

Galactic Wizardry

Chapter 24

The music was loud, the atmosphere was lively, and the beautiful, green Twi'lek slave was dancing erotically and putting on a great show. Despite all of this, Jabba couldn't enjoy himself.

The reason was simple. He had recently been made a fool of. No one in their right mind would ever dare to rob him. At least that was what he had thought. He was proven to be wrong. Someone attacked his Sailing Barge to create a distraction while they looted his personal vault. Practically his entire wealth had been stolen in a single incident. If it hadn't been him who was the victim, Jabba would have found the entire situation quite humorous. The loss of his money wasn't the worst part, however. It was the loss of face amongst the Hutts that really hurt him. The rest of the Hutt gangsters, not to mention every other criminal in Hutt Space was currently laughing at him while making moves to muscle in on his territory. Already he had lost several important territories because he didn't have the funds to hire enough scumbags to keep it on lock. It was only his deadly reputation that kept others from trying to put him completely out of business. His big, glossy eyes roamed over the shapely rear of the Twi'lek who was shaking her ass before doing a spin. He found her lime-green color to be very fetching.

Captain Harry Potter ... That was the name that the Dug had given him. He had never heard of it before. Apparently, Potter used to run the streets of Mos Espa before venturing into space to make his fortune. Jabba had been trying to find out everything that he could about this Potter fellow. The only thing that he could find was that he was some kind of hero on Naboo and was very close to the former Queen. That and he supposedly flew an old Fury Class Imperial Interceptor named The Chimaera.

Jabba almost had respect for this man. He certainly had a pair on him. He must have known what would happen if he were found out. If he didn't, then he definitely would as soon as he was brought in. With whatever extra money that he could scrape together, he put the word out that he wanted Potter delivered to him alive and well. Jabba wanted his money back. Lashing out in anger, Jabba slammed his sluggy hand down onto his chair's armrest. Unfortunately, he accidentally hit the button and activated the trap door right in front of him. His Majordomo with the severely damaged buttocks screamed out as he fell the two dozen feet onto the hard ground below him. The music suddenly stopped as everyone looked down into the hole. He was wincing in pain while grabbing his bandaged behind. From the spread of blood on the bandage, they could see that a few sutures might have come loose. Finally finding something amusing since the robbery, Jabba let out a deep, guttural laugh causing everyone else to join in.

Bib Fortuna wondered what he had done in a past life to deserve such treatment as he was dragged away. At least Jabba didn't set the Rancor loose, he thought to himself as he was carted back to the infirmary. He wished that they would give him a Bacta treatment, but Jabba said that stitches were good enough. Now with the robbery, he knew that there was no way he

would get the expensive medical procedure. He foresaw several weeks of pain and suffering in his future. He only hoped that he could repay his master in kind someday.

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Harry looked out the window and saw Aayla, Seela, Padme, and Sabe all splashing around and happily squealing in the recently completed swimming pool behind their house. As much as he wanted to join them, especially when he saw the bouncing pairs of naked Twi'lek breasts, he unfortunately, had work to do. Shaking the thought from his head, he quickly finished his lunch and stood up. Seeing Shmi cleaning the kitchen, Harry walked over and grabbed her from behind. She squeaked and jumped from the unexpected contact. When she realized that it was Harry, she placed her hand on her chest and breathed in deeply.

"You frightened me!" she gasped as she tried to control her breathing. Harry lightly laughed while sliding his hands from her hips, up her slim waist, and over her breasts. Shmi moaned and leaned back into him while he began to fondle her through her clothes.

"Sorry about that," he smiled at her. Leaning down, he kissed the side of her neck before moving his lips upward. She tilted her head when he started nipping at her earlobe. Sometimes he felt bad that he couldn't give her as much attention as the other girls. Shmi wasn't like them though. She didn't want to go out on grand adventures. She didn't want to go on missions where danger was around every corner. Instead, she preferred a calm life where she was safe and sound. Eden suited her just fine. "You know, you don't have to clean all of the time. We have droids for that," he reminded her. He saw her cheeks turn pink in embarrassment.

He knew that habits could be hard to break. Shmi had been a slave for a long time and was used to constant work. That wasn't something that would disappear overnight. "Why don't you go have fun in the pool with the other girls?"

"They're all very young, and we don't have a lot in common," she shrugged. Harry could certainly understand that. Shaak Ti was probably the closest to her age on the planet, and the Jedi Master was usually busy with the construction of the Jedi Temple throughout most of the day.

"I can see that," Harry said. He moved his lips onto her cheek before spinning her around. Now facing her, he kissed her deeply. He was happy to see that she returned the kiss with great passion. After a while, he broke the kiss. "I know that you're probably a bit lonely without more people your age around. It's only temporary though," he promised her.

"I know, and I don't mind. I like it better here than on Naboo," she told him. Harry smiled at her.

"There are a few female Jedi that are joining our group and are close in age to you," he popped the news to her. Shmi looked surprised. From what she knew, their group was supposed to be very secretive.

“Yoda vetted them personally. I don’t know how Jedi go about that, but he said he could guarantee that they were on our side,” Harry said and shrugged his shoulders. “He seemed confident, so I trust his judgment. The good news is that you’ll have plenty of women to talk to while I’m gone.”

Harry then grabbed her ass and gave it a squeeze. “And when I’m here ... “

He didn’t bother finishing. Instead, he lifted her up and took her to the bedroom for some afternoon delight.

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“Yes ... More than enough, it is!” Yoda warbled happily. He was very relieved that the plan was coming together without too many problems arising. Harry had pulled up in a hovering forklift that was carrying the stolen loot from Jabba’s Palace.

Some supplies were easy to get. Harry could easily steal food from the Trade Federation. He could steal materials, weapons, and even money, but some things were harder to get and would have to be paid for. Certain droids and electronics that the Younglings used for training were only made by one or two companies, and neither was part of the Trade Federation. There were other things that the Jedi would need that had to be bought. Mace had been doing his best to skim money from the Jedi accounts, but it was getting to the point where it could be discovered if they continued. They needed time for the accounts to replenish so that they could begin again. Unfortunately, their plans couldn’t wait an extra year. Of course, Harry said that he would pick up the slack and provide the funding. With his latest “donation”, the Jedi would be able to purchase identical sets of training material to keep at the new Jedi Temple.

“An important mission I have for you ... if you are willing,” Yoda told him as Harry loaded his ill-gotten gains into his small ship.

“What’s the mission?” Harry asked as he began backing out, leaving the packed-up bars of precious metals behind.

“A Master Jedi has gone missing,” came the voice of Mace Windu as he stepped around the ship. “She was on a top-secret mission on Nal Hutta. We haven’t heard from her in days.”

Harry raised his eyebrow at the news. “Why haven’t you sent a Jedi in?”

“Because for some strange reason, the Hutts are being particularly paranoid at the moment,” he replied in a condescending voice with his own eyebrow raised.

“Oh,” Harry said with a wince. Yoda nodded.

"Many Jedi are known to them. Keep a database of us they do. Outsiders right now ... looked upon with suspicion they are."

"The younger Jedi are likely still unknown to them, but they don't have the experience to handle something like this just yet ..." Mace said.

"Especially if they got the drop on a Jedi Master," Harry finished. Both of them agreed.

"Too dangerous for Padme and Sabe it is," Yoda told him. "And Master Ti and Padawan Secura ... known they are."

"I've heard that the Hutts are now employing Force Sensitive criminals as guards that are on the lookout for visiting Jedi. Whether that's true or not, I can't say. It wouldn't surprise me though," Mace told him as both he and Yoda walked up the back ramp.

"So you want me to go in alone?" Harry asked, understanding what they were saying.

"Indeed," Mace told him while pressing some buttons on a panel. The ramp began to lift up. Before it did, he tossed out a Datacard, which Harry easily caught. "All the information that we have is on there. Good luck!" he called out just as the ramp closed with a clank.

"I didn't even agree to take the mission!" Harry grumbled to himself as he walked away. They knew that he would never turn down an exciting mission.

Needless to say, the girls weren't happy. Padme and Sabe were worried about his safety while Aayla was angry that her partner was forced to go out alone. Only Shaak was mature enough to understand why the decision was made.

"Don't worry ladies. I promise that I'll be as careful as possible," he said.

"You? Be careful?" Padme snorted and crossed her arms unhappily. Harry smiled at the little tantrum that she was throwing.

"Hey! I can be careful at times," he said with confidence.

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"SHIT! R2 ..." Harry grunted as the ship rocked violently and lights flashed against the windscreen. "Divert power from the Primary Core! The Shield's Core is nearly depleted!" Harry cried out as he spun and twirled, trying desperately to avoid the constant cannon fire. It seemed that every air defense the planet had was turned on him the second he broke atmosphere. A vicious blast rocked the side of his ship, causing alarms to begin blaring. R2's panicked beeps weren't helping the situation. Harry barely had time to swerve and avoid two missiles that were sent his way.

Everything was so foggy that Harry had a hard time even seeing where the blasts were coming from. Two more massive booms made the ship shudder so hard that R2 was actually tossed up into the air and slammed into the wall. “No shield’s left!” Harry called out. Just then, the lights flickered, and they lost power. “Hold on!” Harry yelled and gritted his teeth.

Nothing but fog could be seen until the last second when a marshy bog came into view. He only had a second to react before his ship slammed into the ground. Pulling up as hard as possible, he was just able to level out and save the ship. The belly slammed into the ground, and they began skidding. Harry tried to control the damn thing, even though the idea was completely ridiculous. Eventually, the nose hit a deep spot and sunk in deep, causing the tail to rise high into the air before slamming back down.

“OOF!” Harry grunted as his body was jerked around. When the ship finally stopped, all he could hear was the groaning of it settling. “Are you okay?” he asked. R2 beeped out an affirmative. Harry winced and touched his forehead. His hand came back bloody. “Just fucking great,” he cursed and stood up. “Padme’s going to kill me,” he muttered as he acted quickly.

Harry jumped out of the ship and placed magical protections around it as quickly as possible. Just as the ship disappeared from view, probe droids flew by, looking for the wreckage. He carefully watched as they tried to track the ship’s location by the deep trench that was left behind. After a while, they flew off to continue the search. Once they were gone, Harry looked around and took stock of the situation. “Gross!” he said, rearing back as the ground beneath him bubbled and released some foul-smelling gas. Stomping his foot, he tested the area around him. It was quite squishy but seemed solid enough. He apparated onto the top of the ship and did a three-sixty turn. Around him was nothing but swampland. He went back down to examine the ship.

“Jeez,” he mumbled as he spotted the area the last two missiles hit. The area was massively scorched but was still holding strong. He was thankful that his enchantments hadn’t unraveled from the intense strain that they had been put under. He would definitely need to check them out. The entire ship was covered in mud and torn plants. He shuddered while thinking about how long it would take to clean his ship. ‘Thank god for droids,’ he told himself as he went inside. He was glad to see R2 already running diagnostics. “Turn on the backup power,” he told him.

The lights flickered on along with the ship’s computer. R2 beeped and brought up his report. “One Power Core is completely fried, and the other is damaged ... just wonderful,” Harry sighed. “Can you fix the damaged core?”

He was glad to hear that R2 could. The little droid rolled off to start working while Harry lumbered over to the Medical Bay and was given a pain reliever along with a spray of fake medical skin to cover his shallow wound. Harry removed his bloody and dirty clothes and

changed into a clean set. After that, he went back to the Bridge and put the Datacard back into the reader.

Adi Gallia was the name of the Tholothian Jedi Master that he was looking for. Tholothians were a near-human species who, instead of hair, had tentacles growing out of their heads. Adi Gallia was no exception. She was a good-looking woman with dark skin and stunning blue eyes. The picture provided showed her wearing a brown skullcap with milky-white tentacles protruding from them. Harry thought that she looked too young to be a Jedi Master. Perhaps the Tholothians aged slower than humans, he thought as he read up on her.

Her mission involved investigating Sith activities that could be traced back to Bilbousa, the capital city of Nal Hutta. There were few places in the galaxy that were more dangerous than the capital city of the Hutt's homeworld. Being deep in Hutt Space, there was no one around to help if you fell into trouble, which this woman obviously did. Harry brought up the map of Nal Hutta. He cursed when he discovered that he was not even close to the city. He didn't know how he was going to get there until he heard the sound of a ship outside. Using the ship's cameras, he saw that a scavenging ship was looking around for the wreckage. They obviously wanted to secure it for themselves to sell off the usable parts. He smiled knowing what Shaak would say. "The Force will provide what we need," he told himself and chuckled. He quickly gathered up what he would need and went outside.

Again, Harry stood on the top of his ship and waited. As the ship slowly flew by, Harry did as his Jedi women had taught him and used his powers to augment his body. He jumped dozens of stories into the air and landed on top of the scavenging ship. He ran over to the front window and peeked in. When he saw two Trandoshans look shocked at seeing him, he Apparated inside and clonked both of their heads together. They slumped over unconscious. Hitting them both with overpowered stunners, he pulled the Captain from his seat and unceremoniously dumped him on the floor of the Bridge. Taking his place, Harry once again brought up a map of Nal Hutta. Setting a course, he began flying in the direction of the city.

The ship that he had stolen wasn't in the best shape, and he would never be able to get it back to Eden. It didn't even have a hyperdrive installed. The best he could do was scavenge parts from it once he was done. He would decide what to do with it later. With its terrible engines, it took over an hour to reach Bilbousa.

Like the rest of the planet, Bilbousa was incredibly hot and humid and covered in a foggy haze. Everything was tinted green from being covered in moss or algae. This was definitely not a vacation planet. As he flew over, he spotted dozens of neon signs, all written in Huttese. Most buildings and shops were created out of massive natural pustules that sprang up from the ground here and there. The entire city looked retched.

Landing at a pay by the hour Landing Pad, Harry shelled out plenty of money into the automated money-collecting machine. He left the two Trandoshans on the ship under an extremely powerful sleeping spell. As Harry left the pad and began exploring the city, he noticed

that everywhere he went, there was a pervasive stench of rotting plant life. How people could live on this planet was a mystery to him. He made his way down the street to her last known whereabouts, looking at all of the different species walking up and down the road. Street vendors did their best to sell him their wares. Food, weapons, Deathsticks, and even slaves were offered to him at a range of different prices. Ignoring them, he carried on.

After some twists and turns, Harry finally arrived at a small Inn who's Hutttese name translated to Swamp Worm. 'Sounds cozy,' he thought as he walked in.

"Welcome! How can I help you?" asked a sickly-sweet voice of someone who was clearly faking their helpfulness. The being who owned the voice appeared to be a Clawdite, but Harry wasn't too sure about that.

"I need a room," Harry told him and tossed a few Peggats onto the counter. The being gave him his room number and keycard, and Harry immediately ignored it, instead going to the room that Adi Gallia rented. He stood outside of her door and examined it. There was no damage and it didn't appear that it had been replaced recently. Using his magic, he unlocked the door. Walking in, he looked around. Everything seemed to be in order. There was a datapad sitting on a small, circular table and a half-eaten nutrition bar. A few sets of clothing were hanging in the small closet ... all belonging to a female. The bed was made and there was no discarded clothing on the ground. Harry bent over to look underneath the bed when suddenly, he felt a pain on the back of his head and his world went dark.