

Galactic Wizardry

Chapter 33

“C’mon, you piece of ... Got it!” Harry called out triumphantly as he broke the last weld holding down the inoperable power core. The two power cores in his ship had taken a serious beating, and both needed to be replaced. He had already removed the first, but the second was right up against the wall, and the welds were hard to reach. With the core finally freed, Harry got to his feet and waved over the droid that was patiently waiting. The droid piloted a hovercart that was powerful enough to carry the heavy core. As it pulled up, Harry levitated the core and slowly set it down on the flat surface. The repulsors strained under the weight but held strong. The little droid beeped happily and backed the hovercart out of the room. Harry took the time to clean up the grease and grime that had accumulated under the power cores.

As he diligently cleaned the room, he heard the soft steps of someone nearing the Main Engine Room. The door slid open with a hiss, and Harry looked over his shoulders. It was Aayla. However, she wasn’t dressed as she normally did. He was so used to seeing her wearing her tight brown pants and brown tank top that the few times he saw her in something different was really quite a shock. This time was no different.

Aayla looked very sexy in a pair of very short black shorts that reached the upper limits of her shapely thighs. The shorts were skin-tight and made of very thin fabric. His eyes immediately slid down to the area between her legs. Though it was difficult to see because of the dark color of the fabric, he could still make out the shape of her womanhood as the material clung to her body. His eyes moved up and over her exposed belly. She was wearing a white tank top that showed off even more cleavage than normal. Her head was devoid of the normal wrap that partially covered her lekku. All in all, she was a sight to see. Harry smiled at the beautiful Jedi.

“Nice outfit,” he said, giving her the once over. Aayla returned his smile and spun around to show off her back. The bottom of the shorts ended just past the bottom of her round cheeks, denying him another spectacular sight. However, as she spun, her thick cheeks jiggled wonderfully.

“I decided to wear something more comfortable today,” she explained, spinning around to face him. “It’s very hot outside today,” she added. Harry nodded in agreement. He had noticed that as well, and with the ship’s life-support system offline, the ship was getting hotter by the second.

“It’s annoyingly hot outside,” he agreed with her. “After I finish working, I’m going to go to a waterfall I discovered recently. The water is fed by an underground spring, so the water is always refreshingly cold,” he told her. Aayla perked up at the news.

“Can I come with you? That sounds like a good way to cool down,” she asked him. Harry certainly wasn’t going to deny her the opportunity.

“Of course,” he smiled cheekily. Aayla preferred swimming nude, something Harry fully supported. They were suddenly interrupted by the beeping of a droid. The door slid open behind Aayla, revealing a different hovercart carrying one of his new power cores. Aayla stepped aside and guided it in.

“I don’t recognize the brand,” she said, running her hand down the cool metal of the outer case. “Who’s the maker?” she asked him.

“It’s from the Forge,” Harry told her as the cart came to a halt. Harry carefully levitated the power core from the cart and lowered it in place. Aayla joined him. “It’s supposedly twenty percent more efficient thanks to that Matter Hacker chip we stole,” Harry told her as he knelt with his plasma welder.

Aayla put on a pair of overalls and grabbed a plasma welder from the tool rack. She then put on a welding mask to protect her eyes and lungs. She then joined Harry at the core’s base. “That was a wild ride,” she commented, remembering the close call during their escape. “Maybe next time you should let me do the flying,” she joked.

“Hey, I got us out in one piece,” Harry defended himself while putting on his own mask.

“Barely,” Aayla teased and fired up her welder.

Welding the core’s feet to the vibration-absorbing plates on the engine room floor took over an hour, and by the time they were done, the room was stifling hot. The next core was just outside the room, waiting to be installed. They ripped off their masks and wiped the sweat from their foreheads. Aayla’s hairless head was covered in a thin layer of sweat, while Harry’s hair was wet and matted down to his head. “I need some fresh air,” Aayla huffed through the heat. Harry readily agreed with her.

They quickly stripped out of their overalls and exited the ship. They went to a nearby tree and rested in the shade. Harry couldn’t help but look at her chest. Sweat was dripping down from her slender neck and rolling into the glorious cavern between her blue breasts. Her thin, white shirt was soaked in sweat and clinging to her curvy form. “You know what?” he stated, pulling his eyes away from her sexy body. “Why don’t we come back and do the other core tonight when it’s cooler?” he asked. The nights in Eden were drastically cooler than the days.

“That sounds good,” Aayla told him, wiping her forehead with the back of her hand. That was all he needed to hear. Harry pressed a few buttons on his bracer, and a speeder bike pulled up to them. Harry threw his leg over it and told Aayla to hop on. “Where are we going?” she asked, wrapping her arms around his waist.

“Waterfall,” Harry said as he took off. “I’m too hot and sweaty to do anything else right now.”

That was music to Aayla's conical ears. She tightened her grip as they left the inhabited area and flew through the trees at a decent speed. She knew she could fly through the trees faster than him, but she had the advantage of using the Force. Still, Harry did a remarkable job, considering he wasn't a Force user. She was very thankful to be flying through the tropical forest. The trees' canopies did an excellent job at blocking the harsh sun. Their journey took about twenty minutes before the tree density began thinning. The terrain became more rocky, and after another five minutes, they reached a rocky ridge. Harry turned left and followed the ridge. A few minutes later, Aayla began hearing the sound of falling water. Harry cut right around the end of the ridge, and she got her first view of the waterfall.

Aayla thought it was very beautiful. The waterfall wasn't large by any means. The relatively thin sheet of water cascaded down from a steep rock cliff about eighty feet in height and fell into a pool that thinned into a proper river on the opposite side. The pool was deep blue in the middle, and the water in the shallower parts was amazingly clear. The entire pool was covered in shade provided by the tall and steep cliff. Harry parked the speeder, and she hopped off. She made her way to the pool's edge and brushed the water's surface with her fingers. Just as Harry promised, the water was nice and cold. She turned to him with a happy smile. "This is lovely," she said happily. Mist from the falling water filled the area and cooled her heated skin. Harry had already kicked off his boots and was pulling the shirt from his head.

"You better believe it!" he said with equal delight. Aayla watched him strip down to nothing and unapologetically stared at his muscular ass as he walked into the water. He sank underneath the water's surface and came back up with a gasp. "Cold!" he squeaked as he slicked back his wet hair. Aayla laughed at his misfortune. Eager to join him, she also began stripping down.

She wasn't bothered at all by Harry's staring eyes. She removed her boots and pulled her shirt off. She smiled at Harry and even shook her naked breasts to give him a bit of a show. Harry chuckled and continued to watch as she peeled the skin-tight shorts down her shapely thighs. Once they were off, she tossed them on a nearby rock and walked over to Harry.

Harry loved the way Aayla walked. The way her hips bounced and breasts swayed never failed to capture his attention. She stepped into the water and joined him in the waist-deep water. As he had done, Aayla dove underneath the surface and popped back up, dripping wet. "You weren't joking!" Aayla exclaimed as water dripped off her lekku. "The water's freezing!"

"I can tell," Harry teased as he looked down at her chest. Aayla looked down at her breasts and saw that her nipples were now stiff from the cold water. She rolled her eyes and smacked his shoulder.

"You're such a pervert," she ribbed him good-naturedly. Harry slipped his hands around her slim waist and pulled her to him.

His lips quickly found her neck, which made her mewl cutely. Harry kissed her shoulder and then moved across her chest and down her cleavage. Aayla arched her back slightly, a clear

invitation to keep going. Harry did just that. Aayla helped him by cupping her large, perky breasts and lifting them up. Her dark blue nipples were hard and ready to be sucked, and it was obvious Aayla wanted exactly that. His lips found her nipple, and he sucked one of her hard beads into his mouth. While sucking, he wiggled his tongue around the crinkled tip, which made Aayla moan with pleasure. He then switched to the other breast and kissed all around the tip of her nipple. Aayla moved her chest so the tip was pressed against his lips. Harry gave it the same treatment as the other. His lips wrapped around the inside of her breast and followed the valley between them. He then tightened his grip on her.

Her big breasts pressed against his chest, and he could now feel how hard her nipples were. Aayla wrapped her arms around the back of his neck while Harry's hands lowered down her back and followed the curve of her ass. He cupped her cheeks and gave them a teasing squeeze.

"It's your fault for being too sexy," he teased her back. Aayla snorted while playing with the hair on the back of his head. Harry's fingers were gently tracing the crack of her ass, which made her shudder.

"Then maybe I need to be punished," she joked and then placed a soft kiss on his broad shoulder. Harry lifted her by her ass, and Aayla dutifully wrapped her legs around his waist. He could feel her pussy pressed against his belly. Even in the cold water, it was very hot. By then, Harry's cock was fully hard and dangerously close to her entrance. Aayla didn't help matters by grinding her wet womanhood against his belly. Harry squeezed her ass hard enough to make her gasp.

"Maybe a good spanking is in order," Harry joked back. Fortunately, a fire had already been lit inside of the amorous Twi'lek. She rested her forehead against his and looked him in the eye. There was nothing but pure affection for him in her hazel orbs.

"We can save that for tonight," Aayla promised. "Right now, I'm in need of something else," she not-so-cryptically stated. She then leaned in and kissed him deeply while Harry lifted her bottom and used one hand to slip his head inside of her.

Aayla sank down on him, taking him fully inside of her. Harry felt her moan into his mouth, and she held him tighter. The water made it easier for him to bounce her up and down, and pretty soon, she had broken the kiss and buried her face in the crook of his neck. Her gasps, moans, and whimpers were all sounds he loved to hear from his lovers, and Aayla was no exception. The water sloshed around them as she vigorously bounced on his cock. Aayla quickly threw her head back and squealed as a small orgasm started up. This show of pleasure made him move even faster. He could feel her fluttering around him and knew she was close to a big one. He carried her to the water's edge and set her bottom on a large, flat rock that was waist-high. Aayla's legs parted, and Harry rewarded her by thrusting as fast as he could. Aayla rested her back on the flat surface of the rock and began massaging her breasts while arching her back. It

made for an incredibly sexy sight, Harry had to admit. Her breathing was labored, and she was squirming underneath him.

"I'm almost there!" she gasped as Harry angled his thrusts and hit an area that provided her even more pleasure.

Her abnormally tight pussy was clamped down on him, refusing to let go as he pistoned in and out of her wet depths. "Keep going!" she squealed as her toes curled. Harry helped her out by reaching down between her legs and placing his thumb on her swollen clit. He rubbed circles around the little bead, and the effects were instantaneous. Aayla's body began quivering and quickly turned into outright trembling. Her pussy was locked tight around him while squeaks and squeals of pleasure left her lovely lips. She finally cried out and threw her head back. The pleasure was too much for Harry to handle. He grunted and pulled out. No sooner than he had, a rope of cum spurted out of the tip and slashed across her belly. Aayla reached out and gripped his cumming cock. While she spasmed through her orgasm, she tugged and stroked his cock until every last drop of cum had painted her lower belly and mound. When done, she exhaled loudly and rested against the rock. The pearly color of his cum contrasted dramatically with the dark blue of her smooth skin.

"We need to have breaks like this more often," Harry said, breathing heavily. Aayla laughed and sat up.

"That's something we both agree on," she said happily as she stood up. She walked into the deeper part of the pool and washed herself off. She then came back to him, threw her arms around his waist, and restarted their passionate embrace.

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After cooling down, the pair returned to Harry's ship and continued the repairs. First, they set up a small, portable life-support system in the engine room to keep the temperature comfortable. They then brought in the second power core, and plasma welded it to the plates. Aayla expertly plugged them both into the ship's system and recalibrated the sublight engines and hyperdrive with the help of R2-A6. The little droid was happy to help. By then, it was late afternoon, and the heat had sapped much of their strength. Harry decided to call it a day.

Harry and Aayla walked back to their home, chatting and joking, and when they entered, they found a sexy Togruta sitting on the couch. Shaak Ti wasn't wearing much, which pleased Harry greatly. Shaak was almost fully nude. The only piece of clothing she wore was a pair of shorts almost identical to the ones Aayla was wearing. The only difference was that Shaak's shorts were white, and when she stood up to greet them, Harry saw they were also smaller than Aayla's. The bottoms of Shaak's shapely cheeks hung out the bottom of the shorts. With their home being restricted to anyone other than Harry and his lovers, the girls didn't feel it was necessary to hide their bodies with clothing. Besides, they enjoyed teasing Harry and tempting him into action. Aayla once again proved this by completely stripping down as soon as the door

slid shut behind them. Tired, she sat down on one end of the comfortable couch and crossed one leg over the other.

Meanwhile, Shaak strutted up to Harry with her big, perky breasts bouncing and swaying. Harry took a quick glance at them, but they were soon blocked from his sight by her pressing against him and leaning in for a kiss. Harry obliged and kissed the blood-red Togruta. He slid his hands up the soft, smooth skin of her bare back and made her squirm against him. Harry then grabbed her wrist and pulled her to the couch. He sat down and pulled Shaak onto his lap. Shaak happily wiggled her bottom to get comfortable.

“We received a message from Yoda,” Shaak told them as Harry stroked her silky smooth thigh. Aayla perked up and leaned forward. “He tracked Dooku while on Coruscant, and you’ll never believe where the foul piece of scum went,” she said, pressing her back against Harry’s chest. She then grabbed one of his hands and placed it on her breast. Knowing what she wanted, Harry began gently toying with her nipple, which rapidly stiffened.

“Don’t leave us in suspense,” Aayla said, looking at the Jedi Master. Shaak Ti appeared more content at having Harry play with her body than sharing vital information. Unfortunately, Aayla couldn’t complain because she had skived off work earlier that day to go and have some watery fun time with him. Seeing Shaak mewling and arching her back while grinding against his lap made her want to pull Harry to the bedroom for another round of fun.

“He landed in the private hangar of the Office of the Chancellor,” Shaak told them right before letting out a pleased gasp. Harry’s hand had moved from her thigh to her crotch. He was rubbing her covered slit while greedily fondling her breasts. However, the news caught him off guard, and he momentarily stopped his naughty activities.

“The Chancellor?” Harry asked, perplexed. “The Chancellor is working against us?”

“Not necessarily,” Shaak told him, grinding a little harder to tell him to get back to work. When his hands started moving again, she continued. “Dooku still holds political power and is the Count of Serenno. It’s possible he was just meeting with the Chancellor for reasons other than us,” Shaak explained.

“The timing suggests otherwise, and remember that Dooku used a tracker only available to the higher-ups in the government,” Aayla wisely stated, and Shaak agreed.

“Yoda is starting a secret investigation into the Chancellor and his office. We need to find out exactly what’s going on,” Shaak said and moaned when Harry slipped his hand down the front of her tight shorts. “Aayla ... Would you mind giving me a hand?”

Shaak pressed her legs together and lifted them up. Aayla snorted and stood up. She grabbed Shaak’s shorts and pulled them off her legs. She flung them away just as Shaak opened her

legs to him. She turned as Harry's fingers slipped between her puffy red lips, and Shaak squealed in delight.

"I'm going to take a bath," Aayla told them. It appeared they wouldn't be finishing any time soon.

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Count Dooku waited impatiently as the new droid was loaded into the small cargo hold of his personal ship. He didn't particularly like the people he was dealing with, but this was who he was sent to. The black market of Dathomir offered criminals anything they might want or need. The Zabraks he was dealing with mainly dealt in fresh organs for transplants. They bought only the most healthy, freshly caught slaves and quickly harvested every usable part. How they got ahold of an advanced spy droid was beyond him, and frankly, he didn't want to know.

As soon as his ship was loaded, he left without another word. The journey was going to be long, but it had to be done. Dooku looked forward to the small break he should have after planting the droid close to the moon. It would take time for it to start gathering useful data. He planned to use some of that time to see a specialist. His face was still bothering him, and even though his master preached that he should use that pain to become closer to the Dark Side, Dooku privately disagreed. Dealing with the constant pain was a nuisance that constantly distracted him from his tasks. He only hoped that more specialized bacta treatments would help numb his fried nerves. As he left the planet's gravitational pull, he calculated his path and entered hyperspace.

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The following night, Harry was pulled from his slumber by the light electric shock from his bracer. Sensing that its wearer was now awake, the electrical pulses ceased. Harry blinked, trying to correct his blurry vision. The room was dark, and his body was pinned down by two curvy females. He yawned and pulled his wrist to his face, causing Shaak Ti to be pulled closer to him. She purred in her sleep and snuggled deeper into his chest. Reading the message, he discovered the scanners had picked up a disturbance around the moon. Harry placed his hands on both of their asses and shook them awake.

"Girls," Harry called out sleepily. "Girls ... Wake up," he called out again when they didn't wake. Aayla groaned into his chest and tightened her grip around his waist. He shook them again, causing their shapely rumps to jiggle in his hands.

"Harry ... I'm too tired. We can do it in the morning," Aayla sleepily complained. Harry rolled his eyes.

"Something's going on at the decoy moon. I need to go to the Command Center," he told them. Shaak instantly untangled herself from him and sat up. Aayla did so as well, though slower.

“What is it?” Shaak asked, pulling the blanket off of them and standing up.

“A ship entered the area,” he explained as he looked through the data. Shaak had already pulled her brown Jedi robe over her nude form. Aayla got out of bed and went to get dressed. Harry pressed the screen of his bracer, and the room lights came on.

“I guess we should go see who it is,” Aayla huffed. She had been very warm and comfortable, and whoever it was that caused them to wake would quickly find themselves on her bad side.

The three of them went to the Command Center and found Mace already sitting at the console and going through the data. “It’s Dooku again,” he immediately said as they entered. “The tracker is still on his ship,” he added.

“What’s he doing?” Shaak asked, sitting next to Mace.

“I don’t know yet. He stopped well beyond the gravitational well and left a few minutes later. My guess is that he dropped something off, though the scanners are unable to find anything,” Mace explained. “I’ll do a full sweep of the area using the smaller drone swarm. They can scan using small magnetic fields. If there’s any kind of tech out there, I’ll find it, and when I do, I’ll send in a larger droid to visually analyze it,” he told them with confidence. Just then, a droid rolled in carrying a tray of drinks and snacks.

“You three can go back to sleep. This will probably take a while,” he said as the droid rolled up to him. Mace took a steaming cup of stim-laced tea and a plate with a pastry on it. Harry looked at the girls to see what they wanted to do. Shaak answered for him.

“Alright. Let us know when you find something,” she said. Mace silently nodded as he chomped on his pastry. The three quickly left him to his business.

A smile graced Harry’s handsome face. “You know, ladies ...” he slyly said as he wrapped his arms around their waist.

“I’m going straight back to sleep,” Shaak dashed his devious plan.

“Me too,” Aayla agreed. They both looked at each other and giggled.

Harry huffed in annoyance but followed them back to their home. Getting to fall back to sleep while buried under two gorgeous women was a decent consolation prize, Harry thought as they snuggled against his bare chest.