

## Star Wars: Sexual Healing

"Scramble, scramble! All craft, scramble!"

I bolted from my bunk as I heard the announcement over the ship's comm.

I was still getting into my flight suit as I ran for the flight deck. The pilots and crew were shouting questions at each other, but no one really knew what was happening, except for one thing:

We were under attack.

I got to the flight deck and bolted to my X-Wing, techs already swarming around her. I darted up the ladder as my black astromech droid was fitted into his socket. Within seconds, my preflight was done and I was being waved out the of the bay with the rest of the Wild Cards Wing.

Wild Cards Wing was based on the Mon Cal Star Cruiser Protector, and was made of Saber, Stave, and Coin Squadrons. I was the leader of the third flight of Stave Squadron, designated Eight of Staves.

"All fighters, converge at zero two two mark two five. Form up and prepare for attack. We're overwhelmed."

The Flight Controller onboard the Protector wasn't overstating matters. . . three Star Destroyers and two Interdictor cruisers had come out of hyperspace practically on top of us, and the Star Destroyers had immediately launched fighters. The Protector and her sister ship, the Defiance, had been caught unawares, and the TIEs had managed to inflict considerable damage before the launch of our own fighters gave them something else to worry about. Of course, we were still outnumbered almost three to one.

The TIEs had pulled back as they picked up our launch, and were now sweeping back in to hit us just as we were falling into formation. We didn't have time for a perfect formation. . . which was, of course, the point. Before we could settle in with our flights, let alone our squadrons, TIEs were everywhere.

The battle quickly turned into a confused brawl, flashes of green and red light spitting the

darkness. Several times, I was saved from incineration only by the quickest of reflexes. Others, it was pure luck.

Luck doesn't last forever, though. I had barely heard the call of "Arric, on your tail!" before my world washed white.

I awoke submerged in bacta. I'd been in a bacta tank a few times before, and it was seldom a pleasant experience. This time was a little different, however. Mostly, because I had company.

Though the Empire had been "defeated" at Endor nearly three years ago, the New Republic- still the Rebellion to most everyone- was still hurting for resources, bacta and appropriate tanks among them. As such, some ships and facilities had very little to spare. Doubling up in bacta tanks had been a common practice at the height of the Rebellion, and it was doubtful it would fall from favor anytime soon. Fortunately, I had a most agreeable tankmate.

Her skin seemed dark, from what I could tell through the electric blue of the bacta. Her hair was dark, though again, that could have been distorted by the blue of the bacta and the wetness of her hair. What the bacta did not distort was her raw beauty. She had a finely sculpted features, though I couldn't see her lips behind the regulator she had in her mouth feeding her air. Her body, however, was deliciously toned. Like me, she wore an abbreviated codpiece, but she had an additional strip of white cloth over her chest to hide her large, full breasts.

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