

Episode 3

Tatooine. Oh gods. Why do all the strangest things in the galaxy always happen on this cursed dusty hole?

No. I understand that I chose this place myself for the experiment. But there were reasons for that.

First of all, Tatooine was far enough from the Core that illegal experiments could be conducted here without half the Republic scientific oversight barging into my lab ten minutes after activating the device with warrants, scanners, and idiotic questions about “ethical standards.”

Secondly, the local colonies were packed with people and non-humans the galaxy preferred not to notice: fugitives, smugglers, slaves, prostitutes, debtors, small-time gangsters, the perfect place to find a subject whose disappearance nobody would investigate too hard.

And thirdly... who the hell knows, somewhere deep down I apparently imagined myself as one of those ancient Jedi who maybe never even existed, but judging by the electronic chronicles those idiot romantics adored with all their hearts.

And what did they find in this hole? Sand, heat, and the damn smell. A smell that was everywhere, even out in the desert, and which somehow completely impossibly managed to seep into literally everything: clothes, hair, skin, the insides of ships, cheap bars, old landing platforms, even food. Bet nobody ever told you about that.

Although. Although... for some reason I had stopped noticing it now. Maybe I got used to it or maybe because of this damn body I just didn't notice it anymore, because I only remembered the smell and realized it was suddenly gone after I'd already covered half the path to Mos Eisley, slowly limping along the scorching stone trail, feeling how every uneven patch beneath those four-toed feet echoed through my hips and lower back completely differently from how it should've felt for a normal human.

Still, I had to admit, by that point I had almost forgotten I even needed to think about how to walk. I simply walked. Smoothly. Softly. My hips swayed on their own, long strong legs springing lightly at the knees, while the heavy lekku slid along my bare back with a quiet damp rustle at every step, sometimes softly bumping against my shoulder blades, though at moments I didn't even notice it.

And that terrified me almost more than anything else. How natural and familiar it felt.

I just tried not to think about it. I knew, clearly knew from Lyra'ven's fragmented memories, that this Rikkan really was my lucky ticket. I just needed to reach his little den.

“Kha'non... va'shira tel-rakha...” (“Gods... what a sunset”) I suddenly said when I finally climbed onto the ridge of another rocky slope and saw Mos Eisley below.

The same Mos Eisley from the legends. A damn hole that, I think, had always been like this. Maybe even worse. Though right now that hole looked absolutely magnificent.

Warm sunset rays spread across the domes of Mos Eisley, which slowly drowned in the thick orange-red glow of the twin suns, transforming from a filthy pit full of stinking alleys and rusted landing platforms into something almost beautiful, almost... majestic.

I exhaled.

And why had I never noticed things like this before? Why had I spent my entire life looking at the world as a collection of functions, formulas, profits, patterns, instead of... this?

I stood at the top of the rocky slope, breathing heavily after the climb, feeling the hot wind slide across my green skin, slipping beneath the torn loincloth and easily passing between my thighs like it belonged

there, feeling the heavy lekku slowly sway behind my back, feeling my nipples painfully rub against the rough fibers of the worn top with every breath.

And I didn't care, because it was truly beautiful.

Actually beautiful.

Simply magnificent.

...

...

...

WHAT?

I flinched, sharply lowering my head and staring straight into my cleavage as if only now realizing what exactly I had just thought. It was ridiculous, strange, impossible.

My breasts rose heavily beneath the rough fabric of the top, my nipples clearly visible through the worn material, while a thin stream of sweat slowly trickled between them after the climb over the scorching rocks.

"Na'ha! Na'ha, na'ha va kha'tha!" ("Oh no! No, no and absolutely not!") I barked, stomping my foot so sharply that the clawed paw slipped across the stone, my hips swaying sideways together with my heavy tits, making me hiss irritably through clenched teeth. "I etha na'ha ma'lekku-ner!" ("And these aren't my tits!")

I said it to myself so I wouldn't even think things like that in my own head, but at that same moment I realized how stupid it sounded now because, if I was being completely honest, those "not my tits" were currently rising heavily together with my breathing, those trembling paw-like legs after the climb belonged to me, those lekku irritatingly sliding along the damp back were mine, and the sweat was dripping between my breasts.

As if responding to my irritation, the lekku twitched and slowly slid lower along my damp back, swaying heavily behind my shoulders. The floral patterns on them faintly flared with a warm yellow glow, as though the body itself was mockingly reacting to every emotion I had.

I froze, afraid it would start again.

But... apparently I got lucky, because there wasn't that aching tingling between my legs. Had I actually learned to control it? Or... or maybe it just didn't work that way?

Ah, to hell with it. I didn't even want to know. Better not think about life in this body at all or about how Lyra'ven lived, I didn't want another flashback and another blackout from masturbation.

The lekku flickered faintly once more and calmed down when I forced my thoughts back toward dry calculations and reasoning. Yes. Like that. Exactly like that. Logic. Analysis. Planning. Not sensations, not this damn body, not its instincts, not the flashes of lust that apparently had been wired into this slave's nervous system deeper than I could've possibly imagined.

"Va'tha. Va Rikkan." ("Forward. To Rikkan.") I quietly muttered, stepping onward along the rocky slope, continuing to force myself to think only about concrete things: road, water, city, Rikkan, transport, credits, laboratory. That was all. No thoughts about the body. No memories of Lyra'ven. No sensations.

I knew where to go instinctively. I had no idea how it worked, but inside my head there was a perfectly structured route leading to the place where Rikken was supposed to be right now and, after some time, without even noticing it myself, I ended up on the outskirts of Mos Eisley.

Some local brat shot past me on a gravity sled, leaving behind a trail of sand and the smell of cheap fuel, and I barely managed to jerk aside because the little bastard didn't even think about slowing down, only shouted something in Basic and burst out laughing when I awkwardly swayed, trying not to fall, clearly feeling how my wide hips pulled me sideways in that moment.

I stayed on my feet, but only because I reflexively threw a hand against the wall of the nearest building, pressing my palm into the hot cracked metal, clearly understanding from the tone of his voice that he had been laughing specifically at me, as if I were just some local brainless Twi'lek girl standing at the roadside.

I straightened up sharper than I should have and immediately winced because my breasts painfully swayed beneath the rough fabric of the top, while the lekku slapped wetly against my damp back a moment later.

"Shar-kon..." ("Idiot...") I hissed after the brat, though he wasn't even looking back anymore.

Up close, the outskirts of Mos Eisley didn't look the same as they had from afar. The sunset that from above had seemed almost majestic here became just a dirty orange light falling across rusted walls, peeling signs, cracked domes of buildings, and endless dust settling onto literally everything. Somewhere in the distance old cargo speeders droned lazily, a child screamed over someone's drunken laughter, while from the open doorway of the nearest dive came the smell of fried meat, making my stomach painfully twist and reminding me that I actually needed food.

I absentmindedly pressed a palm to my stomach, feeling everything clench unpleasantly beneath the smooth green skin for the second time in the last few minutes and suddenly realized that the device wasn't on me anymore.

"Na'ha." ("No.") I muttered in disbelief at my own sensations, lowering my head and bending awkwardly because my breasts wouldn't let me properly see my own waist, and only then fully realizing that the heavy belt device was gone.

Simply gone.

I straightened sharply and immediately grimaced because my tits swung heavily beneath the rough top while the lekku slapped against my back with a damp rustling sound.

"Na'ha... na'ha..." ("No... no...") I exhaled more quietly now, quickly patting myself down with my hands.

Waist. Hips. Wrap. Torn edges of fabric. Bare smooth skin. Nothing.

The device was gone.

And in that exact moment a memory hit me like ice water, of me running out of the cave after the departing shuttle, desperately trying not to collapse face-first into the sand, grabbing onto rocks with my hands, getting thrown side to side by this new center of gravity... and how something had painfully slammed against my hip back then before flying off somewhere into the dust with a metallic clang.

I froze.

Then slowly turned my head back toward the distant cave.

"Kha'non..." ("Gods...") I breathed almost soundlessly, feeling panic start crashing over me.

It was the only prototype in the galaxy.

Which meant...

I swallowed hard.

"Hey! You're local, right? Where can you get something decent to eat around here?"

I instantly lifted my head.

Beside me an old cargo speeder idled lazily, so rusted and crooked it looked like it stayed in the air purely out of hatred for life and cheap fuel. Massive antigrav stabilizers beneath its belly trembled, kicking clouds of dust into the air, while from the open cockpit a man around forty stared down at me, bald spot shining beneath the suns, neck burned dark red from years of heat. One elbow rested lazily on the door while with the other hand he picked at his teeth using a metal stick, looking at me like I was nothing more than dirt beneath his fingernails.

The words flew past my awareness as meaningless noise, but I understood that relaxed, condescending, faintly mocking tone perfectly. He was clearly expecting something from me, but what exactly?

"Hey, greenie, you swallow your tongue or what?" he added with a grin, leaning farther out of the cockpit and lazily dragging his gaze down my body from top to bottom. "Or are you one of those illiterate little sluts?"

I frowned, understanding he had said something insulting, yet to my humiliation not comprehending a single actual word besides scattered tones and intonations.

And that enraged me most of all.

I. Doctor Adrian Brown. The man who designed quantum-genetic interfaces and lectured in three languages, was now standing in the middle of the street like some half-naked savage girl blinking stupidly because he couldn't even understand a basic conversation.

The man in the cockpit apparently interpreted my silence his own way.

"Ahhh... yeah, definitely one of those," he snorted, lazily letting his eyes slide over my body again. "Body's damn nice though. Shame about the face, although..."

"Malko, for fuck's sake, quit yapping. Time." another voice came from deeper inside the truck, sharper and higher, but still unmistakably male.

The first guy lazily rolled his eyes and clicked his tongue.

"Yeah yeah, I know, Neyr, quit whining," he answered over his shoulder before looking back at me and suddenly grinning much wider. "Listen... maybe we stay a little longer tonight?"

I tensed, feeling my lekku begin filling with that heavy hot tingling near the base of my skull while the floral patterns faintly flickered yellow beneath the setting suns.

"Just drive already! You've got a wife and two kids on Taris in case you forgot!" the second voice barked irritably from inside the truck.

The driver rolled his eyes so theatrically it looked like he'd heard that speech a thousand times before.

"Oh, shut up, Neyr," he muttered lazily, though he finally leaned back into the seat. Then he looked at me again, his gaze once more sliding over my breasts, my waist, my hips, which only now I noticed had automatically shifted sideways beneath that stare, as if the body itself had instinctively tried to stand in a more "comfortable" pose.

The movement made my skin crawl.

He smirked.

“Alright. We’re going. See you around, green-ass.”

The truck lurched forward with a sound like it was about to fall apart in the middle of the street, blasting me with hot air, dust, and the stench of cheap fuel. I reflexively raised a hand to shield my face and immediately felt the wind press the rough fabric of the top tightly against my breasts, making my nipples, already more sensitive after those few moments, painfully rub against the coarse fibers.

“Tsha-ren...” (“Damn it...”) I whispered, squinting after the departing speeder.

The lekku were still faintly glowing, radiating warmth that spread slowly through my entire body, while between my legs that irritating, disgusting, pulling emptiness returned again.

To Rikkan. I needed to get to Rikkan immediately, whoever the hell he was.

I quickly strode forward and turned into a narrow alley between the peeling domes of old buildings, trying to look only ahead and ignore these sensations returning again, sensations that promised absolutely nothing good for me.

My hips swayed seductively, the lekku bounced and slapped against my back, while inside my head two thoughts spun at once, constantly overtaking each other in importance.

One of them, the thing that had practically become my anchor in this body, was about calculation, logic, space, home, my real body.

And the second was about the fact that this body, damn it all, was turned on. Turned on from nothing more than that conversation with the greasy fat bastard. I hadn’t even understood his words, but I understood the tone. Understood he had taken me for a prostitute and wanted sex and apparently that alone had been enough.

The lekku kept dimming and lighting up again. I felt like some kind of horny firefly desperately trying to convince itself everything was under control while any random observer could instantly say, “yeah, that dumb green girl is aroused right now.”

“Na’ha... kha’no...” (“No... calm down...”) I hissed through clenched teeth, quickening my pace.

The alley grew narrower and narrower. The domes of old houses loomed overhead, cables stretched between them together with rusted pipes and filthy cloth strips lazily fluttering in the wind. Somewhere above, an old generator hummed. Someone laughed loudly through an open window. It smelled of fried meat, sweat, machine oil, and sand and the mixture made my stomach twist painfully again.

I pressed a hand against my stomach, feeling everything beneath the smooth green skin tighten unpleasantly now not only from hunger but from exhaustion accumulated throughout this endless day. The alleys became narrower, dirtier. There were almost no shops or proper signs anymore. Only rusted doors, battered domes of houses, old cables hanging overhead, and suspicious figures sitting directly on the ground near the walls.

I wasn’t walking anymore, I was running. My hips moved wide and rhythmically, my breasts bounced heavily beneath the rough fabric of the top, while the lekku whipped behind my back, sometimes painfully lashing against damp skin and trembling with faint yellow light.

Finally. There it was. That door!

I stopped so abruptly I nearly smashed face-first into the rusted metal panel, breathing hard after that insane run through the alleys of Mos Eisley, and for several seconds simply stood there with my palms braced against my knees, feeling my breasts heave up and down so hard it almost felt like they were trying to burst free, while sweat trickled in thin streams between them and down my stomach beneath the loincloth. The lekku clung damply to my back and glowed lazily with weak yellow light, as if they were exhausted together with me.

I raised a hand to knock and suddenly froze.

From behind the door came the hum of a fan, someone laughing, and music. Quiet. Low. With a disgusting relaxed rhythm.

I swallowed.

For some reason only now did it fully hit me that I was about to walk into the den of some smuggler while trapped inside the body of a runaway sex slave, without money, without documents, without the ability to properly speak Basic and ask for help.

"Tsha-ren..." ("Damn it...") I muttered, straightening up, far quieter than I intended.

No. There were no other options. My real body was somewhere out there in space. The shuttle was parked at the most expensive docking platform in this place, somewhere completely inaccessible to me in this body. And besides this Rikkan, there was nobody else I could turn to.

I raised my hand to knock when suddenly it seemed like someone called out to me from behind.

Turning my head toward the sound, I tensed. But there was nobody there. The same quiet hum of ventilation filled the air, the calm music behind the door, while the faint glow from my lekku softly pulsed, synchronizing with the throbbing pulses of my slightly swollen clit.

I was already turning back toward the door when suddenly something grabbed my wrist hard.

"Kha—!" I squeaked in surprise.

I was yanked so violently and unexpectedly that I completely lost my footing. The world lurched sideways, my wide hips helplessly swaying, my breasts bouncing heavily beneath the rough top, while the lekku lashed against my back as I was dragged inside through the half-open door.

The metal panel slammed shut behind me with a loud bang.

I collapsed onto all fours, painfully striking my palms against the cold metal floor, and immediately almost hissed from humiliation because my breasts sagged heavily downward under their own weight while my hips instinctively spread wider to keep balance in the position, my back unconsciously arching again.

"Lyra, have you completely lost your fucking mind?!" a male voice roared above and behind me and at the same moment a heavy boot hit the floor behind my back with a dull thud.

I froze, terrified to turn my face toward him and somehow make everything worse.

So I stayed there on all fours, feeling the cold metal beneath my palms and the way my breasts hung heavily downward under their own weight, stretching the rough fabric of the top. My heart pounded somewhere in my throat. The lekku trembled and slowly pulsed yellow, betraying me completely.

Lyra.

He had called me Lyra.

He thought I was someone he knew. That... that runaway prostitute.

The realization made my lekku fill and glow brighter, illuminating the dim cramped room with a soft pulsing yellow light that slid over rusted walls, hanging cables, a filthy table cluttered with parts, bottles, and dismantled blasters, before finally brushing across the heavy boots of the man standing directly behind me.

The man exhaled loudly over my head and then I heard a familiar sound, the click of a lighter. A second later the smell of tobacco spread through the air.

"I told you this place was secret. S-E-C-R-E-T! What the fuck wasn't clear about that?!"

God damn it. He was angry. Really angry. And I...

Shit, what if he realizes I'm not her? What then? Would he just kill me on the spot?

The lekku flared brightly and instantly a warm wave rolled down my spine, slammed into my stomach, and spread between my legs with that same humiliating yet already far too familiar heat that made my teeth clench immediately.

"Na'ha..." ("No...") I moaned barely audibly, pitifully, almost pleadingly.

Then from above came a voice already noticeably less angry:

"...why are you glowing like a brothel sign? Been a while since you got fucked?" Rikkan said much more calmly now, even with a trace of amused arrogance as he inhaled from the cigarette. "That why you came running to me?"

What was he talking about? What was he saying? Gods... I didn't understand anything. Just... just... maybe...

My trembling hand instinctively drifted down toward my lower belly, drawn to the aching heat blooming between my thighs, but at that moment Rikkan's heavy hand wrapped around one of my lekku, tugging it slightly backward hard enough to arch my back even more and force my head back.

"Oo'ha..." ("Yes...") slipped out of me in a soft breathy moan while my hips instinctively spread wider.

I tried to resist, tried at least inside my own thoughts to remain myself, Doctor Adrian Brown, brilliant scientist, not some runaway green prostitute, but damn it all, it was so hard in that moment.

"Ohh... Haven't seen you like this in a long time..." Rikkan practically purred, much quieter now and with that disgusting masculine grin audible in his voice. "Got it. Alright."

And at that moment I heard the rustle of his clothes dropping to the floor, while a second later another hand squeezed my ass as though he had held me like this a hundred times before and from that movement alone I moaned, pressing myself harder into the palm while spreading my legs so wide it felt like an entire Imperial fighter could fit between them.

His stupid chuckle snapped me back to awareness for a moment. I jerked violently in that humiliatingly open position, already about to twist away, jump up, try to explain something, somehow show him that standing in front of him was not Lyra'ven, not his familiar runaway whore, but Doctor Adrian Brown, a scientist, a man who created technologies capable of changing the entire galaxy, but at that same moment Rikkan's hot hand squeezed my ass even tighter, roughly spreading me wider, while the other confidently pulled one of my lekku back, arching me so sharply another shamefully sweet moan escaped my throat on its own.

“Oo’ha... na’ha...” (“Yes... no...”) I whimpered miserably, no longer understanding what exactly I was even resisting anymore.

Then a moment later, not even giving me time to think, I felt him push into me in one sharp practiced motion.

“KHA—!..”

The cry burst out on its own, thin and nearly breaking into a shriek because the body reacted instantly as if it had been waiting for exactly this.

I was shoved forward. My palms slid across the cold metal floor, my breasts swayed heavily downward, while my hips pushed backward toward the next thrust before I even consciously realized it.

No. No-no, this was wrong.

I desperately tried to tense my legs, tried at least to move my knees together somehow, but deep down I understood I was lying to myself.

I, or rather this damn body, wanted it.

Because in the very next instant the whole world exploded in yellow light.

The lekku practically burst into light, but together with them so did my arms, my legs, my entire body, flooding the room with a soft pulsing glow, while at the same moment a heavy wave of heat rolled down my spine and crashed directly into my lower stomach.

But I didn’t care.

“Oo’ha... kha-han...” (“Yes... gods...”) I breathed out more quietly now, hating my own voice for how pitifully sweet and needy it sounded.

I moved my ass with shameless expertise like a born whore, adjusting to every motion, catching every rhythm and even controlling muscles inside the vagina like I had another pair of hands hidden there, hands that tightened around his thick throbbing cock on their own, massaging it from below, then above. It was like I could literally see what was happening inside this damned cunt and controlled it just as naturally as I once controlled my own fingers while working at a terminal, only now instead of interfaces, formulas, and holograms I felt the hot rough flesh of a man thrusting into me again and again from the inside and the realization nearly made me sick with horror.

But the body...

The body was absolutely ecstatic.

And that ecstasy was so overwhelming that the horror drowning inside me vanished instantly beneath a sweet burning river of insane pleasure.

“Oo’ha, Rikkan! Oo’ha, va tha’var galak’shi!” (“Oh yes, Rikkan! Yes, my lord of the galaxy!”) The words spilled out automatically, as if I already knew exactly what to say, exactly what would make him feel even better. I could feel I was close. Just a little more. Just—

“Yeah, I get what you mean. Shame you don’t have a translator, but yes, I am!” he replied smugly, grabbing both lekku this time and thrusting faster, deeper. Gods. Finally!

“Oo’ha... Oo’ha... Oo’ha!!!” I moaned, adjusting the muscles of the vagina and rolling my hips expertly as if I had finally discovered my purpose in life and any further search for meaning was now completely pointless.

And a few moments later, when warm thick fluid spilled from his cock, I seemed to realize that now “it was allowed” and shattered right after him.

The world simply vanished.

I arched so violently I nearly collapsed face-first onto the metal floor, fingers desperately scraping across it while a long trembling completely shameless moan tore from my throat:

“KHA-A-A’NOO... RIKKAN!.. OO’HA!..” (“Yes... Rikkan!.. Yes!..”)

My body shook in his hands as if electricity were tearing through me from the inside. Wave after wave rolled along my spine, twisted my stomach, forced the muscles deep inside the vagina to clench greedily and rhythmically around his cock, holding him deep inside me as desperately as if I truly feared he might pull out.

And of course he did pull out, like yanking the plug from a bathtub overflowing with water, all of it suddenly becoming warm waves flooding through my body, making my fingers claw across the floor while my breasts helplessly rubbed against the cold metal with every convulsive movement.

I didn’t even try to think about how I looked.

I... I just didn’t want it to end...