

The Grey Jedi

A BREAST EXPANSION STORY

BY SPARTACUS

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Contains: Breast Expansion as Weight Gain

These characters are mine, the setting is not.

Happy Star Wars Day.

The Grey Jedi

A small ship the color of tarnished silver landed in an empty clearing at the edge of a forest on an idyllic, pastoral planet. A short ramp dropped down and two figures emerged wearing brown robes. Both had their hoods open revealing

female faces. One was tall, and wore her blue peppered grey hair in a short bob. The other was slightly shorter, with a shock of bright red hair in a pixie cut.

“Master, who are we here looking for again?”

“The woman’s name is Numa Bondara, young Cinally.”

“And you really think she’ll be able to help us?”

“I am certain she is *able* to help us. The question is whether or not she is *willing*.”

“Oooh...” Cinally’s eyes opened wide and knowingly.

“She’s one of them ‘Grey Jedi,’ huh?”

“There is no such thing as Grey Jedi, Padawan.”

“So what’s Numa doing here?”

“She lives here.”

“By herself?”

“According to Republic records there is some small local population. Farmers mostly with almost no technology.”

“So she’s just... helpin’ farmers?” Cinally scrunched her nose.

“In the middle of a war?”

“Many Jedi seek solitude in times of turmoil, Young One.”

“I mean I guess so, but...”

Suddenly the older woman held a hand out to shush her chatty apprentice.

“I have a bad feeling about this.”

“Master?”

“The records show Shoresoun to be nowhere near this... fertile.”

“How so?”

“You were raised in the city, were you not?”

“Yes Master.”

“See how green this grass is? For this time of year it should be far more yellow, just barely surviving.”

The apprentice nodded.

“And see those cattle over there? The flock should be half that size at most, and they should not be nearly so fat.”

“Could Numa be using the Force to make the planet nicer?”

“I do not think...”

The Jedi interrupted herself with an apparent thought. Closing her eyes she reached out with her feelings toward the omnipresent Force. After several long moments her eyes reopened.

“You are correct Cinally, the area all around us is suffused with Force power, creating some kind of perpetual Spring.”

“Sounds like she’s on the Light side, eh?”

“Perhaps, Young One, perhaps...”

As the pair followed a well-worn path through the woods, a young man not quite at maturity was startled by their passing.

“Off worlders? Have you come to visit the Princess?”

“Princess?” The Jedi asked.

“Princess Bondara of course. She’s the Lady of Shoresoun, brought the rain and makes life a joy! Keep following this path and you’ll come to the palace. Her Majesty will be inside.”

The women nodded their ascent and continued walking.

“She has set herself up as royalty here?”

“That’s not very Light side, is it Padawan?”

“No, Master.”

As they entered the outskirts of a village, the two women could see a bustling, thriving rural population.

“See the people, Cinally?” The master said in a low whisper.

“Do they look subjugated?”

“No Master, they all look happy.”

“And are they suffering, struggling to survive?”

“Not at all, they’re working hard but they’re all a little... chubby?”

“Well-fed, yes.”

The pair reached the largest of the cluster of wooden structures, and approached through its large double doors. There were no guards, but a line of villagers seemed to be ferrying food from kitchens and ovens into the ‘palace.’

The Padawan and her Master were both stunned by what they saw.

Seated in a large wooden chair, half reclined, was a Twi'lek woman with light green skin. Her head tails dangled down over each shoulder, framing a set of breasts larger than the woman's head. They were almost as big as the main chassis of a BB unit.

The woman was clearly strong in the Force. All around her were platters of food, and bites and pieces of things were floating toward her and into her mouth in a near-constant stream. The villagers that the two women had seen coming and going from outside the palace were taking away empty plates and replacing them with full ones.

The women stepped aside from the entrance as the older woman stared, aghast.

"Impossible..." She whispered.

"What is it, Master?"

"Reach out to her and tell me what you feel."

Cinally closed her eyes.

"She's practically *glowing* with Force Power, Master."

"Can you tell what she is doing with it?"

"Well she's moving the food, of course."

"Of course."

"And whatever she's doing to the climate is flowing out of her slowly, I can feel it covering us too, it feels kinda good."

"Yes, you feel strong and well-rested, do you not?"

"Yes, Master. But... what's she doing to her body?"

"Open your eyes, Cinally."

The Padawan avoided looking at the green woman, she didn't like how the sight of her made Cinally feel warm under her robes.

"Look at her."

Cinally complied.

"That is what she's doing."

"What, eating?"

"Obviously she is eating. More importantly, she is using the Force to make all the excess weight on her body store itself in her chest."

Cinally was feeling *very* warm now.

"Master, are you *sure* there's no such thing as Grey Jedi?"

"Don't just *-hompf-* stand in the doorway, come closer!"

Both women hesitated, but they had come this far already.

"Welcome to *-urp-* Shoresoun!"

Cinally kept looking at the floor and then back up at the woman, now even her face was feeling warm.

"Oh ho! *-chomp-* a Jedi! I've not seen a *-nom-* Jedi for many years!"

Numa chewed a moment, then seeing the expression on Cinally's face, she paused in her feasting.

"Hello there Young One. What is your name?"

"C-Cinally, Mistress."

"Would you like to stay here and learn *my* ways of the Force?"

Cinally shook her head but Numa was not convinced.

“The two of you must try some of the local fare.”

The Twi’lek gestured and several villagers held platters of roasted meats and fruit pastries to the visitors.

“Cinally.”

“Yes, My Lady?”

This last made the Jedi Knight glance sharply at her apprentice.

“Would you like to stay here and live like me?”

“N-n-no...”

She ran a hand across the acreage of green skin on display.

“Would you like to stay here and live... *with* me?”

Cinally’s mouth went dry and she actually bit her lower lip.

The Jedi took her apprentice by the elbow.

“It is time we left, Padawan. We will find no help here.”