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Contains: *Breast Expansion as Weight Gain, Weight Gain*

These characters are mine; the setting is not.

Happy Star Wars Day.

Distress Signal

As the Vigil streaked through hyperspace, Cinally tugged at the sides of her robe. She'd wrapped and bound herself as tightly as she could, but the layers of fabric couldn't hide the luscious shape of her bosom. She'd never quite returned to her Academy figure after the time they spent on Orionis, and it had only taken a few weeks for Lady Ovrienna's eccentric protocol droid to undo that work and then some.

Cinally glanced across the cockpit at her master. Jennlyd had borne no lesser effects from their recent escapades, though the older woman carried the excess in her hips and middle, rather than the Padawan's tendency toward bust and rump. Indeed, the Jedi Master was squeezed so tightly into her pilot's chair that it took considerable effort to raise her out of it.

"Where are we heading now?" Cinally asked.

"There's a planet in the Veruth cluster that once held a training monastery. It was never officially part of the Order, but some Masters and Padawan used it for the latter stages of their training."

"Is that what we're going there to do, train?"

Cinally wondered whether there was any purpose in that. There was space enough on the Vigil for the two of them to train with sabers, but they hadn't had cause to even draw their sabers for nearly two years. But perhaps...

Jennlyd said, as if to herself, "I think that would be prudent, don't you?"

When Cinally glanced across the cockpit again, Jennlyd seemed to be pondering her navel. Or, more accurately, the months of indulgence and pampering beneath her navel.

"I suppose so, Master," Cinally murmured.

A small light flashed on Cinally's side of the controls, and she tuned a knob to focus on the signal.

"What is it?"

Cinally flipped a switch that un-muted the radio receiver, and a series of beeps and boops crackled from the speaker. Jennlyd focused on the sound for a moment, then said, "It's a distress signal. An older protocol, and automated. Playing on a loop."

"Should we investigate?"

In answer, Jennlyd toggled a series of switches and fired the thrusters to alter their course. "It's a civilian pattern, but even if it were old Imperial, we'd still be honor-bound to do so."

Cinally nodded, checking their systems and making adjustments. "Of course, Master."

According to their star charts, the distress call was coming from the planet Vecater. Jennlyd set the Vigil down in a clearing near the source, and the pair walked down the ramp to find a fertile, verdant landscape. Warm without being oppressive and lush without being muggy, the clearing was surrounded by trees and bushes weighed down with fruit like a voluptuous vineyard.

The source of the signal was obvious. Less than a kilometer away, the wreck of a ship not much bigger than the Vigil lay buried in a hillside. Cinally traced a path behind the vessel with her eyes.

“This ship must have crashed at least a year ago,” she said.

Jennlyd was approaching the hatch with one side of her robe thrown open to leave quick access to her saber. “I suspect at least a cycle and a half. How can you tell?”

Cinally pointed at the trees. “There are branches and small trees broken when it crashed, but it’s all leafed out again, and the wounds have started to heal over.”

“Very good, Cinally. But remember to use all your senses. For example,” Jennlyd stretched out a hand to the crashed ship, stood frozen for a moment, then relaxed her posture, letting her robe fall to not quite cover her widened hips. “This ship’s passengers are no longer here.”

Cinally stepped closer to her mentor and reached out to sense for other echoes in the Force, but also felt nothing. “Do you think they... died?”

Jennlyd cocked one blue eyebrow. “Suddenly, your bushcraft skills have left you?”

Cinally’s cheeks grew warm, and she scanned the surrounding area. “It’s hard to be sure after all this time, but it looks like someone went that way. I wonder why...”

Jennlyd sighed. “If the survivors lasted here for some time—as much as one point five cycles—they would have needed water.”

“Oh, of course!” Cinally started in the direction the trail seemed to lead, then stopped when she didn’t hear her master following. “Aren’t we going to go look for them?”

“How far do you suppose they went?”

“Um... I don’t know. I can’t really tell just from the signs here.”

Jennlyd let out a breath that might have been a sigh. “Go get a pack of provisions from the Vigil, and a medical kit.”

“Right!” Cinally squeaked.

The pair followed the trail left by the survivors for several days. Most of the wildlife they encountered was small, apart from one dog-like creature, which Jennlyd was able to deter with a Force suggestion. Unfortunately, Cinally’s packed food ran out after three days, and their water on the fourth.

“What should we do, Master? Should we go back?”

“It will take at least three days to return to the Vigil, assuming we avoid the... detours we’ve taken thus far. And we’d be abandoning those survivors to their fates.”

“But we’re out of water, and I’m hungry,” she whined.

“Remember your training. Focus and meditation are stronger than the desires of the flesh.”

Cinally wondered where that discipline was when Jennlyd had eaten an extra half ration the previous morning, but she said nothing.

By the time they made camp on the fifth day, Cinally couldn’t bear it any longer. When Jennlyd wasn’t looking, she plucked a piece of fruit slightly larger than her closed fist and examined it. Its blue-green skin was firm and shiny, and it smelled like a Jogan fruit. Cinally’s stomach let out a growl so loud she worried her master would hear it. She took a bite.

Bright, tangy flavor exploded onto her tongue. The fruit held so much juice that it ran trickling down her chin. With fruit like this, the survivors wouldn’t have even *needed* water. In mere moments, she’d consumed the fruit all the way down to a hard pit no bigger than the end of her thumb.

“Cinally! What are you doing?”

She’d had enough of Jennlyd’s hypocrisy. “I was hungry, and thirsty, and we’re surrounded by very juicy fruit.”

“It could be poisonous!”

“I sensed it, and it didn’t *feel* poisonous. Besides, I’d rather poison myself than starve to death surrounded by food!”

Jennlyd drew back as if slapped. But instead of the punitive lecture Cinally expected, she simply looked resigned.

“What’s done is done. We’ll wait two hours for any ill effects. You remember which fruit it was, I presume.”

Stunned, Cinally nodded.

They made camp an hour later, and Jennlyd asked for one of the same fruits an hour after that. For two more days, while tracking the survivors, they gathered and ate the blue-green fruit. There was so much of it that Cinally felt she’d gone from near-starving to snacking almost constantly as they made their way through the fruit-laden jungle.

On the eighth morning of their search, Cinally spotted a small trail of smoke in the sky. That afternoon, they reached the survivors’ camp. A Twi’lek woman, about Jennlyd’s height, stirred a steaming pot that appeared to have once been the housing for an oxygen recycler. The camp was a mish-mash of parts clearly salvaged from her ship, with mats and thatch made from local plants.

The woman had red-orange skin and was wrapped in scraps of fabric that left most of it exposed. She was the most beautiful woman Cinally had ever seen. While not absurdly or impractically large as Lady Ovrienna, the Twi’lek hadn’t missed any meals since she’d crashed. Her hips spilled out of her makeshift skirt, wider than Jennlyd’s, and topped plush thighs bigger than Cinally’s waist. Her belly was soft and round, propping up a pair of breasts so large that Cinally wondered how she could see what she was stirring. They were larger even than Numa Bondara’s had been, and covered only by tiny triangles of fabric and long strings. Even her lekku were thick and plump, Cinally wondered if they were soft, and had a relentless urge to touch them.

“Oh, hello there,” the Twi’lek said. “Hami, we have guests!”

“Guests?” A voice came from inside the shelter. “How is that possi— Why, hello...”

The second woman’s voice shifted into a pleasant purr the moment she laid eyes on them. “I’m Hami Pealende, and you’ve already met Tali.”

“Tali Dorul,” the first woman said.

Hami was another Twi’lek with blue-green skin. Cinally looked back and forth between the pair. She could not decide which was more plump, which had the larger bosom, which lekku she longed to feel, which was more beautiful. Ultimately, she found it was Hami who drew her gaze more relentlessly.

“Did you crash as well?” Tali asked.

“Oh, no,” Cinally said. She looked to Jennlyd to take the lead in the conversation as she usually did, but her mentor seemed just as entranced as she was. “We picked up your distress signal.”

“You must have been using quite a rare lane,” Hami said. “We’ve not heard from anyone in a long time. How long has it been, Tali?”

“I’ve lost count.”

Cinally was getting lost in Hami’s red-gold eyes. When she broke the Twi’lek’s gaze, she found Tali and Jennlyd locked in a similar stare. Hami came closer to her. Despite her bulk, she shifted and moved with a sinuous grace that made Cinally’s head swim.

“You must join us for dinner,” she purred, resting a hand on Cinally’s shoulder.

Whatever was in that cauldron smelled better than anything she’d eaten in Isadora’s palace. Surely it was more of the planet’s fruit, which Cinally had been eating all day, but her stomach burbled eagerly.

“Oh, but we’re here to rescue you,” Cinally said.

This snapped Jennlyd from her stupor. “Erm, yes. We’ve come to render assistance.”

Tali shifted the cookpot to the edge of the small fire and approached the Jedi.

“And we’re very glad you’ve come.”

She put an emphasis on the final word that sounded strange in Cinally’s ear.

“But we’re doing just fine, as you can see.”

“I suppose that’s true.”

“And it isn’t as if you can turn around and go back to your ship at this hour. It’s a two-week journey to the crash site.”

Cinally wondered idly how slowly these two women moved at their size, and whether they even had room on the Vigil for such... voluptuous passengers.

“So please,” Tali said. “Stay for dinner, and if you must, you can leave first thing in the morning.”

A soft touch trailed down Cinally’s back. She assumed it was Hami’s fingers, but the hand remained on her shoulder.

“Sorry,” the Twi’lek said, drawing the lekku over her own shoulder. “They have a mind of their own sometimes.”

Politeness and practicality obliged them to stay, and the Twi’lek refilled their bowls so many times that Cinally feared she might burst. With her stomach warm and stuffed and exhausted from days of walking, she needed Hami’s help to get into their shelter. The moment her head hit the padded mats covering the ground inside, Cinally fell asleep.

In the morning, when she was still halfway between sleep and wakefulness, Cinally stirred in her bed. Only, she wasn’t in her bed. Not curled up on the ground as she’d done for the past week, not tucked into her bunk on the Vigil. She was in a gentle nest of mats beside a large, soft source of warmth. Cinally cuddled closer to the warmth, feeling safe as she began to drift off again.

Before she could, however, Cinally felt the warmth shift. A heavy arm covered her, drawing her close. Then another appendage tickled at her collarbone and teased the tops of her breasts.

Cinally gasped fully awake, and Hami drew back, retrieving her wayward lekku. "Oh, dear. I'm so sorry. I thought..."

"No, no. It's alright. You surprised me, that's all."

The Twi'lek's lips spread into a grin. "Does that mean...?"

Cinally reached a trembling hand toward Hami's head, tracing her fingertips along her lekku. It was soft, but not as soft as she'd expected. She wondered what else the woman could do with it. Before Hami's lips reached her own, she whipped her head up to look for Jennlyd.

The Jedi's mouth was locked onto Tali's. The Twi'lek's hands explored the woman's body while her lekku caressed her ears. Cinally noticed how her master's blue-gray hair complemented Tali's skin and almost laughed at the thought.

She pulled Hami on top of her, feeling her overfed breasts mash against the Twi'lek's massive ones as their lips met. She supposed they'd be staying on the planet for a little longer. They'd taken several months of leave, after all.