you're* still alive" he said indicating her slutty outfit. "But why am I? What happened at the pit?"

Leia sighed and folded her arms below her newly expanded bosom. She turned and looked away as she spoke. "I saw one of the palace guards knock you out and then the battle went to shit. Luke is dead. Lando was swallowed by the Sarlacc. Chewie was captured. He's probably working in some mine on Tatooine or... who knows where."

Han's face was a blank slate. Shock overtook him as he tried to process all she'd just said. Two comrades gone. At least Chewie was still alive. He could be found and rescued, potentially.

Leia turned back to him, her expression soft and her voice sullen. "After the battle, Jabba'd had his fill of death and carnage. His mind turned to his other appetites. The ugly worm announced he'd thought of another use for *the lovebirds*."

Han's eyes went wide. "Meaning... us?"

Leia unfolded her arms and strode to him, placing her right hand on his side.

"Yes."

"So, what does he want?"

She pressed her buxom curves on him and their lips met. They entered a long, deep tongue kiss as the

metal of her costume dug into his body. She broke the kiss and spoke into his ear at a hushed whisper.

“They want to watch us. That's the only reason you're still alive.”

Leia nodded her head back and to the side. Han's eyes followed her movement and he saw what she meant in the distance. Holes for hidden cameras. Peep holes in the walls too. They **were** in a prison, of a sort. Some kind of sick, sex slave brothel cell. The Hutts were going to profit by selling access to two famous survivors of the Rebel Alliance putting on a show for their degenerate clientele.

He shook his head. “This is crazy. We have to think of a way out of here.”

Leia raised a finger to his lips, silencing him. “It's over Han. It's been almost a week since the rescue attempt. Without us, Luke and Lando, the resistance is doomed. And besides, I don't care about that anymore...”

She took a step back and made a show of tearing off the dark, red loincloth. Leia tossed it aside. A long, thick, veiny cock was revealed, hanging from her pelvis. A weighty set of fleshy cantaloupes, glistening with sweaty musk, lay just beneath it.

“I just want to **fuck**.”

Han was flabbergasted. His world turned inside out. The outlaw pilot who'd been in a thousand scraps and visited every strange corner of the galaxy; who thought he'd seen it all, was speechless. Han felt like he'd just been punched. Then the real blow came.

SMACK

Her open palm streaked across his face, bitch slapping him with a force he could scarcely believe. It nearly knocked him over.

“**ON YOUR KNEES!** And open that mouth! If we don't get started, they'll chop you up and feed you to the dragon snakes!”

Han was frozen. Still in shocked disbelief. What had happened to the demure, dignified woman of his dreams? Sure, she could be sassy at times, but that was half her charm. Leia knew how to take charge when necessary. He loved that about her, too. But not like this. She'd changed completely and he could tell the change wasn't just physical.

As if to confirm his theory, she reached out and grabbed him by the hair. Her other hand found his shoulder and began pushing him down with surprising strength. He offered some feeble resistance at first, but it was useless. Not only was she stronger than him now, she was no doubt right about his fate if he didn't comply. Han reluctantly gave in and lowered to his knees.

Leia grinned fiendishly as she fisted her rapidly hardening cock and brought the tip of her drooling monster to his lips. The smell of her pungent flesh was like a second blow to the face. It was obvious she'd been playing with herself before Han awoke.

“That mouth of yours has been getting you out of trouble your whole life. No reason that should stop now. Get to work, **bitch!**”

She pushed her glans through the front of his lips and pulled his face forward firmly. Her grip on his hair tightened as inch after inch of hot, musky penis tunneled into his mouth; expanding the ring of his taut lips. Leia managed to get only a third of her fearsome length into his warm, moist cavern before she hit the back of this throat and he gagged.

The hung Goddess laughed heartily and began sawing her cock in and out of his mouth, getting him accustomed to taking her girth as she pushed and pulled him by the hair. Once he got into a rhythm, she released his dark locks and looked down at him disdainfully.

“That's right, back and forth! Suck it loud and deep. Like a cheap, **Twī'lek whore!**”

Han grasped her thighs gingerly and focused on pleasing her, Leia reached around herself and unhooked her metal bikini, piece by piece. She tossed the ornamental garments aside; her massive breasts now free to add to her pleasure. The corrupted woman, now lust driven Futa, seized her giant fun bags and began groping them in earnest. She played with her nipples and squeezed her tits. The fresh stimulation combined with Han's increasingly eager sucking of her cock sent her to the moon. She tilted her head back and moaned deep and loud.

Not wanting to come too soon, Leia let go of her giant, tingling mounds and looked down at her busy cocksucker. She chuckled as he slobbered away on her hot, throbbing erection. It had grown even harder, thicker and longer since they started.

“They gave you drugs too, you know, and not just to knock you out. I see they're starting to kick in. Or maybe it's not the drugs? I noticed the way you and Lando looked at each other. I bet you sucked him off a dozen times, didn't you? Is that how you *really* got the Millennium Falcon?”

Han murmured a protest around her massive schwanz, but continued pressing his face upon it. He sucked and slurped back and forth, desperate to get more of her gargantuan penis past his gag reflex. He could hardly believe what he was doing. What had happened to him?!?

Leia batted his hands away from her thighs and seized his head again, this time with both hands. She gripped him fiercely and began thrusting herself between his lips with more urgency.

“You're never going to deepthroat me that way, slut! You need to be broken in. Only a proper Mistress can train the gag reflex out of you. Let's get started on that right now!”

Han flailed as he felt the tip of her pulsating weapon press past his uvula and curve down into his throat. Slimy stomach juices surged upward in a wave and surrounded her thrusting cock, making her groan in pleasure as much from the sloppy noises as the feeling of tight, wet flesh wrapped around her sensitive pole.

“All those times you mocked me. Called me '*Princess*.' **WHO'S THE PRINCESS NOW, SLUT?!? WHO'S DEEP THROATING MY COCK?!?**”

His arms fell to his sides as he became used to her oral abuse. Even as his face turned a deeper shade of red, he sucked her hungrily. Whatever they'd drugged him with, it made him crave her cum desperately. He wanted her hot load in his stomach. He slurped away, wagging his tongue along the bottom of Leia's sperm channel as she thrust more than half of her mighty meat missile in and out of his sucking,

stretched-wide lips.

“Gonna have to ask the Hutts for a good assortment of restraints. Those arms of yours will be **BOUND** the next time we do **THISSSSSS!!!!**”

Her thrusting grew frantic until one forceful, especially hard fuck buried itself in his face. Her fat scrotum clenched and jiggled as she wailed in pleasure.

“NNNNGGGGGGGGGGGGGGGGGHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!!!!”

A river of hot, creamy nut jettisoned into his throat and backed up into his mouth. One long spurt fired after the other, the deluge continuing as Han looked on with bloodshot eyes. He was amazed to see there was still several inches of thick cock she'd not packed into his face.

Leia grunted and moaned as her sack drained into his sucking maw. Pure bliss coursed through her curvy, shuddering body. She kept her bitch boy's face locked around her pulsing, spewing fuck wand until she'd fed him every drop of her essence. When the last gobs of hot nut spurted from her glans, she backed away. Leia's impossibly thick schlong exited his mouth with a loud slurp.

She stroked herself as Han choked down the last of her viscous cum and caught his breath. Her own breathing was ragged as well, her body still recovering from the magnificent orgasm. Even in the afterglow of climax, she wanted more. She set her sights back on the kneeling man-slut who'd once pursued her. Now, the infamous rogue was her own personal sex slave.

“Thank me properly for the wonderful gift I've just given you.”

“Thank you, Mistress, for feeding this thirsty slut!” Han replied. A vibrant blush flooded his cheeks.

Leia chuckled as he hand slid up and down her slick pole. Her cock had barely begun to flag and she was summoning it back to full strength. Soon, she'd be ready for another round.

“When I first woke up and saw what they'd done to me, I thought I'd be angry, but it never came. I simply didn't feel it. All I felt was lust. The urge to fuck. I couldn't think of anything else. I stroked myself to my first phallic orgasm and I was addicted. I haven't stopped since. They tied me up for a while because I was making too much of a mess. Even without my hands, I rubbed myself against my bed until I came again and again.”

Han sat in astonishment, listening to her tale. As she spoke, his gaze followed her hand, gliding up and down her phlegm and cum drenched pole. He realized with sudden clarity that she wasn't the only one who was addicted.

“I don't care if we're prisoners. If they want a dozen shows a day, we'll give it to them. I want more. I **NEED** more.”

Han nodded. He felt it too. They were both willing participants now. Drugged or not. Alliance be damned. He wanted nothing more than to submit to this beautiful, hung, Domina. If they were part of some weird menagerie for galactic perverts, so be it. He **needed more** as well.

Leia released her bulging cum pipe. It jutted from her body at full mast, pointed at Han like a loaded

weapon. It's slickness had faded away after many enthusiastic strokes. It was once again a raging, hungry erection, dying for a warm, wet hole.

“Get up on the tub and spread out. **NOW!**”

Han rose to his feet and followed her orders with hasty obedience. He stepped over the small pit of dark, sucking ooze and propped his legs up on each side of the mud bath. He bent himself over the raised back-end of the adobe structure and presented his ass. His tight hole was already tingling, begging to be used by his well endowed Mistress.

Leia stepped into the soft, warm muck and sunk up to her knees. She purred as the sucking clay embraced her feet and legs. “Ahhhh, the famous mud baths of Nal Hutta. The Hutts love to wallow in muck. I've learned to enjoy it too. So will you, in time.”

She pulled down his pants and began circling her thumb around his tight pucker. Leia fisted her gargantuan cock with her spare hand as she prepped his ass to be deflowered.

“Once we make a name for ourselves, I'll ask the Hutts for a bigger bath, along with all the toys and outfits we're going to need. Gotta keep things interesting for the fans! They'll love to see you getting fucked in the mud. Not to mention in different outfits. Maybe we'll dress you up like a Twi'lek.”

Han chuckled heartily at the prospect. Why did dressing up like a Twi'lek whore and getting fucked in the mud suddenly arouse him so powerfully? He'd never had any such thoughts in his life. His own cock was now responding, growing harder with each scandalous suggestion Leia made. He never would've guessed the Hutts had such creative methods to subdue their slaves. No wonder they were a powerful family and famous, intergalactic crime syndicate.

Leia began pumping two fingers in and out of his sphincter. Han let out low moans as his back passage was invaded for the first time.

“Speaking of Twi'leks, I saw one out in the corridor, earlier. Another Mistress. She was hung like a fucking Bantha. Even bigger than me. I bet we could get her to join our little party from time to time. You'd like that, wouldn't you?”

Han said nothing, his every thought concentrated on the steady in-and-out motion of her fingers in his ass. She slurped them out and brought her palm down on his bare cheeks firmly.

SMACK

“Answer me, bitch! **You'd love it, wouldn't you?!?**”

“Yes, Mistress!”

“Yes, Mistress, what? **You'd love what?!?**”

“I'd love to be packed full of fat cock at both ends!!!”

“That's more like it.”

She thrust herself back into his rear. Three fingers speared into his pucker this time as she pumped back and forth. The horny Futa stretched him wide, preparing his hole for her massive insertion.

“AhhhhhHHHHHH!!!”

Leia spent another minute opening him up, but after that she could wait no longer. She pulled her hand free, hocked the biggest dollop of phlegm she could muster and spit it onto Han's stretched-out starfish. The sex-crazed Domina stroked her massive cock a few more times before bringing the tip to his quivering back passage.

“Take a deep breath, slut” she instructed.

He obeyed, and it was a good thing he did. The next thing he felt was a train of thick, hot phallus plowing into his silky walls with no interest in stopping.

“**AHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!! FUCK!!!!!!**”

Leia gasped in ecstasy as divine, velvety warmth enveloped her weight cum cannon. She kept pushing, sending more of her hungry python deeper into his anatomy. She grasped his hips and plunged forward, tunneling in without mercy and taking the pleasure a specimen of her power and virility deserved.

Han groaned, his body shaking as he grasped the sides of the tub and endured her relentless conquest. It would take some time before his distended pucker and packed insides grew used to her impressive girth. Even longer before he could take her all the way at both ends. Oddly, he was discovering that he enjoyed the pain and degradation. In truth, he hoped it never ended.

Leia smiled as she began sawing her bloated schwanz in and out of his tortured man-cunt. “Now I'm in **your** garbage chute, flyboy! Better get used to it!”

She laughed cruelly, thrusting a bit deeper with each insertion. His pucker expanded and contracted with each enthusiastic plunge and reluctant retraction of her meaty cock. Leia moaned in bliss as she settled into a steady fucking rhythm. She enjoyed the mud sucking on her legs almost as much as his tight hole sucking on her fleshy steel.

“You wanted me, Han! You've been chasing me for years. Well, now you've got me! And you're going to enjoy me – **ALL** of me – every day for the rest of your **cock sucking, faggot life!**”

He held on tight as her thrusting grew more insistent. His body was throttled back and forth as her fingers dug into his flanks and she pounded him like an animal in heat. Han cried out, knowing that anyone who might be watching and listening was getting off on his pain and humiliation.

So was Leia. And so was he. In the strangest and most unexpected way possible, he'd ended up with the woman of his dreams. Their new life on Nal Hutta had begun and the former smuggler had never been more excited.

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