

Can One Displaced Hero Save a Galaxy?

(Chapters 107-110)

Novus Peregrine

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Chapter 107: Sands and Stars

-Tatooine – 230 Days into the Hutt Crusade-

Anakin Skywalker still hated sand. It was rough, coarse, and got *everywhere*. Not just on people, but into mechanical parts and electronics. An engine component that would last fifty years on a normal world would be lucky not to be ground away to useless trash in twenty or less on Tatooine. A planet on which he hated the sand only slightly less than *everything else*.

Which, he had to admit, made it exceedingly weird that he wasn't angry at being back on this Force forsaken sandball. He'd originally believed the only reason he'd *ever* come back here was to free his mother and the other slaves. Only for Knight Aayla and her companion to free his mother years ago, then have the League of Free Stars, which they'd *somehow* launched as a major galactic power from out of nowhere, come back and free the rest of the slaves before he could too.

He couldn't, wouldn't, resent them for that.

There were no more Hutts on Tatooine, Gardulla and Jabba having both died in the fighting when the League-sponsored and supplied rebellion had kicked off. Now, he found himself actually *glad* that the High Council had sent him and Obi-wan to feel out the world. The fact that Tatooine was being 'guided' by A'Sharad Hett concerned them. Not enough, among the other chaos going on elsewhere, that the Council had prioritized checking in on the situation until now. But enough that, now that Tatooine had a slowly forming official government in which Hett was thankfully only an *advisor*, they wanted to get a feel for the situation.

More specifically, of course, they wanted any insight Hett could offer about the greater goals of the League of Free Stars. He'd had to be recruited for their Crusade *somehow*, which they hoped meant he had some ideas about the scope of what 'Sovereign Midoriya' was planning. *Without* potentially being compromised by being too close to said ruler, as Knight Secura was.

Personally, Anakin was pretty sure it was only the conservative faction that had pushed for their mission here, with the more progressive members of the Jedi Order (progressive members he hadn't even realized *existed* until recently) simply finding it an easy-to-approve compromise mission. Since it was fact-finding only, it *shouldn't* be seen as threatening by the League. Meanwhile, it appeased the traditionalists that 'steps were being taken to find out more.' Of course, Anakin was one of the only natives of the horrid planet in the Jedi Order other than Hett, and Obi-wan a well known and skilled diplomat and negotiator. So it legitimately made a sort of sense that they'd tagged them for the job.

Personally, Anakin appreciated that Obi-wan had only accepted *after* making sure Anakin was fine with it.

Now, finally free of initial talks with Hett and the government, Anakin was very glad he'd said yes. After all...

"Hello, Kitster, Wald. I'm glad to see the both of you looking so well...and *free*."

Kitster grinned hugely, even as Wald did the Rodian equivalent right beside him. A moment later, Kitster had Anakin in a bear hug. For perhaps only the second time ever, Anakin thought he might just have a *good* memory of something that happened on Tatooine...

-Rothana – 232 Days into the Hutt Crusade-

As he stared out over the Rothana Heavy Engineering manufacturing facility, Master Tholme was *displeased* that his instincts had been right. That was, sadly, not a new thing. Given he was the closest thing the modern Jedi Order had to a spy master, following instincts and patterns as much as the Force had often led him to unpleasant revelations. What he was watching now was only confirmation of something he'd feared the moment he'd gotten word about what Shaak Ti had found on Geonosis. He'd already put together some disturbing bits of information over the last few years, as he'd poked and prodded various parts of the galaxy in an attempt to find the Sith. For example, he'd known for quite some time that Kuat Drive Yards was, for some unknown reason, building a *large* number of Venator cruisers. Not to mention pouring enough money into black projects that even a Megacorp of their size couldn't hide it completely.

Shaak Ti's information about the Droid Army being built, combined with Aayla passing on word of the Battleships that the Trade Federation was building? It had practically *screamed* in the back of his mind that more than one group was aware of the shadows moving in the dark. The one the Jedi were only just now becoming aware of themselves. KDY had a *well-known* grudge with the Trade Federation, which had led to his coming here. Near to the same site he and Aayla had discovered the early days of secret testing for new a wide variety of new designs by Rothana Heavy Engineering three years ago.

Unlike Kuat itself, Rothana was in the Outer Rim, a world purchased wholesale by Kuat Drive Yards specifically as an isolated black site where they did a lot of their research and development work. Approaches to the system were *not* on galactic standard maps, and the KDY corporate-security fleet was *very* heavy handed with anyone that tried to poke their nose anywhere in its general direction. It had, as a result, taken even Tholme a fair bit of time to infiltrate the place...not even his previous trip here having made it easier. They'd radically upshifted security since then. For, it appeared, sound reasons.

Despite the time it had cost away from seeking the Sith, everything he'd seen since he'd arrived in-system told him he'd been right to make the diversion.

After all, the testing and manufacture of the new heavy walkers, artillery, and landing craft visible during his last visit had been one thing. KDY and its subsidiaries were one of the largest defense contractors in the galaxy, with most of the Core getting their primary defense hardware from the massive mega corporation. That hadn't been actionable information back then, as it was

perfectly normal for KDY to research and build new product lines. What he was seeing now, though...the scale was worrying.

Instead of R and D, he was now seeing *massive* manufacturing complexes all over the planet, and equally massive expansion of the orbital yards here besides. There were *hundreds* of Kuat's new Acclimator assault ships just sitting in parking orbits above the planet. Hundreds more were being built in massive shipyards that *hadn't been there* just three years ago. Combined with huge numbers of new walkers, self-propelled artillery, and landing craft designs being built and stored? It was *very* obvious that Kuat was gearing up for war.

The question, of course, was 'with whom?'

If the build up had been perhaps half the scale he'd seen so far, he might have thought they were simply anticipating market trends. Or, perhaps, that they'd gotten wind of the Hutt Crusade early and were anticipating a lot of worlds wanting stronger fleet and ground defenses. With *this much*, though? No. It was very, very obvious that KDY knew something that he and the Jedi Order didn't. Or, rather, that he and the Jedi Order were only just starting to put together. Given the implications of the Trade Federation's battleships, the Geonosis Droid Factories, and the increasingly loud debates in the senate...

Tholme was very much afraid he knew what these ships were for.

What he was *less* certain of is just why the Sith were causing two entirely separate factions to build up for a conflict. Assuming this was the Sith at all, instead of good intelligence on KDY's part leading the sharks to smell blood in the water. One way or another, it spelled a great deal of trouble, and he was very much afraid he was too late to stop the on-rushing collision. The arguments in the senate were, unfortunately, over extremely legitimate issues, after all. He could only hope that he and others could find out enough to keep the galaxy from tearing itself completely apart, when the collision eventually came...

-Muunilinst – 235 Days into the Hutt Crusade-

Celeste wanted to growl with frustration, but instead forced herself to reach for the Force for calm. She had finally managed to track down records, at least *some* records, regarding Damask Holdings. Unfortunately, what she'd found was at least a partial dead-end. The entire leadership of Damask Holding *except* Hego Damask had died to an attack by a group apparently called the Order of the Canted Circle. She had no idea who they were, though they'd apparently hired Maladian assassins to do the grunt work. A group that *had* come to her attention in her research of the modern era, mostly due to them being one of the only groups known to be capable of killing Jedi.

The problem, of course, was that she had no idea if the assassins had been working for the Sith, possibly even *trained* by one, and Damask had been intended to survive? Or was Damask himself the Sith and had fought off his assassins? He *had* apparently been somewhat seriously injured, after all. Sighing and determined to dig deeper into the records, Celeste hoped that her...apprentice...was having better luck. Allaya was back on Dathomir, separated from Celeste for the first time in years, attempting to convince the Singing Mountain Clan to send representatives to the Ossus Academy.

Celeste was nearly certain now that the existence of the new Academy was the reason why she'd been driven by the Force to make her promise of acquiring more instruction for the clan. Yet, she was still an outsider to them. It would be up to Allaya to convince her grandmother to allow more of the Witches to attend the Academy. Both to learn and, hopefully, to share their knowledge as well. This was, Celeste reflected as she dove back into the records looking for leads, a very odd time in the galaxy. Well, at least it was keeping her busy and she was still being allowed to hunt Sith and attempt to destroy their workings...

-Jedi High Council Chamber – 237 Days into the Hutt Crusade-

“He’s a Force user who has a *Sith* traveling with him! An actual Sith! How is this *not a concern!*?”

Matt Windu sighed and took control of the recently-installed holoprojector in the Council room. Such things had always been resisted before, since it turned the room into something too much like a Situation Room or War Room, and they'd never wanted to be seen as militant. Unfortunately, recent events had become too chaotic, and he'd pulled the trigger on the well-hidden addition during other recent work. A security review, quietly executed by a combination of Sentinels and security experts they'd borrowed from a few allies, had turned up *numerous* holes in Temple security. Upgrades had been quietly being put in throughout the Temple to close those holes, and Mace had personally signed off on adding the holoprojector during the upgrades to the High Council Chamber.

Now, he used them for the first time both to shut up the debaters *and* throw up the reports he'd already gotten on 'Zavra S'hi.' Well, not *all* of the reports. Just those provided regarding whether or not she was a Dark Sider. There was currently no need to complicate the matter by getting derailed with little details like her...implants. Only some of which were combat focused. Or with the awareness that she'd apparently taken the Darksaber and there was at least one video going around in the League of her attempting to use it to make toast.

“Addressing the ‘Sith’ in question first, I’ve already known about her for some time. She might be of the Sith *species*, but I have multiple reports here from *multiple* highly respected Jedi Master, who have examined her and stated categorically and on record that she isn’t a Dark Sider. They also admit she has something of a *chaotic* Force presence, but at least two recognized it as similar to the effect Qui-Gon Jinn sometimes had on the Force. That of a Living Force specialist making the local Force a bit turbulent by their method of ‘Living in the Now.’ Though, apparently the effect is considerably more *pronounced* with Miss S'hi than it was with Master Jinn.”

Confronted with calmly stated *facts* and multiple reports from Jedi whose names practically lept off the screens they were being projected on, the Jedi who had been most riled up stilled. Each of them set to reading the reports, a couple of them looking chagrined that they'd become so impassioned without getting all the information. As they should be. They were Jedi, not Senators. Debate in the High Council was supposed to be calm and rational, not about who could shout loudest and be heard most.

For several minutes, the group that had reacted poorly to the latest revelation were busy absorbing and contemplating. Adi had been the one to bring up this matter in the first place, at

Mace's request, when reports regarding Sovereign Midoriya's political tour began to leak. Zavra, thankfully, hadn't been a prominent member of any talks. She'd barely been seen in the background most of the time, in fact. After the clusterfuck of Bothawui in particular, however, there was no chance that Midoriya being a Force user was going to remain unnoticed. The scrutiny that little detail generated was going to reveal Zavra S'hi's presence one way or another, so Mace had decided to headbutt the blaster bolt and cut the problem off before it could be blown out of all proportion by rumor.

Eventually, Oppo Rancisis was the Traditionalist that finished his contemplation first and took a different track with his first comment. Mace was grateful for it, as the Thisspiasian was perhaps the most capable of coldly rational outlooks out of anyone on the High Council, Traditionalist or not.

"While I still disagree with these Jedi having left the Order, I respect several of them too much to believe they would all report falsely on this matter. Despite their past actions as a collective species, there *have* been Sith that became Jedi before, if I remember my history correctly. Assuming that one is a Dark Sider, against all evidence, is speciesist at best. That fact does not, however, address the greater concern of this Izuku Midoriya apparently being a powerful Force Sensitive."

Mace nodded acknowledgement of that readily. Quickly checking to make sure that everyone was done with the current set of reports that had been projected centrally between them all, he activated a second set when he was sure they had.

"*That* detail has also been known for some time. It was reported by several Jedi through various channels, and I specifically ordered an investigation started. It had not yet been brought to the attention of the entire Council as that investigation is still ongoing. What I *can* offer is a few details. Yes, Izuku Midoriya is a Force Sensitive, one from an unknown world outside Republic Space. By the time any Jedi encountered him, he was apparently already a fully trained disciple of a different Force Sect. Something that isn't particularly unusual, as you should all be aware. Even if most such don't wander the galaxy, as a rule."

He got quite a few nods at that. The truth was that Force Sects *weren't* rare. The Jedi Order knew of a couple of dozen *currently* in existence. Some of which they had good relationships with, others which they tended to avoid due to unpleasant interactions in the past. The Disciples of the Whills, Gand Findsmen, Matukai, Luka Sene. Such were just a few of the more commonly known groups, and there were quite a few more obscure ones out there besides, like the Disciples of Twilight or the Aing-Tii of the Kathol Rift. Yet, even of the more 'commonly known' groups, only Findsmen and Matukai tended to roam the galaxy, and both groups were very small in numbers that did so.

"As early results of the investigation I launched, I have admittances from Master Tholme and Master Fay both that they were aware of this long before the Crusade. Both apparently tested his knowledge of the Force and taught him bits of the Jedi way in exchange for knowledge of his own society's Force use. This is not uncommon, so long as the tests turn up that the individual is stable."

That comment got some scowls from the Traditionalists. Not everyone had always been happy with leaving other Force Sects alone, let alone *teaching them* things. Mace pushed on regardless of their displeasure.

“He did pass those tests, and Master Fay in particular noted that Midoriya is the closest she’s ever encountered to an equal in telekinesis. Apparently, such was the primary focus of those who trained him. Though he apparently possessed considerable close-combat skill, with something like a Force Speed trick and something similar to the physical Force Enhancement used by the Matukai. Neither of them detected even the slightest amount of Dark Side usage from him, with Master Tholme in particular having stayed around him for quiet some time to evaluate him.”

Even Piell groaned at that, sighing as he spoke next.

“And Tholme is a secretive bastard who likes playing spy too much. He was most likely aware of the build up to the Hutt Crusade and chose to tell no one. In fact, I’d wager the bastard outright helped the League conceal their build up, with an eye to using them against the Hutts. If he wasn’t so *good* at what he does, I’d be more pissed about it. Yet he *is* good, and the gambit seems to be *working*. It even turned up potentially critical information about other things going on in the galaxy that we’d have otherwise remained ignorant of.”

Several more members of the High Council looked annoyed at that, not just the Traditionalists. Yet none of them could say Master Piell was wrong. Particularly not in light of recently-discovered information like the Trade Federation Battleships and Geonosis Droid Factories. Thankfully, it was one of the Traditionalists that spoke the next, loosely positive thing. Specifically, Saesee Tiin.

“I, for one, am not going to dismiss the likes of Tholme *and* Master Fay endorsing the young man. That said, it is still a concern. We’ve tried to discourage the idea of Force Sensitives leading governments since the Ruusan Reformation dissolved the Army of Light and did away with the Jedi Lords. This is going to cause some upset, one way or another, and much of it will splash on us. Doubly so given Knight Secura’s involvement with him.”

That, of course, was the rub. One that Mace Windu couldn’t deny with facts or reports. Still, at least they were heading in the direction of *reasoned* debate now. He’d take that as a win, so long as they could keep it that way...

Chapter 108: Zeltros

- The Moon Athuma - Zeltros System -

- 240 Days into the Hutt Crusade -

Padmé wasn’t sure if she wanted to whimper or scream. Of course, she wanted to furiously masturbate far more than either of those things, but that wasn’t in the cards until they got back to their quarters. After that, *she* might initiate things with Sabé instead of the other way around for once, if her handmaiden wasn’t fast enough. At the moment, she was even horny enough to debate trying to pull her other handmaidens into it. Possibly at least Eiraté? Just to spice things up? Well,

that and to keep herself from finding a collar and leash, showing up at Izuku and Aayla's quarters naked, and...

No! Focus!

Despite the Zeltrons, don't give into the horny! Stay strong, Padmé!

Doing her best *not* to take a deep breath for calm, in order to not subject herself to more Zeltron pheromones than necessary, she did her best to focus on the ongoing talks between the League and the Locals. She hadn't actually expected to stop at Athuma. None of them had, as it hadn't been on the original loose itinerary. Yet, as they'd approached the Zel system, the government of Zeltros had sent a surprise invitation. As they had several days yet before they were due on Onderon, it hadn't been a problem to stop, and the Zeltrons had been pleased to host them on Athuma.

The fact they were on the *moon* of Zeltros, where the military and government facilities were kept in order to keep out of reach of the mass party that was the planet itself, was fantastic. If she'd been exposed to the far more concentrated telepathy and pheromones down on the planet, she was *fairly* sure her will would have crumbled and she'd have been dancing on tables. Or, more likely, trying to give Izuku a lap dance.

Possibly more.

Almost certainly with her tits out.

No! Stop the horny thoughts! Focus!

Even as it was, the Zeltrons *liked* Izuku and Aayla, which was the problem. It hadn't occurred to anyone, so far as Padmé knew, but apparently the Shattered Shackle had possessed extremely good contacts with the Zeltrons. Which made *sense*, in retrospect, as Zeltrons that traveled the galaxy were often targeted by slavers. Just as naturally attractive as Twi'leks, but with the ability to make *everyone else around them feel good*? Yeah, it wasn't a shock that the species were targeted, even if it took careful handling to make proper 'use' of a Zeltron slave. Abusing them just made everyone around them *miserable*, instead of giving them good vibes, which made them trickier to traffic. 'Discerning' slave owners, however, often wanted one that they would carefully ply with drugs, alcohol, and sex so that they were stuck in a constant pleasure loop that fed into everyone around them.

It was a lesser known, but effective, tactic...and Zeltrons had a *passionate* hatred for slavers as a result.

Unfortunately, the fact that the locals were all effusively happy about hosting the League meant that, even here on Athuma, enough of them were radiating 'feel good' vibes that it was a struggle not to be constantly giddy. The fact that Izuku, Aayla, Shaak Ti and Zavra were all extremely attractive, which had the happy locals lusting after them and filling the telepathic space with said lust, did *not* help at all.

Somehow, and Padmé was more than willing to scream 'Hax Force Bullshit!', Izuku and Aayla seemed to be only minimally impacted so far. Zavra was clearly not even *trying* to resist, but

lived in such a constant party mood herself that she fit right in with the locals, much to their delight. She was somehow living it up, while still in control of herself, and Padmé was very jealous of that ability as she and her handmaidens did their best not to embarrass themselves.

The fact that the locals actually had legitimate trade interests to bring to the League only made it worse, since it was drawing out the discussion/party. The Zeltrons were *very* interested in the League repurposing old Hutt facilities to make dozens of ‘recreational spice’ types that were quite legal on Zeltros. Not only were they, as a species, extremely resistant to addictions, but they were also intelligent enough to focus on long-term healthy use of recreational drugs. The collective goal of their people was to be productively happy, not to fall into the cycle of desperation that came with some types of hard drugs. As such, they produced bulk amounts of *safe* recreational drugs and alcohols. Ones designed both for themselves *and* visitors to the planet.

The only reason they hadn’t cornered half the galactic spice market was because they used almost everything they made. The whole planet-wide-continuous-party thing worked against their ability to produce enough of their own products to export. Which, of course, was where the League came in. Many, *many*, Hutt facilities meant for processing spice had been seized by the League of Free Stars and were largely sitting untouched. The League *was* in the process of converting some of them to produce medicinal spice. Ryll from Ryloth, for example, actually had quite a few extremely valuable medicinal uses. Yet, there was only so much *supply* for them to turn towards that sort of thing.

The Zeltrons, on the other hand, had formulations of various types of spice that could be sourced from materials found all across the galaxy. Heck, some of them used the same base material that the highly addictive spices the Hutts had made did, they just used it more intelligently. If the League could mass manufacture those formulations using the former Hutt facilities...well, it stood to be *incredibly lucrative* for both the League and Zeltros alike.

Which meant there were perfectly good reasons why Padmé had to sit in on negotiations, trying desperately to focus, as she steadily soaked through her panties and tried not to get lost in fantasies of Izuku ravishing her...

... ..

- Lemon Starts Here -

The surround sound moaning through the room was a testament to just how good the Zeltrons were at making ‘Pleasure Rooms.’ With extended exposure to happy Zeltrons resulting in *three* extremely horny girls to deal with, Izuku had managed enough clarity of thought himself to take action and reserve one such room. One that fit the generally kinks and kinky nature of Aayla and Zavra. Shaak Ti wasn’t quite as *inherently* kinky as either of his other lovers, but she *was* more than willing to go along with just about any of their idea, out of a combination of curiosity and enjoying watching them cum their brains out.

Really, Izuku could relate, his greatest enjoyment being the *reaction* of his lovers, rather than any specific kink in and of itself. He had, in fact, discovered already that he and Shaak were particularly well matched in that respect. Something that came into play now as she was the only one of the three women not currently a bit...tied up. Figuratively, not literally, as Izuku wasn’t going

to waste the amazing breadth of options provided in the Pleasure Room by using something as *plebian* as mere rope. Not even the ridiculously nice (and expensive!) shimmersilk rope he'd spotted, tempting as it was.

Instead, he'd cheerfully stuck his two entirely-eager 'victims' in different sorts of bondage devices.

While Aayla and he had acquired quite a few general bondage items since they first properly got together, they hadn't gone so far as to build a playroom like this, which meant there were *plenty* of things in the Pleasure Room that Izuku would love to try. Pillories, sex saddles, custom bondage frames, and more. *Most* of that was interesting but relatively easy to acquire, if they ever had the time to build a space like this for themselves. As a result, Izuku had focused on a pair of more...exotic...options.

Zavra, currently with her ability to cum turned *off*, was perhaps in the more interesting situation, as he'd sicced a pair of specialized 'probe' droids on her. Dumb AI, rather than full droids, of course, the pair were nevertheless effective and made for quite a display. The first had captured Zavra's hands and feet in micro-restraint fields and forcefully suspended her, spread-eagle, in midair and vulnerable to the second droid.

The one who put the 'probe' in 'probe droid.'

On the ends its dozen tentacle-like manipulator arms were various phallic, buzzing, pinching, or otherwise stimulating tools. Two of which were pumping differently shaped dildos in and out of Zavra's pussy and ass, even as a third applied random vibrations to her clit, and a fourth and fifth had latched onto her nipples with a suction device and a pincher respectively.

Izuku would let her cum eventually, of course, but for now he knew she was enjoying being driven slowly insane by the wildly varied stimulation.

Aayla was in a different sort of situation entirely, under a different sort of assault. One that originated not from the unforgiving tentacles of a probe droid, but from Izuku and Shaak Ti. Technically, the Twi'lek-shaped cage they'd found was slightly more mundane than Zavra's probe assailants, but Izuku hadn't been able to resist once he'd seen it. The fact it was obviously set up for a Twi'lek, with another nearby that had been set up for a Togrutan, indicated the Zeltrons had likely prepared the room specifically for them.

Given the view he was getting right now, Izuku could only thank them for it.

The polished-durasteel 'cage' was mounted on a platform and shaped into the body outline of a Twi'lek. Specifically, a Twi'lek arched over backwards in a way that might well have damaged the average human woman's back to attempt. Aayla, of course, was far more flexible even than most Twi'lek, given her training and highly-acrobatic combat style. Once they'd worked out how she was supposed to *get into* the cage, she'd grinned, blown a kiss and accepted a blindfold, then let them set her up. Now she was arched so that her toes and fingers were stretched to their limits, both just barely touching the 'ground' of the platform even as the rest of her body was curved into a radical backbend.

With Aayla's nude, nubile body on display, the position would have been erotic no matter what, looking like some hentai version of a yoga pose. The fact that the 'cage' frame didn't just leave most of her body visible, but pointedly left her breasts, pussy, and mouth completely exposed? That dialed the whole thing up past eleven. Then Shaak Ti had broken the dial off completely by kneeling between Aayla's lightly-parted legs, taking advantage of her complete vulnerability to teasingly eat her out.

Of course, Izuku hadn't been content to let Shaak Ti herself go completely unserved. He'd spent the first few minutes after she'd knelt and started teasing moans out of Aayla on her own initiative playing with her body from behind. After the moaning from all three woman had really gotten going, however, he'd pulled away and retrieved a large dildo with a remote control, which was capable of tractoring itself to the floor. He'd pulled Shaak Ti away, ignoring Aayla's disappointed mewls for a few moments, and anchored the toy between the Togrutan Jedi's legs. Then he'd had his newest lover resume her position, sinking her own sex down on the large toy in the process. Ordering her back to servicing Aayla, he'd turned the vibration motor of the anchored and inserted toy on low...then moved around to where he was now standing in 'front' of Aayla, playing with her exposed tits.

Even with the blindfold, Aayla was seemingly able to sense or smell how close his erection was to her lips, invitingly forming them into an 'O' in an effort to tempt him. Completely uninterested in resisting that temptation, Izuku smirked and kept playing with her nipples, even as he used the Force to get a perfect alignment and slowly sink between those soft cushions. Aayla's ability to completely suppress her gag reflex with the Force was a wonderful thing, Izuku not stopping his advance until his balls were pressing firmly into her nose, her throat bulging.

Holding there for a moment, he reached out with the Force to turn the vibrator buried in Shaak Ti's pussy up several notches. Enjoying the way she shuddered and nearly lost her focus on Aayla, he waited only a second or two longer to pull back out of his first lover's throat. Her let her tongue play with his tip for a few moments at nearly-full withdraw, then began a slow thrusting as he fucked her throat. Sooner or later, he'd speed up and let himself cum. Then perhaps he'd finally let Zavra do the same, before moving on to fuck Shaak Ti silly while the other two were forced to watch. Perhaps with some simple toys added to keep them both on edge for the next round?

Yes, that sounded like a good plan. Thank the Force for its ability to recover his stamina. He had no intention of leaving this room until he'd buried his cock in all three girls at least once, and as far as he was concerned, blowjobs didn't count towards that number. Somehow, with the lust all three of his lovers present were radiating, he didn't think they'd have it any other way either.

Zeltron really was a great place to visit. They'd have to make it a point to come back sometime...

- Lemon Ends Here -

Chapter 109: Onderon

- Onderon – 245 Days into the Hutt Crusade-

The air in the private meeting room, deep within the royal palace of the city of Iziz, wasn't nearly as festive as the city itself had been. The locals of Onderon might not be all that big on outsiders, but their position in The Slice had always seen them dealing with issues caused by the Hutts. As an Inner Rim world, it hadn't been a truly serious issue. Yet the Hutts had still been the major criminal threat to the locals, and everyone had known it. This made the League of Free Stars quite popular with the common Onderonian, and the reception of their party in the city had been quite positive as a result.

Now, however, it had clearly come time for more serious business. Izuku, Aayla, and Shaak Ti could all sense a certain tension between Mina Bonteri and King Ramsis Dendup. A tension that they also sensed seem to outright alarm Padmé, who clearly hadn't been aware that such a thing existed between the Senator and her monarch. Aside from a pair of Royal Guards at the door, watching but separated from the discussion by a privacy field, no others were currently present. Not even Sabé had been invited to attend, and Shaak Ti was here as a representative of the Jedi Order, seated on the other side of Padmé rather than with Izuku and Aayla.

None of them were delusional enough to think that such a seating arrangement, centered on a three-sided table as it was, was anything other than intentional. Bonteri and Dendup were clearly representing Onderon, Shaak Ti and Padmé the Republic, and Izuku and Aayla the League. The entire thing spoke of a much more serious discussion than had been expected. Onderon wasn't particularly close to the League, with there being multiple Republic-controlled sectors between current League borders and the Japrael system. Something which had previously led them all to assume this was mostly a meeting arranged by Mina Bonteri for reasons of their respective positions in the Republic Senate. Yet, it had been the King who issued the invitations, the Senator who seemed unhappy about that, and now it was the elderly monarch who spoke to take control of the meeting's direction.

"The Republic is corrupt. Horribly corrupt. Nearly as much so as the Hutts were. It didn't happen overnight, nor am I willing to point a finger at a single responsible party. The truth, however, is that the Republic is in the late stages of political decay and a galactic-scale war is already brewing."

Padmé, bless her poor innocent and peaceful soul, seemed to be the only one in the room shocked by the King's statement. She clearly made to speak, only for eye contact and a quick headshake from her former mentor to silence her for the time being. The King was pinning his gaze on Izuku, clearly wanting to see *his* reaction to the statement. One that Izuku made carefully...but without pulling any punches in the end.

"I don't pretend to be an expert on the state of the Republic. I was not born within its borders and am, in almost every way, an outsider looking in. Yet, to be honest, I'm shocked it hasn't already collapsed. More of the Republic Senate is controlled by corporate interests than general democracy, and corporations have never been known to play nice with each other. The fact I know for certain both the Trade Federation and Kuat Drive Yards are busily arming to the teeth, and that the two bitterly despise each other, doesn't bode well either. There are at least some signs the Techno Union is doing the same."

Now Padmé was staring at *him* in dismay. She'd known about the Trade Federation, of course, but apparently she'd been unaware of Kuat's own buildup. At least, not from the surprise and alarm she was now radiating. The King and Senator Bonteri, on the other hand, only grimaced. The pair felt, to the Force Sensitives present, as if Izuku's statement was merely *confirmation* of something they'd already suspected. The King nodded and spoke again.

"You have the right of it, though perhaps not the full scope. If one looks carefully at the political lines, both those that were forming before your own Crusade and those that immediately began to *re-form* after the splash you made disrupted things, there are wider signs. The Banking Clan, Commerce Guild, Techno Union, and Trade Federation are *all* working more and more tightly with each other. With the former Jedi Master, Count Dooku, seemingly the central figure behind their creation of an 'Outer Rim Faction,' of sorts."

Izuku blinked, frowning at that revelation. LIS wasn't focused on spying within the Republic. They *did* have operatives throughout Republic space, of course, but the vast majority of their focus had been turned against the Hutts. As such, he wasn't too surprised his own briefings and knowledge had fallen short of the scope involved, though the King's knowledge did beg the question of how *he* knew.

"Is the connection that obvious? Or has their 'alliance' been fishing for recruitment?"

The King's tight smile was approving, even as Padmé made a distressed noise.

"Very good. I thought there was likely a sharp mind behind what entirely too many of those in the Core want to see as the actions of an Outer Rim Warlord. Too many foolish idiots dismiss the fact you built a business empire somehow capable of *funding* your Crusade before launching it. Still others, including Count Dooku I suspect, are still trying to look *behind* you for some hidden backer. But there isn't anyone of the sort, is there?"

The question was as much a statement as an actual question, nearly rhetorical but still clearly seeking a direct answer. One Izuku had no issue giving.

"Of course not. The Hutt Crusade would never have worked with some sort of external backer. They had their grubby, flabby fists stuck too deeply into the Republic's innards for that. They'd have been warned and the fight much worse, if it had even gotten off the ground at all instead of being sabotaged early."

Senator Bonteri suddenly looked to have bitten into a lemon at the utterly flat and matter-of-fact way that Izuku had stated that. An expression that only got sourer as Shaak Ti leaned forward and spoke for the first time.

"I, as well as many other Jedi, can attest to seeing no signs of any external backing. The Jedi Order has neither seen nor sensed such...but *is* sadly aware of the growing tensions and the potential for a war to occur. There is a reason the Order has suddenly grown more active, attempting to root out enough of the corruption to put some manner of brake on the disaster. Even if it might be too little, too late, the hope is that signs of improvement to the general level of corruption within the Senate may ease tensions."

The King turned to her and smiled much more kindly, this time.

“I’ve noticed. As have others. While I could have wished the Jedi had acted a bit sooner, I also recognized that your Order is in a horrible position. After the Ruusan Reformation, you tied yourselves too tightly to the rebuilding of the Republic, giving up too much of your previous independence. Even now, as you try to avert disaster, you are hamstrung by the very Republic you are trying to save. In part, of course, because *neither* side at all appreciates your attempts to ‘save’ them. Those attempts are for the *people*, after all, not for the *people in power*. A rather critical difference, I’m afraid.”

Shaak Ti nodded acknowledgement of that, rather than protesting, which seemed to cause confusion in Mina Bonteri. Less so her in her King, who Izuku suspected had a much better grounding in the Jedi Order’s history than the Senator did. Onderon had crossed paths with that history more than once, often times with great violence involved. Even now, the moon Dxun practically screamed of the Dark Side, to the point that passing it by had itched at Izuku’s senses and he’d been mentally juggling a possible visit to see if anything could be done about it.

With that in mind, the idea that the King had taken time to study the Jedi and what any layman realistically could of the Force, spoke well of his general intelligence. Meanwhile the Senator seemed stuck in an all-to-common mental trap of associating the Jedi *with* the Senate, rather than as an independent entity. Admittedly, that was somewhat truer now than it every had been in the past, yet still not actually an accurate view of the Order.

Jedi, at least in theory, served the *Force*. Political allegiance was a distant second. Their historical *alliance* with the Republic had originally come about only because the Republic had historically been the best avenue to encourage peace and discourage the sort of chaos and warfare that the Dark Side thrived on. Up until the Ruusan Reformation, they hadn’t even been part of the Republic’s judiciary at all, having only what authority they could arrange with each individual leader of said Republic. The smarter ones had worked with the Jedi closely. The stupider ones had pushed them away and generally suffered for it. Beyond that, it had often been up to individual sectors or star systems to choose how they interacted with the Jedi Order. The Reformation had changed that by giving some official authority to the Jedi, but in doing so tied to Jedi to the official halls of power as a *part* of the Republic, instead of merely an ally to it.

History was, at the moment, beside the point however. The King clearly had more to say, but Padmé was unable to contain herself any longer, one too many additional hits having built up against her own view of the situation. As soon as Shaak Ti withdrew herself, she spoke, attempting to keep her voice level but not entirely succeeding, despite all her training. She was, at core and despite considerable martial talents, a pacifist and idealist. A passionate one who couldn’t always reign that passion in.

“Surely the situation isn’t so bad as that! I know several of the Republic’s power blocs have been working to try and find solutions, including my own. Senator Bonteri has worked extensively with the Peace Party to keep things from turning violent.”

Padmé’s statement, including a gesture of the hand towards said Senator, was met with a grimace from the other woman that clearly caught her off guard. The King chuckled. Not maliciously so much as sadly, as he spoke in correction to Padmé’s statement.

“I’m afraid, Senator, that Mina does not agree with you. She has quietly, against my own advice, drifted into Count Dooku’s camp. A camp that increasingly believes there is no possible resolution to be had short of outright succession from the Republic. That it would be better to flee the sinking ship before it flounders entirely, as it were. Sadly, the ship she seems to be pinning her own hopes on is *made up of* some of the most utterly corrupt members of the Republic in the first place. She would have Onderon jump off the back of the drexl it at least knows, straight into the gullet of a drexl just as vile but completely unpredictable.”

Padmé looked utterly betrayed, and her fellow senator couldn’t quite look at her, even as she attempted to make her own counterpoint.

“Even if Count Dooku’s movement includes the like of the Trade Federation for practical, financial reasons, the truth stands that it is at least allied with the Rim’s needs. That’s the whole point, in fact. To unite the Rim so that the Core Worlds can no longer bleed it dry. It need not come to war, if the Republic is only willing to be reasonable and meet some basic demands. The concept of unionization to fight back against corruption is hardly new or evil, Padmé.”

Aayla was the one to snort at that, injecting herself into the discussion for the first time.

“Except that those you are getting in bed with are literally the galaxy’s worst offenders when it comes to Union Busting. Even Megacorps like KDY don’t engage in a fraction of the strong-arm tactics the Trade Federation does in the Outer Rim, or even the Mid Rim, given what they tried with Naboo. Which is doubly ironic, really, given that the Trade Federation started out as a group *opposing* those same tactics.”

Senator Bonteri winced at that, not seeming able to deny the accusation, and the King spoke up again before she could find another point to fire back with.

“Enough. It is a debate neither side can truly win, as both sides are equally problematic. That is, in fact, my point. I will never willingly place Onderon in such a position, yet I understand that the overall galactic situation is degrading. Slowly, for now. The Senate does not shift quickly and the Jedi *have* succeeded in slowing things down, as did the Hutt Crusade. Yet, as Master Ti has indicated, it is likely to be too little and too late. The Jedi simply don’t have a big enough lever to move the galaxy. Not when the opposition is made up of all the heaviest weights in it, split into multiple camps and pressing against each other.”

The King’s brusque delivery of that statement silenced Padmé and Senator Bonteri both. Neither of them looked *happy*, and Izuku was certain they would be having more words with each other in an attempt to win the other to their own side. Yet it was clear that neither of the women were ignorant of the copious ammunition they could level against one another, and the ways in which the mere fact that said ammunition existed made the King’s statement true. Neither side could truly ‘win’ an argument in which both sides could present equally valid and truthful points. Besides, it was very clear from the King’s focus that his interest of the moment was mostly with Izuku.

“That, Sovereign Midoriya, leaves the wildcard in play that neither side expected. The League of Free Stars now presses right up against the heart of Count Dooku’s own growing influence to the Galactic North, has unknowingly converted multiple sectors leaning his way to the

Galactic South, and has gained a great deal of influence heading Coreward from the old Hutt boarders. Tell me, how much greater is interest Coreward, into the Republic, than you expected it to be?”

Izuku did his best to keep his face blank at that, even as his thoughts raced. The elderly King couldn’t possibly know just how many planets had been approaching the League from The Slice region, yet he radiated utter confidence in his supposition. He didn’t *know*, he’d just *analyzed*, and very possibly gotten it *right*. Not even Esu and Esa had been able to explain just why so many Republic worlds they hadn’t expected to express interest were reaching out. More often for trade agreements than offers to switch proverbial teams, admittedly. But, in light of what the King was implying, those agreements were abruptly recontextualizing in Izuku’s brain as he connected bits of data.

Those worlds might not be looking to switch sides yet, but they were looking to establish a connection in case the worst happened and the League proved to be the better option. An option that might let them get out from between two clashing giants that could run them over without noticing. He nearly lost control and grimaced as he felt *satisfaction* flow back from the Force. Another realization struck him as he realized that *The Force* had been dipping its finger into his and Aayla’s efforts from the beginning. Had *it* intended for this to happen? If so, why in the galaxy would the normally detached entity that was the Force put its finger on the scale in such a fashion?

He forcefully pushed *that* horrifying thought, along with reminders of what he’d been shown clear back on Tatooine. He wasn’t at all prepared to follow it down to its conclusion right this moment. All in all, he managed to be only slightly slow in his response to the King, who didn’t even blink as he’d allowed Izuku to gather his thoughts. The delay had likely only confirmed things for the man, but that was almost meaningless at this point anyway.

“Considerably greater interest. Including at least one Sector Capital that outright wants to shift sides under the existing treaties.”

Padmé and Senator Bonteri looked stunned, King Dendup only nodded grimly.

“Bimmisaari, I’m sure. They’d been horribly done by the Republic for centuries. Particularly regarding the Hutts’ constant threat. Worse, they are pacifistic and practically in the Hutt’s former back yard as it is.”

Izuku inclined his head in acknowledgement, though not confirmation, and the King’s lips twitched into a wry smile.

“Regardless. While I understand that Onderon is a bit far from League space, I find myself desiring the sort of economic and military development that will allow me to keep my world neutral, should what I fear come to pass. I believe much of this can be accomplished entirely by your personal holdings in Republic space, but I would very much prefer it if we could come to some agreement with the League. Trade for some of the corvettes and frigates you’ve been selling to allied parts of the Outer and Mid Rim, for example. Whatever Mina may end up doing for the Sector as a whole, Onderon itself will *not* be joining in either side of this mess. No good will come of it, regardless of who supposedly ‘wins,’ in the end.”

From the way she flinched, Izuku could tell that Mina Bonteri was *very* unhappy with that statement. From the far more *active* distress in her emotions, he thought she might not agree it was possible or wise. Given that she might well know things the King did not, Izuku made it a personal note to make sure LIS pushed to get some agents onto Onderon and into the Japrael Sector as a whole. For the moment, however, it appeared he had more immediate tasks to see to, leaning forward as the negotiations began with the King whose sharp mind had opened his own thoughts up to some disturbing possibilities...

... ..

- Dxun – 250 Days into the Hutt Crusade-

Shaak Ti, Aayla, Zavra and Izuku were the only ones to step off the *Wandering Fate* and onto the soil of Dxun. Even getting permission to visit the moon had only happened due to the presence of two known Jedi and had required concessions to be made during negotiations. Not that Izuku had really minded. The negotiations had gone well enough to turn a modest profit even with the concessions, and he was currently more interested in the connections and intelligence that could be gathered from Onderon than pure profit anyway.

As for Dxun...the weight of the Dark Side here was horrifying.

It was older and more pervasive on the moon than what they'd encountered on Tython, yet even *denser* and more potent than the more active and amplified vileness encountered in the assault on Tisht. Even Zavra, herself far more neutral and fully capable of *using* the Dark Side, even if she wasn't a creature of it, recoiled and lost her smile as she made contact with the surface of the jungle moon. The very soil of the moon, the bones of the earth, was soiled with the Dark Side in a profound and ancient way. Perhaps because she'd felt something closer to it before, it was Zavra who spoke up first.

"Oh, ew. This place is almost as bad as Korriban! Actually, hmmm, kinda reminds me of the Dark Temple on Dromund Kaas? Ohhhh, bet there's a tomb with some old Sithy fucker's spirit hanging around or something! Those old dead Sithy dudes be like that, you know? Just can't kick it without sticking around to haunt the fuck out of some place for a few millennia! Gotta say, having sorta-kind-a done something a little like it when I was stuck in stasis? Do not recommend. Two point three five out of ten, at best. Huh, maybe I should look into that whole 'becoming one with the Force' on death thing the Jedi were always yammering on about?"

All three of her companions ended up staring at Zavra before she got even halfway through her ramble-rant. There had been a *lot* to unpack there. Sighing, Izuku shook his head and raised his hand, summoning Force Light. It was...more of an effort than it should have been, more than it ever had been before, but it still came all the same. Two more channelings of it came from Aayla and Shaak Ti, both of whom had found the technique coming easily to them after the potentially Light-Aligned mass gestalt during the Assault of Tisht. Shaak Ti's, in particular, now radiated with a gold-that-wasn't gold. Just as her lightsaber's hue had shifted from pure blue, to blue with a golden core that was, inexplicably, visible only to those that could actively use the Force.

The Force shuddered around them as their little bubble of Light pressed back against the darkness...and a *roar* was heard in the distance. Zavra, again, was somehow the first to speak.

“Uh-oh, maybe you shouldn’t have done that? Then again, this trip will likely be way more fun now! Aren’t you glad I insisted we all wear the sexy, sexy armor?!”

Shaak Ti’s lips curled up, despite the circumstances, as she nonchalantly answered.

“I do believe it was wise, yes. Even if my Padawan is gloating slightly about having seen the utility first.”

Said Padawan was, even now, aboard the *Wandering Fate*, which was starting to lift off as they moved away from it. Asajj had wanted to come along, but the feel of the near planet-sized moon even from a distance had caused Shaak Ti to instead assign her as a pilot for the ship. Since she would still be providing close air support, and thus not *entirely* sidelined, Asajj had eventually accepted the assignment.

As for the armor, Shaak Ti had ordered a set similar to her apprentice’s after returning from their trip to scout Geonosis. Like Asajj’s, it was based on the bunny-armor they’d originally used to prank Padmé with, but streamlined for practicality. No bunny ears, for one thing, and the addition of a tactical cloak for another. It wasn’t *quite* up to the sheer protective ability of the armor Izuku and Aayla wore, since both of them had personalized sets based on the original phrik-heavy commando armor of the early Shattered Shackle. Reflecting on that, Izuku mentally made a note to have Mei redo another set of the armor with phrik, possibly including a new set for Aayla since the newer armor had some tricks hers didn’t.

Somehow, he was disturbingly sure it would be a good investment.

That *might* just be the Dark Side that was surrounding them all talking. Izuku certainly hoped that was the case. Yet, as five lightsabers activated at the same time, in response to a four-meter long quadrupedal monster made of Spikes and Hate barreling into the clearing, he was very much afraid it wasn’t an overreaction at all...

... ..

Given the long rent in Shaak Ti’s new armor, where some Dark Side infected beast even bigger than the first had attacked them and nearly penetrated it, Izuku was *absolutely* ordering her a fully-phrik version of the armor. Even the current version had saved Shaak’s life when the gigantic creature had barreled *through* their path as they traveled, the Togrutan not able to fully dodge due to the sheer size of the monster and the narrowness of the path they’d been on at the time. They’d eventually needed to lure the thing into a clearing and let the *Wandering Fate*’s guns *weaken* it, and they’d still had to fight in close to finish it off. Now, they were all a little weary as they stared at the roughly pyramidal edifice that was the heart of the Dark Side *well* they’d found as they did their best to get to the heart of the Dark Side corruption.

“Is that...is that *entire fortress* made out of *beskar*?”

The sheer disbelief in Aayla’s voice was understandable. The fortress was *not* small, and was studded with enough *still working* anti-air canons that Asajj and the *Wandering Fate* had been forced away from the general area. Perhaps only one-in-five of the canons seemed to still function, but that had *still* left enough of them operational to drive off even their heavily-shielded personal ship. The beskar likely explained why Asajj’s attempts at return fire hadn’t done anything to the

remaining emplacements, too. The remainder must have fallen to *time*, not assault, or so it would seem.

“It is. Which means it’s likely thousands of years old at least. It’s been that long, minimum, since Mandalorian Iron was common enough to waste on something of this scale. On the other hand, it likely means that whoever built it wasn’t screwing around, and I get the impression that it wasn’t the original occupant who emplaced everything. It feels...wrong for that.”

Shaak Ti got more than one nod at that comment. There *was* a Dark Side well here, but it seemed oddly like it was fading. Like it *had been* fading for centuries at minimum. Yet, the whole planet being so horribly corrupted was slowing or preventing that fade. After a moment or two of simply staring, Aayla raised a hand and pointed.

“There, at the base, is that an opening?”

Izuku frowned, activating the magnification from his helmet. Which is undoubtedly what Aayla herself had done to spot it in the first place. Sure enough, he found what she’d seen after a few moments of zooming in, and on the closest examination he could make from here...

“Yes. Looks like it was made with a *lightsaber*, too. Which would have taken a horrific amount of time and effort given how resistance beskar is. I suppose that is our obvious path forward, even if I’m not at all sure I like this.”

Surprisingly, it was Zavra that had something positive to say.

“Nah, we’re good! I totally recognize this place, now! Didn’t make the connection before, since I only ever heard about it from this *super boring* zero that hung around Darth Nox! Talo Dracolicker or something? Force, I only remember the description of this place because I thought I was going to *die* of boredom listening to that guy! This has *got* to be Freedon Nadd’s tomb. The second one, after that Super Jedi or whatever moved the original off Onderon. Waaay before my time, Dracolicker was all sad and whiney that someone had raided the place and killed the ancient fucker a second time. We should totally be good!”

They were all staring at Zavra again. This time, it was Shaak Ti who *groaned* rather than being amused. She explained her own reaction a few heartbeats later, at least.

“Freedon Nadd was a powerful ancient Sith, one who conquered and ruled Onderon, and whose teachings would later twist and empower Exar Kun. The Order barely retains knowledge of the high points of that period, but Freedon Nadd’s name is still marked as one of the most dangerous Dark Siders to have ever lived. Less because of his actual *deeds*, more because of the knowledge he left behind ending up in hands like Exar Kun’s, who did a lot more damage with it. Nadd was incredibly well versed in Sith Alchemy, from what little we know of we retain. Which, come to think of it, probably explains a *lot* about Onderon and Dxun’s history as a Dark Side nexus.”

Izuku pursed his lips. Something about that was not adding up to him.

“If his ghost was banished before even Zavra’s original time, why does it feel like the Dark Side here has only been fading for centuries, maybe a millennia at most? Certainly, the overall Dark

Side power of the moon might have slowed the decay, with the corruption becoming somewhat self-sustaining by the point of his second death. But...you can feel it, can't you? The Dark Side here *is* fading, somewhat, yet not enough to have been fading for *that long*."

Aayla and Shaak Ti frowned, closing their eyes for focus as they reached out with the Force, while Zavra just shrugged. When the two women opened their eyes again, they both nodded and looked thoughtful, though it was Aayla that spoke first.

"I don't think I'd have been able to tell without your own weirdness being so close by, Izu. But I can tell it *is* fading. I can't get a good enough feel to say the timeline like you seem to be able to, though."

Shaak Ti frowned and added her own two credits.

"I can, a little bit, though only because you pointed it out in the first place. Without a reference point, I'd have only been able to tell it was fading, not get a general idea how long it had been doing so for. Even with that, my guess is less accurate than yours, mostly likely."

Izuku considered that for a moment, then shook his head, as it didn't really matter.

"One way or another, something is odd, and this close something other than the Dark Side seems to be drawing me towards the place. So I suppose it's time to check it out."

That got quick agreements from all three women, and they started to pick their way down into the valley that held the tomb...

... ..

To all of their surprise, they hadn't run into any traps that hadn't already been triggered long ago. They *had* run into an entire colony of some sort of armored beetle-like creature that were *extremely* resistant to lightsabers. Izuku had ended up holding them all at bay with a telekinetic sphere until Shaak Ti had discovered that they *died* outright when exposed to Force Light. That had let them clear the way through the Fortress quite easily, though they had found little at first. Clearly, whoever had been here previously had done a good job of their tomb raiding.

It wasn't until they found some damage that looked more recent than the rest, if still quite old, that they started piecing things together. The chamber that a ripped-off beskar door had been securing looked to have been *hidden* before it was opened in the most brute-force manner possible. Inside was a pillar of a type commonly used for holding holocrons. It also appeared to have been the original nesting place of the beetle-creatures, though the fact it was *virtually free of Dark Side energies* made them investigate those creatures more closely.

"I almost don't believe it, but I think these things feed on the Dark Side specifically without really being corrupted by it. The Light is toxic to them as a result, though. Possibly an old experiment by some Sith intending to use them on his enemies?"

More specifically, as the only one of them with the required sorts of knowledge, Zavra was examining a handful that they'd captured.

“The rate they do so isn’t all that special, but they *are* sort of accidentally cleansing the Dark Side. We should definitely take some of them for study. It also probably explains why this place is clearer of Dark Side energy than it should be, though I’d place a bet that the holocron that was on that pedestal being removed is the bulk of the reason no *new* Dark Side energy is being generated. These suckers were probably feeding off the energy it put out. Hehe, suckers. They literally suck up the Dark Side, get it?”

Aayla groaned, even as Izuku and Shaak’s lips twitched at the last comment. It was sometimes easy to forget with how she acted, but Zavra was *blisteringly* intelligent. Not to mention experienced with entire fields of the Force that none of them had touched on. Yet, despite the interest they all had in the creatures now that they knew what they did, Izuku sighed a moment later, having gotten a solid idea of what *he* needed to do.

“I’m thinking I was brought here to use post-cognition, for some reason. At least this particular spot is *less* tainted than the rest of the planet, but this likely still won’t be pleasant. Aayla, Shaak, if you two would maintain Force Light to push things back a bit more as I take a look?”

Grimacing, both women nodded and quickly summoned up pulsing auras of Force Light. Taking a deep breath...Izuku reached out to touch the pedestal and sent his mind out into the Force, asking to see what of *importance* had happened here.

What he was supposed to see.

To his surprise, while the vision *started* with seeing a Dark Side corrupted human male kneeling with a holocron in the same room...it didn’t *stay* there. Instead, he was whisked both backwards and forwards at once, brain aching as he saw flashes of the life of the man, Darth Bane as the memories in the vision declared him. Born Dessel, a poor miner from the outer Rim. Joined the Brothers of Darkness in the New Sith Wars, a mere foot soldier in the Gloom Walkers unit. Trained at the final Sith Academy on Korriban. Becoming Darth Bane, a Sith’ari and Dark Lord of the Sith.

Bane deserting that Order.

Bane studying one of Darth Revan’s holocrons in the Lehon system.

CREATING THE THOUGHT BOMB THAT WIPED OUT BOTH SIDES AT RUUSAN.

Doing so not as a Brother of Darkness, but as a Traitor, who *intended* to wipe out both sides. All so that he could *hide* and create a new Sith order. Surviving Ruusan, taking an apprentice Darth Zannah. Creating ‘The Rule of Two,’ a new path forward for the Sith. Only two at a time, never more, never less. Master and Apprentice working in the shadows. Bane coming to Dxun looking for more knowledge...

...and the other part of Izuku’s mind was sent spinning *forward* from the same point. Snippets of Bane other worlds, gathering more secrets of the Sith, including the fortress they’d seen on Tython. Eventually being killed by his own Apprentice, as he’d meant for it to be. It was with a last view of that Apprentice, throwing off his attempt to possess her and declaring herself the new Dark Lord of the Sith, that the vision cut off. Izuku was left with only the lingering knowledge that,

beyond that moment, Zannah had taken Bane's holocron and continued his Rule of Two. No more could he get so indirectly, having followed Bane's life to its end and having no more to pull on.

Izuku gasped as he pulled out of the vision, shaking, his head pounding from the dual directions of thought that had been forced on him through the vision. Red hands, Zavra's not Shaak's, were quickly around his head as a very basic healing technique was pulsed through him. It was enough to get himself jumpstarted on a more complex method, and his head quickly cleared. He staggered to his feet, unsure how he'd gotten to his knees in the first place. A glance at the room showed that *hours* must have passed, Shaak Ti and Aayla sweating now, shaking with the effort of keeping Force Light going so long.

Forcing himself to reach out to them, he pulsed thankfulness and the knowledge they could rest now. Both of them slumped, nearly passing out as they released the technique. Bleary, he forced himself to assess the situation. Thankfully, Zavra still appeared fresh and quickly pushed him down to rest against the pedestal.

"Rest for now, Master. Regain some strength. I will keep watch, and we can all leave when the three of you have recovered. Then you can tell us what you saw, or not, as you see fit."

Izuku barely managed to nod as his eyes grew heavy, the last thing he saw Zavra's most excellent posterior as she stood to take a guard position at the entrance of the room...

Chapter 110: Kashyyyk

- Kashyyyk – 260 Days into the Hutt Crusade-

Kashyyyk was breathtaking.

In more ways than one, in fact, when any Force Sensitive happened to visit the planet. Just for starters, and enough for normal people, were obviously the Trees. Trees that deserved the instinctive capitalization that somehow came through in the word when someone talked about them. Aside from its oceans and a small amount of desert region, virtually the entire landmass of the planet was covered in dense *kilometers high*, Worshyr Tree forest. With each of the massive Trees essentially the size of a Skyscraper, a *Coruscant* Skyscraper at that, entire cities could and did fit into just one or two Worshyr Tree *tops*. A single branch could form a natural road with enough for animal-drawn traffic, and the branches could easily meld together into even larger platforms when the Wookiees guided their growth even a little.

They were also, rightfully considering how versatile they were, the center of life on the planet. The wood of the Worshyr Tree could be harvested for water, food, and building materials. Leaves and bark alike could and were turned into textiles, weapons, furniture, utensils, and décor of all types. The sap of the Trees had potent medicinal properties and could be made into fuel, oil, and Wookiee-grade alcohol. Add in that clan and personal homes were carved into the trees, carefully treated tree branches were used as ship landing platforms, and basically the entire local ecology was based on and in them? Well, it made sense that the Wookiees were reverent and protective of their trees.

Of course, even if your mind somehow got past the sheer scope of the Trees, and you pressed on through the amazing natural beauty and wonder of the Wookiee cities built into them, Kashyyyk wasn't done with you. Warnings were given to virtually all off-worlders that, for all it's wonder, Kashyyyk was *not* a safe planet. The Wookiees, considered fierce hunters and fighters by the rest of the galaxy, weren't even *close* to the top of the food chain here. Non-locals *politely* described the world as a 'layered deathtrap.' Locals freely acknowledged that fact by dividing it into seven such layers themselves. Wookiees lived in the uppermost, seventh, level and only *very rarely* ventured farther down farther than the fourth. The actual ground level, known as the Shadowlands, was something that *very few* living Wookiees had seen.

The resulting ecology of the planet was, to those not afraid to study it, incredible.

Just for starters, Wookiees weren't even close to the only sentient life on the planet. There were even *plants*, such as the Orga plant, that were supposedly fully sentient and had their own language. The Wookiees had learned enough to make deals with the plants for their older roots, which were used to celebrate their Life Days. Another, primitive and antagonistic race called the Sayormi laid claim to a region of the planet called the Dead Forest and were seemingly dedicated to trying to kill the Forest itself. Something that had long put them at odds with the Wookiees of Kkowiir Forest who lived entirely too close to the Sayormi for the Wookiees to enjoy. Still other species were so dangerous that, though the Wookiees believed they were intelligent, no one had ever been able to confirm it.

It said a lot that the Wookiees *knew* there were, or at least had been, a small population of Terentatek on the planet...and *didn't consider them all that dangerous* compared to many of the predators already native to the forest world.

When you got past *all of that*, and then added on being a Force Sensitive? Kashyyyk *still* had more for you to take in. Even more than Felucia, which had previously been one of the most spectacular standouts in the Force to Izuku and Aayla both, Kashyyyk was *alive* in the Force. It beat in a primal, chaotic, living rhythm that was almost dangerously hypnotic for the unprepared. It was neither Dark nor Light, it was only Life and Death. Perhaps one of the most pure expressions of the natural state of being of the Force that could be found anywhere in the galaxy.

It also had to be said that the locals knew how to throw one hell of a party.

Unlike every other stop so far, even Zeltros, their arrival on Kashyyyk had involved an absolute minimum of formal politics. Yes, they'd met with the current King, Senator, and Ambassador Attichitcuk. But there had been minimal politicking. Apparently, once the Wookiees decided they both liked you and you were *trustworthy*, they saw very little need for the normal song and dance. The League were celebrated allies, fighting the good fight, the Wookiees were happy to sign a number of mutually beneficial treaties that had already been worked out, and really it was just time to be good hosts.

Which, as it happened, meant a very *primal* sort of partying. Like a cultural festival but dialed up to twelve *and* somehow coming across as far more genuine than show. Food and alcohol was everywhere, dancing was very 'mosh pit and hope you're durable enough' style, and good-natured wrestling and dares were commonplace. The fact that Zavra had cheerfully dove into the

wrestling, and due to her augmentations had actually managed to *win* a couple of times, made her the Wookiees favorite out of all the guests. Though Izuku managed to take second place by proving he could *dance* in a way that not even Aayla had known he was capable of. Admittedly, he would later explain that it was a type of martial arts and he'd done so well 'surviving the Wookiee mosh pit' because he'd taken it up in an attempt to survive Miruko's own brutally straightforward combat style.

He might *also* have been suckered into learning some break-dancing moves by Mina at one point, but he wasn't telling them that story. Particularly not when the night had ended in one of the few non-Miruko-inspired black marks on his heroic record. Really, he maintained that the thug had *deserved* what Izuku had done to him with that banana. Even if he still didn't remember where he'd gotten it out of season, or how they'd ended up on top of the rebuilt Tokyo Tower in the first place. It probably had *something* to do with Mina insisting all of them take shots every time they screw up one of the break-dancing moves.

Ironically, the police had apparently agreed about the thug and Tokyo Tower hadn't pressed charges.

Which is why the black mark had been for underage drinking.

Anyway, Kashyyyk was amazing! Oh, look, someone needs to save Padmé from taking more shots before she loses the rest of her clothes, even if she looks *great* in nothing but a g-string. Izuku to the rescue! Praise the Force for alcohol tolerance! Even if everything was a little hazier than he thought it should be?

... ..

- Lime? Sort of? Not really a lemon. Kink content ahead, at least.

Skip the rest of the chapter if that's not your thing-

Padmé froze as the oddities of her current position finally penetrated the pounding in her skull. The fact that a *red* hand reached out to touch her skull a moment later might have caused her to either flinch or try to lash out...*if* it hadn't done something to immediately make aforementioned skull pounding headache ease off. Of course, the fact that she could think again, mostly at least, had her brain racing to try and sort out the situation she was in. She was *mostly* naked, lying in what felt like a cuddle pile of a type she'd only ever really engaged in with her *original* set of handmaidens. She was, for the moment, *very much* torn between dread of figuring out who *else* was in the pile of bodies and alarm at the fact that the only thing she *was* wearing felt like metal. *Both* took a momentary back seat as an involuntary twitch of her body made her *very* aware that there was *something thoroughly penetrating her intimate bits*.

That little realization spiked her adrenaline...only for a wave of calm to hit her a second later. The calm affected more than just her panic over why it felt like one of Sabé's larger toys was lodged firmly in her pussy, and actually made a few bits in her mind connect dots. A roll of her neck toward where that hand was still touching her and sending calming waves, and a blush made it even through the calm as she saw a topless Shaak Ti sitting up in bed and half-smiling, half-smirking at her.

“There. Going to be calm without help from the Force now that you know you’re not in danger?”

Padmé absently nodded, then blushed even harder as the calm faded and she realized she’d been staring right at the Jedi Master’s tits. Admittedly, the fact her white markings continued onto those breasts and the stripes made a fascinating contrast was...nope! Figure out what the fuck is going on first, stare at sexy orange tits *later*, if she got the chance! Forcing herself to pull away from the very nice warmth *behind* her, as well as what she now realized was a *blue* arm across her stomach, was hard. She glanced back as the little murmur of disappointment she heard, pushing gently through the weak attempt by that arm to pull her back in. As she’d already begun to suspect, Aayla was laid out behind her. Topless or naked was hard to be sure, since all three of them had been covered in a sheet.

Padmé was extremely unsure if she was disappointed or relieved that Izuku wasn’t also present.

Shaak Ti interrupted her mental gymnastics and desperate attempts to sort out what to *sort out* first with a wry chuckle. Her voice was an odd mix of amused and serene as the Jedi Master spoke.

“I take it you remember even less of last night than I do? I admit, I was caught quite off guard by the Wookiees apparently having a type of liquor that can’t be completely purged by Force techniques. Though it *does* probably explain a few comments Grandmaster Yoda has made over the years. One which sounded suspiciously like he was greatly amused by an inside joke. He always did say his time as the Jedi Watchman for the Kashyyyk sector had been one of his favorites. In truth, it is one of the few he even speaks of from before he was Grandmaster.”

Padmé had just been given an *entirely* new set of questions, and she hadn’t even gotten any answers to the first set yet! Or, well, not other than the implications that she’d had too much to drink. Which very much wasn’t like her. Yet she *did* vaguely remember accepting a glass of something and a lot of blurry bits after that? And, well, if the Wookiees had managed to get a *Jedi Master* drunk enough that she was implying imperfect memory of the previous night, she supposed she shouldn’t be arrogant enough to think she’d have been spared.

“W-what happened?”

It was the only question she could voice, only becoming aware of how rough her voice was when she tried to speak the first time. Thankfully, in a completely frivolous use of the Force that she’d rarely seen from Jedi, Shaak Ti levitated a glass of some sort of juice over for her to sip on. Padmé took it from the air thankfully, almost moaning as whatever it was went down *smooth* and relieved aching in her throat she’d barely become aware of, given everything else confusing her mind and senses. She was absolutely going to have to find out whatever the heck this juice was, even if she knew she was focusing unduly on it in order to ignore...*other* things.

“I admit, I don’t know everything myself, as parts of the night are slightly hazy to my own memories. I *do* remember that Izuku, who seemed slightly tipsy himself, appeared with you at some point and entrusted myself and Aayla with you before vanishing with Zavra for more partying. I believe Aayla was the most coherent of us at that point, and got us back to *The Wandering Fate*, of

which we appear to be in the Master Cabin. From there things went a bit *sideways*, as I believe you asked something about how Izuku and Aayla first met.”

Oh. The bits and pieces that were coming back to her now were causing her barely-wrestled-under-control blush to return full force. Not to mention making certain parts of her anatomy either stand up at attention or *lubricate*, the latter of which pointedly reminded her that she didn’t yet know just what was going on under the sheets.

Whatever had happened to result in what she was feeling most certainly *wasn’t* in the hazy bits and pieces coming back to her now, though she was developing a suspicion based on some of the stories Aayla had told that she *was* remembering bits of. A suspicion that was both causing her body to flush *and* panic just a little. Padmé was submissive enough when it came to sex that the idea was *hot as fuck*, but *very awkward* to ask about now that she was sober.

“Ah. You needn’t panic quite yet, I believe we all ended up in similar situations after Aayla went from ‘telling stories’ to ‘showing things off.’”

All in similar...Padmé gaped as Shaak Ti, who was closest to one edge of the impressively large bed, slid out from under the thin sheet and flowed to her feet. The movement and the way it caused all of the tight muscle of her body to flex and certain bits to *jiggle* was distracting enough. But what Padmé eventually managed to narrow her attention to was...pretty close to what she theorized her own situation to be.

Her mouth went dry, even as certain *other* parts of her body most certainly *did not*, as she took in the sight of Shaak Ti in nothing but a chastity belt.

It wasn’t some crude or bulky thing, instead being very streamlined and almost ornamental looking. A fairly thick band of some sort of metal that seemed to flex a bit with her movements rested over each hip bone, coming to meet at a center point a few centimeters below her belly button. From there it dipped down, very briefly turning into entwined metal cabling that was clearly intended to provide some flex, before shifting to a solid metal cup shape that surrounded the Togrutan woman’s sex. That cup visibly lifted away from the skin, presumably preventing any form of contact.

The entire thing was a finely polished silver that didn’t *quite* look right against the Jedi Master’s skin tone of reds and whites...but which would virtually certainly look great against Aayla’s. Presumably, the belt belonged to the Twi’lek, something that another hazy memory confirmed for her as she vaguely remembered the blue beauty proudly producing a bevy of different belts. One of which was presumably around *Padmé’s* hips too, unless she was very wrong about what she was feeling passively below the sheets. Gulping and bracing herself, she scooted off the bed, refusing to look down as the sheet fell away, and stood.

Finally looking down, it was easy to confirm that *yep*, that was a chastity belt of some sort.

It wasn’t the same model as the one Shaak Ti wore, having quite a bit less material. Much thinner bands of rounded flex metal arched over her hips and dipped much farther down, coming to a circular meeting point perhaps only eight to ten centimeters above her mons. There, they were met by a similar band from below and secured with a distressingly high-security looking lock. *That*

band didn't extend far before widening into a thicker cup that completely covered her pussy...and presumably anchoring the toy that had almost made her moan by shifting and flexing inside her as she'd pushed to her feet.

She could feel the band narrow slightly, then widen around her...rosebud...before narrowing again to shoot up through her cheeks like some sort of metal thong. Presumably, it then met the back of the belt again from what she could feel, though she'd need a mirror of some sort to be sure. The entire thing was done in some sort of golden metal instead of the polished silver of Shaak Ti's belt. Though from the way it moved, she suspected it was plated rather than solid.

Unable to help herself, her arousal and fasciation overcoming her embarrassment at least for a moment, she reached down to touch the belt. To, in fact, instinctively attempt to touch *herself*, only to find that the belt deadened things...mostly. Pressing had shifted the toy inside her slightly, and as she felt at the edges of the cup, attempting to pry it up or get a finger under it, it shifted still more. One such shift caused her to moan lightly, and *that* broke through her momentary fascination. Her hand darted away as if burned and her eyes snapped up to look at Shaak Ti, blush probably traveling all the way down to her exposed tits now, from the way it burned.

"I...umm...eh..."

Eloquence abandoned her, and the fact Shaak Ti only looked amused was *not* helping. Nor was the way the woman's eyes raked Padmé's body appreciatively.

"No need to be so embarrassed, Padmé. I find myself in the exact same position you do, after all. Tell me, did you end up with a toy inserted too? I'm finding the semi-rigid shaft that moves with every flex of my body quite distracting, if somewhat enjoyable. Not quite perfect for hitting Togrutan anatomy, I think, but close enough, and I rather suspect it was really designed more for our lovely companion."

Shaak Ti waved at Aayla who...was still sleeping, looking quite content. Of course, with both of them moving, the sheet had completely fallen off the bed at this point, and it was clear that *Aayla* was *also* wearing a chastity belt. One of yet a third design, a somewhat bulkier one than either of theirs that looked the most *strict*. At least visually. Padmé supposed that the woman hadn't left herself out of the fun, at least. If *fun* was the right word.

Personally, Padmé was thinking more 'mortifying,' though the unhelpful back of her mind was also pointed out that she might actually be nearly as aroused right now as she had been on Zeltron. Without nearly as much external influence or build up to that point, too. Clearing her throat and trying *desperately* not to let her voice squeak, she answered Shaak Ti, the need to do so not helping her blush go down one bit.

"E-err...yes. Yes, there is...something like that. I don't suppose you, um...know how to *remove* these, do you?"

To her continued mix of arousal and dismay, Shaak Ti only shrugged and shook her head.

"I'm afraid not. We haven't quite gotten around to this level of play, even if I admit it is a bit intriguing. I suspect we'll have to wait for sleeping beauty to get answers. Perhaps we should find a mirror, some shirts, and a way to summon food, in that order?"

Despite herself, Padmé nodded, not quite finding it in herself to disagree with that order of operations. Even if part of her screamed the shirt should be her first priority. It wasn't like they both hadn't already seen everything there currently was to see, she reasoned, and her curiosity was coming on quite strong. The view as Shaak Ti turned away from her and the gorgeously exotic woman's belt *also* proved to be a thong of sorts *probably* didn't help with her decision making any...

... ..

"I'm sorry! I mean, I only *sort* of remember what I was thinking! Something about maybe making you horny enough to confess to Izuku or something? Ahh, please forgive me? Um, I'm pretty sure I know the remote toy control codes at least! Assuming I didn't change them or lock everyone but Izuku again..."

Padmé was a *wild* mix of aroused, dismayed, and frustrated as she watched Aayla plea for forgiveness. While distractingly still wearing nothing but a chastity belt and kowtowing on the bed. A chastity belt that, much like the pair Padmé and Shaak Ti were wearing, was on a *timer*. Apparently, they could *also* be unlocked by Izuku's biometrics as an emergency override, but that was just as embarrassing to consider as just waiting out the three-day timer period.

Possibly the worst part is that she couldn't even be *angry*, which would have made this a *lot* easier.

After all, it turned out that, while Aayla had set the unlock conditions, it had been *Padmé* who'd first drunkenly asked to try one of the belts on. Something she now at least *somewhat* remembered, after they'd dug into security recordings from the ship. That had taken a bit of time, since security logs from the cameras hidden in the bedroom were physically disconnected from any network and encrypted for privacy. They still *existed*, though, and Aayla was one of only three people with the decryption key. After discovering the timer situation, Aayla had gotten the logs to see just *what* had gone on, in the hope of remembering exactly what conditions she'd set.

That had technically worked but hadn't exactly produced a usable solution.

Sighing, she accepted that this was all honestly more her own fault than *any* of the others, since she'd been both the one to start the whole chain of events *and* the one to ask about trying the belts on. Unable to let her friend grovel any longer knowing that, Padmé reached out to gently bop a pleading, kneeling Aayla on the head.

"Stop. This *isn't* your fault. We all got into it together, by not being careful enough with the alcohol offered and apparently being horny idiots when we're tipsy enough. If anything, Shaak should have stopped the two of us, since she was clearly the closest to sober."

Shaak Ti smiled irritatingly serenely and shrugged.

"I was tipsy enough to think it would be fun to try, and I didn't catch the fact that Aayla set them to a timer after insisting you try one 'with a toy, because it's better!'"

Padmé's eyebrow twitched at that statement, but she forced herself to take a deep breath, then let it out. She let her annoyance and embarrassment flow out with the breath, as much as she

could at least. The annoyance was easily let go, the embarrassment was...a work in progress. At best.

“Aayla, under the circumstances, I will admit that I *wish* I could confess to Izuku. I’m probably partially only saying that as I’m, frankly...well, you’re an empath. Trying to pretend I’m *not* aroused by the situation we’re in would be a lie you’d catch instantly.” Aayla’s confused nod helped fortify Padmé. “The *only* reason that Sabé and I haven’t *both* said anything to him is that it would be a political *nightmare* if we were caught in any sort of relationship at the moment. One that would hurt both my own position *and* the League’s.”

The silent ‘O’ of understanding that developed on Aayla’s face caused more irritation to leech away from her. It was easy to forget, given how intelligent and well rounded she was, but Aayla was possibly the *least* politically savvy of those that surrounded Izuku most frequently. No one, save seemingly Izuku himself, could be good at *everything*, and the Twi’lek woman was amazing in a dozen fields.

Front line combatant, commander, pilot, infiltrator, and even a decent low-level economist. Aayla was had a great many hard-earned skills taken to a high level of mastery. Expecting her to *also* be up to navigating galactic-level politics beyond the basics was a bit much. Doubly so given that she’d very obviously and pointedly stayed *out* of any public political role with the League on account of not wanting to confuse issues with her Jedi status. A Jedi being a politician and *not* part of the Republic would not have gone over well, or done good things for the League’s initial image.

“Um...do you want me to check into setting the remote codes for the toys? If I didn’t lock them to Izuku, you can at least use the toy’s feature for some...er...*relief*. You know, unless you want to get Izu to unlock the belt, instead of waiting out the timer? I can totally take the blame for that to try and make it less awkward?”

Blushing once again, heart skipping a few beats, Padmé’s mind immediately went to the idea of giving Sabé those remote codes. It wouldn’t be as good as Izuku having them, or even Aayla herself really, but it would be the next best thing and allow her to...explore the reasons she was aroused by the situation in a controlled environment. Doing her best to suppress her renewed blush and largely failing, she still managed to get out a quiet response.

“Pleased do, I’ll wait out the timer, thank you...”

Any attempt to suppress her blushing failed entirely at Aayla huge and somehow *knowing* grin...

-End of the Kinky Topics-

<<End of Current Content>>