

*She's relentless. Just how far is she going to chase me?*

Shaak Ti looked back at the speeder bike blazing behind her, sand kicking up as the vehicle rushed across the beach. Looking back to gauge her pursuer, she could see the red streaks of flapping twintails perched atop a speeder bike. Darth Talon had not stopped following her since their encounter on Rishi. Shaak Ti had hoped to lay low there, live a peaceful life after the fall of the empire, but the Force had different plans in store. The renegade Sith who dubbed herself Darth Talon was running wild in the outer rims in the pursuit of Jedi, and just so happened to find Shaak Ti. Without any recourse, the two dueling and clashed, ultimately forcing Shaak Ti to flee the system. She was given little quarter as Talon's relentless pursuit nearly vaporized her in space, forcing a crash landing on Scarif, which was where they were now.

**Vreee**

**Vreee**

Sand kicked up as blaster fire marked the land, making Shaak Ti swerve, banking back and forth to avoid the shots; she caught the manic glimpses of her assailant. A Sith of the old ways, Talon was a Twi'lek, no older than thirty and hungry for glory. Her skin was a deep crimson, marked with black tattoos that etched jagged lines across her body and tentacles. Her yellow eyes gleamed as she reached out her hand, trying to grip the back of Shaak Ti's speeder, but only managed to kick up sand. Their vehicles were evenly matched in speed; as long as no mistakes were made, there would be no victory this day. So it was up to Talon to try and force a mistake, firing at random, wailing an intimidating howl, anything to shake her prey's focus.

Shaak Ti was not a youngling, and she would not be easily intimidated; she knew that patience was the key in this conflict. Stay the course and she'd eventually lose her pursuer, but her space was rapidly running out. She didn't know Scarif that well; the beach planet being mostly water with incredibly dense jungles, she expected it would be easy to lose someone like Talon in the jungle. Talon's strength with the Force was more than anticipated, and she was able to match every one of Shaak Ti's maneuvers, and now she was running out of options. The peninsula she'd escaped to was thinning as the water closed in; waves lapped across the shrinking sandbar and crashed further into the land. Shaak Ti knew she'd run awash sooner or later, waterlog her speeder, and be at the whims of her enemy. She looked about her, glancing for any way to escape; it was ocean and more ocean. Then out of the corner of her eye, she saw the barest glint of shoreline. A sandy outcropping glistened in the sun, sparkling just across the bay, a gap almost too large to surmount.

**Vreeee**

**Vreee**

**Vreee**

Another volley of shots was enough to make her decide; skimming her speeder across the sand, she made a sharp turn. Veering wildly before using the Force to help propel her device to full speed. She launched across the sands, rocketing into the sky and sailing over the waves; her momentary burst was slowly being overcome by gravity. The lifts of her speeder were failing; not meant for the surface tension of water, it sank lower and lower. The nose dipped low, plowing into the waves like a shovel before latching onto some risen lump of dirt. Shaak Ti was sent sailing, toppling over herself in the air as she desperately used the Force to keep herself stable. The whipping winds grabbed at her robe and pulled the gown upwards, blocking her vision. In a desperate move, she was forced to tear it from her, letting the cloth flutter as she was left near nude. Talon had come in the middle of the night, and the robe was the only thing Shaak Ti could grab in her desperate rush to escape.

Now stripped to her skivvies, her red skin shining in the sun, she tumbled onto the sand, rolling with the impact. Her blue and white lekku slapping against the ground and momentarily disorienting her. Leaving her trapped in the sand, but at least content that she'd escaped her enemy for the moment. As Shaak Ti reoriented herself, pulling herself from the sand she'd buried herself in, she saw a disheartening sight. Talon's speeder was sailing across the water, skipping like a tumbling stone. The reckless Twi'lek was using the Force to pull herself in and out of the water as her speeder tore itself apart. In a dizzying display, she hit the edge of the sandbar and flew over Shaak Ti, her lightsaber drawn.

"Fitting for a weak-willed Jedi, too focused on fleeing to fight." Talon spat barbs as she readied her saber to swing.

"And fitting for a Sith to be so obsessed with their kill that they lose focus." Shaak Ti's retort was calm and focused, her hand outstretched in a gripping motion.

With a swipe of her hand, she snapped Talon from the air, swatting her aside like a fly and sending her tumbling into the waves, her red blade fizzling out as soon as it hit the water. Shaak Ti was given a moment's reprieve and readied herself, rising to her feet as she reached for her saber. It was unfortunate that in her haste to avoid a deadly fall, she'd lost the weapon, as it was now in the waves with the robes. She rushed to pull the cloth from the water, launching it towards herself, only to see Talon hurling herself from the waves. Her blade sputtered uselessly at her side as she descended, catching a faceful of wet cloth as Shaak Ti made a last-minute adjustment. The robe and Talon tumbled across the sand, the granules caking and embedding themselves in the wet clothes as the Sith struggled.

"Cowardly tricks, you only stay your fate." Talon cursed and spat inside of the cloth prison as she ripped it apart.

"I find it odd to be called a coward by someone who attacked in the night, but you Sith were always hypocrites." Shaak Ti furrowed her brow as she caught her breath.

Her health bust rose and fell in her nightwear, the twin bubbles looking like ripe fruit in her brassiere. A toned midriff flexed and relaxed as she steadied her breathing, the years of athleticism aiding her greatly in this altercation. With a stable stance, she readied for the close-quarters assault that was about to come her way. Her plain panties outlining her defined hip bones as her supple thighs adjusted. Her feet shifted in anticipation as she saw the bundle of cloth on the beach stay still. There was a moment of silence, where she and her opponent waited for the other to make a mistake, feeling out the battlegrounds for any sudden movements.

Then, in an explosive movement, the sand around Talon erupted; the waterlogged Jedi robe fluttered in the air. Expecting a sudden assault, Shaak Ti saw no Talon in the crater of sand and looked up towards the fluttering robe to make sure there was no passenger hidden in the folds, but that momentary look left her vulnerable. In an instant she felt a crushing grip at her sides, Talon reaching out from the deep crater, hand extending out of the sand. Shaak Ti could feel the wind being forced from her body, the crushing force bearing down on her from all angles. It was a barbaric and brutish move, but one that was easily countered. The momentary pain subsided as Shaak Ti recovered, bringing the Force to bear in an opposite manner. Creating an invisible barrier around herself that pushed apart the tendrils that wrapped about her. For a moment, they struggled, going back and forth until they were at an equilibrium. It would be a battle of attrition, and Shaak Ti knew the power that Talon was employing to be a taxing one. Sweat was already forming on Talon's brow, beads of clear water tracing the black lines of her tattoos as she fought against the barrier.

"Good, I always wanted to try this technique out." Talon's strain turned to a grin as she shifted her position.

Shaak Ti braced herself, ready for some new assault, but she felt nothing. Only the gentle breeze of the idyllic beach front greeted her, washing over her and warming her core. It was relaxing, alluring, something close to a lover's embrace. She could feel the breeze flowing in a continuous and soft wash that wrapped around her form. It helped her with her barrier, allowing her to push Talon's grip further, making the Sith's technique struggle, but that's what Talon wanted.

"Oh? Ohhhhh." Shaak Ti moaned in pleasure as she felt something deep between her legs.

It was a tingling sensation, a tickle against her nerves that carried all the way up her body and made her knees shake. She could feel the sensation centered in her nethers, her sensitive lips that had not known touch. Shaak Ti did her best to maintain focus against the sensory assault as she pulled down her panties to inspect what was happening. She saw something moving, something undulating over her lips; in a show of remarkable strength, she snapped her undergarments at the waist, letting them flutter down and expose the source of her movements. With the removal of her panties, droplets of moisture began to fall from her legs as her tight lips were being parted. Wrapped around some invisible cylinder that spread her lips

wide, wider, enough that it felt like they would tear. Shaak Ti's moans increased in volume as her body began to buckle. The shallow hill of her midriff started to bulge out as she realized what was happening. Somehow, Talon had managed to harness the wind, channeling it in a manner unbefitting of a Sith. Instead of brutal and quick, it was snaking and gentle, a breeze focused into a funnel. Too slow and too inoffensive to trip all but the most trained senses, and now it was coursing into Shaak Ti's womb.

"I knew it, you prudes are so wrapped up in your teachings that you're not trained to deal with pleasures of the flesh." Talon smirked, walking closer as the grip on her crush loosened.

She wasn't wrong; Shaak Ti could feel the sensual pleasure overriding her discipline, making her yearn for more. Her willpower only holding out as she tried to distract herself, but there was an undeniable feeling of tension in her stomach. The bubble started low in her pelvis, an airy balloon that inflated under her skin, going from gradual curve to taut balloon. Bloating out with each second as more air was funneled into her, her stomach growing large enough that it looked like she'd been feasting. Instinctively she touched the surface of her midriff, feeling the taut balloon as it inflated beneath her grasp. Her skin stretched under her fingertips, making her touch glide across the red surface like a feather. Doing that was a mistake, as now she felt like jelly. Her legs wobbled from the pleasure as she bit her lip, struggling to maintain any semblance of composure. As Shaak Ti's mind was assaulted with erogenous ecstasy and her stomach pumped full of air, she tried to come up with a counterattack.

*Think. Think. What can be done **hnnngggggg** here. The power must not take much focus, as she could use it while trying to crush me. It doesn't use her own power, and it is slow moving, but it's continuous. Which means it has to be connected to her in some way. That's it!*

Shaak Ti had a moment of excitement as she came up with a plan of action, using her own waning focus to bring a turnabout. With a subtle shift of her palms, she managed to connect the snaking breeze to Talon. Coiling around her back like a striking python, it seeped between her curved cheeks. Shaak Ti was getting uncomfortably familiar with Talon's anatomy, running invisible hands over her curves as she redirected the wind and pushed it up her ass.

"What **hhhhooouh** did you do?" Talon panted as she let out a yelp of pleasure.

"A little bit of your own medicine." Shaak Ti spoke with a labored voice as she fought to maintain composure.

"You...**hooo hooo** think you can outlast me? I've had sex more times than you can imagine. This is child's play." Talon grunted, having trouble keeping her own technique up as she upped the airflow.

While it was obvious that she was prepared for the penetration aspect of her own technique, she was not prepared for the growth that came with it. Shaak Ti watched as Talon's stomach began to swell, pooching out like a small hill, poking over the plate of her underarmor.

The plated bikini bottom stretched to accommodate her swell, the growing bubble creeping over the top of the rim as she filled herself with air. It was a cycle; every bit of air she pumped into Shaak Ti would be reflected back to her. While Talon was in control, everything she did to Shaak Ti would be paid back to her, and it was already becoming evident.

***Fwump***

***Fwump***

Shaak Ti closed her eyes, letting the sound of her own accelerated heartbeat bring her a modicum of peace. The world around her began to dissolve; there was nothing but her and Talon and their growing stomachs. The Force enveloped her like a cloak, wrapping around her body, caressing her every inch, showing the connecting tube of air between her and Talon. It was a closeness she had never experienced, as along with the air, the Force was entering her as well. She could feel it in her womb, an invisible balloon that wrapped around a growing bubble of air. It swelled and swelled, expanding her insides, forcing itself against her skin. She watched it bloat inside of her, stretching her stomach past what any meal could do. On the inside, she looked pregnant with the Force, a growing balloon that off her body and began to overshadow her form. She could feel the weight of it, the unusual tautness brought about by air; the feeling was both weighty and light, making her stomach stick off of her torso. She didn't need hands to feel herself; her unity with the Force gave her a better perception than mere flesh could, but that didn't help her situation. As her lips parted, clenching and squeezing on the invisible tube in her nethers, she felt the shudders of ecstasy.

***Drip***

***Drip***

In her black world, the one where it was just her and just Talon, she could hear the dripping of liquid. Clear and luminescent droplets laced with her own life, a part of her and yet separate. Those droplets fell like rain, coalescing around the invisible tube in her puss and collecting in a puddle between her legs. She could feel the shaking pleasure of climax, the constant ebb and flow of heated flesh that coursed through her nerves. Everything in her body was telling her to let it go, to release and be done with it, but to do so would mean falling to temptation. Instead she remained resolute, the only sign of her erogenous struggle was her labored breathing, breathing that grew more labored as she expanded. Air flooded her insides, pumping harder and faster, pounding like a jackhammer as Talon gave up her measured approach. She didn't need to be gentle anymore, now that the connection had been made, she could be as forceful as she wanted. The only problem with the forceful approach was it was pounding her harder than she did on a night alone.

***Huuu***

***Hnnn***

Talon moaned in ecstasy, her swelling stomach stretching her panties past their limit, digging into the expanding orb like a belt. The swell of red flesh hugged around the waistband, poked through the legs as her gut consumed her. Her pants hiked up high over her hips, carried by the airy expanse of her stomach. It shone like a gem, catching the beating Scarif sun with its furthest apex. Her toned body was tight, like rubber, expanding and growing with every forceful pump. The tattoo framing her navel warped and distorted, the little diamond of flesh around the cave growing into a curved and oblong shape. Acting as the perfect gauge of her growth, it grew and grew as her stomach jutted off her torso. The defined edges of her stomach had melted away into a ballooning curve, rounded expanses that tapered into stretched flanks. The flesh at her side was being pulled tight, like leather being wrapped around an inflating balloon. Her cherry bump only grew bigger as time went by, competing with Shaak Ti's own swell.

**"Oh!** Yeah! That's the good stuff!" Talon was losing herself to the pleasure of growth, her ferocious attitude melting into something lecherous.

She panted, running her hand between her panties and flesh, digging into her own quivering lips as she pumped Shaak Ti at the same time as herself. While ferocity and anger could fuel the dark side, so too could lust, and Talon was having her first experience with the phenomenon. Her yellow eyes shone with power as she bucked wildly, wrenching air into Shaak Ti as hard as she could, forcing more and more into the growing blimp. Her lekku smacked against her own swollen stomach as it broached into the realm of fecundity. Clenching her fist she put more air into Shaak Ti, which then put more air into herself; the loop kept going, making Talon take steps closer. The shorter the distance, the easier the air could travel and the more she could pump in: victory had become a distant memory in her mind.

***Strrtcchhh***

***snap***

The air filled with the sound of stretching rubber as Talon took her steps forward, hands dripping with her own fluids as her panties finally flung off. Her own sopping lips dripped down to the ground, creating a trail as she took her laborious steps, hand running furiously over the quivering expanse. Too lost in her own world, she didn't notice she'd closed the distance with Shaak Ti, not until their stomachs touched. The twin balloons stretched out like they held a BB droid, navels pressing into each other. At contact, Talon could see Shaak Ti's lips quiver, her knees buckle slightly. Her meditative calm was only going to last so long, so Talon decided to accelerate it, grinding her stomach along Shaak Ti's. The blimping expanse grew with each pump, pushing each other back across the sands.

They stood there for a moment, just enduring their contest of size, Shaak Ti's peace juxtaposed against Talon's chaos. Growing, pressing into each other as their bodies expanded, the airflow moving back and forth in a visible bulge. Bulges of air parted Shaak Ti's lips further while those same bulges filtered into Talon's hole. Her cheeks parted around a visible rod that she seemed to be riding, swaying her hips back and forth to really drive the Force deeper. Their

unified growth was pushing them further than any person should be able to grow, moving past a simple pregnant swell. If they were with twins, they were toddlers; if they held a single child, it was an adult. Their stomachs were impressive globes of flesh that tapered to a flat curve at their apex. Large enough to be mistaken for a buoy, too large to wrap their hands around, globes that were gradually eclipsing themselves. The continuous airflow pumped them larger and larger, filling them out like nothing had before.

Shaak Ti was having trouble keeping her focus; her inky world of nothing was occasionally crashed by the bounding stomach of Talon. The bright red balloon knocked into her and created ripples, creating glimpses of the world around her. The zen-like focus she'd maintained was starting to break and shatter; her war against orgasm was starting to fail. She could feel fluid sloshing around the bottom of her ballooning womb, the backed-up climax kept in place by the air flowing into her. She was starting to feel the ache, feel the yearn for release, and Talon's own moans were not making things easier. The primal and guttural cries of pleasure were waking something inside of her, igniting a fire that had long been doused. The air was starting to flow into new places; as the pressure in her stomach rose, the air was finding a new place to rest. She could feel it being carried through her cells, through her body, like she was nothing more than a hollow balloon. The Force facilitated the growth as air began to flow into her backside, her toned cheeks beginning to round, growing into inflated balloons. Alongside them, her breasts were starting to swell with air, her modest bust crawling its way across her stomach at a gradual pace. Inflating her bust into heaving melons that were a better fit for a pumpkin patch than a woman. Her massive melons strained the shrinking fabric of her top, red tracts of flesh becoming more visible as her undercloth shrank. As her bust grew and her ass inflated, she was starting to feel something new: a feeling not from inside, but from without. Opening her eyes, she saw that Talon was experiencing the same level of growth, but at a far accelerated rate.

While Shaak Ti's gut stayed around the level of a buoy or reconnaissance droid, Talon's was growing far larger. A gut weighed down by the mass of air inside of it, sagging over her pelvis and reaching close to her knees. It was so large, so expansive, that it dwarfed Shaak Ti's own stomach. A stomach large enough for Shaak Ti to fit herself into, but that wasn't the only thing that was growing in an accelerated manner. Talon's generous bust was creeping out over the edge of her top, flesh hugging the tight leather as the straps thinned. Quivering lumps of flesh that stretched her flesh, turning soft balloons into tight ones. Bulging and swelling with her constant airflow, riding across her swelling gut like a wave, and squeaking with her heaving breaths. Rising up and down as her heavy panting strained the leather, every inhale making her chest surge out before retracting. This expansion wasn't of Shaak Ti's doing, not on purpose at least. No, the Force was listening to Talon's desire, her cries for pleasure. The Force worked in mysterious ways and was providing an avenue for both of them to achieve some sort of victory.

***Sttrrrccchhh***

Talon's leather top strained as her bust fought against it, bulging around the straps, bulging around the bustier, growing until the covering became mere strings. Her fiery nipples

poked through the gaps, tiny kisses of flesh perched atop darkened platters of flesh. Shaak Ti took a step back, moving away from the bloating blimp and catching a glimpse of the Sith's backside. While Shaak Ti's lumps were taut and curved, Talon's were practically engorged, more balloon than flesh. They curved out from her hips into overfilled balls of flesh, red globes that pumped and surged, expanding with her own wild movements. Their rubbery surface squeaked against itself as she rocked her hips, the expansive curves riding up and down her invisible rod.

**"Nnnn** Yes, I can feel it. Give me more, more!" Talon shouted at the top of her lungs as she whipped herself into a frenzy.

Running her free hand up and down her body, biting her lip as she moved between her legs. Her whole body shuddered, twitching erratically in climax as she let herself go, unable to control her body. Her muscles went limp for a moment before she rose back up, her massive stomach digging further into the sand.

Shaak Ti was growing hesitant, unsure of how to proceed as her own skin started to strain; the great surges of air that flowed into her were becoming more than she knew how to handle. In the process of throwing herself into the indulgent passions of the dark side, Talon had managed to increase the effectiveness of her technique. Now, Shaak Ti was the one who was becoming a prisoner to her own flesh, her swelling stomach bumping into Talon's, the non-stop airflow filling her gut until it dug into the sand. A swell large enough to make Shaak Ti appear vestigial to it, a great red moon that could be seen from the shore. Her oversized breasts were filling to match and then surpass Talon's. Her top snapped apart like tissue paper, letting her expanding melons fly free. Her breasts were as big as her head, pert and round balloons of flesh that sloped up the top of her expanding stomach. Mounds so sensitive that the mere flow of air was enough to send shivers down her spine. Shaak Ti was having trouble holding on; the sight of seeing herself be filled from the inside, watching the Force flow into her assets, was too much to bear. Her zen shattered, leaving her nude on the beach with her greatest rival, straining with all of her might to keep herself focused.

She wasn't going to win this battle of wills, not with the way her technique had been forged; she was going to have to borrow some of Talon's knowledge. Dipping into the dark side was frowned upon, but she could feel her skin tensing; if she kept letting things go as they did, she'd explode. So in a moment of temptation, she grabbed the air around Talon's body, funneling it into the opening she'd already created.

It was a horrible feeling, being so close to Talon's insides, feeling her lust and hatred. It was a confluence of conflicting feelings, a whirlwind of things that clouded Shaak Ti's mind. She felt the overwhelming desire, the yearning, and let it become her own. Like a toxin, it filled her mind, poisoned her thoughts, and made her persist. With a clench of her fist, she poured more wind into Talon. Pumping the balloon into a great red blimp, her sudden surge of growth made her lift into the sky, propped up by her own bulk. She and her stomach loomed over Shaak Ti

like a growing mountain, a taut and ripe crimson blimp that shone in the sunlight. Talon's eyes were rolled to the sky as the forceful pumps of air flowed into her.

Condensed by the force, it was like a solid rod of gas, a tube of tremendously dense air pouring into her nethers and then exploding out from within. A blooming storm of air that billowed and proliferated through her form, stretching her skin as she trembled with ecstasy. Every pump lurched her body, rocking her back and forth on the fulcrum of her gut, the billowing mountain edging out across the sand. Hills of rocky grain toppled down her tense hide as she expanded. The tattoos etched across her stomach were growing wider and more distended; once dainty lines of ink had stretched to become warped bands of black. Bits of red crept out from underneath those inked designs as Talon's stomach distended. She was immense, larger than a Rancor; growing her gut along was enough to crush Shaak Ti if she tilted in the right direction. It wasn't just her stomach that was growing with Shaak Ti's temporary lapse into the darkside; the growth that had been slowly taking over Talon's form was spreading to her breasts and ass as well.

Her great swells slapped against her stomach, pushed up into her face by her own bloated form; they were like great pumpkins. Red as the rest of her, shiny and smooth as gemstones, their form stretching with each passing second. The strain and pressure had mounted to the point that her nipples had become erect; they were dark peaks atop the burgeoning mountains. Little spurts of air slipped through her nipples, like tiny little pressure valves that relieved her aching pressure. Talon reached down, twiddling the nubs between her fingertips; she tweaked and played, pinching her nips to add to the sensation as they grew. In the few moments since Shaak Ti had let herself go, Talon's breasts had become engorged with air. Larger than Shaak Ti's stomach and still growing, Talon's bust was a hillside of tensing flesh that rippled with the shifting pressure.

At her backside, her massive mounds of flesh were looming on her hips, round and pert, stretching balloons that were larger than her head. Each of her cheeks was fit enough to be a cushion, too large to wrap an arm around. If her speeder were still around, Talon could have easily slipped it between her cheeks; she'd probably do it at this point. Talon was panting like a dog at this point, writhing on her own mountainous gut like a beast in heat, lost in her own world of ecstasy. Dribbles of pleasure had turned into rivers of cum as her lips gripped reflexively at the invisible rod inside of her. Soft muscle twitched and spasmed as she desperately sought some sort of release. Folded red skin flexed in and out, the nub of her clit rubbing against her own stomach as it pushed into her own form.

***Sttrrrrr***

***Crkkkk***

Shaak Ti watched in awe as the blimping Sith grew larger, grew fuller, her own immense form pushing her closer towards the water. Shaak Ti's awe was replaced with a wince of pain as she felt her own stomach begin to strain. The hope that she could outlast her Sith nemesis was

rapidly vanishing as she felt her own inflation ramp up. Talon's own pleasure was only fueling her powers, creating a feedback loop of inflation. The more air that got pumped into Talon, the more that got pumped back into Shaak Ti, but she had far lower capacity. With a stomach that sagged over her knees, one that brushed against the ground, Shaak Ti could feel her limits being approached. Her already red skin was darkening from the strain to hold it all together, her oversized blimp of a tummy was already struggling to keep up. Every inch she gained, every ponderous bit of growth was earned through immense strain. Shaak Ti could feel her body straining to hold it all in, her nerves being pulled thinner and thinner; her connection to the Force only making things worse. The breeze felt like the gentle caress of a lover on her shuddering skin; the grains of sand touching the underside of her stomach felt like the hands of a million lovers. All of it was amplified by her momentary lapse into Talon's mind; the feelings of overwhelming pleasure came crashing against her mind in waves. Wave after wave, dashing against her mental barriers and spilling over into her senses.

**"Hueh hueeh** Yeah! Yeah! **Oooh** Yeah! Give me more, give it all!" Talon's eyes lit up, turning a deep and sickly yellow as her body shuddered.

She was bringing the Force into herself, not just the wind; she was filling herself with the dense and intangible substance. Talon's moans of pleasure were muffled as it was opened wide to accommodate her own power. Another tendril was coursing down her throat, making her cheeks and muscles bulge as more air and power flowed into her. Her form was turning into a pulsing bomb of pressure, flexing in and out as she grew. Her stomach slid across the sand, pushing deeper into the crater and brushing against Shaak Ti's own gut. Creaking skin met creaking skin in an anticlimactic collision; Shaak Ti could feel her own body yielding against Talon's immensity, her swollen abdomen a mere drop against Talon's ocean.

**Grnnn**

The added pressure was not something Shaak Ti's stomach was prepared to handle; the overwhelming size of Talon's stomach was like a wall. A crushing and unyielding force that pushed further towards the shoreline; sand bunched up around Shaak Ti's feet as she struggled to maintain purchase. Being pushed closer to the water's edge as their cramped peninsula being moreso; waves lapped at her feet as she felt the cold rush of water flood around her feet. The single splash was enough to distract Shaak Ti, wrench her from stupor, and plunge her into the depths of pleasure. Her discipline had been eroded and cracked, worn away until Talon's pleasure filled the both of them. In the back of her mind, Shaak Ti's horror fell quiet as her mind gave out. She desired the growth, she yearned for it, and in doing so, she let Talon in.

**"Ooooooh!"** Shaak Ti's toes clenched as she let out the loudest cry of ecstasy that she could muster.

The ebb and flow of energy, the tug and tow between them, shifted heavily in Talon's favor. So lost in her pleasure, too lost to capitalize on it, Talon simply let her power run rampant. Shaak Ti felt her mouth open like Talon's; a dense and powerful rod of air coursed past her lips

and down her throat, a similar one crept up through her cheeks. She felt her bloated ass begin to part, her cheeks making room for the winding wind tunnel that forced its way into her. All exits were sealed, no possible escape existed, both girls were trapped by their own powers as their pressurized bellies began to throb.

### ***Rmbblbb!***

Talon's immense belly rumbled like a quake, shaking the ground beneath her and carrying tremors through the sand. Her stretched and straining skin was being pushed past its limit as she kept growing, reaching and then breaking through size barriers. She sat like a hill on the horizon, a shrinking spot atop a growing bubble; Talon's stomach was so grand, so immense, that it dwarfed her completely. Even with her overfilled tits and ass resting on her body like blimps, they paled in comparison. Her body rocked back and forth as she shook herself along the turgid rods of air. Sloshing the air inside of her like water, making it crash against her insides so she could gain momentum. Moving at jackhammer speeds in an attempt to get her rocks off, she moaned under her breath. Breathing heavily, moans turned into pants as sweat spilled over her brow, her head pointed skyward. Everything was becoming real to her; she was reaching a level of oneness and pleasure that she'd never dreamed of.

### ***Thwap***

### ***Thwap***

As she engaged in her own form of masturbation, her lekka slapped against the taut surface of her gut. Each impact was rubbery and hollow, making her sound more like a ball than a woman as she rose higher into the air. Talon felt vestigial to her own midriff, like she was a mere passenger on its journey, and it felt amazing. To be so big and yet so small was amazing: the swirl of conflicting motions and sensations, the whirls of pressure and pleasure mingling into a euphoria. While her pleasure intensified, her growth began to slow. There wasn't enough stretch in the world to accommodate the amount of air she was pumping into herself. Rubberly patches of flesh began to darken; her flanks strained to hold her together, but she couldn't be deterred. At this point, her stomach had completely eclipsed her, turned into an oversized sphere of a stomach. She loomed like a great mountain, towering over the beach and Shaak Ti like a blimp. Her stomach was so full, so engorged with air, that it looked like she'd eaten a Rancor. Despite her strain, despite the pressure, the overwhelming feeling of pleasure when she grew kept her going. The addictive nature of the dark side made it impossible to stop, if she even had the inclination to; the same could not be said for Shaak Ti.

### ***Splash***

Talon's size was finally enough to bounce the Jedi blimp into the water, making her splash with the waves as she continued to fill with air. Spitroasted by the force, bobbing on the water like a helpless buoy, Shaak Ti felt herself being overwhelmed. Her hands moved of their own accord, reaching down between her legs in an attempt to finish the job that Talon had

started. Reaching around her gut was impossible; the immense sphere of air was too large to do anything with. She struggled and worked her hands, desperately trying to get some kind of purchase as the air flowing into her began to tense. A red patch formed at the apex of her stomach, a bit of strained flesh that grew to encompass the entirety of her stomach.

At this point, her overfilled stomach had become a parody of a stomach, more moon than gut. Her round orb throbbed as the waves crashed against her, the orb pulsing in and out, staying a little larger after each pulse. By this time, she looked ready to birth a Wompa; her enormous stomach bobbed up and down in the water, too large to even get her hands around. In the desperate pleasure of her circumstance, she rubbed her taut stomach, her tummy recoiling at the mere touch of her fingers.

***Crkkkk***

Her stomach began to tremble, her navel turning into a flat curve on her stomach as it shallowed out. Now there was nothing, no growth, not sloshing, just the constant waves of pressure that gnawed at her mind. Her skin thinned with each passing second as the air inside of her compressed; she could feel the waves that lapped at her skin turn from titillating sensations into burning knives. Even the scantest bit of sensation made her body flare in a mixture of agony and pleasure. She gritted her teeth in strain, scrunching her eyes as she tried to fight the conflicting feelings inside of her. Her toes curled inward as she scrabbled against the waves, fruitlessly fighting for a brace as climax came.

***Grnnnnn***

***Rmbbbblbbbl***

The waves around Shaak Ti grew choppy as her stomach began to rumble, the tension in her body snapping hard like a spring. Thread by thread, she felt the twinge in her abdominal muscles as they started to spasm. She should be in agony, but the sudden dissipation of nerves was a new experience, a wholly new sensation that filled her with chills. The rigid form of her stomach gave way, losing shape as it surged out around her, the weight of the air inside forcing her under the waves until the massive blimp capsized. Propped atop her stomach as it grew out of control, her arms lay atop of it as her hands clutched at the surface.

Each inch was another wave of mind-numbing pleasure, her gut billowing out of control like the waves around her. Under the water's surface her stomach surged, growing larger and larger, flooding out as the air inside decompressed. She felt like a blimp, her stomach growing into a great weather balloon of flesh, a bobbing balloon beneath her. While her strained stomach billowed out, and her nerves dulled, her libido was going into overdrive.

*I'm. I'm going! I'm going to CUM!*

Shaak Ti's mind raced as the sensation of pressure pressed out from her insides; without muscles to keep it in place, her gut surged out of control. Breaching the surface and descending down into the depths, she was an iceberg for a moment, an illusion of size. The coats of flesh around her diminutive frame made her appear like she was perched atop an island of red. That moment passed as quickly as it came; the pressure became too much for the fragile balloon.

***Kerpop***

***Sploosh***

Like a depth charge, Shaak Ti's stomach exploded, sending a geyser of water into the sky. Water laced with red scraps came raining down on the beached whale that was Talon, her own turgid form creaking from the pressure.

***Crkkkkk***

Despite the pressure, despite the fragile state of her own body, Talon was lost in her own world of sexual gratification. The influx of air from Shaak Ti's explosion had come flooding into her in force. The aftershock of her rupture sent the air she contained into the nearest container, and Talon welcomed it. Her legs wrapped around her gut as best they could, grinding fruitlessly against the immovable edifice. Her smooth expanse only barely divoting under her exhaustive pressure, her legs so buried in ass flab that they were immobile. Drool slipped down the canyon of her cleavage, her unadulterated excitement making her moan and pant against the muffling rod. Her plump lips shone in the tropical sun as the heat inside of her rose; her pleasure and pressure were so great that she was starting to heat up. Steam rose from her body as the loose sprays of water came down upon it. The red surface was turning redder, looking like a hot poker as air within her started to swirl.

Talon had created a whirlwind inside of herself, spinning the air inside to add to her own pleasure. She was getting massive, rocking back and forth in her crater of sand as the forces inside of her raged. She was buried in her own flesh, splayed atop a growing plane of flesh that you could park a ship on. Lost in her own erogeny, Talon kept pushing. Pumping more and more air into her overtaxed form. With nowhere to go, it simply condensed, pushing out against her skin as it fought to hold together.

The air inside of her made her loom and swell, perched atop a stomach the size of a hill, a great tomato that could house the fighter she flew in on. Her oversized ass swelled on her backside, the twin balloons trembling from the pressurized size. Each cheek was large enough to fill a seat on its own; together, they were enough to bury a person in. Blimping mounds the size of probe droids, quivering with pressurized pleasure as she pumped herself fuller. Even with their strain, her breasts still fought for size, still swelled with the air she pumped into herself. Larger than melons, large enough that they would spill out of the cockpit of her ship and break the glass. They were tight blimps of red flesh, shining from strain as the airflow kept coming; jets of excess air were spraying from her nipples as the air tried to find an exit. It was like her body

was desperately trying to vent some pressure, push her away from the edge, but it couldn't compete with the influx.

***Rmbblbblbb***

There was another terrible quake as her skin started to vibrate, the tension inside of her mounting as her whole body rocked. Bucking upon her stomach, buried in her own tits, she was more at home than she'd ever been. She felt so one with the Force that she could feel the lifeforms around her; it was a fleeting moment of clarity. In that moment, she realized the position she was in, the imminent explosion that was about to take place. There was calamity in her mind, a chaos that changed her pleasure to panic, only for a presence to soothe her nerves.

*Let go. Enjoy this.*

The voice sounded familiar, but Talon couldn't place it; the voice did tell her what she wanted to hear, and she loved what it told her. With that small assurance, her clarity devolved into slathering ecstasy. She swirled the winds inside of her, twisting the invisible solid she'd created, parting her lips wider as she hammered herself. Her tense body rocked and creaked like straining steel; every punch pulse made her groan.

***Crrrrrkkkkkkkk***

*Harder*

***Grnnnnnn***

*Faster*

***Rmbblbblbb***

*Through passion, I gain climax.*

Her stomach was starting to bloom, rising up around her like a wave of flesh, wrapping around her arms as it enveloped her. She shrank lower into her own tense flesh, turgid assets rubbed against each other as her eyes closed. She pushed harder and harder forcing the last bit of air in as her threads snapped. The things that held her in shape were no longer there, and she stormed out of control. Her blooming stomach rose higher, bulging outward like a flower ready to unfurl. She rose high into the sky, her stomach broaching the shore and carrying into the waves as she consumed the entirety of the shore. There was nothing but a towering wall of red flesh, a massive balloon the size of TIE Fighter. She looked like the deathstar itself, some great moon primed for detonation. Her ass billowed out to ship-crushing, room-filling blimps of quivering flesh, squeaking like rubber as they grew. She was so lost in her own ecstasy that she didn't notice her head being pushed into her cleavage. In those last moments, her mammaries grew large enough to look like parade balloons, great orbs of flesh that smushed and wrapped

around her head. The furthest bulges of her flesh began to distend and warp, the skin being pulled so thin that it was turning translucent. She was, for a moment, a fragile bag of air, but that moment passed. The mounting pressure, the mounting orgasm, they all built to a rumbling head as the inevitable happened.

***Fwoooooosssh***

Talon erupted in a climax that echoed into a Force scream that echoed across the landscape, rippling the waves around them. Her combined eruption and scream were enough to part the ground and create a pit for her to land in.

She plopped down unceremoniously in the sand; waves lapped over the rims of the crater and washed upon her nude form. Talon had returned to normal; her body seemed unaltered from her little escapade. The only evidence of her rupture was a small x-shaped scar over her navel. She leant her head back in relief, unsure what to think, but there wasn't sand beneath her lekka. Leaning her head on something hard and soft, flabby and toned, something that felt like cushions.

"Please remove your head from my backside. It's still sore." Shaak Ti's complaint tickled Talon's ear.

Turning her head, Talon saw that Shaak Ti was in the same state as her, remarkably intact. Both of them lay in the crater for a moment, bits of their red skin fluttering down upon them like confetti, mingling with the waves.

"Sure, yeah." Talon barely got those words out as she moved next to her target.

Her chest rose and fell, heaving with her heavy breaths as she looked at her former enemy. The moment of enmity had passed, and now Talon saw her as a sort of comrade, a partner. While she stared, she locked eyes with Shaak Ti's, seeing the wry smile creep across her face.

"Ready for round two?" Shaak Ti smiled a mischievous grin that didn't suit a jedi.

"As long as it's more than two." Talon's response was laced with ferocious lust as she gripped at her abdomen.

Running her hands over the small wound, she wondered how big she could get next time.