

Galactic Wizardry

Chapter 14

As soon as she said the words, Shaak Ti felt as if a hook had grabbed her by the navel and pulled her around and around. A swirling vortex, not unlike traveling through hyperspace, filled her vision as wind flapped her clothes. It only lasted a few seconds before she reappeared. Not being used to such modes of transportation, she was unable to keep her footing due to the dizziness. Tipping over, she squealed and landed on something soft and warm. Opening her eyes, she saw a pained Harry looking at her with bugged-out eyes. It was then that she realized that she was lying directly on top of him.

"You know, if you wanted to get in bed with him, all you needed to do was ask," Aayla teased as she sat next to him going over something on her datapad. Shaak blushed madly, the white patches on her face turning slightly pink.

"I think that you woke him up," Aayla said, putting down her pad to check on him. After the medication that he had received, he shouldn't be awake for at least a few more hours.

"Groin!" he choked out quietly. Both girls looked down only to see that Shaak's knee had landed directly on his injured crotch.

"Oh, dear!" Shaak cried out and got off of him. Both girls huddled around him, checking to make sure that he was okay. Thankfully, it seemed that the pain of it had soon passed, and he fell back into unconsciousness. Once they were sure that he was fine, they moved to the Rec Room where Shaak put the holocron on the table.

"So ... I take it that everything didn't go smoothly?" Aayla asked, wondering why she used the emergency portkey. Shaak pointed to the holocron.

"Keep on guard when around this thing. It attacked my mind only moments ago," Shaak explained to her. Aayla nodded.

"I'll keep that in mind. What is it though?" she asked, studying the strange object. It was a ruby-red crystal cut in the shape of a triangle that was caged with golden metallic trim. On the gold-colored metal, there were designs and runes cut into it. She had never seen anything like it before.

"It's a holocron ... an old one I would wager," Shaak said, also studying the crystal, though much more carefully than before.

"What's a holocron?" Aayla had never heard of that before.

"It's an object that's used to store vast amounts of data. Usually in the form of a hologram from someone that can teach a prospective student. This one seems to have been made by someone that had fallen to the Dark Side," Shaak Ti shared her wisdom with the much younger Twi-lek.

"If it's bad and it attacked you, then why don't we just destroy it?" Aayla asked, looking at the holocron.

"Normally I would agree, but the Force wanted me to obtain it for a reason. I'm not willing to destroy it until I know what information that it holds."

"How are we going to find out? The attack was bad enough that it made you use the emergency portkey. I don't think that it's a good idea to try again so soon," Aayla told her, worried about the power that the strange object held.

"I'm not sure yet, but don't worry. I'm not eager to put myself in a position that will leave me vulnerable. At the very least, I'll wait until Harry is awake before we make a decision on it," Shaak appeased her.

"Okay. That's a good idea," she agreed before they went to the Bridge and set a course for Tatooine. Once on the move, they went back to Harry's cabin to watch over him.

Shaak couldn't get those perverse images out of her head. As a Jedi, those kinds of thoughts could end up being dangerous. The thoughts themselves were harmless. She was a living being with emotions and desires just like everyone else. She had fantasized about attractive beings before. Many times if she was being honest. Her people were particularly sensuous beings. It was an evolutionary trait because of the low birth rate suffered by the Togruta. Over the years, she sometimes found it very hard to put those kinds of thoughts aside. There were times that she was sorely tempted. She had never turned a fantasy into a reality, however. She made an oath to the Jedi, and she didn't want to break that oath. That's what was truly dangerous about these particular fantasies. She wasn't having them about some stranger that she had seen on the street, or about some famous person on a holonet show. She was having them about Harry Potter, a man that she was currently living with. If she wasn't careful, things could end up turning very intimate, very quickly.

Looking at his sleeping form, she sighed. He was the exact kind of man that she would go for if she didn't have to worry about breaking the Jedi Code. He was tall and well-built. He was very handsome with scruffy black hair and beautiful green eyes. It wasn't all about looks though. He was very bright and incredibly brave. He obviously had a courageous heart if he dropped everything to take up the fight against the Sith in order to protect the Jedi. He didn't even have any connections with the Jedi. He had no real reason to fight for their safety, but he did it anyway.

There was something else, however. He was also a bit of a scallywag, an unapologetic thief, and a bit of a ruffian if she was being honest. The whole “bad-boy” thing was really getting to her. More than once she had dreamed about him committing his mischievous crimes only to wake up damp between her legs. Every day it was getting harder and harder to lie to herself about her burgeoning attraction. She honestly didn’t know what she was going to do. She really needed some advice.

Galactic Wizardry

Harry woke up with a yawn, and he lay in bed for a moment trying to get his mind out of its sleep-induced daze. After a moment, he rubbed his eyes and sat up. Reaching down, he gently poked at the muscle groups that he had pulled the previous day and found them to be healed. Standing up, he stretched his legs and found that they were indeed healed properly.

“Brilliant,” he yawned again before going into his private bathroom and taking care of his morning business. Once done, he threw on his clothes and went to find his crew. He stopped by the Bridge only to find it empty, but he did see the familiar yellow ball floating just outside of his ship. It was a planet that he knew well. Finally finding them in the Rec Room, he joined them at the table.

“We made the journey to Tatooine I see,” he commented and grabbed a piece of fruit from a bowl and took a bite.

“Yeah. While you were out cold. I hope that teaches you to stop with the childish antics,” Aayla teased him.

“Not bloody likely,” Harry muttered, taking another bite. “Since Shaak is here with us, I can assume that everything went okay?” Harry asked the red Togruta sitting across from him.

“I’m alive,” she answered with a smile.

“Good,” he returned the smile. “Did you get what you were looking for?”

“I did. We’ll need to talk about it later though if you don’t mind.”

“Of course we can. First, let’s take care of business here so that we can continue our mission,” Harry said. Both girls nodded, not wanting to spend a lot of time on this criminal-infested planet.

They landed on a pay-by-the-day Landing Pad, and Harry activated all of the magical and non-magical security features that the ship had.

As they walked through the streets of Mos Espa, Aayla found it hard not to pull out her lightsaber against every criminal scum that offered Harry money to buy her and Shaak.

“These are fine specimens!” one foul-smelling human declared. “They will earn handsomely at my friend’s brothel,” he told Harry, licking his lips in desire. Harry rolled his eyes while Aayla clenched her fist tightly. Shaak just looked annoyed with the whole conversation. Shaak was able to handle it better since she was older and had much better control over her emotions.

“Sorry, but they are not for sale,” Harry told him just as he had told the last three beings that offered him money. He started to walk away when the man gripped his shoulder tightly. Harry stopped and looked at the hand on his shoulder.

“I must insist my friend,” the man sneered, pointing a blaster at Harry’s back.

“Well ... if you insist ... “

Those were the last words that the human heard before his gun-wielding hand fell to the ground. Seeing the stump sizzling and smelling the cooked flesh, his body went into immediate shock. The human with the two whores was holding a vibroblade that was humming and glowing white-hot. He barely had time to scream in pain before the blade hit his neck and nearly severed his head. His body dropped to the ground with a thud. Barely anyone gave his dead corpse a second glance as Harry looted his blaster and money sack. At some point, his body would be collected and sold as scrap meat to the Hutts where it would be fed to the hungry Rancors that they kept as pets. Word quickly spread, and Harry wasn’t bothered about his “property” anymore that day.

Putting his knife away, Harry continued on his way to see his connection. They made it without any more trouble, and they were able to convert the credits into Peggats. Waving his hand at the heavy sack, he sent it back to the ship just before Shaak Ti used her Force powers to confuse the man. She didn’t want him to know too much about their powers. Once done, they had some lunch at a nearby cantina before getting back on the ship and taking off.

Galactic Wizardry

“There’s the ship!” a certain purple-skinned Dug with a grudge yelled out. He saw the familiar ship land and instantly sought out his revenge. That damned human nearly destroyed his entire junkyard, leaving him with little inventory to make money from. He had to go back to the slave trade to earn enough money to get his shop back in order. Now that the ship was taking off, it was now or never. His employee jumped into the anti-aircraft cannon that had been hidden amongst the piles of scrap in his junkyard and took aim at the ship. “Fire!”

The Chimaera was rocked by a heavy cannon shot that made the entire ship shudder. A normal ship would have gone down in a flaming wreck, but Harry’s ship had magical protections along with a dedicated Power Core that made the ship’s shields very difficult to get through.

“What the hell was that?!” Harry cried out as he held onto the controls tightly, trying to get the ship back on course.

"We're taking fire!" Aayla called out. "Shields at 98%!"

Shaak was meditating before calling out, "Incoming!"

Harry was ready and added full power to his right engine while cutting the power to the left. The result was that he drifted like a pro street racer from back on Earth.

The Dug stared in shock as the powerful cannon shot didn't take down the ship. "Fire again!"

The second shot was dodged by a fancy maneuver that he had never seen from a ship that size. The ship dropped low and slid until its engines were facing his junkyard. His lip quivered, and he whined pitifully as the Chimaera's engines glowed white with power. The ship flew off in a burst of speed, and the concussion of the acceleration obliterated the newly restored junkyard, sending pieces of metal and two pathetic Dugs twisting through the air.

Galactic Wizardry

"Who in the hell is trying to kill us now?" Aayla wondered. Shaak shook her head in disbelief. She had never met a more trouble-prone being than Harry Potter.

"Who knows?" Harry said, pressing buttons on his console and checking the sensors for any ships that may be coming after them. "We'll just have to keep our eyes open when coming back here."

As soon as they were far enough out of the planet's gravity well, they entered hyperspace. Looking at the girls, he asked Shaak, "So what did you find while I was asleep?"

"An old holocron," she answered. Seeing his confusion, she explained further. "It's a crystal that's used to store information. They were used by Jedi and Sith to teach lessons long after their deaths."

"So what's the problem with it?"

"Whoever created it was clearly a member of the Dark Side. It attacked my mind as soon as I touched it. I don't think that it would be smart for me to touch it again until I understand it further," she explained while Aayla checked the sensor readings.

"Attacked your mind, you say? Interesting ..." Harry hummed, rubbing his chin in thought. Shaak Ti raised an eyebrow.

"You've seen this before?" she asked.

"I've dealt with something similar in my youth," he told her. "Where is it at? I'd like to take a look at it."

Shaak and Aayla got up out of their seat and led him back to the Rec Room where she showed it to him. Harry spent a few minutes studying it without touching it.

"I can feel it brushing over my mind, but nothing like you experienced. Perhaps it's because I'm not a Force user," he said.

"Maybe," she conceded.

"Be ready in case something happens," he told them before taking hold of the crystal triangle. Holding it in his hand, he could feel the heavy weight of it. It was warmer than the room temperature, which meant that it held some type of power. Likely the Force if what she said was true. As he held it, nothing happened. Taking a deep breath, he lowered his Occlumency shields. Immediately his mind was bombarded with images. He could feel it trying to slither through his thoughts and find whatever made him feel vulnerable, but his skills in the Mind Arts were better than average. He pushed those tendrils aside and grabbed hold of the power that the crystal possessed. More images flashed through his mind along with a voice.

Through the fractured gruff voice, he couldn't make out much. The power of the device was giving him a splitting headache the longer that he harnessed it. Two things that he definitely heard were Bane and Lehon. Pulling his mind from the device, he snapped to attention and felt something wet on his mouth. Putting his hand to his lips, they came away bloody.

"Your nose is bleeding!" Aayla cried out before rushing to get the medical kit. Holding a piece of medical gauze to his nose, Harry explained.

"That thing is pretty powerful. I couldn't use it properly because my powers are incompatible. You'll likely need a very skilled Jedi to go through that thing," he told them, sniffing and dabbing his nose. "Pain killers, please," Harry asked and swallowed the pills as soon as Aayla gave them to him. After a few seconds, his headache soothed into a dull ache.

"Did you learn anything from it?" Shaak asked, eager to know more.

"Just pictures of a lush planet and the words Bane and Lehon," he filled her in.

"Bane and Lehon? I've never heard of them," Aayla said, using a small device to run a medical scan on him.

"Nor have I," Shaak said. "I'll contact Yoda and tell him about what I found. Perhaps he can shed some light on the subject." Shaak got up and went to use the communicator. Harry was rubbing his head, trying to rid himself of the lingering soreness that he felt. He suddenly felt Aayla straddle his lap. Harry smiled and wrapped his arms around her slim waist.

"You really need to stop injuring yourself. One day it might be too bad to fix," she warned him, resting her forehead against his. Harry leaned in and kissed her soft, blue lips.

"I'm a lot tougher than I look, but thank you for caring," he replied, lowering his hands to cup her shapely bottom. They remained there kissing until Shaak returned and cleared her throat. Aayla got off of him with a blush.

"So what wisdom did Master Yoda impart on us, uninformed miscreants?" Harry asked.

"You're the only miscreant here," Shaak teased as she sat down next to him. "He told me to keep it safe until the next meeting. He's going to go to the Jedi Archives and research what little information that you were able to discover. In the meantime, I suggest carrying on with our mission."

"Sounds about right," Harry said, standing up. "Are there any Jedi missions that are close by?"

Aayla grabbed a pad and went over the list. "There's a mission on the planet Karazak." She read through the information. "Apparently, in the last year or so, the Karazak Slavers' Cooperative has really ramped up their operations. Someone has been buying slaves by the thousands. The KSC was in the information dump that we provided. Now Yoda wants to know everything about this Slaver's Guild," Aayla explained.

"What's the actual mission?" Shaak asked.

"Infiltrate the organization and find out whatever we can," she said, handing Harry the pad. He looked it over.

"It doesn't have much info about leaders and such," he said.

"Organizations like these are built on secrecy," Shaak explained.

"So the only way to find out is with boots on the ground," Harry continued. "We'll have to search around, so going invisible might not be the best idea. We'd likely end up losing each other."

"Aayla and I can go as your slaves," Shaak recommended. "This entire planet is built on slavery. It would be very common to see someone escorted by two slaves. It would even help us blend in and make others more trustful."

"I don't know ..." Harry said, not really being comfortable with all this slavery talk.

"As much as I detest the thought, Master Ti is correct. It would probably be the best way," Aayla gave her opinion. Harry shook his head.

“Are you sure?” he asked the girls. Seeing them nod, he gave in. “How do slaves even look around here? The same as on Tatooine?”

“What Aayla is wearing is fine,” Shaak said, shrugging off her Jedi robe and exposing the very skimpy, bikini-like bodysuit that she usually wore underneath her robe. “However, we will need something more visible than a supposed explosive chip in the brain.”

“Like what?”

“Slave collars,” Aayla answered. “Can you use your powers and do the Transfiguration thing?”

“I don’t know what they look like?” Harry confessed. The slaves on Tatooine were all chipped. Shaak grabbed the pad and accessed the holonet. Handing it to him, Harry saw a clear picture of the thick, black collar with explosive and transceiver attached. Grabbing a couple of pieces of fruit from the bowl, he Transfigured them into exact copies. The girls put them on, and Harry resized them until they fit perfectly. Once done, they took them off and went back to the Bridge, Shaak forgetting to put her robe back on. In truth, she had been getting more comfortable around them, so it wasn’t a big deal to show off her body a bit.

The journey only took a couple of hours, and before long, they exited hyperspace right in front of the slaver’s planet. The planet had a fair bit of green on it but was also quite rocky. From the information that they had, the planet was covered in caves and tunnels that the KSC used as a base of operations. Finding a spot close to a populated area but still abandoned, they landed and turned on their security features. The two women put the collars back on, and they walked to the ramp ready for another adventure.