

MISS INDULGENCE
PRESENTS

STAR WARS
RISE OF THE TWI'LEK
BLIMP

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STAR WARS

RISE ^{OF} THE TWJ'LEK

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A long time ago in a galaxy far,
far away. . . .

RISE OF THE TWI'LEK BLIMP

It is a time of daring smugglers and cunning thieves. As the war between the dreaded Sith Empire and the crumbling Galactic Republic continues, many seek to profit from the conflict.

One such rogue, GELA TAN, makes her way in the galaxy by stealing valuable goods from one side, only to sell them to the other. As the galaxy wars on, business is good.

Her latest intel leads her to the planet ZULBOTH, an icy world in the mid rim, where an unguarded Sith supply depot is said to be, ripe for the picking.

“C'mon...almost there...”

Gela rubbed her frigid hands together in an attempt to return some feeling to them. She needed her fingers working so she could input code into the security system's touchpad correctly.

Slicing into guarded Sith systems was difficult under the best circumstances. Here, Gela found herself tucked and braced inside of a ventilation shaft, enduring the icy gale that blew in from Zulboth's tundra-like climate, as she tried to decipher and decrypt Imperial code on the fly in order to give herself access.

The plucky twi'lek woman knew Zulboth was a cold planet, but when she'd had her astromech pilot her ship, the Lilac Zephyr, in a flyby above the Sith supply depot, she hadn't bothered to dress for the weather.

There she was, her toned and athletic green body clad in little more than a bra and panties, booty shorts, a cut off smuggler's jacket, boots, knee pads, and a matching belt, and all her equipment stashed in its various flaps, pockets, and bandoliers. Her long lekku were tucked behind a pair of flight goggles.

She was used to the warm, dry climate of her native world of Ryloth, or the blistering sands of Tatooine on the Outer Rim. Her attire was meant to allure and distract. It did nothing to insulate her from the freezing temperatures this job demanded, and she was quickly getting sick of it.

She shivered, inputting the last data sequence.

The sealed blast hatch to the depot slid open. Triumphant, Gela slipped inside. From there, all it took was a swift kick to a ventilation grate, and she was inside the depot itself: 25,000 square feet of hardcased surplus, intended for if and when the Sith needed to resupply their Mid Rim forces. An unlikely scenario that left the depot unmanned and unguarded.

“Heh, like taking candy from a baby!” Gela thought gleefully as she shivered. The interior of the supply depot didn't seem to be heated, but it was much warmer than the blizzard outside.

Gela took a moment to collect herself. She tenderly rubbed and massaged her lekku, warming them up. They'd shrunk and shriveled in the cold. Next she rubbed her chest and legs,



stretching them out to get her blood circulating properly again.

“Alright, let’s see if we can find a manifest.” Gela said to herself quietly. She unholstered her tiny holdout blaster, clasping it in her hands. She wasn’t expecting any resistance, other than a patrolling loader droid or two, but it was always better to be safe than sorry.

This job had been put to her from a former buddy who was now indebted to the Hutts. If she could gather up over 50,000 credits worth of valuables out of this place to sell back to them, the Hutts would call off her friend’s debt, and she’d have both parties securely in her pocket.

“Not a bad outcome for this blue milk run of a job.” Gela smirked. As she quietly stepped through the aisles of the supply depot, there wasn’t a soul in sight. She had the whole place to herself from the looks of it!

The slim twi’lek sauntered over to a datapad terminal on the wall. Slipping the pad out of its housing, she found the depot’s manifest. Now the contents and registry of the whole place was at her fingertips.

“Ah, bless the Sith for being such cold, calculating bureaucrats.” she exclaimed, “This job just got a whole lot easier. Let’s see...hyperdrive manifolds, turbolaser focusing lenses, interesting, but I’m thinking a teensy bit bigger, darling~”

She leaned against the wall, idly scrolling through the manifest. She scanned the list for anything that might be valuable to the Hutts.

Her eyes lingered on a strange entry. One she truly hadn’t expected.

“Glitterstim Double H-E? That can’t possibly mean...oh baby...”

Gela holstered her blaster, then followed the directions on the datapad. She carried them all the way to the opposite end of the depot, finding herself before an enormous black plasteel crate. It was maglocked with an Imperial code, but Gela knew her way around it. Nothing a few keystrokes and a quick blaster shot couldn’t fix.



As the maglock sizzled and fried, the sound of her blaster rang out clear across the warehouse. Gela winced, ducking low.

“...good thing no one’s guarding this place.” she breathed a sigh of relief, “Now, come to momma!”

Gela opened the crate, revealing thirty transparent plexisteel canisters of a swirling pink gas. As she carefully picked one up, glittering crystals inside the canister were shook up, twisting and swirling within the gas.

Gela felt her mouth water at the sight of it.

“Aerosolized glitterstim spice! Double H-E! That’s as pure as it comes! Straight from the mines of Kessel!” Gela said aloud, her eyes wide and sparkling. “I had no idea the Sith deal in drugs, but I’ll take it! This much glitterstim has got to be worth five grand a canister. Thirty cans...that’s 150,000 credits! Bright suns, I’m rich!”

Gela pulled out her comm, hailing her ship.

“T7-J3, come in. Teejay, do you read me? Come on lil buddy, we hit the motherlode here. I need a pickup. Swing around to the front loading doors. I’ll meet you there for an extraction. Got it?” Gela said into her handheld communicator.

The comm device crackled and hissed. Gela thought she heard her droid whistle a reply, but she couldn’t be sure.

The twi’lek sighed in frustration. First the weather, now this. She looked over all the glitterstim canisters, packed neatly in the crate. She noticed there was a pump, hose, and smoking apparatus right there in the crate, too.

The temptation to take a few huffs was very high.

“Oooh, just a quick hit.” Gela grinned, pulling out the hoses, “Just enough to calm my nerves. No one will mind. Just a little.”

“How about a lot?” came a reply from behind her.

Gela spun around, reaching for her holdout blaster. But the moment she turned, the butt of a rifle struck her face. She saw stars, then everything went dark.



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“Well well well, Gela Tan. I must say, you’re as lovely as your wanted posters make you out to be~”

Gela awoke to the sound of a snide Coruscanti-accented woman addressing her. Her posh voice dripped with condescension.

Gela’s eyes fluttered as her vision returned. She was lying prone on the cold ground of a warehouse, but not the one she’d just been in. This one looked empty. Nothing but wide open space and dim overhead lighting.

A pair of polished black boots stood in front of her. She looked up to see they belonged to a female Sith officer: voluptuous and full-bodied, her gray and black uniform fit like a glove over her chestnut brown skin. Over that she wore a pearlescent cold weather jacket lined with fur, along with vibro-pack heated gloves. She wore a small imperial officer’s hat, though it was a bad fit atop her halo of soft, brown curls.

She looked down at Gela with dark brown eyes. Her full lips were curved in a cruel smile.

Gela smirked, then winced in pain as she tried to sit up, feeling her wrists bound behind her. Her ankles were similarly immobilized, and she felt a funny sensation against her ass that she couldn’t quite place.

“I’m afraid you’ll find escape impossible. I’ve taken the liberty of cuffing you with Sith binders. Even a rogue as devious as you can’t slip out of them.” the officer said smugly. Gela could tell she was clearly enjoying this.

So Gela gave the Sith a smile.

“You have me at a disadvantage. You know who I am, but to me, you’re just...” she squinted at the square pips on her uniform’s breast, “...a petty officer?”



“Lieutenant, actually.” the woman sneered, her voice haughty and posh. “Lieutenant Heela Lium, of the Grand Imperial Navy. And for what it’s worth, I’ll likely be promoted to Captain for your capture and arrest.”

“Uh huh. And I’m sure that means a lot to someone who took such a go-nowhere, do nothing, backwater posting like this. Honestly, my intel said this place was unmanned. Are you all by your lonesome, lieutenant Lium? Maybe we can cut a deal?” Gela needled the Sith, then tried her best to be charming.

But it looked like the woman was having none of it.

“I have a better idea.” Heela said with a smirk. She pulled out a canister of the glitterstim spice from behind her back. Its valve was already attached to a hose.

Gela’s eyes traced where the hose led to. It looped and coiled all the way back to her...and up her exposed ass!

Gela cried out in surprise. Suddenly the ache and pinching feeling at her butt, and the queasy feeling in her stomach made sense! The Sith had inserted the hose up her ass! Her face fell and her eyes widened. She looked back at the Sith in horror.

Heela just smiled. She opened the pressurized valve of the canister. It began to hiss loudly.

“Ooooh!” Gela squealed. All at once, a rush of cool gas inflated the hose inside of her, then began pumping it all into her stomach. She felt her belly expand outwards, stretching and swelling over her smuggler’s belt. Gela squirmed and wriggled, fighting against her restraints, but it was no good.

“Wh-what are you *mmph* doing to me?!” Gela asked the Sith in vain. She watched as Heela crouched down to get closer to her. Her expression had changed from one of smug satisfaction to...

...Gela couldn’t be sure, but it almost looked like arousal!

“I’m inflating you with glitterstim gas. Oh spast, it’s working even better than I imagined!” Heela said, sounding enthralled. “Look how big your belly is growing!”



Gela grunted, turning onto her side to make room for her expanding middle. It just kept growing bigger and bigger. Her ears rung with the loud *FWOOOSH* sound of all that gas rushing inside of her. The cold spice vapor made her shiver, covering her body in goosebumps. Her nipples stood on end, standing out against the flimsy fabric of her bikini top.

Soon, Gela looked enormously pregnant. Her belly creaked and groaned as it stretched. The buckles on her belt strained and stretched, until they finally popped off with a loud *FWOHP*, clattering onto the floor. The buttons on her booty shorts followed soon after.

“Ooff! I feel so f-full!” Gela moaned, gasping as she blew up.

“Oh you’re nowhere near full yet, Gela.” Heela said smarmily. “Let me try something. I’ve heard that glitterstim only activates in the body once it reaches a certain temperature. Maybe I need to...turn up the heat~”

Heela took off her coat and rolled up her sleeves, then activated the vibro-packs on her black gloves. Gela recognized them: they were designed to act as a thermal heater for officer’s hands, but also to keep held blasters and equipment from seizing in the cold.

The sith let them warm up, then placed her gloved palms upon Gela’s bloated belly.

Immediately her belly grew bigger! It inflated rapidly with an audible *FWOOOOOMP*. But unlike the growth caused by the gas entering her body, this growth didn’t hurt. In fact...Gela felt herself gasping in pleasure!

“Dang Ferrik! Th-that feels g-good!” she groaned, whimpering as her belly ballooned up. She rounded out at her waist, growing rounder and wider. It felt like the gas was spreading inside of her. Everywhere it spread tingled pleasantly, warming her up and stimulating her skin.

“Ohhh. Oh my~” Heela blushed. “The heat must be causing the spice to enter your bloodstream...but it’s also spreading through the rest of your body! I wonder...”

She brought her hands up to cup Gela’s round, perky breasts.



Warmth radiated from the Sith's hands, making Gela moan in pleasure. She looked down, mouth agape, as her boobs began to grow! They rapidly inflated, jiggling and wobbling like two big gas-filled balloons, swelling up with a loud *BWOOOOOMPH*. She felt her warming flesh overflow the zipper of her jacket and snap her bikini top apart. Her huge breasts spilled out, jiggling and shaking, continuing to grow the longer Heela groped them.

And the longer she groped them, the better Gela felt! Her head swam with pleasure as the effects of the drugs took hold, sending her libido into overdrive.

"S-Spath! I-It's too much! Unngh! Feels t-too good! P-please, no more!" Gela whimpered. The Sith had inflated her breasts from her modest D cups, to being bigger than beach balls!

Gela looked to her captor, and found she was almost salivating! She ogled Gela as though she was a goddess, in awe of her size. Heela bit her lip, stifling a long, heavy moan.

"Ooooh...this is...oh m-my~" Heela breathed. "Since it's just the two of us, I must admit...I've always fantasized about doing this to someone. Blowing them up...inflating them like a balloon...watching them helplessly expand, bigger and bigger." The Sith unfastened the straps of her uniform, shedding more clothing. "It's...against protocol, but I can't help myself. I must make you bigger! SO much bigger!"

Gela whimpered, shaking her head. She already felt like a complete blimp! How could she possibly grow any bigger?!

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This was the greatest moment of Heela Lium's life. The moment to which she'd come to compare all others against...and sadly find them wanting.

It was better than when her parents were transferred from their backwater spaceport postings on Korriban to the gleaming spires of Taris.



It was better than her acceptance into the Imperial Academy of Warfare.

It was better than when she caused a Rodian dancer to overdose on glitterstim while sprawled out on a Trandoshan heat rock (The very event that ignited the spark of this strange fetish inside of her). Seeing her helplessly expand until she looked pregnant set Heela's imagination ablaze!

But this was better. She was so wet she felt as though she had soaked through her panties.

Her captive, Gela, kept on growing and growing. With the proper application of heat from her gloves, she felt the smuggler's body expand and swell beneath her fingertips, growing bigger and bigger! It was a sensation so euphoric that Heela felt like she was on the brink of an orgasm.

So did Gela, it seemed. The glitterstim had done its job, saturating into the twi'lek criminal's blood. Every touch applied to her body would feel rapturous, every caress orgasmic. She watched with glee as Gela's tongue lolled out of her mouth, drool leaking from the corners of her lips, as she panted and moaned while she swelled. She'd gone from an unwilling, to very willing captive in moments.

And when her body wouldn't swell any bigger, Heela just swapped out the canisters of spice gas. Over...and over...and over again.

The way Gela squirmed and whimpered as the ticklish drug gas pumped up her ass and into her body made Heela weak in the knees. The way she thrashed about as she helplessly ballooned up made Heela rethink her career as an officer. This is what she wanted to be doing. This was everything!

Gela grew so big and round that the security binders Hela had restrained her with popped apart from the tension. Not that it mattered much; Gela wasn't going anywhere. She was completely immobilized with how big she'd become! She'd expanded from a lithe little twi'lek, to a massive blimp the size of a speeder!

Her arms and legs had grown and swollen too, kicking and wiggling uselessly. Gela lay on her massive belly, kept from



tipping forward by the tremendous kickstand provided by her two giant breasts! Her head had sunken into her neck, barely sticking out amid her massive body. Her lekku had plumped up, but didn't seem overly affected. Not like her ass, which was equal in size to her boobs.

Gela Tan, the Sith Empire's 28th most wanted smuggler, was now an immobile blimp!

And yet Heela wanted her bigger.

She hooked the helpless twi'lek to a fresh canister of spice gas, turned the release valve to full blast (something she'd refrained from doing so, lest she injure her captive), and then climbed atop the bloated woman, standing precariously atop her breasts, bringing herself face to face with her.

Gela's eyes were wide in alarm, her mouth agape in shock at the sudden massive influx of gas forcing its way between her pillowy ass cheeks.

"MMmmph! S-stop this! I-I don't *groan* think I can *creeeeeeak* take any more!" Gela squealed. "Y-y-yer' gonna pop me!"

Heela smirked at her. She continued to disrobe, shedding all of her Sith uniform until she was completely naked. Her pussy glistened with arousal in the dim light of the empty warehouse. When she stroked and fingered herself, she gasped in pleasure.

"Ahh~ Not a chance! I moved you into this empty storage hanger...and I'm going to make you fill this empty storage hanger! Now inflate for me, criminal scum! Ooohhh, you feel so kriffing good! Grow grow grow!"

Heela leaned in, hugging Gela's body close. As the twi'lek let her tongue flop out of her mouth in bloated anguish, Heela was quick to take it into her own mouth, kissing her deeply. She couldn't hold back.

She let her vibro-pack gloves rest on Gela's body, sending waves and waves of stimulating heat into her. Before, she'd only risked a few light touches. Now, she was going all out!

Gela's body ballooned bigger and bigger and bigger, stretching and expanding. The constant high pitched *hiissssssss* of the



spice gas canister was overtaken by the deep bassy *FWOOOOOOOOOOMP* of Gela's stretching skin. It was a symphony of inflation, and it made Heela so horny.

Gela's body lost its definition. Her limbs sunk into her swollen flesh. Her little hands flapped and her little feet kicked, right before they were consumed. Even Gela's breasts and ass began to subsume into her ovaloid, blimp-like body, as she grew and grew.

Soon, she reached over thirty feet long...then fifty...then seventy five! Her body billowed outwards, growing wider to match.

"Oohhhh, yessss! Just a little bigger! Mmph, I can feel you swelling against me~" Heela moaned, writhing and grinding against Gela's impossibly swollen form. She watched as Gela's eyes rolled back into her head, she groaned and whimpered in pleasure.

"Ahhhhh! I-I can't s-stop swelling! Mmmph *creeeak* I f-feel like I'm about to c-cum! Auuuuuugh!" Gela bellowed.

Heela held onto her tightly as her huge body twisted and spasmed, bouncing upwards from the force of Gela's orgasm. Her body was light and buoyant, just like a balloon. The slightest amount of force or pressure able to move or lift her.

Heela toppled backwards, so close to cumming, but interrupted. She collided hard with the cold deck plating below. From across the warehouse, she heard a high pitched hiss and whine. Craning her neck, she could see the glitterstim gas canister rolling and spinning around. Its hose had been forced out by the pressure inside Gela's ass.

The Sith officer looked up at her captive, nearly filling the whole warehouse, panting in overstimulated ecstasy.

She grinned up at her.

"Now that...was something." she exclaimed breathlessly, sweat pouring down her face. "If I can manage to deflate you...I wonder if we can do this all over again?"

Gela, out of her mind with pleasure, let out a harsh laugh. "Heh *gasp* heheh *wheeze* m-maybe..." she said.





Miss Indulgence is a professional erotica author. She is known primarily for her private commission work on Fiverr. When she's not spinning seductive yarns, she lives quietly in Alberta, Canada.

If you enjoyed this story and want something like it for yourself, feel free to reach out to her using the link below.

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