

A Galaxy of Magic

Chapter 27

The cave was mostly quiet, but he could hear the girls working on something in the distance. Harry stood with his palm pressed flat against the stone at the farthest end, and his eyes closed. The cave's natural acoustics bounced every sound back to him, but this deep, everything was a bit muffled. He moved his hand and felt the cold, uneven rock drag against his skin. He felt for any give in the stone, any tiny pockets of air, hairline fractures, or any sign the wall would fail under pressure. It wasn't just a physical search, though. It was a magical one. He reached out with his magic, letting his own energy seep into the rock and echo back. The feedback was clean and unbroken. Satisfied, he pulled his hand away.

He breathed through his mouth and tasted the cold, mineral-rich air. Harry rolled his neck, shook out his arms, and eyed the patch of wall that would become their new living space. He ignored the chill that crept up from the floor. While it could be chilly inside the cave, in his opinion, it was much better than the sweltering heat outside. That was something everyone agreed on.

Behind him, a faint squeak announced the approach of the hovercart. The cart glided through the cavernous space with Yoda perched cross-legged on its deck. The Jedi's tiny hands gripped the edges while steering it by using the Force. Yoda's ears pointed straight up in curiosity. He wore a robe several sizes too large, and it gathered around him like a cloak. Harry guessed that it was his way of keeping warm. He looked both comical and regal, and it was impossible to say which he intended.

"Serious, you look. What is it you feel?" Yoda asked curiously.

Harry put his hand back on the wall, spread his fingers, and traced a line. "I was just using my powers to analyze the quality of the stone," he said. "I was feeling for any cracks or weak spots. I don't want it to cave in while I work."

Yoda nodded in understanding. The hovercart drifted forward, then stopped beside him. "Learn to listen, Jedi do," he said. "In different ways, but the purpose is the same."

Harry chuckled and shook his head. "Sadly, I doubt I'll ever learn to listen the way Jedi do."

Harry squared his stance, raised his left hand, and let his magic collect. He imagined the stone as soft and malleable as warm wax. With a slow, deliberate push, he let the power flow from his palm into the rock. The change was instant. The wall lost its rough texture and bled into a wet, silvery sheen. A line opened in the middle, and the stone rippled outward in slow motion. Harry walked toward it with his hand outstretched, remaining focused on his task. The wall parted before him, and he pushed ahead, carving a corridor out of what had been a solid sheet of sandstone.

Yoda rode behind him, and the cart's repulsors hummed steadily. The old Jedi didn't speak, but he watched with a bright-eyed curiosity. The corridor extended itself meter by meter. With each step forward, Harry used his magic to smooth the ceiling, bulge out the walls, and flatten the floor. Every so often, he paused to check for stress points or loose shale.

Harry became more confident and picked up speed. He held his hand outstretched, sweeping left and right as he shaped the stone. The tunnel grew taller and wider, and the roof arched up in a clean, modern curve. The walls became as smooth as glass, though they were streaked with quartz and flecks of black ore. It wasn't beautiful to look at, but beauty wasn't the point. It was just meant to be a functional corridor in which to build more.

At fifty meters, Harry risked a glance back. Yoda was still there, hovering silently, but now he had his eyes closed in concentration.

"What do you see?" Harry asked, curious.

Yoda tapped his walking stick on the edge of the hovercart. "A young man with too much energy, I see." His smile was small, but not unkind.

Harry chuckled and advanced another twenty meters, then stopped. "Here's the plan," he said. He turned and pointed to both sides of the corridor. "I'll cut rooms into the walls. Bedrooms, storage, maybe a lab. I can get a dozen on each side, easy. I can even expand the corridor deeper into the mountain if we need."

Yoda considered this. He looked up at the blank rock, then at the corridor stretching behind them. "Ambitious," he said. "But smart. Think ahead, you do. Expansion should wait, I think. Thinner the air will get. Required, ventilation will be."

"I didn't even think of that," Harry confessed. "I'll wait to expand any further than this until we get the proper life support systems." He bent down, grabbed a handful of loose dust, and let it fall through his fingers. He was amazed at how smooth the floor and walls were. "At least for now, everyone will have plenty of personal space and privacy."

"Good." Yoda hopped off the cart and walked the length of the new corridor with hobbled steps. He rapped his stick against the floor and walls, testing for stability. "Solid," he said, sounding pleased.

Harry wiped the dust from his face. "Tomorrow I'll start hollowing out the rooms."

"And tonight?"

Harry shrugged. "Tonight I'll get some rest ... if the girls let me."

Yoda's eyes twinkled. "Important sleep is, yes." He climbed back onto the hovercart, gave Harry a slow nod, and glided back down the corridor toward the main cave.

Harry watched him go. He leaned against the new wall, closed his eyes, and let his body relax. The space was empty and quiet, but it felt peaceful. He stayed there leaning against the wall for a short while, trying to picture exactly what he wanted his new room to look like.

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Harry didn't sleep much that night. He spent several hours pleasing his women before falling asleep in a tired, sweaty heap. He had then woken early and spent the early morning hours in the corridor, pacing back and forth with a stub of chalk in one hand and a meter stick in the other. He drew out the dimensions for two room entrances at the corridor's entrance, one on the left, and one on the right. The right would be his and the girls' room, while the left one was for Yoda. He didn't bother marking the others. Those would come later, as needed. For now, he was only interested in getting the basics set up.

He started with Yoda's room. It would be ten square meters, as indicated by Yoda. Harry let the chalk glide over the stone, outlining a perfect doorway. He pressed his palm to the wall. The stone softened, and he felt the shape take form. First came an indentation in the shape of a doorway. It then expanded inward with each push of magic. He hollowed it in layers, careful to keep the walls at least a hand's width in thickness. When he was done, he stepped back and inspected his work. The inside was bare. There were just four walls, a ceiling, and a floor.

Soon after, Yoda shuffled in. He stepped into the new room, slowly walked the perimeter, and then stood in the center. "Wonderful, this is," he said.

Harry nodded, pleased that the little Jedi liked it. "We can add a bed and a fresher, once we get the parts from Mos Eisley."

Yoda nodded. He gave the walls a gentle tap with his cane. "A place to meditate, this will be." He looked at the corners, pleased with Harry's work. "Maybe the tent, I will use in here. Comfortable, it is." He turned, nodded to Harry, and shuffled out.

Harry moved to the opposite wall. This room was going to be different. He wanted the girls to love it. He wanted to impress them, even if they'd never admit to wanting something luxurious. He sketched out the entrance and then set to work hollowing the room. He used both hands this time, channeling the magic through his arms and into the stone. The process was slow, but he kept it up at a steady pace.

He shaped the new space with low, curved walls and a high, vaulted ceiling. He smoothed the floor into a perfect plane of highly-polished stone. There were recesses in the walls for shelves, and deep alcoves for doing quiet work. He even carved a broad platform at the back of the room for a bed.

Harry then started on the feature that would come to be his favorite. Opposite the bed platform stood a blank wall of untouched stone, and he eyed it with the anticipation of an artist facing a new canvas. He shook out his slightly aching hands, and then pressed his palm flat against the rock. He let his power seep in, picturing in his mind's eye the smooth, round, and elegant shape he wanted. The stone protested, but Harry pumped more power into it, hollowing out a perfectly circular, waist-deep basin.

He walked the rim, trailing his fingertips along the softening edge, and used his other hand to guide the stone's retreat. As the bowl took form, he checked and re-checked the depth, pausing every few feet to smooth the inner surface. He wanted no sharp edges or awkward corners. He whispered a spell to polish the stone, and the walls of the new pool shimmered under his touch, going from an ugly brownish yellow to an almost glassy, blue-white gleam. Harry crouched and tested the bench seat he'd shaped around the inner ring, sliding along it and checking for comfort. He smiled in happiness, and thinking of the girls, he added two small steps along the side for easy entry.

He surveyed the work. The pool was almost perfect, but he wanted more. From the main chamber, he fetched his engraver and a battered datapad. He scrolled through files and found the rune clusters he had created for this specific project. He took the engraver and burned a line of runes around the inside of the basin, then added a second set along the lip. It took the engraving orb nearly an hour of careful work before it had completed its task.

The most important part was the waterfall. He wanted it to seem natural, but also dramatic and beautiful. He carved a small alcove high in the arched ceiling and added an array of water-creating runes. Harry didn't need to worry about flooding the room. The runes around the inside lip of the pool would vanish any water that touched them. Harry climbed down, wiped his hands, and double-checked the reservoir. Satisfied that it would hold, he loaded another set of activation runes into the main pool that were designed to keep the water clean and at the right temperature. He set the controls to respond to touch and voice, so anyone could use them. He was careful to engrave an emergency shut-off, just in case things got out of hand.

He stood back and studied his work. It was, he decided, very nearly magic at its best. It was functional, beautiful, and just a little bit showy. He placed his palm on the central rune cluster, whispered the activation word, and watched as the whole thing pulsed with blue-white light. There was a faint hum as the runes came alive, and then there was a gentle hiss as the containment field opened. From the alcove far above, a wide ribbon of crystal-clear water arced down in a perfect stream, splashing against the far wall of the pool and filling it up. The water was icy cold at first, but in a matter of moments, the heating spell kicked in and the steam began to rise in lazy, inviting clouds.

He sat on the edge of the pool, dipped in his hand, and allowed himself a moment of pride. He'd never built anything like this before. He'd never even considered it. But now that it was here, the

pool felt right. It was a luxury, yes, but a necessary one. The girls loved his large tub in the tent, and he was sure they would want something similar in here.

He heard the girls clattering about in the main chamber. Their voices were low and muffled. Harry smiled, wishing he could bring them in and give it a proper test try. Unfortunately, he still had a lot of work to do. The room didn't even have a door yet. He ran a few more system checks, made sure the overflow wouldn't flood the rest of the cave, and then etched a handful of privacy runes into the entrance just in case.

While still working, Aayla showed up, barefoot and yawning. She peered around the edge of the new doorway and called out to him. "Are you making a whole house in here?" she asked.

"Go back to bed," Harry said, not looking up. "I told you not to snoop. This is supposed to be a surprise."

She folded her arms. "I'm not snooping, and if you want to keep something a secret, don't do it so loud."

"I'll show you a little later," Harry promised.

Aayla kept her word and didn't peek in. "Fine, but if I catch you making a hot tub and not letting us in, I'm telling Maris." He laughed and waved her off. When she'd left, he went back to work.

He spent the rest of the morning carving out the bathroom at the back of the suite. There was a sunken tub as big as a small pond, and then a raised shower on one side. He installed shelves for towels and hooks for robes. Thank god for Transfiguration, he told himself more than once. The work was a lot of trial and error, but Harry enjoyed the feel of the stone yielding to his will.

At noon, he wiped the dust from his face and surveyed the finished rooms. They were still empty, and the walls were the raw, streaky yellow-brown of natural Tatooine stone. But the shapes were right, and the space felt comfortable. Of course, he would ask the girls for their input and then make the necessary changes.

He could hear the girls chatting in the main cave. Their voices were muffled but urgent. He ignored them for a few more minutes, finishing the last shelf in the bathroom.

When he finally emerged, the three of them were waiting. Maris was sitting on the hovercart with her arms crossed and one foot swinging impatiently. Shaak Ti stood behind her, and Aayla lounged against the cave wall, grinning like a cat.

"We want to see," Maris bluntly stated.

"Patience, young Padawan," Harry replied in a wise, Jedi-like voice. "I'm not done."

Aayla rolled her eyes. "You've been up all night, haven't you?"

"Not all night," Harry chuckled. "I woke up early because I wanted to get started right away."

Shaak Ti looked past him and into the corridor, curious. "You built two rooms?"

Harry nodded. "One for Yoda, and one for us. I'll add more later if we need them. In the meantime, Yoda had me put his tent in his room. I think he prefers it."

"He's camping inside a tent that's inside a room, that's inside a cave," Maris said, giggling.

Aayla poked her head to the side and tried to look around Harry. "What about ours?"

He waved them away. "No. Not yet. Give me another hour."

They complained, but he held firm, and the girls retreated, muttering to themselves about "men with secrets."

Back in the suite, Harry put the finishing touches on the bed platform. He then transfigured the largest, most comfortable bed he could. He left space on both sides for nightstands. Then, he used the orb to carve lighting runes into recesses in the ceiling. It wasn't fancy, but it was more comfortable than anything else he'd seen on Tatooine.

He stood in the middle of the room, dirty and exhausted, and called out, "Okay. Now you can look."

He heard the slap of bare feet, then the three girls appeared in the new doorway. The moment Harry stepped aside, the three women surged forward. Their curiosity overtook any pretense of formality. They nearly tripped over each other at the threshold as they caught sight of the new suite and the remarkable pool at its heart. The round basin gleamed under the soft, blue-white light of the rune-studded ceiling. The waterfall was a perfectly smooth arch of water, sparkling in the light, and it thundered gently into its basin, sending up a haze of steam. The cascade caught the light and refracted it into shifting rainbows along the polished walls. The whole place was better than any spa on Coruscant or Naboo.

Aayla let out an impressed whistle and padded over to the rim of the pool. She knelt and dragged her palm along the bench seat, testing the finish and the temperature. "Harry, this is wonderful," she said, unable to hold back a wicked little smile. "We're being treated better than royalty."

Shaak Ti was more understated, but Harry could see the delight in her eyes. She inspected the runes, traced their patterns with a gentle finger, then glanced up at the waterfall in clear admiration. "You designed this for us?" she asked, not quite hiding the note of gratitude in her voice.

Poor Maris looked like she was about to explode. She let out a squeal of delight and then spun on her heel. "It's so beautiful," she announced with her arms stretched wide in a dramatic gesture. "I don't think I'll ever want to leave."

Aayla slid her legs over the rim and dipped her feet in with a gasp. "It's perfect," she declared. "I mean, it's really perfect." She leaned back, propped herself up on her hands, and closed her eyes, basking in the warmth of the steam and the gentle hum of magic. "You even put in a bench seat. I can't wait to try it out with you," she said, shooting him a naughty look.

Maris, showing no restraint, began tugging her shorts down. She was clearly intending to dive in at once, but Shaak Ti laughed humorously and caught her by the wrist before she could disrobe any further. "Do you notice anything missing?" Shaak asked as her eyes danced with mischief.

Maris looked around, perplexed. "What?"

Shaak Ti pointed at the open doorway, which opened straight into the main corridor. "The room has no door. I suggest you wait until Harry's finished before you give the whole cave a show." She let go and patted Maris's shoulder, earning a groan from the smaller woman.

Aayla, still sitting on the edge of the basin, snickered. "You're no fun, Shaak. He built it for us. He deserves a show."

"I one hundred percent agree," Harry called from the far side of the room, and all three women dissolved into laughter.

Shaak Ti, ever the voice of reason, approached the waterfall and inspected the controls Harry had engraved nearby. She ran a hand over the etched runes and nodded in approval. "You even put in safety features," she said. "I'm impressed."

Harry smiled, trying to look nonchalant. "I just made it up as I went."

Shaak Ti gave him a look that suggested she knew he was being modest. "We should find a way to thank you," she said in a playful tone.

Maris grinned wolfishly and elbowed Aayla. "I have a few ideas."

Aayla laughed and kicked up a splash, sending a fine mist across the room. She then got to her feet and grabbed Harry by the arm. She held him close and pinned his bicep between her pillowy breasts. "You haven't eaten yet. Let's go have lunch. Then we can try out a few of Maris's ideas," she said, causing Maris to giggle.

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Shaak Ti straddled his hips, reached behind herself, and used the head of his cock to tease her slick folds. Her eyes found his, and then she smiled as she slowly slid herself down onto his length. Harry's head fell back at the sudden heat and tightness, and for a few moments there was only the sound of Shaak's quickening breath and the slap of her hips against his. In bed, Shaak was always focused, determined, and almost single-minded in her pursuit of pleasure. She rode him with wild, hungry thrusts. Her thighs squeezed tight around his waist and her arms braced against his chest for leverage. Her breasts bounced with every thrust, and the dusky-red tips of her nipples jutted out from her dark areolas. When Maris climbed up onto Harry's stomach, Shaak growled and changed her angle, fucking herself harder on him in response.

Maris was ready for action. She'd been on edge since the build-out in the cave and the new bathing suite, and now she was letting off steam in the only way she knew how. She knelt astride Harry's abs and ground her pussy down against his skin, streaking him with her slick wetness while she reached behind herself to grab at Shaak's butt and help force her down harder onto his cock. Maris was practically trembling with need, and her yellow eyes were dark and lustful as she rode his body like it was a speeder bike. She kept trying to slip lower and join Shaak on his lap, but Shaak never allowed it. She just grabbed Maris's hips and held her in place, intent on claiming every inch of him for herself.

Aayla, meanwhile, was all over Harry's upper half. She kissed him deeply and shoved her tongue into his mouth. She then dropped lower, teasing his jaw and neck with her lips and lekku. Her hands explored everywhere. They ran across his chest, raked his sides, and joined Maris's as they both clutched at him. Aayla's skin was warm and slightly damp, and he could smell how wet she was. She moved with practiced sensuality, but he could feel the desperation in the way she pressed her hips forward and ground her blue mound against his face until he understood what she wanted.

He cupped Aayla's ass and pulled her up, letting her sit on his mouth. She shivered and moaned as his tongue flicked over her clit, and she braced herself on Shaak Ti's shoulders for support. Harry alternated between licking and sucking, and he pushed his tongue deep inside her before latching onto her clit and drawing tight, teasing circles around it. Aayla let out a strangled whimper and ground herself down harder against his mouth.

The room was suddenly filled with moans, cries, and the slap of flesh. Harry could barely process the overload of sensations. He could feel Shaak Ti's tight, rippling grip as she rode his cock, Maris's fevered writhing against his abs, and Aayla's legs trembling as she straddled his face and rode his tongue. Every movement set off a new cascade of pleasure, and every shift in weight sent his hips bucking up to meet Shaak's wild rhythm. Maris finally got what she wanted by shifting her body and mashing her crotch against the base of his cock.

It was messy and frantic, but it worked. Maris's juice dripped down over his balls and base, and Shaak Ti moaned at the extra wetness as she pounded herself down harder. Aayla's cries grew higher and shriller as Harry wiggled his tongue, and when he hooked a finger around her clit and teased it, she came with a sudden, shuddering scream. Her thighs clamped around his

head, and she bucked so hard he thought she might pull his hair out, but Harry just grinned and kept sucking until she rode out the orgasm.

Shaak Ti came next. She threw her head back and cried out in her native tongue as she slammed herself down on Harry's cock and came with a rippling, full-body spasm. The sensation almost did him in, and Maris reached down to milk his cock with one hand while she furiously rubbed her own clit with the other. Maris came with a shriek, and her whole body trembled and bucked. The sensation of her leaking all over his stomach pushed Harry past the edge.

He groaned, arched his back, and his hips pistoned up as he unloaded deep inside Shaak Ti. She milked every drop from him while riding out her own climax. Maris slumped down next to him, giggling and panting, while Aayla crawled off his face and curled up at his side, nuzzling his neck and licking the wetness from his lips in thanks. Shaak Ti wasn't done, however. She slid off his cock and settled between his spread legs. She was about to start sucking when the other two girls quickly joined her. Harry smiled as they gently argued about who had the right to clean his cock. In the end, they decided to share and take turns.

Harry loved being rewarded for his good deeds.