

Galactic Wizardry

Chapter 3

“C’mon you piece of shit!” Harry grunted as he smacked the power cable hard, and he gleefully shouted when it finally snapped into place with a magnetic click. He just installed his first proper power core into his ship.

It had been nearly eight months since he had last seen Aayla. Like she said, when they were reunited, they quickly packed up and moved to a different area of the city. Harry hadn’t seen her since but was glad that she was back with her Master and was hopefully safe. During that time, Harry had located the thug’s ship and quickly stripped it of anything that he wanted or needed. He sold the rest to a Toydarian named Watto that owned a part shop near the city entrance.

The ship wasn’t of the highest quality, but it did have a half-decent power core that he wanted. According to his R2 unit, the sublight engines and hyperdrive were mid-range, and not any better than his Class 1 hyperdrive that originally belonged to the ship. The good news was that the ship held several more astromech droids, though they were older than his R2 unit. With six droids rolling around and pulling out flooring and plating, laser cutting his rune clusters into them, and replacing them for eighteen hours a day, Harry soon found himself ready for more upgrades.

He didn’t want to expand space on the ship too much. There was already more than enough space for him, but he did want some secret areas that could come in handy in the future. His future life as a smuggler might depend on it.

Harry fixed up the Crew Quarters and shower area as much as he could. His own room was expanded just enough to put in his own private bathroom/shower. He placed a water shower and bathtub that were usually installed in a house in his bathroom. He placed a tank that would conjure water in there and attached it to the water heater. The crew bathroom had the standard sonic showers that didn’t use water. He could upgrade those later if need be. The meditation room was completely emptied as was the Rec Room. He really didn’t know what he’d use those for just yet. Harry left the Conference Room as is since he didn’t know what to do with it.

The Co-Pilot’s cabin was also fixed up, but he didn’t expand it. The Common Room, Training Room, and Vehicle Bay were left alone. In the Cargo Bay, Harry enchanted the wall like he did in his room and hid an expanded space between the plating. The expanded space was nearly as big as the Cargo Bay itself. With that, he’d have plenty of room to hide any illegal cargo, and no one would ever know. The Med Bay was left as is since he couldn’t find any decent medical equipment out here in the ass crack of the galaxy.

Watto surprised him one day by offering him a brand new, state-of-the-art power core for his new ship. Of course, it wasn’t cheap, but Harry just had to have it. It took quite a bit of his savings, but he ended up buying it. He first placed the power core that he had gotten from the

stolen ship in the Secondary Engine Room to be used as a backup. After that, he installed the new core.

“Fucking finally!” Harry said, wiping the sweat from his forehead. “Alright! Give it a try!” Harry yelled out. He heard beeping in return. Suddenly, the lights on the ship flickered on and Harry cheered and punched the air. He finally had real power in his ship! It was now time to install the Deflector Shield Generator that he had pulled from the other ship. That was the one thing on the ship that was of high quality.

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“Harry!” he heard the little boy cry out.

“Hey, Anakin,” Harry chuckled at his enthusiasm.

“Do you need me to help with your ship?” he asked eagerly. A few times he had paid Watto to let Anakin work on his ship. Of course, Harry had given Anakin money as well and told him to give it to his mother. He also supplied the pair with fresh food and plenty of water.

“Not today, I’m afraid. I’ve just installed the computers, navigation system, scanners, targeting system, and everything else. The droids are installing the coding and running diagnostics,” Harry told him, ruffling his hair. “Is Watto in?”

Anakin ran off yelling for his boss. Not long after, he came back with the little bug alien in tow. “Hey, Watto! Still interested in that crate of new power-couplings?”

Harry had stolen them from a thief a few days ago. They weren’t worth a lot, but Harry was trying to sell off anything that he didn’t need. He was already planning to leave as soon as possible and wanted as much money as he could get. After making the deal, Harry bid them farewell.

He was quite surprised when he received a message from a man named Qui-Gon Jinn not long after. Harry didn’t know what he wanted but decided to find out by making his way back to the shop.

“Harry! This is Qui-Gon,” Anakin said, pointing to the older man. “And this is Padme!” Indicating to the pretty, young woman standing near. Harry dipped his head at the pair. “And that’s Jar Jar,” Anakin giggled as a weird-looking creature kept knocking things over.

“Nice to meet you,” he greeted them. “How can I help you?” Qui-Gon walked up to him.

“Anakin tells me that you’re the only one on the planet that will exchange Republic Credits for Outer Rim currencies,” he stated. Harry nodded.

“Usually I take a five percent cut, but since I plan on taking a trip beyond the Outer Rim, I’ll forgo my usual fee. How much are you looking to exchange?”

“Twenty thousand Dataries,” Qui-Gon told him. Harry whistled.

“That’s five-hundred gold Peggats. Luckily, I have enough to exchange. It’s back on my ship if you want to follow me.”

“Of course. Jar Jar, come along,” he called out as Padme followed him out the door. The trip took them a while since he lived on the other side of the city. When they had gotten close to his ship, the wind really began picking up.

“Sandstorm!” Harry called out over the gale, trying to block his eyes. “Cover your face and stay close! We’re almost there.” They continued to trudge through until finally, Harry lowered the ramp. As they entered, they all shook off the sand that was covering them. “We get those all the time. Very dangerous if you get caught far from home. You’ll have to stay here until it subsides.”

“Thank you. That’s very kind,” Padme smiled. Harry smiled back.

“You’re welcome.” He took them into the conference room before leaving momentarily. Harry brought back some snacks, a kettle of tea and some mugs, and a pitcher of ice-cold water. “Sorry, but the tea is not very good. We don’t get quality tea way out here.”

“It’s more than enough. Thank you for your hospitality,” Qui-Gon thanked him before taking the kettle in hand and pouring him and his comrades a cup each. Harry left again, but this time came back with a sack of Peggats. He noticed that his R2 unit was happily chirping with theirs. It was easy to tell them apart since his was trimmed in red and theirs in blue.

“Five hundred Peggats, as promised,” Harry said, handing him the sack. After the money was counted and found to be of the correct amount, Harry handed him his datapad. Qui-Gon filled in the amount and gave the information for the Jedi accounts that he decided to use. Receiving it back, Harry checked and smiled when his bank account was twenty-thousand credits fatter.

“All clear,” he said.

“Thank you, my friend. This helps us out immensely,” Qui-Gon told him, lifting up his poncho and clipping the sack to his belt. Harry saw the lightsaber hanging from his hip. He raised an eyebrow.

“Jedi?”

“That’s not a problem, I hope?” Qui-Gon asked. Padme kept quiet and looked back and forth between the pair.

"No. I've only met one other. She was a pleasant girl," Harry smiled. "You should take a closer look at Anakin. I think that he may be one of yours."

"What makes you say that?" he asked as he took a bite of his crumpet.

"He's the only human that I know of that pilots a Pod Racer. He's done some other strange stuff as well," Harry told him.

"I'll check him out when I go back for the parts. Excuse me while I message my Padawan." He walked out of the room. Harry sat down next to Padme.

"Are you one of them?" Harry asked.

"Them?" she asked, confused.

"A Jedi," Harry clarified.

"Oh! No, I'm not. I was just traveling with them when our ship was damaged. Now that we can pay for the repairs, I hope that we'll be leaving soon."

"So eager to leave this paradise?" Harry teased, snickering when she blushed.

"It's much too hot and dangerous for my liking. Besides, I have important business that needs to be carried out," she told him.

"Well ... you're definitely right about it being hot and dangerous, especially for a girl as pretty as you. The moment you're left alone, someone will surely slap a slave collar on you," Harry told her, shaking his head. Padme gasped.

"They snatch people right off the streets?" she asked, horrified by the thought. Harry nodded in confirmation.

"Not many would be dumb enough to walk these streets alone unless they could protect themselves, but it does happen on occasion."

She was going over it in her mind when she realized that he called her pretty. Unable to help herself, she blushed and tried to turn away from him so that he wouldn't notice. "Are you okay?" she heard him ask. Suddenly, one hand was against her cheek while the other touched her forehead.

"Maybe you came down with the Desert Fever?" he muttered. It wouldn't be the first time that some outsider overheated in this insane weather. As he touched her, her face turned even redder. 'Stupid hormones!' she thought. Being the Queen was hard enough without having to deal with stupid crushes all of the time. It also didn't help that this man looked well built and that

he was incredibly handsome. He looked like the movie stars that the girls back home swooned over.

Without another thought, her body shuddered, and she closed her eyes and nuzzled his hand with her cheek. Realizing what she just did, her eyes opened, and she pulled away. Seeing that he figured out what was wrong with her filled her with shame.

“Oh lord!” she cried out, covering her face with her hands. Hearing him chuckle didn’t help matters.

“Don’t bother being embarrassed. I was your age once. I know how it is,” he told her, patting her on the shoulder as he got up to begin cooking dinner. “Come help me cook!” he called out over his shoulder as he walked out of the room. He went next door to the Common Room where the kitchen was. The kitchen was just one more thing that he needed to upgrade.

Padme took a deep breath and calmed herself. ‘You’re a Queen. Stop acting like a silly girl,’ she silently rebuked herself. Getting up, she trotted after him. After all, he was handsome, and she was eager to be around him. They spent the next hour talking and getting to know each other while she sliced and diced some fresh vegetables, and Harry made a pasta-like dish that was popular on Tatooine. Once done, they placed the food on the table in the Conference Room. Everyone happily dug in. Harry even placed his stash of fruit cubes on the table.

“What are these?” Padme asked as she watched Harry drop one into his cup of water. The water started bubbling before turning a deep red.

“Cubes of concentrated fruit powder,” answered Qui-Gon who dropped one in his water. “They make surprisingly tasty fruit juice when added to water. Jedi usually keep a stock of them on their ship. They provide a healthy portion of vitamins and minerals,” he explained. Seeing Harry nod, she too dropped it in her water. Taking a sip, she found that she liked it. It tasted similar to a fruit juice that she used to drink back on Naboo.

The group ate their fill, after which, Harry checked outside. “If you’re planning to make it back to your ship tonight, then you better go,” Harry told them. “The storm has passed, but it’ll be turning dark in a couple of hours. You don’t want to be caught outside at night.”

“Yes. I think you’re right. We better be going,” Qui-Gon stood up. Padme did as well. Harry saw her giving him googly eyes and smiled. “I’ll walk with you. No one will mess with you if they see me with you all.”

Harry chuckled internally as Padme stayed close to his side and continuously peeked up at him. He remembered his own crushes on Cho, Tonks, and Fleur way back in the day. He thanked the stars that he wasn’t stuck in his fourteen-year-old body again. The trek back was faster since they didn’t have to fight a wall of sand. When they entered the shop, Qui-Gon made a beeline for Watto.

"You know, I'm sure that the Queen will want to hire you. An extra ship helping out against the invasion force will definitely come in handy. Not only that but once they are defeated, there's sure to be plenty of work," Padme told him.

"Are you sure that you have permission to make such a call on the Queen's behalf?" Harry asked, smirking at her. He didn't want her to get in trouble because of her little crush. That being said, it would be a good way to test out his ship, and it was sure to be a great way to start his adventure. Naboo was as good a place as any.

"I do. We won't even leave until tomorrow at the earliest, so I can run it by her just in case. Umm ... can I get your contact code ... you know, just in case?" she bit her lip nervously. Harry tried not to roll his eyes. She was too young for him right now, but she wouldn't be in a few years. Besides, he wasn't one to turn down a damsel in distress.

"If your Queen agrees, then I'll take the job. Message me how much it pays and when you all plan to leave," Harry told her, handing her a card that he conjured in his pocket containing his PCC. Her cheeks turned pink as she scored his digits. Qui-Gon finished with Watto before talking to Anakin. Once that was done, he ushered their group out of the shop and said their temporary goodbyes. Happy that he had just gotten a big sale, Watto let Anakin leave early.

"Yipeeee!" he cheered, jumping up and punching the sky with his fist. Harry laughed and followed Anakin back to the Slave Quarters of the city. "Mom! I'm home!" He ran in and hugged his mother. Shmi saw Harry and smiled. "Mom? Can I go play with Kitster?"

She nodded her head. "Just remember to be back before dark," she told him. He still had around an hour or so. Anakin cheered and ran out of the house.

"I told a Jedi named Qui-Gon Jinn about Anakin's powers. He may try to take Anakin when he leaves, but I'm not sure. If he does, he'll contact you, I'm sure," Harry told her.

"A Jedi," she whispered.

"I'll be going with them when they leave. My ship's pretty much done," Harry added. "You still have all of the money that I've given you?" Shmi nodded. Harry handed her another sack. "Most of the hard currency that I haven't converted into credits. You should have way more than enough to buy your freedom. Anakin's as well if the Jedi don't take him."

Shmi blushed at the thought. "Harry ... This is too much. After all of the help ..." Harry waved it away. Shmi wanted to thank him. Right now she wanted to thank him as she did in the past. Grabbing his hand, she led him into her room. As the door slid shut, Shmi dropped to her knees. Experienced with his body, she pulled down his trousers and moved her head to the side as his Bantha-sized cock sprang out. She closed her eyes and leaned in. Placing soft kisses up and down the length of his shaft, she moaned as his fingers threaded through her hair, and his

fingernails gently scratched at her scalp. Then she licked him from his balls all the way up the underside of his cock before placing the head in her lips. Keeping her tongue against his cock, she bobbed her head and took as much as she could inside of her. Her hand crept up the inside of his leg then quickly cupped his hanging sack. She always enjoyed playing with his sack. It was so massive that it spilled over the side of her hand. Fondling and massaging it, she wiggled her tongue against his shaft as her head started bobbing.

Shmi was never forced to pleasure him in payment. In fact, she was the one to make the first move. The reasons were simple. For one, she wanted to thank him for his continued generosity to her and her son. The biggest reason, however, was that he was a handsome man, and she was a lonely woman. She looked up at him as he moaned loudly. Letting his cock slip from her lips, she grabbed the shaft and slapped the head against her cheek a few times. Shmi squealed when he lifted her up and placed her on the bed. Her dress was bunched up, and she threw her head back and moaned as her eyes rolled into the back of her head. Harry would always hit the deepest parts of her. Letting out small noises of pleasure as his hips began to thrust, she looked at him smiling cheekily at her. Blushing slightly, she turned her head and gasped when his long, thick cock hit her g-spot.

His hand was resting on her belly before it started sliding down. She felt his fingers brush over her pubic hair before his thumb pressed against her hard, aching clit. "Yes!" she gasped out, arching her back sexily. "Touch me there!"

Shmi let out a pleased mewl when his thumb pressed down on her and started rubbing circles around her swollen clit. The sounds of her wetness increased as she flooded his cock with her arousal.

Harry moaned as her walls squeezed him tightly. Shmi was attractive for a middle-aged woman, he thought. She would certainly look better if she had access to the normal things that women did. Hopefully, after all of this, she could find a nice place to live somewhere off-planet and start a new life. Hearing her squeal made him smile, and he slammed forward, fucking her hard and fast. He couldn't take his time. For one thing, her son would be back sometime soon, and for another, he had to get back to run tests on his ship. Thankfully, it didn't seem like she would last long. Her walls were fluttering, and her cheeks were tinged a dark pink. Her body was trembling and unable to stay still as her legs squeezed his hips. She was so wet that his cock easily pistoned in and out of her. As he rapidly flicked his thumb over her clit, she let out a loud cry of pleasure as she came all over him. He continued to fuck her as she came until finally, he grunted and let loose as well. He could feel her milking his cock of every drop of his cum. He loved the way her walls contracted around his thickness.

When he pulled out, his cock was shining with wetness. Shmi rolled over onto her front and began licking his cock clean of their fluids. Once his cock was nice and clean, she lifted it up and started on his balls. Harry closed his eyes and enjoyed the sensation of her tongue going to town on his bloated sack. Unfortunately, their time came to an end when they heard Anakin come home. Straightening up, Harry and Shmi got themselves together before he wished them

goodnight. Harry patted Anakin on the head as he walked out of the house and made his way home just as the two suns began to set.