

Star Wars: Three Sisters

Part I: Mercenaries

They were sisters, after a fashion. They were identical in face, body, and voice, even beyond that of regular twins or triplets. They were so identical, in fact, that no one could tell one from the other, sometimes not even themselves. They were beautiful, possessed of a dusky complexion, black hair, dark eyes, and fabulous figures. They kept their bodies lean and fit with exercise and training, toned muscles and soft curves blending perfectly.

They called themselves sisters, but they really weren't. In fact, they were even closer than sisters. Their names were Aelis, Briseis, and Callis. They were so named because that was the order of their births. . . Aelis was "born" at 23:04:12, Briseis at 23:04:13, and Callis at 23:04:14. Of course, they weren't born, not in the traditional sense. They were decanted.

In a Kaminoan cloning chamber, the three sisters had been part of a thousand-clone batch made for the fledgling Empire. Errors in the cloning procedure caused unpredictable results throughout the batch, with fully half the clones dying of defects before they were even decanted. The remaining half suffered seventy percent casualties in the first year, and the survivors were too deformed to survive outside of a completely controlled environment.

Except for the three sisters.

They were flawless, except for them having come out of the tubes mostly female. The Empire, however, had no use for them, despite the impressive amount of training they had from birth thanks to the flash-learning process. The Kaminoans continued to instruct them as they had the Republic's and Empire's other clones, not knowing what exactly to do with them. When it was clear the Empire was completely uninterested in them, the Kaminoans offered them transport into the galaxy at large. The three sisters quickly went about exploiting their training, becoming mercenaries.

And so it came to be that Aelis, Briseis, and Callis were under the employ of Churchee's Riflemen, putting their considerable martial talents to good use, and keeping their identity as clones a secret. Stormtroopers were not well liked by the Riflemen, and there were. . . other things about themselves the sisters were eager to keep hidden.

They had been with the mercenaries for months when the leader of the band, Vilar Churchee, called them into his modest office.

The three sisters, wearing comfortable paramilitary jumpsuits, sat in unison in the chairs provided. With eerie simultaneity, they crossed their legs, rested their hands in their laps, looked at their employer.

"You three have been with the Riflemen for a few months, and I must say, you've performed admirably. Beyond my expectations, in fact."

Simultaneously, the three women replied with identical tone, pace, and inflection, "Thank you, sir."

"It did lead me to wonder where exactly you came from. You were rather vague on your applications. So I did some digging. Stormtrooper clones gone wrong, that's one you don't hear every day."

The three sisters looked at each other nervously.

Churchee smiled. "Don't worry, I'm not going to turn you in or hold it against you. But I understand you're programmed. . . if that's the right word. . . to follow orders."

"We are," Aelis, the nominal leader of the trio, replied.

"Good. All three of you, strip."

Again, the three women looked at each other. They didn't want to. . . but as Churchee had said, they'd been conditioned since before birth to follow orders. In their minds, they had no option but to comply.

They stood, quickly and efficiently removing their jumpsuits.

Churchee was stunned. The three women were as gorgeous naked as their clothed shapeliness promised. . . but they had yet another surprise he hadn't anticipated.

Between each woman's smooth, toned legs hung a small but defiantly growing cock.

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