

Star Wars: Mara Jade Epic

Part I: Loss

Mara Jade huddled on the stone floor, weeping. She'd just felt it. . . through the Force, she'd seen it.

Her Emperor, her Master, her Owner. . . was dead. Killed. Murdered by Luke Skywalker, and his own treacherous apprentice.

Mara wept for the loss of her Master. . . without him, she was nothing. Everything she had been had been for him.

Her sheer bodysuit with it's blue trim, strategically placed over her breasts and crotch, hugged her lithe body tightly as she trembled. The part of her mind that thought only about her survival realized that here, huddled on the floor of one of the corridors of what used to be Jabba's Palace, dressed only in that skimpy outfit, sobbing uncontrollably, was hardly conducive to survival.

The part of her that loved her Emperor didn't care.

After an untold amount of time, Mara gathered herself to her feet, and staggered to her hidden cache. Her first day in the palace, she'd found a hidden spot where she'd concealed a change of clothes, a blaster, enough credits to last her awhile, some rations, and a datapad with a sophisticated slicing program that would, in theory, allow her to slice into the ignition system of any landspeeder she came across.

But her planning did not benefit her at all. Someone had found her cache and raided it.

So now she had nothing but the clothes on her back. . . which weren't worth much.

Carefully, she began to make her way out of the looted building that used to be Jabba's palace. She had to hike to Wayfar. . . from there she could get transport to Mos Eisley, then offworld. . . though she didn't know where she could go to afterwards. Her Emperor was dead. There was no one she'd be able to approach in the Empire now. . . none who could give her the respect and authority she deserved. . .

She stepped out of Jabba's Palace and into the scorching heat of Tatooine's midday. Sweat immediately popped out on her smooth skin. Raising a hand to shield her eyes from the sun, she began to march through the sands.

She was on her knees, naked, her mouth wrapped around her Emperor's cock. She'd long ago mastered the skills of pleasing her Master, and loved the opportunity to use them. Her Emperor, her Master, her Owner was her world. . . when he was happy, she was bursting with joy.

His wrinkled hand stroked her red-gold hair. "Very good, Mara. I've missed you."

Mara let her gratitude show in the undulations of her tongue. Her Emperor leaned his head back, moaning softly. Mara knew what that moan meant. And when her Emperor came, she swallowed it all. As she gently licked her Emperor's cock clean, he told her all about the details of her mission. . .

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