

Galactic Wizardry

Chapter 28

"I don't know ..." Harry scowled as he gazed upon the jittering heap being offered to him. "It sounds like it's on its last leg," Harry told his potential customer.

"What are you talking about?!" the man said, scandalized at having his precious cargo insulted. "This is a classic! It was state-of-the-art when it was first released," he told Harry.

"Yeah, and when was that? Like fifty years ago?" Harry said, lightly nudging the side of the landspeeder that he was attempting to be persuaded to buy.

"Not even close! This is from SoroSuub. They produce nothing but the best ... I want at least eighty!" he was told. Harry shook his head.

"It's going to cost quite a bit to get this running properly. Forty," he responded. The man looked pained.

"Forty?! That's an insult! I need at least seventy," the man crossed his arms over his chest.

Once word had gotten out that Harry would accept trade for pure, untainted water, he had no shortage of customers that were willing to part with their items. Of course, Harry wasn't one to be taken advantage of. If someone wanted to offer something other than cold, hard cash, they were expected to give him a steep discount. After only a few days, the girls were absolutely loaded with items to be sold. They were already turning his surrounding land into a sort of outside, second-hand shop. Because of this, Harry was forced to place wards around his place at night to keep thieves from ransacking their sellables. They used the inside of their shop for the more expensive items.

Harry tapped one of his water drums. "My last offer ... an entire drum's worth of water ... fifty-five gallons. Take it or leave it," he said, giving his last offer. The man rubbed his chin while thinking before finally nodding. They shook hands and concluded the deal. His workers wasted no time unloading five-gallon water cans until the right amount had been taken. With that done, they drove off back to their speeder shop. Like most, they had been suffering since the start of the drought. The prices of water had skyrocketed because most moisture farmers could barely produce enough water to keep themselves alive. Beyond that, Jabba's water taxes were taking a toll as well. However, their struggles were Harry's gain. He knew it wouldn't be long before another shop owner came to trade him some of their wares for his water.

Getting up, he placed a quick Notice-Me-Not Charm around his general area before turning his attention to the speeder that he had just purchased. It wasn't the newer X-34 model, but the one previous. Even so, it was still a good landspeeder if he could fix it up a bit. Gathering his magic, he infused the speeder with his power and watched as it started to look new again. It took

several more tries before he was happy with the result. Removing the Charm from the area, he walked around the landspeeder while inspecting it. Even the paint job looked factory fresh. He didn't have long to admire his handiwork before the nearby slave children ran over to him, cups in hand. They looked at him shyly, silently waiting for an answer. Harry smiled and nodded. "Go ahead," he told them. They whooped and cheered and ran to his water drums, greedily drinking their fill.

Harry took it upon himself to make sure that all the slaves in his area had plenty of water to drink. Of course, he was forced to do it in secret. He didn't want their masters trying to take it away from them. More often than not, he gave small bottles to the children to take home to their families. During the hot days, he would let them come over and drink as much as they wanted. The girls pulled up on the speeder bikes just as the children ran off. He smiled seeing their disguised faces as they walked up. Each got on their tip-toes and kissed him as they walked up to his newest purchase. Padme and Sabe looked like completely different girls, while Aayla and Shaak sported different skin colors.

"This is pretty nice!" Padme declared as she opened the door and sat down. "Did you work on it?" she asked. It was her way of asking whether or not he had used his magic on it.

"Yep," he said happily. "Got it for a song as well. I figured that you girls might prefer this rather than constantly using both speeder bikes," he told them. The landspeeder could fit four with more than enough trunk space to pack some of their junk purchases.

Shaak smiled sexily at him. "We'll be sure to thank you properly tonight. Right now, however, let's get inside. It's too hot out here, and we're sweating through our clothes," she told him.

Going inside, the girls took ice-cold showers to cool off. After dressing, Harry met them with a bundle of leather goods in his arms. He dropped them down onto the table. "What are these?" Aayla asked, examining the tangled bundle. Harry pulled out one and showed it off.

"New belt holsters for our blaster pistols!" he said happily. "These aren't the mid-quality ones that we've been using. These are made from nerf-hide. Just look at the exquisite designs," he told him as he untangled them.

"These are great!" Aayla said happily, grabbing a dark-colored one and wrapping it around her hips. "Where did you get them?"

"Traded a couple of your vaporator parts for them while you girls were out," he told them as he watched them strap the belts around their waists. He loved the way they hung from Aayla and Shaak's wide hips. Female Twi'leks and Togruta had naturally wide hips and thin waists which gave them fantastic-looking hourglass figures. Obviously, Padme and Sabe were human, and as such, their figures weren't the same. Both girls were young, and their bodies were still filling out. Even so, he made sure to compliment their delicate curves while also perving on Aayla and Shaak's womanly bodies. He couldn't help but to start getting handsy with his girls. They were

just beginning to have fun when the doors to their shop slid open causing a chime to go off letting them know that they had customers.

“Later, Harry!” Aayla giggled as he sucked on the green skin of her thin neck. She pushed him away to help attend to their business. Harry sighed as the girls went back to work. It was only a moment later when they called him to the front. Harry went into the shop and was met with the only other known Jedi in the area ... Siri Tachi.

Siri was a very good-looking girl. Like all female Jedi, she had a slim and very fit-looking body. Her dirty-blond hair was a little shorter than shoulder length and was styled messily. Or maybe her hair was just naturally messy like his, Harry thought. Her skin was fair and unblemished, though it was a bit pink, likely from the extreme heat. She had big, doe-like eyes that were a lovely shade of blue. All in all, Siri drew a lot of attention from the males in the club. When she saw him, she smiled kindly. Harry returned the smile.

“Siri here has some information,” Shaak Ti told him.

“Oh?” Siri nodded.

“I just overheard a couple of inebriated gentlemen talking about a shipment of Spice that is meant for Jabba. Jabba’s men are to meet with them two hours from now in the Northern Dune Sea, just outside of Beggar’s Canyon,” she told him.

“I know the place. Jabba’s lackeys often meet to do business in the same spot,” Harry said, thinking it over. “I guess I can take the time to stop such a heinous crime from occurring. I do owe Jabba a little payback from the water tax that he collected from me. It’s only fair if I collect a few taxes of my own,” Harry said wickedly as he smiled.

“Just what I was thinking,” Siri chuckled. “Just be careful. Those guys are really nasty and will kill you if they think you’re onto them. Anyway ... I need to get back to work before I’m missed. I only have a short break,” she told them. After she left, Harry pulled out his datapad and plotted a course to the area that she was talking about.

“I’ve never been there, so Apparation is out of the question,” he said. “Guess I’ll have to take one of the bikes,” he said.

“We’ll stay here and watch over the businesses while you’re gone. It’s a bit of a drive, so you better get going,” Shaak said.

“Be careful,” Sabe warned him, hugging him tightly. After several hugs and kisses, Harry strapped on his new belt and put his blaster pistol in its holster. He then slung the strap of his blaster rifle over his shoulder and grabbed his mini pad along with his bag. It wasn’t long before he was braving the heat of the desert.

Getting out of Mos Espa wasn't a problem. The problem was going south toward Mos Entha. The mountains on each side of the trail were perfect places for an ambush. It wasn't long before Harry met with some shady characters. A loud, metallic ping followed by a shower of sparks burst from the front of his speeder bike.

"Shit!" Harry cursed as he quickly gained control of his bike. Looking at the damage, he saw a deep gouge in the metal frame. Thankfully, the damage wasn't critical. The sound of something whizzing by his head made him look up.

"Tusken Raiders," Harry growled and took evasive action. One after another, they fired down on him with their slug-throwers. Seeing one up ahead that was taking aim at him, Harry threw out his hand and summoned the bastard toward him. The Tusken screamed as it hit the front of his speeder, spraying a mist of blood everywhere while its dead body tumbled off to the side. After that, even more shots were fired at him. Apparently, the Raiders didn't like it when one of their own was taken out. Harry repaid their antics by pulling out his blaster and firing shots at any that he could see. By then, Harry was tearing down the trail at blinding speeds, making it nearly impossible to hit any of his shots. On the plus side, it made him getting hit by any slugs almost as unlikely.

Instead of taking the trail down to Mos Taike, he took the left path and flew north of Mos Entha. After another few minutes of flying, he entered the first curve of Beggar's Canyon. It wasn't long before hundreds, if not thousands, of homes and shops could be seen carved into the mesa's walls. This was the place you went if you were no longer welcome in Mos Espa or Mos Entha. It was known best for it being part of the Boonta Eve Classic podrace. In truth, Harry loved watching the podrace, and he had even placed a few bets when he lived in Mos Espa for a time. Thankfully, the Raiders were non-existent this deep into the canyon, so Harry could stop looking over his shoulder. He did, however, need to watch out for your everyday thieves and criminals who would be happy to rob and kill him.

Escaping the mouth of the canyon, Harry continued onward until he neared a large, lone plateau that was just west of the Great Mesra Plateau. From his spying, he knew that the rendezvous point would be on the west side of the lone plateau. Hugging the wall of the adjacent mesa, he found a small cave to hide his speeder bike in. Pulling out his binoculars, Harry zoomed in to the top of the plateau and found a nice little spot that he could settle into. An apparition later, Harry nuzzled into a tight overhang that provided shade and blocked him from view. With Cooling Charms on, he sat and waited. He was glad that the wait was short.

In the distance, he could see a trail of dust that turned into a large cloud. At the front of the trail was a mid-sized speeder truck with its back end loaded with crates. Harry turned the dial on his binoculars to zoom in even more, but unfortunately, the dust and sand were making it difficult to see how many spice pushers were in the enclosed front cab. Still, he kept his eyes on them until they parked far below him. A few minutes later, a small ship flew by and landed close to the speeder. Harry watched as they spoke for a moment before the dealers began unloading the merchandise. Seeing his time to strike, Harry reached into his bag and pulled out a heavily

modified thermal detonator. He had never tested his design and was keen on seeing it in action. According to his calculations though, it should be strong enough to at least disable the ship. Going to the edge of the plateau and looking down, he moved until he was right above Jabba's ship. Pressing the lone red button on the metal sphere, the lights began to blink. Harry tossed it over the side and watched as it fell down the hundred or so feet and landed right beside the ship. A second or so later, it detonated with a thunderous boom.

A hot flash of air hit Harry in the face, and the immediate pressure wave from the blast threw him back. He landed hard on the rock surface of the plateau, smacking the back of his head. Groaning in pain, he pushed himself up. He could instantly smell a bevy of different things. Burnt hair was one of them. The smell of burnt plastics and electronics was another. His head hurting and his face feeling rather raw, he crawled back to the edge and looked over. Pure devastation was all he could describe. About a quarter of the ship was completely wrecked. Metal was twisted while some other parts were fused together. A fire was burning somewhere in the ship, sending acrid, black smoke up in the air. Two of the landing gear on the ship were totally destroyed, making the ship lean at a forty-five-degree angle.

The speeder truck wasn't much better. It had been tossed dozens of feet to the side where it lay in a twisted wreck. The one thing he couldn't see was any bodies. Apparating down, he quickly looked around ... Nothing. Not a single body or even part. It wasn't until a hatch opened up on the ship and a battered-looking Gamorrean popped up that Harry knew that someone had survived the blast. Those thoughts were put on hold when he squealed angrily, lifted up his blaster rifle, and began taking shots at him. Harry jumped forward into a roll, taking cover behind a blackened section of the fuselage. Red beams of superheated plasma whipped by him as he readied his own rifle. He popped up to take aim but was forced back down by another salvo of blaster shots. From the multiple squeals, he could guess that there were more survivors on that ship. Knowing that he was in a bad spot, he Apparated away again and reappeared at the mouth of the cave in which he hid his speeder bike. From that distance, he could see three Gamorreans standing on top of the wrecked ship as they fired down on his last known position. Being too far to be able to accurately hit his targets, Harry used his binoculars to zoom in on the top of the ship. Memorizing his landing spot, he disappeared again and popped up right behind the firing pigmen. The soft pop of his Apparation gave his position away immediately.

The backmost Gamorrean turned and aimed his rifle at Harry. A powerful front kick sent him tumbling over the side of the ship with a frightened squeal. As the other two swung around, Harry quickly pulled his sidearm and fired. The first shot hit the second Gamorrean dead center, punching a hole through its gut. His second shot missed which gave the final Gamorrean time to fire as well. Harry cried out as the blaster bolt grazed his shoulder while tilting to the side to try and avoid it. Falling over the side of the ship, Harry took aim and fired again. He watched as the shot hit the Gamorrean right in the eye, frying a quarter of his head. Harry didn't see him drop dead as he rolled off the side of the ship and landed on a very pissed-off Gamorrean.

Within seconds, the two were rolling around on the sand in a wrestling match. He should have guessed that the pigmen were incredibly strong from their short and stocky build. It wasn't long

before the pigman had him pinned down. He pulled out his knife and swung it down toward Harry's chest. Harry did as he was taught and infused his body with his magic. Putting his arm up, he easily blocked the Gamorrean's arm from coming down. With an angry grunt, the pigman pushed forward and tried to use his body weight to force the blade down. Harry grunted as well, using his power to slowly push him upward.

"REEEEEEEEEE!" the Gamorrean suddenly squealed as it was knocked off of Harry's chest. Harry watched confused as it rolled on the hot sand before quickly getting to its feet. It looked back and forth wildly and then threw its arms up to block its face. Harry gasped when a lion-sized creature with wrinkled, light brown skin with spots jumped on him and swung its front leg down. On each front leg, there was a single, devastatingly sharp claw. It easily pierced the Gamorrean's chest. Its mouth opened wide ... too wide in Harry's opinion. It opened into a very large, perfect circle. In its mouth were row after row of needle-sharp teeth. Then out of nowhere, three tentacles shot out and wrapped around the pigman's head. Out of the sand, another creature of similar size joined in. The Gamorrean squealed and thrashed as chunks of flesh were torn from his body. Snapping out of his shock, Harry began scooting back while sitting on his butt.

"Baby Sarlaccs!" he gasped. Harry had known about the creatures from his time living there. As infants, they were incredibly dangerous hunters. It wasn't until they were about thirty-thousand years old that they fully matured and buried themselves deep beneath the sand. As he spoke out loud, one of them turned his way. It screeched loudly while its three tentacles wiggled in his direction. It reared back and pounced. Just as it was about to reach him, Harry Apparated away and reappeared by his bike. Quickly pulling out his binoculars again, he watched as they tore the Gamorrean apart. Pulling out his rifle, he began firing shots in their direction. After a few minutes of dodging his blaster bolts, they got annoyed and ran off, leaving a mostly eaten Gamorrean behind. After his adrenaline wore off, he winced in pain and gently touched his shoulder. He would need to get back soon to take care of his wound. First, however, he needed to finish his job.

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The girls looked over as the front door to their shop slid open, and in came an injured and disheveled Harry Potter.

"What happened?!" Padme cried out as she was the first to reach him.

"Probably should have taken some backup," he winced as his shoulder flared in pain.

"Maybe next time you will," Shaak said, annoyed at him getting hurt again. She helped him take off his shirt and examined the burn.

"It's a pretty bad burn," Aayla said, joining them. "You're lucky that it's not very large. Sabe, go get the medkit, will you?" Sabe nodded and ran to the room to get it. As she did, Harry threw a sack onto the counter.

"What's this?" Shaak asked, looking at the bag.

"Payment for my pain and suffering," he said cheekily. Shaak opened the bag and emptied it on the countertop. Rolls of peggats dropped down with a heavy clank. "That was the payment for the spice shipment. I destroyed the spice and took the payment. I didn't want Jabba getting it back. How much is there? I didn't check," Harry said as Sabe came back and placed the medkit down on the table. Soon after, everyone but Shaak was cleaning or bandaging his wounds. Shaak Ti, meanwhile, counted the coins.

"These are rolls of one hundred peggats, and there are fifty rolls here," she told him. Harry whistled.

"Five thousand peggats! Not bad," Harry said happily.

"Yes. These definitely will be useful for us," Shaak said, putting them back in the sack and placing them in their room. She came back just as his burn was covered in Bacta paste.

"You need to take it easy for the next day or so while the paste heals your burn," Aayla told him while covering it with a bandage. When Shaak came up, he grabbed her wide hips and pulled her in. She squealed as he began kissing her soft neck.

"I was thinking that a little vigorous activity might be in order," he teased Shaak by squeezing her round bottom. He loved hearing her lustful gasps. Unfortunately, the cream-colored Togruta was pulled from his arms.

"Not today. Think of it as punishment for getting hurt," Aayla said, raising an eyebrow and crossing her arms over her ample chest. Harry sighed.

"Fine," he said morosely. "I do need a shower, however. I could use a few extra hands since my arm is currently out of commission."

Aayla watched as all the other girls followed him. She sighed as well. If she couldn't beat them, then she may as well join them, she thought as she locked the front door and ran after them.