

It was a heavy thing to be the heir of an order of warrior monks. Heavier still to carry that legacy when so few remained.

Ezra sometimes doubted himself, thinking there would probably be other, stronger, far more talented people born in the Force. But... well, the Empire made sure to get them first.

There was only so much the Rebellion could do with espionage and sabotage. They needed strength; they needed the power to take the fight to the Empire.

*He* needed to be stronger.

And he had found a way to access more power, far more than Kanan's teachings could ever deliver. An ancient pyramid-shaped artifact, shining like a red giant, that held secrets as ancient as they were mystifying and glorious.

The voice within it made such promises, such... temptations. Ezra knew there were dangers, but he was smart enough to work around them. Kanan wouldn't understand; he'd try to take it away from him. But how could something that was letting him win battle after battle, keep his friends safe, and make the Empire *pay*, be so terrible?

He just needed more; he needed to learn more.

Ezra stared at the pyramid in his hands, and then at his own reflection in the bathroom's mirror screen. He had been changing, growing taller, stronger, more mature. The power to channel the Force through one's body had the effects of fortifying one's strength, speed, agility, the senses, and endurance. But they were all temporary things, done in the moment when channeling the Force.

Through the Sith holocron, he learned how to make it *permanent*. And the more he did, the more his body adapted as a result.

It had started slowly at first, an inch of height here, a bit more muscle tone there. But over time he was seeing less and less of his old self, that smaller, younger child... now he was becoming the warrior he was meant to be, the type that could bring down the empire. Taller, more muscular, his hair had grown longer again, more frayed and wilder than before. An adult, a seasoned fighter, a true rebel.

He just needed more.

Ezra took a deep breath, letting the Force fill him. The ocean of power that resonated across the galaxy was immeasurable, and only a drop was able to make his being come alight with energy.

"Hmm..." He rumbled as he felt his body tense; the fibers, empowered by the mystical energies of life, strengthened. Muscle groups slightly rippled under the skin, becoming stronger and harder, pushing against the seams of his shirt.

He let out a soft breath, watching how his body grew a bit stronger each time was an... invigorating experience. He looked at his arm and flexed it, smiling at the sight of the bicep rise like a mound, straining the sleeve more and more with each pump until finally he felt a *rip* and the sleeve split to reveal more of his muscle.

"That's what I'm talking about," He mused with a confident grin.

The power to protect his friends... to protect Sabine.

His thoughts went to the Mandalorian, wondering what her thoughts would be if she were to look at him, if she were to know what he was doing. Would she approve? As a Mandalorian, her martial heritage was at the forefront of her mind; strength and prowess were paramount to them. But if she knew she was using a Sith's knowledge... would it even make a difference to her? Mandalorians had a checkered history with both Sith and Jedi.

He reached out through the Force to feel her, and he found her in the training area, shining brightly in that way that mesmerized him, like the twinkle of a blue star. Through his mind's eye, he watched her train, watched her fortify her body through an intense training regime and go through katas of a Mandalorian martial style.

The way her lithe body moved, those tightly coiled and toned muscles shifting under her skin. A perfect blend of agility and strength, a sort of raw beauty...

Would she... be intrigued by his body? Would she want him to grow stronger?

*Mandalorians respect only strength. They crave martial power above all else. Only the mightiest mates satisfy them.*

The Holocron 'spoke'.

Yes... yes it made sense.

*Become stronger, greater, and you shall win her affections. She will see you as more than kin... she will see you as a paragon of manhood, embodying a warrior's might.*

The type of man she'd crave.

Ezra felt his muscles grow a bit more, straining his shirt to the limits until it began highlighting the muscle groups underneath the fabric. His mind swirled with the possibilities, imagining what it'd be like if he got bigger, *much bigger*, to the point Sabine stared at him in awe, muttering in mando'a as she basked in the radiance of his enormity, feeling his muscles, touching him with such intimacy...

Ezra panted, feeling the erection throb painfully under his pants. He unbuckled his waist and let his member spring free over the sink. He looked at it with a small grin, enthused that he had been growing down there, too.

He kept thinking of Sabine as he grabbed his length and started moving his hand back and forth, his muscles tensing everywhere, empowered by his passion as he indulged in this fantasy that grew lewder and wilder by the second. Images of him with an enormous body, Sabine's lips pecking every bump, her tongue tracing the deep lines. Slowly working his upper body before traveling down and putting her lips on his...

"Argh!" Ezra grunted, clenching his teeth as he redoubled his efforts, pumping himself like there was no tomorrow. Sabine's lovely face, her arousingly toned body, and the lewd acts they could engage in played on repeat in his mind.

His muscles pumped, starting to tear his shirt.

"HnnnnAGH!" He cried out ferally, his shirt shredding around his muscular visage as he emptied his load on the sink.

X~X~X~X~X

Sabine readied herself for her work out of the day, wearing a form-fitting workout top that exposed her well-toned abs and arms, along with pants made of expandable material that stuck to her legs like a second skin.

She liked showing off a bit; she worked hard for her body after all.

The Ghost's gym wasn't the most equipped, but it had a good assortment of weights and enough space for her to practice her stretches and Mandalorian martial arts. Diligent training was very important to her people after all, and she was no different.

No matter how busy she was, she always made time for training. Sometimes she invited Ezra to participate, but he had his own 'Jedi stuff' to go over. Plus, she was pretty sure he was a bit nervous after all those times she made him fall on his ass during those hand-to-hand spars.

Honestly, she was glad he was devoting so much time to physical training, already she saw very nice results with him. That young boyish look of his was melting under the hardening training his body was going through, and reforming into a muscled and fit figure. Which she approved of and enjoyed.

Well, enjoyed was a bit of a strong word. She wasn't making eyes at her friend or anything, but she was Mandalorian; she found raw strength appealing.

It was a cultural thing.

The Mandalorian rolled her neck and popped her joints as she walked, ready to start warming up the moment she arrived at the gym area. She raised a brow the moment she heard the weights clanking from the hall, seems there was already someone present. Perhaps it was Ezra getting his sweat going.

Walking over the threshold proved her right, and at the same time made her freeze in shock and confusion, because the person inside just *couldn't* be Ezra.

Even if he was getting fit, even if the passage of time was making him taller, it just wasn't possible for him to get *this* big.

The figure, the *man* lying on the bench press was large. As large as a seasoned Mandalorian warrior. His frame packed with dense muscles, etched with a firm definition. The arms swelled

each time they brought the bar down, triceps solidified with outstanding girth as the arms stretched, furious veins crawled over them like small serpents.

She saw a wide chest stretch under a thinning tank top, standing out a few inches like plated chest armor. The fabric highlighted the rows of abdominal muscle as it stuck close to the skin from all the sweat.

Great Moons on Mandalore, this man was a beast. And the only reason she kept thinking it was Ezra was the dark blue hair. But that couldn't be possible, Ezra couldn't have grown *that* fast.

The bar was set on its rack, and he sat up, panting heavily and making his thorax flare out.

No doubt about it, it was Ezra.

And he looked so fucking hot.

Sabine had to bite her lips lest she voice those thoughts. "Ezra?"

"Hey Sabine!" He waved at her from his spot.

"You um..." She gulped as she walked closer. "Getting your sweat on?"

"You know it," He chuckled.

She slowly shook her head. "How did you get so big so fast?" It just boggled the mind to picture the young boy she knew and the *man* before her as the same person. "Is it some Jedi training thing?"

"It's a Force training thing." He winked at her. "Learned how to get stronger in body." He observed his progress, flexing his arms in front of his stomach and watching his biceps and pecs ripple under the skin.

The sight was far more invigorating to her than it was for him.

“That’s...” Arousing, amazing, unbelievably fucking hot. “Handy”

“Oh yeah!” He laughed. “Zeb won’t be the muscle of the team for much longer!” He added more pressure to his flex, making the muscles stand out an inch more.

If he kept flexing like that, she wouldn’t be responsible for her actions.

He stood up, and this was another fact Sabine was forced to confront: just how damn *tall* he was getting. Already, he was a couple of inches taller than her.

“Sorry to say, I already got you beat,” He bragged with a smarmy grin that, combined with his unruly long dark hair and stunning body, looked very enticing on him. He flexed his bicep, and she marveled at the sheer girth of it all.

Before she knew it, her hand was on the ball of durasteel, grasping and caressing the muscle, feeling the sweaty skin under her fingertips and the dense flesh that only slightly dipped under her grasp.

The action had been so sudden and so bold that it surprised the two of them.

Yet neither did anything to stop. She did not pull away, nor did he lower his arm.

“It’s... hard.” Sabine gulped. “Wow”

“...Thanks.” His voice cracked like he needed water.

Was the rest of him as hard as this bicep? She could already imagine how strong his pecs felt, how her fingers would feel by running over the bumps of muscle in his stomach. His legs were no slouch either, wide and firm with bulging muscle that stretched the shorts and highlighted the small bulge on his-

Sabine put the brakes on that chain of thoughts *hard*. Fuck, why was she getting so turned on? This was Ezra. Ezra!

...And he looked *amazing*.

"How much stronger are you now?" She asked, *desperately* needing to see the ends of her friend's warrior strength.

His eyes *blazed* at the thought of a challenge.

"Let's find out."

He stepped back and reached out with his hand.

The invisible telekinetic pull grabbed hold of a long weight bar with two heavy plates on each side. Then it grabbed more plates from the ground and placed them on each side of the bar to add more weight.

Sabine was certain that even Zeb would struggle under that much weight.

And Ezra put the bar over his shoulders, gripping each side tightly as he took a deep breath and readied himself.

The moment he dropped his telekinetic hold, he grunted and was forced to squat under the sheer weight. Sabine reached out with one hand, taking a step forward in fright.

But he would not relent. His face was one of strain and effort as he slowly pulled himself back up. His legs *bulged* with size as the muscles quivered with power, veins extending over those behemoths he called quads.

The struggle on his face, the way he shook and gnashed his teeth, along with veins pulsating in his forehead, showed he was using his own strength without amplification by the Force.

Those empowered muscles rippled with effort as inch by inch he rose, pushing the enormous weight further up. Ezra's entire body flexed and bulged in response to the challenge, willing itself to grow to overcome it. Sabine watched with wide eyes and an increasingly wet crotch, how his muscular physique expanded before her.

His shorts tightened and hiked up his bulging quads so much it looked like a speedo; that potent manhood she had spotted was growing in tandem with the rest of his, filled with the sheer virility of his growing muscles. Hardening...

His shirt became painted on, struggling to contain the expanding torso as the fabric became multiple sizes too small for him, wrinkling from all the strain as it was pulled in every direction.

Ezra's body was becoming so massively muscular, so intensely powerful, it boggled the mind. It inspired the Mandalorian in her and filled her with countless lewd thoughts. His biceps had to be bigger than her *head*; those arms bulged obscenely to tremendous girth and crawled with veins. The width of his thorax had long since surpassed the span of her own shoulders, pulsing to the brim with more strength than a rancor. His legs were pillars that looked like they could support the weight of the entire Ghost, lifting it over his immense rippling shoulders...

Ezra's great arts straightened as he brought the bar high, howling in victory.

His clothes unraveled around him.

Feet burst through his shoes. His shirt split to unveil the mouth-watering pectorals and abs. And his shorts tore to pieces as his mighty glutes and barrel-like thighs pushed the fabric to its limits.

His manhood *throbbed* as it wobbled in the air. Long, thick, a testament to male power.

Sabine almost orgasmed at the sight of this... this glorious warrior standing before her. He was the ideal of everything she was taught as a foundling. Powerful, determined, unconquerable...

A mountain of the most shredded muscle, one she was desperate to climb.

Ezra let the bar fall behind him with a thunderous crash, panting, with half-closed eyes in a dazed look as he brought up his hands and began running them over his torso, feeling each and every bump on the way, feasting on the sensation of his powerful muscles, brushing away the streams of sweat pouring over them.

He slowly took hold of his immense manhood, long enough that one hand was not enough to fully grasp it all, and slowly pumped it back and forth.



He looked at Sabine, and her knees grew weak. That sheer smoldering look in his eyes conveyed a very clear intention, a desire, a beckoning.

Sabine moaned and ran up to him, jumping into his powerful arms as she pressed her body against his massive frame. She felt his heat, smelled his musk, and tasted his raw strength as her lithe muscles rubbed against his massive flesh.

Her arms locked tightly around his neck as the two kissed with all the frenzy of beasts in heat. Tongues wrestled over each other in a lustful dance, sharing each other's tastes as their moans were muffled into each other's mouths.

Oh, great gods of Mandalore, his body... it felt like pure iron under her fingertips; she had never experienced such tactile delight, such raw power...

Ezra kindly helped her peel off her top and shorts so she could feel him all the more. Well, less peel off and more 'telekinetically tore her clothes apart'. Not that she minded.

Her modest breasts squeezed against his ample pectorals, tingles of electricity washed over her when her erect nipples brushed against the hard flesh. Sabine moaned in ecstasy as she wrapped her legs around his waist, and those magnificent cobblestones he called abs rubbed against her wet crotch.

His rough hands squeezed her buttocks as he held her, squeezing and slipping the delicious flesh between his fingers. She felt him walk about even as they were locked into this mad makeout, and finally, he sat over what she could only assume was the bench.

Still wrapped around him like a vine, Ezra slowly positioned them. Sabine's form slowly lowered until she felt his tip brush against her folds...

"Hng!" She groaned in delight as that magnificently thick spear impaled her, brushing her folds away as she sank further into Ezra's lap.

The man growled in a bestial fashion, feeling his girth be wrapped around Sabine's inner muscles. Her outstanding tightness eased by the sheer wetness, lubricating him fully and allowing for an easier, more pleasurable entry.

Ezra slowly moved her up and down.

Sabine moaned, throwing her head back, her eyes closed, and her smile euphoric. She slowly bounced over Ezra's imposing manhood, clenching tightly around him while her body ground against his shredded form.

She lavishly showered his chest with kisses, running her tongue over his perfect flesh and tasting his salty, sweaty skin, dipping into the deep crevices...

The tempo increased with each passing moment, their figures writhed as they held each other throughout this passionate act of lust. The pleasure built up swiftly, taking them both to the edge of their incoming climax.

"S-Sabine!" He growled her name, and she loved how it sounded when spoken so ferally.

"G-Give it to me!" She pleaded through clenched teeth as her eyes squeezed shut. "Everything you are, everything you have...!" She let out a high-pitched groan. "I need it!"

And he did.

Ezra grunted and growled, unable to contain himself anymore. His seed shot inside her repeatedly, white-hot liquid pleasure reached her furthest depths.

Sabine moaned in utter delight as she felt his essence rush in, filling her, coating her walls. She climaxed in that moment, fully unraveling herself around her with a deluge of her own, fully washing his manhood, dripping with their combined essence.

They didn't know how long they sat there; their sense of time was completely eschewed as pleasure had overridden all their senses and addled their minds. In their embrace, the two slowly kissed as they rode the waves of the afterglow, happy that it had come to this...

"Is that all you have left" Sabine muttered, looking at him with a half-lidded gaze, "Jedi?"

Ezra carried her to her bedroom, where Mandalorian and Force-powered stamina would be put to the test.

X~X~X~X~X

Leading this small cell of insurgents was a stressful job. Every day comforts were sparse; they had to live constantly on the move, always living on a ship that could feel cramped at times. Hera had long since grown used to those circumstances; she had lived through worse. But that didn't mean she could ignore small creature comforts forever, even the simplest thing did wonders.

Like a shower. Not a sonic shower to destroy grime and dirt, a *true* shower with water and soap. Water was a valuable resource to save on the ship, but taking a simple shower once in a while harmed no one.

She headed to the ship's communal shower, wearing a simple bathrobe and a box of soap. The twi'lek sighed while rolling her neck, popping the stiff joints. She really wanted to get that bath. A nice private time for herself.

Only it wasn't so private, as the automatic doors opened to reveal someone else waiting in the bath. "Oh, sorry!" A youthful male voice called out awkwardly.

"Oh dear!" Her voice got a little high-pitched at the sight before her.

Ezra, wearing nothing but a towel wrapped around his waist, brandishing his *spectacularly* muscular frame for Hera to enjo- *to see*. The young rebel's growth rate had been as exponential as it had been eye-catching. His muscles were bulging and sinewy, coursing with thick veins over the mounds of flesh, definition highlighting his muscle groups like jagged granite.

He was sweaty and pumped, clearly coming back from his workout. The musk she could smell from here was making her woozy, in a good sense.

And the way he held his towel at the corner of his waist highlighted the bulge in his crotch.

Hera felt like a dirty old woman, feeling so obviously attracted to a young man ten years her junior. Granted, the age gap between different species something too bothersome- *and she should really stop that line of thought before it was too late*.

Force, was she really *that* pent up she would salivate over him? He certainly wasn't the young boy she first met...

"Were you going to use the shower?" She asked, trying not to ogle him too obviously.

"Yeah, I kinda stink," He laughed weakly.

Well, this was an opportunity to turn around and forget this ever happened. "You can go first, I'll go later."

She was *this close* to leaving when Ezra's next words stopped her in her tracks and filled her head with lots of bad ideas. "I mean, you don't have to. It's a group shower, we'd be wasting water otherwise."

Don't. Hera told herself repeatedly, certain she would do something *bad* if given the opportunity. The last thing she needed was more temptations, particularly if Ezra was going to be naked right next to her, completely wet...

"You can join me." His smile was positively disarming. When had he gotten this charming?

"Sure." She said against her every instinct.

With the door closed, it was she who undressed first. Removing her robe and placing it on a rack, she walked under the shower head and turned it on, sighing contentedly as the delicious droplets fell upon her like rain. She ran her hands over her face, washing away her stress, and then rubbed them along the length of her lekku.

She was very aware that she had just gotten naked in front of Ezra Bridger. That he had seen her breasts and nipples, the slit of her womanhood, her shapely rear. She was being a *bit* teasing perhaps, knowing her slim and firm twi'lek body was a source of allure for many species.

And yes, she did take satisfaction in the way his eyes lit up at the sight of her naked, wet body.

She turned around, running her hands over her arms while giving him a casual smile, unashamed of her nude state. "Well? Come on in."

Ezra smiled at her and took off his towel.

*Oh, hello.*

Hera wasn't so proud as to deny her stomach did a flip at the sight of his nude frame. Those muscles certainly weren't compensating for anything. Perhaps it was proportional, a more lewd part of her thought, as she watched that impressively sized member hanging from his crotch. She wondered if that size was considered large among humans. It certainly was for twi'leks.

Hera watched him get under the shower head, closing his eyes, sighing in relaxation while he ran his fingers through that long mane of blue hair. The way the water splashed against his enormous pectorals, so thick and prominent they made his nipples point downward. Waves cascaded down his outstanding physique, washing away sweat. The way his arms bulged with the slightest movement, still pumped to great size from his workout, was making her feel particularly warm in her lower regions.

Every inch of him looked like the statues of ancient heroes carved in Ryloth.

And it ignited something in Hera, something raw and primal.

Should she ignore them? Suppress this desire?

"Want me to do your back?" He offered.

"Sure," Embrace the lust entirely, it is.

She turned around and felt Ezra's strong hand settle on her shoulders. They were large and rough, possessed enough control in his grip that the pressure he applied was just the right amount. He didn't just wash her back; he was massaging all the right spots and easing her knots.

"You don't have to- *oh*" Hmmm, he really knew what he was doing.

"I insist." She could feel the grin on his face. Cheeky brat.

"Mmm, ahhhh," She moaned, perhaps a touch louder than necessary. It was her way of teasing him back. "Mmm, feels so good."

She let out slow, sensual sounds in response to his ministrations, slowly moving closer to him until she felt something poking at her back and felt him shudder in response.

Was he-?

"Sorry." He grunted. "It's a reflex."

"Of course," Hera replied a bit too fast. Was she going too far? Should she stop? "It's... natural."

"Can't help it, you're... really beautiful."

His hand was slowly going to her lekku. Now, contrary to popular belief (and dirty stereotypes), lekku were not erogenous zones, but they did feel pleasant when someone touched them the right way. It was mostly an act of intimacy... one that Hera was letting Ezra do, because she truly did want this.

"Ahhhh." She sighed as his fingers reached the tip of her lekku. "What are we doing, Ezra?"

"I know what I'm doing." He panted, close enough she felt his breath on her head. "What do *you* want?"

The twi'lek very slowly turned around, wanting to see ALL of him. His wild, rugged looks, his imposing muscles, his... she gulped at the size of his erection. It pointed at her, throbbing with arousal...

He was enormous in every single way. From the staggering size of his manhood to the imposing bulk of his musculature. Ezra noticed how she panted, how she licked her lips, how her nipples hardened painfully, and knew just what she was enjoying about him. He took a deep breath and slowly raised his arms, fanning out his lats to broaden the look of his already wide torso. His biceps flexed mightily, quivering with power, making the skin tighten so much

that it highlighted the fibrous weaving under it. Veins surged to prominence, throbbing and pulsating. Ezra was... monumental before her.

She reached out to fondle those stone-like muscles, highly pleased to find she could barely make an indentation over the mounds of flesh. A tap from her finger rewarded her with a solid sound, showing how dense they were. Ezra closed his eyes and let out a soft sigh, showing she was doing a good job of caressing his muscles. Her experienced hands guided her to touch the right spots, put the proper pressure into those erogenous zones.

Ezra lowered his hands a bit, planting them over the wall... with Hera caught between it and him. He was looking down at her, his wet locks cascading down like a deep blue waterfall, the intensity in his sapphire eyes made her quiver with desire. Surrounded by so much flesh, so much magnificently carved muscle. He was so large, and she was so small... she liked it.

Her hands once more traversed from his chest, this time reaching all the way to cup his cheeks, brushing a finger over a defined jawline. So handsome, this boy she had met what felt a lifetime ago...

Erza leaned down, and Hera met him halfway through, joining their lips into a slow yet sensuous kiss.

She didn't know how it had come to this; it didn't matter, she didn't care. She was happy it did.

She smiled against his lips when those powerful arms curled around her waist, pulling her close. Her breasts smushed up against his ample pectorals, and his erection lined up against her firm stomach. She was surrounded by hardness on all sides.

"Mmm, do you have much experience kissing, Erza?"

"Only kissed... Sabine" The muttered between kisses.

"Oh? Is that the only thing you two have done?" The throb of his cock gave her an answer.

"Mmm, lucky girl."

"Dreamt about this for a while." He whispered gutturally. "About you... and me."

"Did you know?" She smiled coyly. "For how long?"

"When I first saw you in the gym. Stretching." He grunted, swallowing hard. "Bending so much. I dreamt about you that night, and..." He gasped when her fingers slowly and tantalizingly caressed his length. "Jacked off... for the first time!"

My, that was flattering.

"Well," She hotly whispered into his ear. "Let's make those dreams come true."

She pushed him away, just a little bit to gain enough distance. He let out a moan as her fingers fully wrapped around his length. Well, 'fully' was a stretch, as his member was potently thick. She began pumping him up and down, feeling how the muscles twitched and pulsated under her grasp.

As she masturbated the lad, Ezra's face twitched with the waves of pleasure flowing through him. Force, he felt *magnificent* in her grasp. So hard with virility, so absolutely full of pure male vitality.

One last look at Ezra, and she caught how his eyes widened in shock as she descended to her knees. The head was pointing straight at her, red and swollen, with the skin fully peeled back. It was lined up perfectly against her lips...

Her tongue licked the edges of her mouth... before it ran over the young man's length.

Ezra gasped above her, and she took delight in his reactions. How he had shuddered under her touch, how he *trembled* now with the feeling of her tongue on him. And he tasted *divine*. The musk, the salty flavor, she could taste his power in every inch of him. She licked the underside of his dick, then puckered her lips to kiss it. Slowly, torturingly slowly, she settled her lips on the swollen head... and opened her mouth to take him in.

Erza grunted ferally. Hera's eyes rolled back. Oh, this was it, this was the true flavor of his manhood.

Her head bobbed back and forth, running her lips over the surface of the shaft, trying to reach as close to the base as she could, but it was impossible. His length was long, and his girth



prominent. Her tongue ran around the tip, tasting the salty drops of pre-cum that were emanating from it already.

She looked up, watching how this glorious stud's body flexed, tightening the striations and rippling with force as his entire body seized with the electric pleasure. "H-Hera!" He called out, and she loved how he said her name with such wanton desperation as his hips slowly moved back and forth.

She felt him throb, then grunt like a feral beast, and it was not long before the full blast of his seed flooded her mouth.

Fuck... Fuck, it was so good.

She swallowed it, relaxing her throat and letting it flow down. She consumed his virility with gusto, delighting herself.

With a jerky motion, he pulled back, spilling his seed in a steady stream. Shuddering as his cock let out a couple of 'aftershocks' that spilled against her chest and breasts, coating her green skin with white. The shower slowly cleaned her as she tenderly ran her hands over the sticky substance. She looked at him with a dazed glance, watching his great torso flare out with heavy pants. His manhood slowly deflating after such magnificent relief.

Yet the moment he looked at her, watched as the last drips of his semen washed away, he was filled with a new burst of energy. His manhood throbbing to action once more.

Hera gasped as powerful hands lifted her and slammed her against the wall, pinned by Ezra's monumental body. Her hands reached out to his wide shoulders for support, legs pressing against his waist instinctively as she opened up to him.

She felt that cock hovering below her entrance, tugging at her folds, needing just one push to get in. The bastard... he looked like he wanted to see her beg.

"Do it!" This time, she whispered with desperation. Needing him like she never needed anyone before. "Please"

He granted her request, and his hips slowly rolled in, pushing through her folds and filling her out. Hera gasped, throwing her head back as her nails dug into his skin. Oh, ancient gods of her people, oh stars in the sky... this was the largest and hardest manhood she ever had inside her.

His hips began moving back and forth, slowly at first, but the tempo continuously increased until he was fucking her with all his energy. Thrusting back and forth with passion and ferocity, making their bodies tremble.

He grunted gutturally while her gasps and high-pitched moans joined him in a cacophony of pleasure. Building up higher and higher until that singular point they both desperately needed to reach.

Hera's eyes rolled back as she felt the climax approach, biting her lip as this beast of a man fucked her like there was no tomorrow.

The dam broke, and she unraveled around him, flushing her juices down his length, coating him fully. Just as Ezra grunted, ceasing his thrusts when the deluge of cum erupted from his cock. She felt his essence fill her, and she never felt more complete in her life.

Amidst the pants of exhaustion, Hera still drew him in for another kiss.

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Ezra had come to realize that there was wisdom to the Sith Code.

*Through passion, he gained strength.*

As he lay in bed, arms spread to the side, his enormous physique in all its glorious nudity, he felt that passion empower him even still. In the raw bursts of emotions, in the determination with which he pursued his goals.

In the pleasure of the flesh.

He let out a pleased sigh as two pairs of lips trailed over his ample pectorals to his shredded abdominals. Multiple hands tenderly traced every line of muscle, prodding to feel the superb hardness of his flesh, and growing more aroused as they could feel the strength inside them.

*Through strength, he gained power.*

The power to endure, the power to protect.

Hera tenderly looked at him and drew close for a passionate kiss. She soon gave room to Sabine, who took her share of his affections with the same gesture. He adored these women, his companions, his lovers; they were *his* to protect.

*Through power, he gained victory.*

Through his might, he'd ensure their team would always be safe; he'd never lose anyone again. It was his affection for them, this mutual love and adoration they all shared, that he drew power from. And in turn, they worshipped this raw strength he exuded. Drawn in by the natural magnetism of it all.

He rumbled out a groan as Sabine masturbated him into full hardness, before tersely grunting as she took him in her mouth. Her head bobbed up and down with Hera's assistance, who played with her hair while aiding in her movements with a subtle push of her hand. The twi'lek and Mandalorian took turns, the coldness in the air contrasted sharply but shortly against the heat of his throbbing erection, before another mouth soon captured it in their wet warmth.

Hera seemed to have a knack for gauging his tempo, knowing when he was close to release. Taking the appropriate time pleasuring him so his seed would shoot in her mouth. She pulled out, closing her eyes with a drunken smile and swallowed. He smiled crookedly at her, knowing how much she enjoyed the taste of his seed.

Not to be undone, the Mandalorian seized the initiative and swiftly mounted him. She moaned loudly as his hardness pierced her folds, her walls tightened against the durasteel rod that was his manhood, coating her in her delicious juices.

*Through victory, his chains are broken.*

He had lived under the empire's yoke all his life. The fear, the oppression, the *injustice* of it all... no longer. Through his strength in the Force, he would break free of all this; he'd shatter and all the chains the empire would put on them.

To live freely and passionately like this, for as long as he lived.

He grabbed Sabine's firm buttocks, guiding her up and down his shaft. Feral grunts escaped his lips as his manhood throbbed inside her depths, pushing deeper into her. Sabine moaned with desperation, running her hands all over her figure, soon to be joined by Hera's. The twi'lek knelt behind her, using her skilled hands to fondle the erogenous zones, grasping her breasts and pleasuring the bundle of nerves right over her entrance. Hera hungrily kissed Sabine's shoulder and neck, while the Mandalorian turned her head so the two could share a frenzied kiss.

It was too much for Ezra; he erupted in a second tidal wave of pleasure, filling Sabine as this one unraveled around him in the throes of ecstasy, the cries of her climax reverberating off the walls.

The night became a blur. Lust guided their every action to the point the memories blended into each other. Of Ezra flexing his magnificent musculature while Sabine and Hera pleased themselves to the sight of him. The young Force user thrust repeatedly into the twi'lek who lay face down on his bed. And him feasting on Sabine's juices as his tongue ravaged her walls.

By the end, the three were completely exhausted and thoroughly satisfied. Ezra smiled at the two panting, sweaty beauties who rested on his chest, softly kissing his flesh and each other. He held them close in his strong arms, possessively, wanting to keep them there forever.

*The Force had set him free.*