

Galactic Wizardry

Chapter 32

Yoda watched the screen closely as he whizzed through traffic in his speeder. Just as suspected, Dooku had arrived back on Coruscant not long after leaving the hidden moon that they had set up as a decoy. As the tracker sent them an encrypted signal, Yoda followed as fast as possible. Of course, a speeder couldn't match the outright speed of a starship. Thankfully, Dooku's ship was coming almost directly to him. Keeping a respectful distance, Yoda looked out of the tinted, duraglass canopy until he saw the ship that matched the image sent to him. He followed the short distance until the ship landed on a private landing pad in the Galactic Senate Building. This was shocking. That pad was only used by members of the Office of the Chancellor. Something fishy was going on. Yoda continued to watch until the ship left a mere half hour later. The ship seemed to be in a hurry and quickly zipped away. Yoda immediately went back to the Jedi Temple and contacted the others on Eden.

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The Chimaera lurched hard and groaned as Harry wiped a bead of sweat from his forehead. By his side, Aayla sent a glare his way.

"Be careful!" she ordered before turning back to her screen.

"Just man the guns and leave the expert flying to me," Harry said confidently. "I know what I'm doing."

"I really don't think you do," the sexy, blue-skinned Twi'lek responded while taking aim and firing the aft-cannons.

The ship groaned from the shield taking so many hits from enemy cannon fire. Many of their shots missed completely, and Harry was slightly mesmerized by the streaks of colored lights that whizzed by the front cockpit. His heart was pounding, and he smiled. He was back to doing exactly what he loved ... being a thieving badass.

"What's up with these guys?" Harry wondered. "You steal one measly Matter Hacker, and suddenly, they swarm like we're public enemy number one."

"Matter Hackers are very valuable and nearly impossible to get. Only the biggest starship manufacturers are allowed to have them," Aayla filled him in.

Matter Hackers could manipulate molecules at a subatomic level and were used to create the most powerful nanochips. Those nanochips would then be used in everything from the navigation systems, all the way to the hyperdrive. They were also very dangerous and highly regulated. No wonder the Forge Core desperately wanted one.

It was easy to get lost in here, Harry thought. Nothing but silvery-gray, metal piping and other components filled his windscreen as they tore through the massive maintenance shafts of the once-thriving shipyard. Harry jerked the sticks left and made the ship lurch violently to avoid a broken vent pipe that was sticking out in the wrong direction. Then he was forced to duck underneath a sagging bundle of fiber optic cables that were as thick as he was tall. He skimmed so low that he barely avoided the wreckage of some long, lost ship that had crashed there sometime in the past. He heard several explosions behind him.

“Doing alright?” Harry asked, keeping his eyes straight ahead.

“Yes,” she answered back. “There’s not much room for them to maneuver.” Another explosion told him that she wasn’t exaggerating. Unfortunately, that also meant that he had even less room to operate since his ship was several times their size. Just then, one of the small fighters flew up right beside him so that his ship was to the left side of Harry’s window, just beyond the wing-like protrusion. Harry and the other pilot locked eyes. The cannon resting on top of the small ship turned his way and began firing a nonstop assault. Lights flickered so brightly that Harry was momentarily blind. He heard the panicked beeping of the Shield Emitter alarm informing him of the sudden power drain. Annoyed, Harry jerked the sticks to the left. A loud, metallic clang echoed through his ears as he rammed the small ship and violently pushed it to the left. Within less than a second, the sounds of metal tearing made him smile as the smaller ship was crushed against the side of the shaft. The Chimaera shuddered harshly, earning a nervous yelp from his partner. The flickering lights of cannon fire ceased, only to be replaced with flames as the burning wreckage disintegrated. Jerking the sticks to the right, he let the wrecked ship fall away. He looked at a monitor showing him the view from directly behind the ship. He watched as the burning ship hit the ground and exploded into a thousand pieces. The swarm of enemy fighters scattered in every direction. Many swerved violently, barely avoiding disaster, while a few unlucky ones were struck head-on. Their ships’ shields were no match for the kinetic power of the flaming chunks of durasteel, and they were instantly torn to shreds. A few others jerked to the sides so violently that they accidentally slammed right into the tunnel walls.

Harry tried to hold back his amusement, but apparently, he was unable to. One look from Aayla made him clear his throat and get back to work.

Harry flipped the ship ninety degrees to the right and slipped right through a new shaft that was no more than a thin, vertical slit. The fit was tight, but that didn’t stop Harry from pushing forward on the lever that controlled the speed. Aayla looked at him like he was nuts, but she didn’t say anything. Instead, she focused on the task at hand, which was shooting the swarming enemy out of the sky.

“Why was the Matter Hacker in a rusty, old place like this?” Harry asked.

“This is an abandoned shipyard, massive in size. In fact, it’s so big that it can easily hide someone’s criminal empire within this tangled mess of old durasteel. In this case, these goons are part of an organization that gets their greasy hands on old, derelict fighters and uses refurbished parts of the shipyard along with the Matter Hacker to repair the fighters and bring them up to date. They then sell them to any scum willing to shell out the desired amount of credits,” Aayla informed him. “The Hutts and the spice miners are some of their biggest customers,” she said as Harry spun the ship another ninety degrees so that he was now flying through a horizontal slit.

Every so often, Harry would clip a corner which made the ship lurch. Though she didn’t show it, it made Aayla nervous. She wasn’t used to being in a ship that was upgraded with magic, and she sometimes forgot that every little bump wasn’t going to send their ship tumbling into pieces. His sudden wince didn’t make her feel any more confident. “What’s wrong?” she asked him.

“We’ve got a tight curve coming up,” he responded.

“How tight?” she asked, afraid to hear the answer.

“You better buckle up,” he said. Aayla didn’t know if he was joking or not, but she did so anyway. She was about to offer her two cents when he cut her off.

“I have an idea,” he told her. “Put your hand on the lever controlling the right engine. Push it all the way forward when I say so.”

“But Harry ...” she began.

“Just do it,” he ordered. She nervously placed her hand on the lever and gripped it tightly. By then, she had forgotten all about the fighters behind them. They were still peppering the shields with their weak cannon fire. Aayla swallowed loudly when she saw the left turn up ahead.

Harry kept his eyes on the turn, doing his best to judge the perfect time to ...

“NOW!” Harry called out. As Aayla pushed the right lever all the way forward, Harry pulled the left lever all the way back. He turned the sticks hard to the left. The power cut off on the left engine while the right engine roared to max power, helping them turn even faster. The ship swung to the left so hard that he could feel the antigravity emitters struggling to compensate. Both of their bodies were being pulled hard to the right, and Aayla was very glad that she did actually put on her seat belt. The top of the ship slammed into the shaft wall, nearly bucking them out of their seats. Alarms blared from every direction as Aayla furiously clicked buttons and examined the onscreen diagnostics. Harry grunted as he adjusted the levers and righted the ship. On the monitor showing the view behind their ship, she could see a cloud of black smoke and a shower of white-hot sparks getting smaller the farther they got. Then suddenly, dozens after dozens of the small fighters slammed into the side of the tunnel. They had never seen the hairpin turn as Harry’s large ship blocked their view. The monstrous boom only grew

louder with every subsequent crash. It was then she noticed something creeping toward them at incredible speed. It wasn't just fire from the crash, but superheated plasma from over a hundred ruptured subspace engines. "Umm ... Harry?" she called out. She was actually scared now.

"I see it," Harry assured her. "The exit is right ahead ... A straight shot! We'll be out in thirty seconds," he told her, pushing both levers to the max.

"I think we only have ten!" she called back.

"Shit!" Harry cursed as he saw the plasma moving faster than he expected. They only had one option. "Overriding navigation security ... Hang on!" Harry yelled.

Aayla looked over just in time to see him push the hyperspace lever all the way forward. Her eyes bugged out, and she held on tightly. Just before the plasma reached them, the space around them warped, and they disappeared from view. The blowback was catastrophic for the shipyard. The entire hulk of metal was blown to pieces, killing everyone unlucky enough to still be inside.

After a few seconds, Harry pulled back on the lever, and they left hyperspace. The alarms were still blaring, and he helped Aayla shut them all off. "What's the damage?" he asked when the bridge was mercifully quiet.

"One of our power cores is completely trashed. The other is still operable, but will probably need to be replaced. Several sensor arrays were torn from the top of the ship. Those will need to be replaced. I'm guessing the roof will need to be repainted. The engines seem to be in working order, though I think that they need to be recalibrated. All in all, better than I feared," she told him.

"Just another day in the galaxy," Harry joked as Aayla calculated the hyperspace route back to Eden.

"Just make sure we get home in one piece, and I'll be satisfied," Aayla said as she set the course. Harry pointed the ship in the right direction and pushed the lever forward. The stars around them stretched into long lines as they made their way home.

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As Harry approached the Server Room, the door recognized him and opened up. It didn't just recognize his appearance. It actually scanned him and read his DNA profile. Only his small group including Aayla, Shaak, Padme, and Sabe, along with Mace and Yoda were allowed in the Server Room. This was where they kept the Forge Core. All four walls including the ceiling and floor were made of top-of-the-line battlecruiser armor. It would take a hell of a lot of firepower to get in there uninvited. He walked up to the mass of electronics and machinery and installed the Matter Hacker in the predesigned slot. Once in, he ran some diagnostics and made

sure that everything was compatible. When he was happy with what he was seeing, he left the room to go and relax. He was thinking about spending some time in the pool when he saw Shaak Ti tending to her garden. She was clipping some dead leaves from a tall, orange-stemmed flower with spectacularly purple petals. The flower gave off an intoxicating scent which made his entire compound smell pleasant.

Shaak had started gardening to help deal with the huge amounts of stress that they were all feeling as of late. Harry didn't mind at all. He thought it was a great way to keep yourself cool, calm, and collected. He eyed her nearly bare bottom as she bent over to take off another leaf. She was wearing her normal strange outfit that looked similar to a bathing suit, only much more revealing. The string was wedged deep between her shapely, red cheeks. A smile came to his face. Walking over to her, he placed his hands on her slender waist and let them dip low until they were gently caressing her wide hips.

"I'm trying to work, Harry," she said, but he heard the amusement in her voice. He continued to let his hands explore.

"The garden's looking good," Harry complimented her work. The plants, vegetables, fruits, and flowers were all big and healthy looking.

"This planet has very rich soil, and when you take into account the amount of Force that is present, I'm not surprised that the plants are growing so fast. Eden has a very large diversity of native flora and fauna, and all of them are larger than one would normally expect to find," she stated, standing up straight.

"Mhmm," he hummed out an agreement. "I just installed the Matter Hacker in the Server Room. Now we can really ramp up production." Harry softly tickled her bare skin, and he felt the Togruta shudder under his touch.

"That's good," she replied in a shaky voice. Her body was beginning to respond to him. The familiar tingle that she loved so much was starting to make itself known right between her legs. She didn't bother rubbing her thighs together like some Padawan that was trying to suppress her urges. Now that she had truly let herself be free, she kept her legs slightly spread, hoping that his wayward hands would somehow find their way down below. "Now the shipyard can produce the most state-of-the-art ships and machinery in a fraction of the time."

He squeezed her hips, and the tips of his fingers dipped lower. They were now barely touching the inside of her thighs. Shaak let out a shaky moan as her body momentarily stiffened.

Harry took the opportunity to move his hands up her sides as he pressed his crotch into her bottom. Her skin was warm from being in the sun, though she wasn't sweaty. He placed his lips on the side of her neck and began peppering her soft skin with kisses. He could feel her leaning back and pressing herself harder against him. Her hips started moving gently, swaying from side to side.

Shaak Ti smiled, closed her eyes, and let herself enjoy the sensation of soft lips against her sun-kissed skin. As his hands climbed up her body, she already knew where they were going to go, so it wasn't surprising when they slipped underneath the cream-colored strips of cloth that covered her ample breasts. Even so, she gasped when he squeezed them. His fingers caressed her incredibly hard nipples, and he seemed to know how good that it felt to her. He let the pads of his fingers flick over them one after another, and she could feel the wetness pooling between her legs. She bit her lower lip when he lightly pinched them, and she moaned when he started rolling them between his fingers. By then, her shapely ass wasn't just softly wiggling against him as it had been before. Instead, she was grinding it against the erection that was still trapped in his trousers. On instinct, her hand reached down, and she groped his straining erection.

"Pull it out," she begged in a needy whisper. She couldn't see the knowing smile on his face. His hands suddenly moved from her large breasts, and she was momentarily disappointed. She felt him moving around until his large, hard cock sprang out and slapped her right between her pillowy cheeks. Harry didn't seem to mind in the slightest. In fact, he seemed to enjoy his cock's temporary new home. Pushing back against him, she moved her ass up and down, working his cock with her ass cheeks. Shaak heard him gasp, and she looked over her shoulder with a look of superiority. He wasn't the only one that was able to make their partner feel good. She swore that she could feel his manhood throbbing as she clenched her cheeks tightly and stroked him up and down. His moans were getting louder, so she teased him by bouncing her ass harder and faster. Shaak never expected to be pulled onto the lush, green grass of their yard and manhandled until the side of her face was flat on the ground.

While her face and chest were on the grass, her fat ass was thrust high into the air. Feeling his hands creep between her cheeks, she suddenly realized that he was reaching for the string. The string was pulled from her ass, and the material covering her womanhood was also pulled aside. With nothing left to protect it, her arousal-slickened pussy was there for the taking. Harry wasn't gentle with her either. He didn't bother using the head to massage her pussy which was a thing that he loved to do. Instead, he shoved it right in and thrust so hard that her ass cheeks clapped and rippled from the harsh and brutal fucking. His hands were gripping her waist tightly in a way that let her know that there was no escape. The fresh, spicy scent of blooming grass filled her nostrils as her face was mashed into the ground. Her hands clawed at the soft earth, and her nails dug small trenches as she accidentally tore up the grass. She opened her mouth and whined pitifully. Her wide cheeks were clapping wildly as he pounded away at her. The savage way that he was fucking her reminded her of the Togruta culture back on their homeworld of Shili. Her people highly valued the art of the hunt, and they spent a lot of time in the planet's thick forests. It was as though she were finally back home, being unrelentingly mated while surrounded by the spicy-smelling turu-grass that covered the planet. Just the comparison made her clutch tightly, drawing a deep moan from her mate.

Shaak choked out a cry of pleasure as she threw her ass back at him. He was drilling deep into her and hitting all the right spots. Her insides had already been sculpted to fit his impressive cock, but even so, her walls clung to him snugly as they worked the cum from his balls. The wet

sounds of her pussy being fucked, their moans being cried out in unison, and the clapping of their bodies had her close to cumming. The ground in front of her was torn up, but her hands continued to claw into it every time the head of his cock smashed right into her G-spot. She then felt him lean forward and grab the material covering her tits. He pulled the material apart, unleashing her massive, round tits. His hand immediately began groping them while his other hand snaked between her thighs. When she felt his fingers begin to play with her sensitive clit just as his long, magnificent cock slid across her G-spot, Shaak's body couldn't take any more. She tilted her head up and squealed loudly. Her walls clamped down tightly, and it was only a few more thrusts until she felt him release inside of her. Her body spasmed and bucked as he continued to thrust into her slowly and deeply, filling her with his seed. When he pulled out, Shaak's body collapsed, and she rolled onto her sides. Her knees came up to her chest, and she lay there in a fetal position while the orgasm continued to fill her with pleasure.

Harry stood up and lifted up his trousers before securing them. He looked down at Shaak and watched her cum for a moment. He then reached down and slapped her thick ass. Shaak squeaked in pain and looked up at him, glaring. "Thanks for helping me relax ..." he smiled. "... but I gotta get back to work." He threw her a smug look before walking off.

"J-Jackass!" she called out through her orgasm. That was a word that she had learned from him, and she thoroughly enjoyed it. Shaak pushed herself to her knees, even as his essence leaked from her slit. Her eyes bugged out when she saw how much of the garden her clawing hands had destroyed. She suddenly wasn't feeling very calm and relaxed. She sent another glare at his retreating form. Hearing him laugh merrily, she sighed and fixed her clothing before grabbing her gardening tools. Hopefully, she would have this sorted out before dinner. After that, she would pull Harry into her bedroom for a little payback.