

A Galaxy of Magic

Chapter 26

The suns were hanging low on the horizon when Harry finally steered his speederbike back toward the remote valley. Thankfully, they hadn't run into any more Tusken on the way home. The bike's engine hummed loudly between his legs, but the sudden absence of city noise, the grating shouts, and the stink of sweaty bodies was a relief. Harry felt the old magic of the place wrap around him as he drove near.

The Fidelius Charm activated, stretching the cliff face further apart. Then, suddenly, the massive entrance was there, inviting him in. He zipped through and glanced over his shoulder only to see the landspeeder glide in behind him. The hovercart followed, burdened with the fresh haul from the scrapyards. The girls had the generator lashed down with what looked like repurposed cargo netting. Harry smiled appreciatively.

He braked to a stop on the cool stone floor and hopped off. The air inside the cave was heavenly after the dry furnace of the Tatooine desert. The air was crisp and chilly, and Harry breathed a deep sigh of relief. Magical globes of light floated in the air, casting soft pools of blueish-white along the walls. Harry stretched, groaned, and shook the sand off his clothes. There was a lot of it.

Maris and Shaak Ti shut down the landspeeder and were out of it before the hovercart even drifted to a halt. Maris immediately shook the sand out of her black braids, and her pale skin shimmered with sweat under the moving lights. Shaak Ti detached the cart from the landspeeder and gave the generator an approving pat. That was the main thing they needed.

Aayla's stride was smooth and unhurried. She was smiling and brushing the sand off her blue lekku. "We made good time," she said with a pleased expression.

Harry smiled and nodded. "Nobody tried to rob us, nobody got shot, and the vehicles didn't explode. I'd call that a win."

From deeper inside the cave, a voice echoed, "Back, you are?" The little green Jedi tottered into the light while his cane tapped smartly on the smooth floor. Harry always found it funny how Yoda could sound both ancient and amused at the same time.

"Yep," Harry called out. "We even managed to get ourselves a new hovercart," Harry said, nudging the battered thing forward.

Yoda's gaze swept over the pile of equipment. He jabbed at the Power Core with his stick, and a chunk of dried grease popped off with a satisfying clunk. "Strong, this one is," Yoda said, then looked up at Harry. "But heavy, mmm. Difficult to move for some."

“Not for us,” Shaak Ti said and began to push the cart forward. The repulsors held up and easily glided across the smooth floor. The generator was so bulky that it shifted and nearly tumbled over the side of the cart.

Yoda didn’t bother to touch it. He simply closed his eyes, and the generator lifted straight off the cart as if gravity had given up. It hovered steadily, then drifted toward the custom rig Shaak Ti had built into one of the back chambers. Cables and connectors dangled from the ceiling, waiting to be plugged in.

Maris used her own Force powers to levitate the heavy power cables from the cart, and Aayla used her muscles to lift a crate of dirty tools they had purchased. Shaak Ti pulled open a set of access panels and began prepping the mounting bay. Harry followed Yoda and the generator, steering it with a guiding hand when it drifted off-line.

“Where do you want it?” Harry asked.

Aayla jogged over and set her crate of tools down. She pointed to the nest of cables. “There, in the main cradle. Once it’s secure, we’ll need to tune the voltage and connect it to the main breaker switch.”

Harry watched as Yoda gently set the Power Core into its cradle. There was a deep, reverberating thud as the generator clicked home. Yoda opened his eyes and nodded, satisfied.

“Good. Very good,” Yoda said. “Now, connect the lines you must,” he commanded while tapping his stick against the floor.

Maris was already climbing a ladder to get to the overhead junction. Maris genuinely loved doing mechanical work, and she whistled through her teeth as she snapped the first connectors together. Shaak Ti dropped to one knee and inspected the mounting harness. She then called for Harry to bring the stabilizer clamps.

“Here,” she said, gesturing, and Harry slid the clamps into place. He held them steady while she tightened them down. Shaak Ti’s hands were quick and precise as she expertly worked.

Once the generator was secure, Maris jumped down from the ladder with a spectacular front flip before wiping her hands on her trouser-covered thighs. “Alright. The core is connected to the main breaker. Now we just need to run the test sequence and then calibrate it.”

Aayla had already pulled up the system software on a datapad. “Prepping for initial power-up,” she said. “Harry, you want to do the honors?”

Harry grinned and reached for the main activation switch.

Yoda smacked his hand away with the cane. “Patience. Always rush, you do.”

"I'm just eager to see it work," Harry said. He stepped back, letting Yoda and Aayla handle the calibration tests. The two of them exchanged a few words, then nodded at each other.

Shaak Ti peered into one of the side panels, scanning for any last-minute faults. She straightened up with a satisfied look. "Ready when you are," she called out.

Harry, unable to resist, leaned in and flicked the switch. The generator made a heavy rattling sound, but it quickly quieted into a deep, reverberating hum. The lights that the girls had strung up across the ceiling all blazed to life.

The girls cheered, and even Yoda looked pleased. "The main system is online," Aayla said, checking the datapad for any problems.

"Excellent," Shaak Ti said, running her hands over the softly glowing panel. "Now we can set up some much-needed equipment and actually power it."

Maris looked at Yoda, who was peering at the readout with his usual half-smile. "Anything else, Master?"

Yoda nodded. "Much still to do. But good, this is. Very good."

Harry leaned against the cave wall, content to watch the others work for a moment. He was sweaty, exhausted, and covered in dust, but other than that, he was very pleased. They had built this cave in a short time, but it had taken a lot of hard work, and there was still so much more to do. He felt Aayla's presence beside him before she even touched his arm.

She pressed close, and her warm breath tickled his neck. "You did well," she whispered sexily. "Tonight, I'll help you relax."

Before Harry could reply, Shaak Ti called out, "We still have to set up and calibrate the sensor array we just bought. Our work isn't finished," she stated, as if already knowing what Aayla was conspiring.

Aayla rolled her eyes, but she let go of Harry and went to help. Harry chuckled, grabbed a toolkit, and followed her, watching Aayla's wide, sexy ass bouncing from side to side as he did.

They spent the next few hours running cables along the walls and ceiling, tightening connectors, and arguing over the best arrangement for the primary relay. Aayla and Maris started competing to see who could finish their section first. Shaak Ti called for help only when absolutely necessary, preferring to work in silence, while Yoda quietly oversaw the entire operation from atop a crate, occasionally offering commentary that was sometimes hard for Harry to understand.

By the time everything was hooked up and tested, the place looked less like a cave and more like the beginning of a rebel base. The generator's hum was thankfully gentle and quiet, and the new power source would allow them to add much more technology to the cave.

Yoda finally signaled them to gather around. He looked from face to face. His ears drooped a little with fatigue, but his eyes were still bright. "A team, you are," he said, tapping his cane on the floor. "Hidden, we remain. Safe here, we are. But ready, we must be, when they come."

Harry looked at the girls and saw the same spark of pride reflected in their faces. He nodded to Yoda. "We'll be ready."

Yoda just grinned and allowed Maris to levitate him down from the crate. He tiredly shuffled off to his private tent.

They all stood there for a moment, enjoying the rare sense of accomplishment. Then Aayla arched her back and stretched, and her eyes glinted with mischief. "I think we all deserve a reward."

Maris snorted. "I just want to eat something."

"I want a shower," Shaak Ti said, smiling.

Aayla looked at Harry, her lips twitching. "And you? What do you want?"

Harry stepped closer, put his arm around her waist, and pulled her in for a slow, deep kiss. The others watched carefully, and Maris was definitely snickering. Aayla moaned into the kiss, then pulled away.

Harry glanced at the others and smiled cheekily. "I think we've earned a bit of fun." They laughed, and the sound echoed brightly in the newly powered cave.

As the evening settled in, Harry fixed everyone a quick dinner, and he even brought some to Yoda. Once they were all fed and watered, they were quite eager to wash the sweat, dirt, and grime of the day off themselves.

Maris grabbed Harry by the wrist and yanked him into the tent's bathroom before Shaak Ti or Aayla could even react. Maris pulled Harry right up to the tub, spun him around, and pointed at the tap with her finger.

"Fill it," she said in a husky, urgent voice.

Harry smirked and waved his hand, using his magic to turn on the tap. The hot water came out with a roar, and the tub filled fast. Pleasant-smelling foam bubbled up on the surface of the water. The tiles steamed and glistened, and the mirror above the sink fogged over.

Aayla and Shaak Ti followed them in and closed the door behind them. Aayla's eyes sparkled as she watched the water rise. She started pulling at her clothes, and they clung stubbornly to her curves. She finally shrugged off her shirt, revealing the toned length of her arms and shoulders. Her smooth, dark blue skin glistened in the rising humidity. Her lekku had collected some stubborn grains of sand, but she shook them free with a flick, and they hung behind her like a pair of elegant, muscular tails. She was completely nude in seconds, and her body was on full display. Harry eyed the round, heavy curve of her breasts, which bobbed and swayed as she moved. Her nipples were a deep navy, and they were already crinkled and stiff. Her narrow waist flared into an incredible, wide pair of hips. The puffy, smooth mound between her thighs was as blue as the rest of her skin. Aayla was unconcerned with modesty and preened under Harry's obvious appreciation. She stretched her arms overhead to crack her spine, which made her breasts thrust forward even more. She then shot him a knowing look as he blatantly stared at her swaying tits.

Shaak Ti was slower and more methodical, peeling away her clothes with a neat efficiency. She was a bit taller than either Aayla or Maris, and her striped montrals brushed the low ceiling as she stepped out of her clothes. Her skin was a stunning, deep crimson, lined with white markings over her face. Harry's eyes moved down her chest, and over the peaks of her breasts, which were as large as Aayla's but stood out even firmer on her broad, athletic frame. Her nipples were a dark red, and Harry couldn't help but stare as she calmly folded her clothing and set it aside. Her hips were wide and inviting, and her thighs were thick and toned. Her jutting ass was spectacular, and much to her enjoyment, Harry often lavished it with attention. Between her legs, there was no hair. There was only smooth, glossy skin and the pronounced, puffy line of her slit. Her pussy lips were a darker, wetter color than the rest of her. It was one of Harry's favorite colors.

Maris, meanwhile, had stripped down at a record pace and was already naked. Her pale body gleamed under the lights. Her breasts were smaller than the other women's, but still full and round. Her pale pink nipples stood stiff with arousal. Maris's mound was smooth and hairless, and the folds were visible and slightly parted. Harry could see a soft blush of pink between her plump, pale lips.

Harry let the water run and stripped down. There was a moment where the girls stared, and he let himself bask in it. He was tall, muscled, and his cock was already thickening and rising. Maris's eyes went instantly to it, and she licked her lips. Aayla was more playful, and she bit her bottom lip and made a show of glancing from his face down to his crotch and back again. Shaak Ti gave it an appreciative smile.

Maris stepped forward and grabbed Harry's cock, wrapping her hand around the shaft with possessive confidence. She jerked her chin toward the tub. "In. Now." Her tone was quite eager, and she tugged him to the edge of the steaming water.

Aayla slithered in next, lowering herself slowly and letting the water lap up over her breasts. She closed her eyes and sank back with an exaggerated moan. She then stretched her arms along the rim, and her tits bobbed just under the surface. Her dark blue areolas were barely visible above the foam. Shaak Ti climbed in last and sighed loudly as the hot water eased the tension in her muscles. She gathered her striped montrals in both hands and draped them over the side before settling down with grace.

Maris used her hold on Harry's cock to guide him to the edge of the tub, and she didn't let go even when she guided him between the two other women.

Harry eased himself in between Shaak Ti and Aayla, and Maris nestled into his lap and wrapped her arms around his neck. The water was wonderfully hot, and the bubbles stuck to their skin in pearlescent clusters. Maris immediately started stroking his cock under the surface, and Aayla slid closer, throwing a leg over his thigh and nuzzling her breasts against his arm. Shaak Ti just grinned and let her hands wander up and down his back, kneading his shoulders and tracing the lean muscle with her fingertips. All three girls were pressed up against him with their wet, soft, and slippery bodies, and Harry was completely enveloped by their affection.

Maris's grip was rough and playful, and she purred into Harry's ear, "Let's see how long it takes before you pop." She nipped at his jaw and stroked him harder while her other hand braced herself on his chest.

Aayla's kisses were softer, and she wasn't shy about wriggling her bare pussy onto Harry's thigh, rubbing herself on him while her hands explored his abs. She nipped at his skin, and he turned and caught her mouth with his. She kissed him back and quickly deepened it, sliding her tongue into his mouth.

Shaak Ti, always the calmest, leaned in and brushed her lips over Harry's shoulder, then nipped at his collarbone. "We should take turns," she said, her voice thick with amusement. "Otherwise, Maris will keep him all to herself."

Maris glared, but she was smiling. "I get to have fun first."

The girls pressed in closer, and Harry felt Maris rub the tip of his cock between her legs under the water, while Aayla circled his chest with her arms and pressed her breasts to his side. Shaak Ti snaked her hand down and cupped his balls.

Maris wasted no time. She pressed the head of Harry's cock against the slick, puffy lips of her cunt and rocked her hips forward, smearing her wetness along his length. She looked him in the eye, but all he could do was gasp as Shaak Ti squeezed his balls with a gentle, possessive strength. Every squeeze made him moan. The heat of the bath and their bodies mixed and made the air thick and dreamy.

Maris lined up his cock with her entrance and lowered herself with a slow roll of her hips. The head parted her lips and disappeared inside her, and she clenched around him, loving the way every inch of his girth stretched her out. She made sure to move slowly at first, letting him feel how tight and greedy her pussy was, while her hands dug into his shoulders for leverage. She shuddered as she bottomed out, then let out a long, shaky moan.

Aayla slid closer and pressed her blue, heavy tits up against Harry's arm. She then reached over, cupped Maris's firm breast, and kneaded it with a teasing palm. Maris arched her back in delight, and Aayla took the opportunity to lean over and slip her dark blue nipple into Harry's mouth. He didn't need encouragement. He latched on, sucking and swirling his tongue over the stiff nub. Aayla let out a satisfied sigh, then cradled his head and kept her tit right in his face. Her other hand trailed down to Maris's clit, where she gently circled it with practiced fingers. Each time she squeezed or pinched, Maris gasped and dug her nails into Harry's skin.

Not to be outdone, Shaak Ti draped her arms around his neck. Her breasts pressed to his shoulder blades, and her nipples were so stiff that the crinkled tips jutted far from her dark areolas. She pulled his head back and offered him her own nipple, and Harry switched from Aayla's to Shaak Ti's, greedily mouthing and sucking as she purred with pleasure. Shaak Ti was more insistent, and she tugged his hair and guided his mouth to exactly where she wanted it. She let her hand rest on his chest as if to remind him who was in charge at the moment.

Maris began to move rapidly. She bounced up and down on Harry's cock until water sloshed over the edge with every bounce. Each time she bottomed out, her ass smacked loudly against his thighs, and she cried out. Her voice grew more desperate with every bounce of her hips. Bubbles clung to their skin and made every motion slippery, but Maris's grip on him was unrelenting. She rolled her hips in tight, grinding circles, loving the way Harry filled her up. Aayla and Shaak Ti each kept a hand on Maris, squeezing her breasts and stroking her clit, and Maris's head lolled back as all the sensations hit her at once.

Harry could barely keep up. The three bodies pressed against him, and every inch of his skin was stimulated. He took turns sucking Aayla and Shaak Ti's nipples, losing track of whose nipple was in his mouth. Each time he pulled away, he heard a disappointed moan before a new nipple was shoved between his lips. His cock throbbed inside Maris as she clamped down harder, and he could feel her getting close. Her silky walls fluttered wildly, massaging his shaft with every downstroke of her pussy.

Maris was the first to break. She let out a strangled cry and came hard, and her pussy milked Harry's cock in wild, spasming contractions. She wrapped her arms around his neck and shivered through her orgasm, biting his shoulder and muffling her moans in his skin. The others cheered her on, and Aayla kissed her cheek while Shaak Ti stroked her back.

When Maris finally collapsed, panting and trembling against Harry's chest, Aayla and Shaak Ti exchanged a quick look.

“Who’s next?” Aayla teased, flicking a drop of water at Shaak Ti’s face.

“I think it’s my turn,” Shaak Ti said in a soft, silky voice. She then grinned cheekily. “Let’s see who can make him cum first.”

Aayla smirked. “You’re on!” she said, which made the three women giggle. All Harry could do was hang on for the ride of his life.