

A Galaxy of Magic

Chapter 28

Harry sipped at the drink and set the glass down, wincing as the afterburn lingered on his tongue. The stuff was called “Blue Blaster,” and it tasted like what you’d get if you mixed moonshine and jet fuel. The cantina was dark even by Mos Eisley standards. The air was thick with the scent of fried nerf and pipe smoke, and the crowd was a solid wall of aliens, most of them mean-looking and all of them noisy. Every table was full, and every booth was occupied. Even the bar rail had people double-stacked, waiting for the next round of questionable spirits.

Harry liked it here. It was rough, loud, and crowded enough to be anonymous, which meant he could drink in peace without worrying about being bothered. He finished the Blue Blaster, then flagged down the bartender. “Something else,” he said. “Surprise me.”

The bartender, who was a heavily scarred human with one metal eye, just grunted. He mixed a clear, oily drink and slammed it down. Harry raised it in salute, then braced himself and took a sip. The liquid burned as it went down. The drinks on Tattooine often did.

A scream of laughter erupted from the booth behind him, followed by a sharp crack as someone pounded the table. Harry didn’t turn around. Instead, he just listened, focusing on the sound of the argument. The two voices were Twi’lek, a male and a female. The Twi’lek language was fast, choppy, and harsh on the ear when it was angry. They were very angry.

The male had a slurred accent, and he talked over the female every chance he got. The female’s voice was strong, but it wavered with fear. There was a slapping sound, then a string of ugly curses. Harry tried to ignore it, but the shouting got louder. He turned, just to get a look, and saw the Twi’leks clearly. The female’s skin was a vibrant green, but one of her lekku was severed halfway down. The stump was bandaged with a dirty cloth. She was dressed like most female Tattooine barflies, which is to say slightly scandalously. The male was heavier and more confident, and his skin was the same shade of sickly olive as the drunk yard boss they’d met a few days ago.

The male loomed over her and stabbed his finger in the air. His voice rose with each word. “You think you can run? You think anybody cares about you here?”

The female hissed something back, drawing a snarl from her companion. The male grabbed her by the arm and yanked her out of the booth, making her half-fall across the table. The room went silent for a split second. It was the kind of silence that said everyone was watching, but no one wanted to get involved.

Harry set down his glass, stood, and eased around to get a better view. He didn’t move to help. He didn’t need to, yet. The girl yanked her arm away, but the male just laughed and drew a

blaster from under the table. The barrel was jammed up under her chin before she even realized it.

The bartender ducked down and started shoving glasses under the counter. Most of the regulars did the same. Two men at the end of the bar barely paused in their card game.

The green Twi'lek's face twisted in fear. She froze, and her good lekku stiffened. The male's voice dropped to a hiss. He said, "I warned you, didn't I? You steal from me again, I'll ..."

He never got the chance to finish his sentence. Harry rolled his eyes, made a lazy gesture with his right hand, and let a silent spell slip from his finger. The male Twi'lek's feet shot out from under him, and he spun around in a half-circle before he could even fire the blaster. He yelped, but his finger squeezed the trigger anyway, and the shot went wild.

It didn't hit the girl. It didn't hit the bar. It hit a Wookiee.

The Wookiee was two tables over, standing alone while drinking a pint of what looked like motor oil. The blaster bolt caught him dead center in the ass. The effect was immediate. The Wookiee howled, the fur on his ass smoldered and smoked, and the glass in his hand shattered from his sudden death grip.

The whole room recoiled. Apparently, no one wanted to be around a furious Wookiee. The male Twi'lek tried to recover, but he was still pointing the blaster at the Wookiee. The female fell to her knees, and her eyes were wide in disbelief at what her partner had just done.

The Wookiee turned, towering over the crowd. He spun on the Twi'lek and let out a roar so loud it made the drinkers at the bar flinch. Every eye in the place was on them now as the Wookiee bared his teeth.

The male Twi'lek's skin turned almost white. He tried to backpedal, waving the blaster. "It was a mistake! I didn't mean to!"

The Wookiee's answer was a ferocious snarl. He reached over, grabbed the male Twi'lek by the lekku, and yanked him right off the floor. The Twi'lek screamed, and his blaster fired twice more. The bolts struck the bar, melting a glass full of pickled insects. The other bolt hit a pipe, causing steam to shoot out. The bartender ducked lower.

Harry watched as the Wookiee shook the Twi'lek like a rag doll, then hurled him into a table of alien drinkers. There was a crash, a chorus of angry yelps, and three more blasters came out from under coats. The Twi'lek hit the floor, rolled once, and then ducked behind a table, firing wildly at the Wookiee. The crowd then started furiously shouting as several bystanders were hit.

The Wookiee dove for cover, flipped the table with a single arm, and the heavy metal landed on a pair of squat lizard-men who instantly joined the fight. The bartender reached under the bar,

pulled out a shotgun-styled blaster, and started yelling for everyone to get out. Instead, the drinkers surged in a panic. One Bothan screamed and bolted for the exit, only to be clotheslined by a Rodian who was pissed after a stray blaster shot scorched off one of his tubular antenna. They both fell in a tangled heap, and the fight rolled over them.

The female Twi'lek hugged the floor and crawled for the door. One hairy alien was about to grab her when Harry chucked a metal stool at him. The stool caught him right in the face, and the alien stumbled back right into an angry rioter. The angry man punched the hairy alien right in the face, sending him tumbling over a short table. Harry caught her eye as she slithered past, and she nodded in thanks. Her face was streaked with sweat, but she moved fast, not even stopping when a bottle exploded overhead and showered her in glass.

Harry ducked as a chunk of table splintered and whizzed past his head. He stepped to the side, reached out, and flicked his finger. The blaster in the male Twi'lek's hand snapped apart at the receiver, and the pieces rattled to the floor. The Twi'lek tried to fire. He then looked down, confused, and got a chair leg right in the face for his trouble.

The Wookiee rose again with blood on his snout and murder in his eyes. He saw the Twi'lek, picked up a bar stool, and threw it. The stool smashed into his chest and sent the Twi'lek sprawling to the floor, face-first into a puddle of spilled booze.

Harry didn't want to get shot, and he definitely didn't want to be on the wrong end of a Wookiee, but he could tell things were about to get worse. The brawl was spreading, and now a Rodian at the bar had drawn a vibroknife and was waving it at anyone who got close. Someone lobbed a half-full bottle of liquor, and the thing exploded in a ball of blue flame that lit up half the cantina.

Harry stepped back as the heat washed over him. Two more drinkers collided at his left, swinging wildly at each other, and both crashed to the floor in a tangle of arms and legs. A woman in battered Mandalorian armor slipped behind the bar, calmly poured herself a shot, and watched as the bartender tried to shoot the Wookiee. Harry had to respect her style.

The Wookiee ducked the blast, grabbed the bartender by the throat, and lifted him over the bar rail. With a mighty roar, he tossed the bartender into the crowd. There was a wet smack as he landed on top of the vibroknife-wielding Rodian, and both of them went limp.

Harry glanced around, saw the green Twi'lek hiding behind a crate near the exit, then checked for the male Twi'lek. He was still on the floor, moaning, but the Wookiee was dragging him by the belt toward the back door. A second Wookiee that was slightly smaller joined him and helped pick up the body. They glared at Harry, and he gave a polite nod. The two Wookiees exchanged a grunt, then left with their prize.

The room was half empty now. The brawl had devolved into a dozen smaller scuffles. Harry ducked a flying tray, then sidestepped an alien with blood pouring from his nose. He could have walked away, but then he saw the Mandalorian woman drop her empty glass and calmly pull a

blaster from her hip. She took aim at a pair of Gamorreans who decided it would be a good idea to charge her.

Harry sighed. He reached out with his left hand and summoned the Gamorrean's boots. Their legs kicked out from under them, and they both slammed face-first onto the hard floor. There was a sickening crunch and a grunting groan before the pig-like creatures fell unconscious. She looked them up and down, shrugged, and holstered the blaster.

Harry waited for her to leave. She finished her second drink, stepped over the pair of unconscious Gamorreans, and then nodded to Harry as she walked out.

He scanned the room one last time. The green Twi'lek had vanished. The male was gone, presumably being dragged through the alleys by the angry Wookiees. Harry laid a coin on the bar to pay for his drink and stepped out into the blinding light of Mos Eisley.

He walked two blocks before stopping to catch his breath. The twin suns were excruciatingly hot that day. Thankfully, he didn't have to walk much further before finding his women. Aayla, Shaak Ti, and Maris were at a stall, haggling over the price of some fresh vegetables. Aayla eyed the blood on his sleeve and rolled her eyes. "You were supposed to be having a quick drink. We can't take you anywhere, can we?"

Harry grinned. "You have no idea."

They walked off into the heat, leaving the chaos of the cantina behind them.

A Galaxy of Magic

They regrouped in the shade of a tattered awning, just outside the cantina's line of sight. The smell of roasted bantha meat drifted in from the merchant stalls, and the hot wind whipped up a lot of harsh, stinging sand. Harry took out their supply list, triple-checked the purchases already made, and then looked up at the three women. Aayla had a crate of vegetables in one arm and a bundle of fabric slung over her shoulder. Shaak Ti was fussing with her bag, her face showing concern. Maris was taking a long drink from Harry's enchanted canteen.

"So what's next?" Aayla asked, shifting her weight from foot to foot. "We still need a new power converter, and the hyperdrive coupler won't last much longer." She rattled off the rest of the list while sweat dripped into her blue cleavage.

Maris poured some freezing water over her head, wetting her white, strappy top. She gasped when the icy water rolled over her chest. The thin white fabric became nearly transparent, and he could see her nipples stiffen underneath. "We can get by without the inertial dampener," she said. "But we have to replace the fuel cells."

Shaak Ti sighed and held up her coin purse. "We have enough left for the converter and a few days of fresh food. After that, we're broke. Unless you want to take up pod racing, Harry."

Maris snorted. "We could always sell our unneeded supplies in the tent. Or maybe we can sell our clothes. I doubt that Harry would mind too much if we walked around naked all day," she said while playfully shaking her wet tits at him.

Aayla rolled her eyes. "No one is selling their clothing, Maris."

Harry grinned at the thought, but he immediately shook his head. "If we are going out to find more Jedi, then we might need those extra supplies when we gather them up," he said. He glanced at the purse in Shaak Ti's hands. "Don't worry. I'll figure something out."

Shaak Ti's expression was skeptical, but she let it pass. The four of them drifted toward the next row of shops, weaving around a team of Jawas herding a cart stacked with dented droids. Harry kept a mental tally of their options, but it was a short list. They could find work, cheat someone, or steal what they needed. Working an honest job didn't appeal to him.

Aayla leaned in close, keeping her voice low. "I know we told you that the Hutts control the water trade, but we might have to chance it. We really need more parts to get the ship flying well."

Harry considered this. "It might be worth a shot. If I get into trouble, I can easily get myself out of it. We'll try and come up with a solid plan tonight," he told her. He made a left down a crowded alley, motioning for the women to follow.

They made their way through the chaos of Mos Eisley, dodging cargo haulers and beggars. By then, the wind was getting stronger, and the sand was stinging their skin. "I think we need to abort our shopping trip a little early. This sandstorm is only going to get worse," Aayla called out over the wind. Shaak Ti readily agreed while shielding her eyes with her downturned palm.

"I agree! Let's get back to the speeder," she told them, and they all changed direction and headed for the edge of town.

A Galaxy of Magic

They piled into the speeder and speeder bike as the first hints of the oncoming sandstorm began to roll over the sand flats. The wind was already harsh, kicking up loose sand and grit that peppered the duraglass windshield and scoured every exposed surface. At first, the trip was tolerable, but within minutes, the storm ramped up to a whole new level of hell. The visibility dropped to almost zero, and each gust battered the chassis hard enough to rattle their teeth.

Harry struggled to keep both vehicles together as they snaked through the shallow canyons south of Mos Eisley. Shaak Ti had wrapped her montrals and lekku in a makeshift scarf, and her eyes were slitted and determined as she scanned for obstacles. The bandages did little to stop the sand from infiltrating every crease and seam of her clothing. Twice, she shouted warnings over the roar of the wind, and Aayla's arms ached from wrenching the controls to avoid jagged rocks or the sudden plunge of a ravine.

Harry could barely see his own hands in front of him. He had to rely on his instincts and an occasional glimpse of Aayla's blue lekku trailing from the back of the speeder bike ahead. Aayla drove at a reckless pace, trying to outrun the worst of the storm, but the sand storm was faster. Maris, sitting behind Aayla, had her eyes squeezed shut, and she spent most of the trip letting out a string of profanities and threats at the elements.

The Tatooine wilderness was not kind. Every so often, a jagged rock or a half-buried animal skeleton loomed up out of nowhere, forcing a sudden swerve. The wind hammered their faces with a million tiny grits of sand. Sweat and sand mingled in every pore, making the ride even more uncomfortable. There was no sign of life anywhere. Harry suspected even the Tusken Raiders had the sense to take shelter.

At one point, a swirl of wind upended a rusty, abandoned storage bin and sent it flying down the canyon. It smashed into the side of the speeder, denting the fender and startling everyone inside. The second brush with disaster came when Harry's speeder bike was hit by a very powerful microburst, and he nearly tumbled into a gully. It was only his skill at flying that kept him from plummeting over the edge.

By the time they reached the entrance to their mountain cave, all four were battered, miserable, and caked in sweat and sand. The cave was a godsend. They parked the vehicles just inside the lip of the opening and breathed a collective sigh of relief when the cool air washed over their overheated bodies. Shaak Ti pulled off her scarf, shook out her montrals, and immediately started stripping off her sand-blasted clothing as she walked toward their new room. Maris and Aayla did the same and followed her to the room. Harry amusedly watched the group, but he was shaken out of it when they all but demanded he hurry up and follow.

Instead of heading into the tent, which was pitched in their new cave room, the women made a beeline for the waterfall pool. In rapid succession, Aayla shimmied out of her clothes, Shaak Ti quickly stripped naked, and Maris peeled away her black, sand-caked trousers. It was like they were holding a contest to see who could get undressed fastest. Maris was the victor, and she cannonballed into the pool, splashing icy water everywhere. Aayla dove in right after, and her blue lekku streamed out behind her as she cut through the water. Shaak Ti, never one to waste energy, eased herself in and gasped at the initial shock of the cold water.

Harry stripped off his own sweat-soaked clothing and waded in after them. Aayla was the first to reach Harry. She surfaced beside him with water beading on her smooth blue skin, and she

pressed close enough that her breasts flattened against his chest. "Thank the stars you made this pool. The trip home was horrendous."

Before Harry could answer, Shaak Ti ambushed him from behind. She looped her arms around his waist, resting her lekku on his shoulder, and ground her hips into his ass. Her hands slid up his ribcage, teasing the sides of his chest. She leaned her head back, dunking herself briefly, then came up for air and let water spill down her striped montrals. The effect was mesmerizing, and Harry shuddered as she rubbed her naked tits on his back.

He didn't have a chance to do much more than turn, because Maris was suddenly in his lap with her legs wrapped around his waist. Her pale skin glimmered with tiny beads of water. She nipped at his lips, nuzzled his jaw, and then caught his earlobe and sucked on it until Harry groaned. "I win again," she cheered, and she wiggled her hips until Harry's cock was trapped between their bodies.

The three women made a game of it. They took turns wrestling for Harry's attention, sometimes competing, and sometimes collaborating, but they were always laughing and joking as they rubbed against him. Shaak Ti would press herself up under his arm and nibble his neck, then pass him off to Aayla, who would lift herself out of the water and slide her breasts over his face until he licked at her hard nipples. Maris kept returning to his lap to grind her pussy against his erection. She pretended to sulk whenever one of the others got in her way.

It didn't take long for things to escalate. Within minutes, their horseplay turned into open groping, kissing, and moaning. Shaak Ti was the first to take things to the next level. She slipped one hand down to Harry's cock and stroked it underwater before guiding him between her thighs. She braced herself against the slick rock wall, hoisted one leg up and over his shoulder, and impaled herself on him with a throaty gasp. Her cunt was already soaking wet, and she clenched around him and milked his cock while the other two women cheered her on.

Aayla and Maris took turns kissing her and Harry while their hands roamed over every exposed inch of skin. Aayla sat herself on the edge of the pool and held Shaak Ti's head between her thighs. She guided her mouth to her own pussy and sighed as Shaak Ti's tongue found her clit. Harry was behind Shaak, plowing into her pussy with brutal force. Maris, not to be outdone, dove underwater and licked at Harry's balls. Her hands caressed his shaft and helped guide him into Shaak Ti's pussy with every thrust.

The women began changing positions whenever the mood struck. Shaak Ti didn't stop driving her pussy back onto Harry's cock until her legs shook. Then she let Maris have her turn, and Aayla finished up by straddling Harry's hips and grinding down on him, taking his cock as deep as it would go. After all three women had cummed on his cock, they had Harry sit on the edge of the pool with his legs open. They crowded between his legs and looked down his wet, slippery cock.

The three women went at his cock in a way that was more competitive than coordinated. Maris immediately took up her post at the base of his shaft, flicking her tongue over his balls and sucking one into her mouth. Shaak Ti started at the tip, swirling her tongue around it while breathing hot air down his length. Aayla pressed herself in from the side and used her lips and tongue to bathe every exposed inch she could find. She would sometimes meet Shaak Ti in the middle and kiss her with Harry's cock sandwiched between their mouths.

The dynamic was a mixture of chaos and harmony. Maris got possessive and growled whenever someone pushed her away from Harry's balls, and she would wrap her arms around his hips to yank him closer and bury her face deep against his sack. Aayla's approach was more friendly. She would bob her head along his cock, taking him as deep as she could, then pop off and let Shaak Ti take over. Shaak Ti liked to try and outdo the others by deepthroating Harry's length and taking him so far down her throat that her blue-and-white monstrels quivered from the effort. Each time she succeeded, she would pull back with a triumphant look.

It wasn't long before Harry started moaning, and his hands gripped the edge of the pool as his hips rocked back and forth, helpless against the onslaught. The combination of the three mouths, their tongues swirling and flicking, and the constant suction and the warmth of their lips, quickly pushed him to the edge. He could barely catch his breath before one of them swapped in for the next, always vying to be the one to make him cum. They worked until his cock was shiny, throbbing, and leaking precum that the women fought to lick off.

Maris was the one who sensed he was about to finish. She locked her lips around his balls and gently squeezed them, while Aayla took half his length into her mouth and pumped the rest with one hand. Aayla then let Shaak Ti press in and suck on his tip, flicking her tongue across the slit. Harry let out a ragged gasp as he came hard, shooting jet after jet of cum into Shaak Ti's mouth and across Aayla's face. Maris quickly switched to the tip, trying to catch one of the spurts for herself, and ended up with a generous glob on her face.

All three of their faces were splattered with Harry's cum, and they looked up at him with dripping chins and victorious grins. All Harry could do was sit there and grin as the women licked each other's faces clean.