

Ahsoka Tano Dreams of a Temple

Free Version

By Neo Mint City

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Time Reference

The year is BBY 17. Before the Battle of Yavin. Two years after The Clone Wars and 17 years before A New Hope. Ahsoka was born in BBY 36. She is 19. You Are Welcome, my fellow nerds. Star Wars math...

The Dreams

Ahsoka Tano woke up in a cold sweat. Drops of cool sweet sweat ran down her head tails, both front lekku covered in fine wrinkles. Only another Togruta or a Twi'leks would notice the wrinkles. She pulled one lekku from between her cleavage. It had been resting there as if it was seeking the warmth and comfort of her developed breasts. Wiping the sweat from her head tail she licked her fingers. Enjoying the sweet flowery taste her species produced. Not salty like a human's.

Stretching first, she reached for her breasts pulling at her old tube top she slept in. The red cloth was thin with age and stretched to its limits. It made for comforting nightwear, filled with memories of a safer time. Each breast would require both her orange hand to hold. She smiled, they stood on their own nearly perfect round orbs. Just a hint of a teardrop shape.

She smiled a second time and thought of an elderly Jedi Master. Master Layda had pulled aside several youngling females at one point. She warned them if their breasts got too large when they were older they would have to use the Force to support them. Especially if they were in combat. She made them practice for a week with two balls of water.

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Ahsoka smiled at the thought then frowned, the dream rushed back at her. A task to complete on a distant planet.

Using the tube top she began drying her glistening orange skin. She stole licks of her sweet juice here and there from her slender fingers. Only stopping when the fabric was soaked. Tossing the cloth on a pile of clothes she made her decision regarding the intense dreams. They had awakened her for the last three nights.

“S1-UT, are you there?” she called out.

A short chirp answered from the Maxillipede shuttle’s cockpit.

“Locate and set course for the Asmriunin System.”

A whistle and a few chirps came seconds later.

“12 hours?” she asked. “It will have to do. Plot the course and jump to hyperspace.” S1-UT chirped in affirmative as Ahsoka looked around the converted shuttle. Gone were all the extra seats. She had modified the craft into a home of sorts. Stole from a salvage yard. She had lived in it for the last six months. Gone was the blue paint of the failed civil war. She had even removed all the old Separatist markings and emblems. She had it painted white with orange highlights. A homage to her Togruta skin and natural makings.

Maybe I can use some Jedi stress-relieving techniques, she thought. Leaning back, her hand fell upon an ornate box. A large smile crossed her amber lips. *Or I could use non-Jedi techniques,* she thought. Ahsoka pulled out her private saber.

“S-oney, when you're done come here. I have an important mission for you to complete.” She said.

Ahsoka then placed the saber between her ample breasts to warm it up. Twisting one nipple she bit the corner of her lower lip.

The same droid’s double chirp came from the cockpit.

One hand caressed her stomach as she pulled back the blanket. Her double-split skirt floated to her right leg. The soft blue mesh fabric was pulled into the air by the blanket. Only the decorative chain waist held it from floating off completely. The transparent fabric did little to hide her light orange cheeks or her smooth vulva. Ahsoka only wore it to not be naked as she moved around the shuttle at night. A chill ran along her inner thighs. Reflexively she tightens her athletic muscles. As she adjusted to the cooler air she moved.

Her heart-shaped ass wiggled to the edge of the small bed. Both legs dropped off the ledge. Her toes curled around the cool floor grating as she spread her knees. In the night lighting mode, her body's orange skin looked far darker and more exotic than normal. Dark like the color of her nipples and both sets of lips.

Fingers parted her dark, near-red labia. Uncoiling from her clitoris, her two protective lekku minora began slipping around her fingers. Ahsoka’s nimble touch warmed her swiftly wetting sheath. The two-inch lekku rubbed and pulled on her finger as she tested her readiness with a single knuckle.

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The shivers of pleasure reached her brain when the ship shuddered. Her loyal and trusted droid S1-UT chirped happily, signaling they were coming.

Ahsoka's Private Saber

[Redacted Scene: Full scene at <https://subscribestar.adult/neomintcity>]

The Temple

Taboroon appeared to be an unusual planet. The holographic reading S1-UT projected suggested multiple biodomes. Rare in a galaxy full of planets made entirely of single biodomes: ice, desert, forest, swamp, or lava.

"I'll take the ship in." Ahsoka smiled at the droid before closing her eyes and letting the Force guide her. Her fingers nimbly worked the controls.

The land gear extended just before the long shuttle landed. Four curved struts adjusted to the uneven surface, leveling the craft. Its dual dorsal fin design lined up and pointed directly at a large grey-tan temple. One half appeared to be covered in jungle vines from the nearby forest, the other steeped in sands from the desert next to its southern side.

Opening her eyes Ahsoka said, "Stay with the ship. I'll try to be quick. But it's a Force vision, so who knows."

A round-faced bird-like creature perched on one of the shuttle's fins, high above Ahsoka as she walked down the rear facing ramp. Its large eyes followed her as she walked a path along both the jungle forest and desert sands to the temple.

The walk was easy and quick, Ahsoka stood before six large pillars. Behind the grey-tan columns a large door of stone ground to a stop. Open and inviting. Passing through the doorway her hand brushed the door's engraved surface, sensing no danger within. Former Jedi Ahsoka Tano only sensed she was in the right place.

The passageway was dark and a distant light seemed to jump to her and away with each step. Trailing her fingertips along the wall. Hidden carvings tapped and bounced off her, greeting her fingers with their coarse texture. Hidden from her eyes in the darkness.

The light arrived around her as she broke through the darkness. One second the long dark hall, the next a large bright circular anteroom. At its center a pedestal waist high. Further past it a sealed archway. Ancient carving covered the surface of the round room. From the floor up the two meter high wall to the ceiling. Damage and time obscured many carvings.

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Standing in front of the pedestal two elongated slots cut deep in the stone surface. Each sized for a saber hilt. Ancient words in a language she didn't understand engraved above the slots proved to be no help. Taking a deep breath Ahsoka unclipped her sabers and set them in slots.

Nothing happened.

What now? She thought. Stepping to the door she studied the carvings. Running her fingers down one line she frowned. Ahsoka asked, "Naked?"

The Force passes through her.

"Poodoo," she said, "naked it is." Ahsoka unbuckled her belt. Dropping it to the sand. She quickly slipped off her clothes and armor. Her breasts bounced free of her dark blue top. Both orbs hung down as she slid her leggings off sculpted thighs and calves. Her orange skin glowed in the light of the temple's anteroom. A cool breeze weaved across her skin as she dropped the leggings onto her pile of clothes. The sealed archway rumbled and a moment later a new passage gave her access deeper into the temple.

The archway led directly to a larger room. The smell of fresh water filled her nostrils, her eyes looking over a haven. Large and long. Steps lead into a pool of crystal clear water before her. On the other side of the water were benches, tables of all sizes, hanging hoops, and spindly rods with cross-pieces reaching to the ceiling. Some disappeared into the darkness of the far side of the room. The only way to reach them and deeper into the temple was through the water.

Her great toe broke the surface of the water. No ripple or wave was created. The chill of the water sent a shiver through her leg, passing her groin. She slipped her orange-skinned foot into the water before the shiver reached further. The cool water wrapped her in its embrace, tension slipped from her foot. Naked Ahsoka descended into the waters. Weariness and worries began drifting from her mind.

Looking down at crystal clear water her blue tipped lekku slipped down and brushed her dark amber-orange nipples. They harden at the touch. She feels shivers of pleasure rush between her head tails and nipples. The waters lapped at her vulva as she stepped down.

Crystal-clear water was tranquil even as she moved through it. Still enough she watched the muscles in her legs ripple under her skin with each step undistorted. As the water reached higher up its cool bite sent a shiver of pleasure through her. Then it slipped between her breasts and kissed her dark nipples. Turing them harder than any kyber crystal. She plunged into its depths with a fluid dive Moving to the far side. Six seconds passed as her fit body cut through the waters. The water hid nothing of her form. Coming to the steps at the other side she raised out of the waters with each advancement. All of her worries, fears, and thoughts of the past and future were cleaned away with the water. Now it was only her and this moment.

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Stepping toward the center of the room, not a single drop of water clung to her. She stood in the light. Before her, the temple was cloaked in darkness. The shadows still and not at the same time.

The two montrals, which humans often mistook for horn or hair, vibrated sensing movement in the shadows. Instinctively one hand covers her breast the other slips to her hip. The shadow before her shifted, it grew into a man, he looked only a year or two older than her.

“Who are you?” A man’s voice asks.

“Soka.” She answers, “You?”

“Koawyn.”

Is he naked too? She thinks.

“Are you taking the Inquisitor Trials too?” He asks.

Her naked orange physique drops to a low combat stance. One leg back; the other forward. Both hands pass her hips reaching for lightsabers, not there.

‘Sith.’ she whispers.

“Wait, I know you. You are a dead Jedi. So this is my trial. A ghost from the past.” Koawyn says as he steps forward into an aggressive combat stand. The light washes from his head to his waist. His hand reaches over his shoulder and grasps air. Naked, his hard lean body was now exposed in the light. His skin; pale, always hidden from the light by dark clothing. His hair; black and short, just long enough to be feathered if he ran a hand through it.

Ahsoka shifts her stance to match his moves as she was trained. Staying low her chest wiggles in the cool air. Her hands, elbows, and shoulder flexing and twisting as she adjusts to counter his next move. Raising her head and chest slightly, she tests him. Her athletic arms squeeze her breast together as she rolls her shoulders and hips in opposite directions. The Sith don't fall for her allure.

Advancing out of the darkness Koawyn charges at the naked orange-skinned Togruta. He focuses on her arms and shoulder. His control allowing him not to stare at her swaying orange breasts as her blue and white lekku bounce off the perfect orbs. Her amber-orange nipples point away from her. Hands extended before him, he reaches for her arms. Intending to overpower her.

She swept her leg at his knees.

He misses.

She misses.

Ahsoka’s strong lean leg struck the side of his pale calf. He tumbled as she raised up, planning her next strike. Her nakedness and his were far from her thoughts.

Koawyn's leg disappeared from under him. He twisted into the fall. One hand then the other closed not on her arms, but on soft orange pillows. They wiggled in his grasp. A small stiff kyber crystal pressed along the inner flesh of each thumb. The Sith

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acolyte rolled onto his side then back and the Jedi ghost was pulled down with him. His strong hand mashing the soft flesh of her large breasts.

“Ah. Ha ah!” she moans loudly at his grasp.

As she falls Ahsoka’s hand wraps around a lightsaber hilt. Shorter than most it is warm as though it was just shut off. The hilt’s girth is just enough that she can’t touch her fingers with her thumb. Its length appears to be six republic units long. Just over half the length of her reverse grip sabers.

I can work with this, she thinks. Her fingers squeeze and twist hunting for the ignition button.

“Uh.. Uwah!” He moaned. His eyes locked on her ample breast in each of his hands. Their size makes his hand seem small.

Two voices whisper and sing in each of their ears. ‘Trials of the Force. One of three. Commence. Do not give in to your bodily gratification. Before the other.’ One voice of shadows. One voice of light.

Not a saber, Ahsoka thought. Confused happiness and disappointment filled her.

The young Sith user’s legs and cock are the only parts of his body in the light. Ahsoka’s blue and white striped montrals and lekku shiver with excitement. Boldly she leans in, her legs spreading his slightly. Her fist tightens around his saber, like a Sarlacc’s tentacle around a victim. Ahsoka’s hand rubs up and down his shaft. Her body; just in the light. Her free hand slid along his inner thigh. Triggering a moan

“Ughh... hhhh.” His voice comes from the shadows.

Weighing his balls in her hand and rolling her fist up and down his shaft. Another victory comes from the dark side of the room.

“Kriff... yess...” he moans.

Dipping her head lower, his legs flinch as her lekku’s blue tips dangle and pat his inner thighs. Ahsoka opens her mouth and releases a splash of drool on her fist and his head at the apex of her fist’s motion. The saliva trails down along his cock as she moves again, coating his saber in her warm slimy drool. She begins rolling her tongue and building up more saliva.

Rocking her body back and forth, Ahsoka matches her hand’s movements. Both her sizable breasts sway to the rhythm. Her front lekku bounces off her chest, their dark blue tips sliding along Koawyn’s inner thighs sending rushes of pleasure through his spine. A line of saliva slips from her lips to his cock.

The young Sith’s eyes are hypnotized by her swaying chest. He begins to lose control watching her steady motions. The pressure builds in his balls. She continues playing with them, making it harder for him to focus. Her saliva slips past the hand working his cock and coating his balls as she rolls and plays with them. He squirms beneath her. The Jedi increases her pace. His moans become more passionate.

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“Krif... Kriiffing.. Karabast!” Koawyn shouts. His hips buck. His saber twisted in Ahsoka’s grasp. “Kriff!” A large white milky stream of cum shoots out as his saber ignites. A trail of his cum lands along the right side of her face. Missing her eye. It sits below and runs across her nose down to her right cheek. One drop rolls to her lips, the others to her chin. Dripping into her cleavage.

Ahsoka’s tongue pulls his warm sticky cum into her mouth. The sweet and salty taste puts a smile on her dark red lips as they glisten with a new white shine.

His hips still bucking, he moans again. A hot line of cum jets into the air; it mostly lands on her left blue and white striped montral and lekku.

Ahsoka attempts to aim his cock at her mouth eager for another taste. With a final thrust of his hips a moan escapes his lips and a sizable, yet smaller, string flies at her. His last thrust throws off her aim and his sticky cum splatters across her right montral, above her forehead.

A droplet of his defeat rolls onto her lips, sweet and salty. Ahsoka feels cum running the length of her montrals and dripping off her lekku.

“You are defeated.” She says. Orange hands clasp the upper edges of her blue and white striped lekku. Wiping the warm cum off she moved the white gel to her lips. His pearly-white goo tasted delicious. The last of his gel stuck to her lips.

‘Kriff, that was amazing.’ He whispers as his breathing slows. Sliding his arm behind him, Koawyn props himself up. The Togruta licks her hand and lips in victory. A chill overtakes him.

‘Trial one of thee passed,’ a voice sings in Ahsoka’s ears. Warm and soft like a summer breeze.

‘Trial one of three failed,’ a voice whispers in Koawyn’s ear. Dark and cold it came with a crackle.

The only light in the darkness, his green eyes. Ahsoka stares into them. Attempting to read his next movement, his next thought. Feeling his thigh muscles shift on hers she tenses her muscles ready to respond.

From the darkness, Koawyn feels his cock stir. The naked woman before him. Kneeling between his legs. The heat builds as their legs touch. *I’ll roll to the side, regain my footing, and overpower her to the ground*, he thinks.

All of her honed acrobatic training kicks in as he moves.

Koawyn tries to roll to his side. Ahsoka’s athletic muscles allow her to leap up. Twisting to adjust for his movement the naked orange-skinned Togruta pounces on top of the pale human. Both caught half in light, half in dark. Shadow and light running vertically down their centers. Ahsoka’s knees slid along his hips, spreading them apart. They come to rest hugging his toned abdominal muscles.

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'You won't win this sith.' She whispers in his ear. Her lekku tickles his chest as she leans in. A joyful tapping at her vulva encourages her lekku minora to slip off of her clit and chase after the cock teasing her. After several misses they retract and coil around her clitoris.

"Defeat me, not possible, jedi scum."

Grabbing her left breast, its large mass dwarfs his hand, he presses her up. With a small gap between the two Koawyn grips his saber and aims for the dark amber-orange sheath belonging to the Jedi.

In defiance, Ahsoka whispers, 'My master taught me better.' A battle with Asajj Ventress's sleek body flashes in her mind as does her words. Skywalker's filthy, obnoxious, little pet presses her chest and hips into the Sith below her.

Her lips spread. His saber begins entering her sheath.

"Ai ahh!" She moans.

Two two-inch long lekku minora uncoils from her clit. They dance and tug along his shaft as she mounts him. Her hand grips his abs holding him down as she starts rocking her hips. Sweet begins building across her skin.

Koawyn chews his lip holding in a moan as two fine tentacles wrap around his pommel and tug his shaft and the veins running his length. Seeing his chance for control, his hands lock onto her wrists as the Togruta's hips raise and lower over his. Her large breast spilled out from behind trapped arms. Her eyes close and soft moans escape from between her lips. Feeling her quickening pulse in his fingertips, her hips begin speeding up.

'I have you now.' Koawyn whispers.

Ahsoka rocked her hips over his. His cock slid in and out of her creamy sheath. Her mind flashes to a time long ago when she snuck out and followed her master on their evening mission. At the time she thought it was a bar they were meeting an informant at. She had explored her own body as she watched the dark blue Twi'lek ride her master. With the Sith beneath her, Ahsoka matches her hips roll to that of the Twi'lek in her memory.

The danger of the Sith came to her mind as Obi-Wan's voice came to her, 'be mindful of your surroundings, young padawan.'

Looking down she saw the danger. The Sith was half in the light, the darkness ran down both their lengths. He was holding both her wrists in a steel-like grip. She was the only one moving. He was focusing on control, she was focused on passion.

"Too scared to move?" she taunted.

"Scared of helpless naked jedi?" He replied. Clenching his ass he began thrusting upward as she dropped on him. In seconds their movements match each other's rhythms, his saber sliding in and out of her as her lekku teased and tickled his ridge and veins. Minutes began slipping by for the two Force wielders.

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Ahsoka focused on Master Kenobi's voice and words every time her body began to boil. She could hear him as she rolled her hips up and down. Her master's soft tones gave her the strength to resist and hold back her orgasms. Rivers of sweet sweat run down her body. Dripping and soaking the male below her.

Their sweat mixing, Koawyn's body is covered head to toe in a sheen of glistening sweet and salty liquid.

She pushed back five powerful orgasms that would have cost her the trial. Her mind pictured Master Obi whispering reassuring words into her ears. Finally, her body began to betray her.

Throwing her head back, Ahsoka's breasts reach for the sky. Her front lekku falls behind her and dangles with the larger one in the rear.

Seeing the Togruta in the throes of building ecstasy Koawyn releases one of Ahsoka's wrists and reaches one hand upward. Fingers twisting into a dark grip.

You are mine, Jedi, he thinks. Tightening on the air in his grip he reaches out with the Dark Side.

"Harder, Skyguy" She moans. A dark hand wrapping around her throat. Her walls constrict and roll along his saber. She slaps down onto him, hard. Her ass cheeks make an audible, *Crack!*

Her dark lips wrap around the base of his fully sheathed saber. Her lekku minora squirms, teasing and tugging on the veins along his shaft. Ahsoka begins milking his cock with her vaginal muscles. Quick, then faster they constrict and release him only to repeat. Endlessly.

The harder he tightens his dark grip on her orange neck the more her inner muscles roll along his cock. Seconds passed and her muscle played with his cock more skillfully than a Twi'lek slave girl.

Koawyn's grip loosened as his saber saturated his body with his second orgasm. One short spurt surged through him into the orange-skinned Jedi above him. Cream hot and sticky filled her depths. Seeping out from around his shaft. Painting her lower lips white.

"Arrgh Argh Ah" he moans.

A second longer shot pulsed through him into Ahsoka. The warmth strikes deep into her belly.

"Ohhh Kriffff! Ahhh ahhh!" He moans and drops limp. Koawyn's breathing becomes short and shallow as he tries to recover. His hand slid up from her knees. His forearms rest on her toned thighs. His hands secure on her hips.

The light cascades over her orange skin as beads of sweat run down her body. Ahsoka starts riding him again, swift shorts bucks. Up and down. Her small lekku spasms and curls rapidly on and around his cock.

"Mo...morraaii, Kriff yesssss! Haa ohh!" she moans.

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Shaking over him her sweat flies in all directions, a shower of ecstasy. Each shake spreads through her body. From her small lekku coiling on his cock to her the tips of her fingers, toes, major lekku. In the end she feels the shaking in the points of her montrals crowning her head.

Nerfherder, I haven't cum like that since the war, she thought. Thinking of all the training she had undergone.

“Mummm.” Ahsoka moaned. Rocking back and forth slowly with her hips. Milking him for another hot splash to wash along her lekku. Her eyes closed and head tilted upward she grinds him to no effect for a few minutes.

“Failed two of three. Final chance.” the dark voice hissed into his ears.

“Light and Grey obtained,” the warm voice tickled her ears.

The exotic orange woman with her white and blue striped tentacles rocking on top of Koawyn kept him hard. But her tight sheath and two tentacles coiling on his cock alone would have been enough to keep him from losing girth. His thoughts chase the teaching of the Dark Side. Of control. Of power. Of strength. Of anger.

“Surrender now sith and I'll reward you.” She said.

Ahsoka's hands clasp her breasts. The warm wet sweat coats her fingers, she begins caressing herself collecting the sweet juice. One hand travels to her mouth, one to his; as a reward for the satisfaction he has given her.

The Togruta's eyes were still closed; he sees her distraction, rubbing her own body. Flipping himself to his feet with the force Koawyn's strong hands wrapped around Ahsoka's waist before she can start to fall. He spins her into the darkness. His world.

His fingers dig into her soft flesh as he presses his saber deep into her sheath. Koawyn jerks to a stop, still in the light. The Jedi's upper body in the darkness. Hangs neither falling nor slipping further into the shadows. He thrusts his hips forward into her.

She thrust back at him. Her lekku minora and inner walls caressed him with each movement. The largest of her lekku on her back slapped her across her spine with each thrust. Sending a wave of pleasure thought her.

“E chit ta.” He hisses.

“Nerf herder,” she responds, “you won't defeat me so easily.”

A second ago Ahsoka was enjoying her taste. Now she was spinning through the air. Into darkness. She felt his hand gripping her hip guiding her into the depth, the shadows. Both her arms reached out. For anything to stop him. First her right, then her left. Her hands wrapped around two short bars. They both gave a little and snapped back. She recalled the cross pieces attached to the rods running to the ceiling.

Pulling with her arm, she rocks back at him in the light as he thrusts into her. Trying to drive her into the dark. Lifting her legs on his fourth thrust she locked her ankles together. Her heel digs into her lower back every time he pulls out. Ahsoka flexes

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every muscle in her slender frame to pull him back in. Into the wet warmth of her sheath and eager lekku.

The only sounds are primal grunts from the two and her large lekku slapping on her back with each thrust.

He becomes wild like a Wookiee in heat. His arms pull her into him as his hips flex and saber slides in and out of her. Grunts and moans escaped his lips. Sweet rolling down his pale lean muscles.

Her back arches with every thrust. All of her muscles contracting as one to pull him into her. The smack of her lekku on her back sending waves of pleasure along her body. The rods she is suspended from adds to her powerful movements. Like being on a swing she slammed into him.

It wasn't long before the two began matching the other's rhythmic thrusts. As her body became slicker with sweat. Koawyn slid his hands down and around her light orange ass cheeks. Closer now he could smell her flowery scent and musk of her juices.

Ahsoka tightened her leg muscles. With each movement, she pulls herself upward in an attempt to get above the Sith. To gain control and power over him. Her hips rock around his, his blade filling her with pleasure.

This jedi is insatiable, Koawyn thought. His arm burning, sweat rolled off every muscle. He continued slamming into her as her small tentacles coiled and slid across his shaft. He almost lost control and came each time the tiny tentacles twisted around his head's ridgeline. On one particular coil, he felt something in her body change.

That is when she clenched her hips around him in a deadlock. He dreaded it. It would be his failure. Every cell, every fiber of her inner walls pulsed, rippled, and spasmed along his shaft. Milking him. His eyes looked at hers, the only parts of her in the darkness he could see. She knew, he knew, what was coming next.

The longer their primal thrust went on the more her grip loosened. Ahsoka flexed every muscle in her legs attempting to crush him. Her body began milking his cock. Sucking, squeezing, and draining him. Her lekku minora were in a frenzy along his shaft.

"Ohhh kriff! Yess! Jedi whore! Ahhh ahhh hahh!" He screams as a thick glob of cum splatters into the depths of Ahsoka's sheath. Like before the slimy liquid oozed out and painted her red lips white.

Koawyn collapsed to the stone floor. Exhausted, his arms burned as his saber throbbed with pleasure. His body jerks on the floor as another glob coats her insides.

Ashoka pushed him fully back onto the floor. Her feet tucked under his knees. She rocked her hips three times and moaned as her body twisted with a powerful orgasm.

"Ohhh. oh Mor.. moria!! Ahhh ohhh..." she moaned. She screamed, "Yes! Yesss! Masstteeerrr!"

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Ashoka sat for ten minutes as her body spasmed occasionally. Finally, she pulled herself off of the fallen Sith. His saber; soft and powered down. She managed to crawl two feet from him when she heard the words.

“Thrice failed! Trials failed!” the wicked voice shouted at him.

“Darkness, Light, and Grey mastered.” The elegant voice harmonized into her mind.

‘Show him the light.’ they both whisper to her. Darkness and Light in agreement.

The Grey rose up and moved toward her unbalanced counterpart. Ahsoka stood over Koawyn. Her sweat dripped to his face below. She touched herself. The small tentacles of her lekku minora slid in and out of her as three fingers rapidly pleased her sheath.

I'm the master of this sith's saber now, she thought. The imagery of the dark grip around her throat filled her mind. Ahsoka's talented, nimble, and practiced fingers brought her to another body-shaking orgasm.

“EEEHHHHHHH!!! Cummmm- cumminngg!” Her head juts to the sky as her eyes roll back in her head.

Collapsing onto his face she releases a torrent of sweet juices across the fallen Sith. Soaking him in an instant. Ahsoka shakes for a minute. Sweet ecstasy pouring out onto him. Defeating him again. Pulling on each lekku minora as they cling to her wet fingers she sits back on her feet and knees looking past her heaving chest to Koawyn's soaked face. She smiled.

What would the masters say if I took this sith as a pet? She thought. Her grin turned wicked for a second before she pushed the thought from her mind.

His body doesn't move but his tongue and lips attempt to gather her sweet juices.

‘You are defeated sith.’ she whispers as the lingering effect of her orgasm runs its course. Minutes later Ashoka Tano rises, her athletic muscles rippling under her sweat-covered skin. The light of the room shines on her in such a way that white body markings appear. Caused by refraction light passing through the sweat coating her whole body. Matching her natural white face markings. Her amber-orange nipples are still as hard as kyber crystals, dew collecting on them. Droplets escape her beautiful, orange, full breasts and the tips of her white and blue lekku. Two rivers of cum run down the sides of her inner thighs.

Koawyn, unable to move, doesn't see the Togruta lick and suck her fingers clean. Enjoying herself. Or the deep inhale she takes of her own scent, of pleasure and victory.

Turning the radiant orange and white Togruta's graceful form moves to the first step of the pool. It's cleansing water calling to her.

“You should rethink your ways.” Ashoka says. The cool water rushes up her legs as she steps into the pool. “I'll train if you come find me.”

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Diving through the water her exotic nubile body blushes. Turning dark orange, with the chill. Sweat and bodily fluids wash away from her skin. Rising from the crystal clear waters the memory of the trial fades from her thoughts. Only the knowledge of success remains with her. Glazing over her shoulder, the room grows dark. Ahsoka passes through the archway.

Finding her clothes and sabers, the doors grind shut as she dawns the first article. Walking out of the temple she sees the sun rising over desert dunes and lush forest. Its light washes the dark jungle, sandy dunes, and her path with a warm light.

A cool morning mist lingers and swirls around her with each step. Nearing the shuttle she smiles as an owl-like creature takes flight. Its wing lifted the creature off of one of the dorsal fins above the shuttle. Running her hand along the shuttles white with orange highlights. Ahsoka steps on the ramp at the rear of the ship.

A very happy chirp greeted Ahsoka Tano of the Grey as she ascended the ramp.

“S-oney, set course for Hutt space I need to ask an old friend a question.”

Her droid chirps happily with the time and the shuttle lifts off.

Ahsoka feels a stirring in her body. Her thoughts travel to her private saber and the droid’s actuator.

Meanwhile

Across the galaxy, an Acolyte Inquisitor fails their trial. No memory of how he lost, how he failed. The Inquisitor Sisters and Brothers overseeing the trial begin to laugh at his failure.

By Neo Mint City

2023

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About the Author

What is Neo Mint City? Neo Mint City is a fictional city on a fictional Earth. NMC enjoys writing fun and provocative stories and sharing them with you.

The city is part of a world of interconnected stories. They happen in... you guessed it, Neo Mint City. You can enjoy each NMC storyline as a stand-alone or as a whole. Plus thrilling tales of supporting characters from the mainlines.

NMC also writes non-canon tales. Molly and Jonny's adventures are non-canon to NMC. We have considered adding them to the canon world and may do so in the future if the right story comes along. For now you can enjoy them in their stand alone series. Jonny's Turn is next up.

Thank you for reading my story. I appreciate you taking the time to read my spicy words. Truly you are awesome!

Sticky regards,
Neo Mint City

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