

A Galaxy of Magic

Chapter 14

"Do you know where you want to go next?" Harry asked Aayla as he magically levitated a very heavy sublight engine component into place. After examining the engine closely, Aayla had discovered a hairline crack in one of the large power couplings. Luckily, it was an easy part to find and was relatively cheap. Once in place, Aayla used her hands to fit it perfectly and began bolting it down.

"I'm not sure. We need to discuss it with Shaak when they come back," she told him while continuing to work. Shaak and Maris had taken their landspeeder into town to sell more of their supplies. Getting their ship into proper working order was taking more time and money than they had previously thought. Time wasn't a problem for them, though. They really had nowhere else they needed to be, and despite the lawlessness of Tatooine, they had remained fairly safe. The magical alarms on his ship had only pinged him once when some little, weird creature called a Jawa had been snooping around. Harry quickly chased it off.

About an hour later, Shaak and Maris returned with a jingling bag full of coins. As soon as she saw him, Maris beamed and ran up to him, throwing her arms around his neck. Her lips quickly found his, and before long, she was moaning into his mouth. Aayla snorted and rolled her eyes. Harry's hand moved up her belly and under the thin strip of material that covered her breasts. Aayla watched as Harry palmed her covered tit and kneaded it. Maris looked quite sexy standing there as her sweaty chest was being played with.

"Give the poor man a chance to breathe," Shaak said, and Maris reluctantly pulled away. Shaak eagerly took her place and kissed Harry as well. Her intent was just to give him a quick kiss, but when his hands cupped her bottom, she couldn't stop herself from deepening it. Harry sucked on her tongue, and just like Maris, she moaned into his mouth.

"No control whatsoever," Aayla giggled while shaking her head. Shaak Ti didn't mind being teased, especially when Harry was greedily groping her tight ass. Though Aayla teased her friend, she could understand her actions. They had been forced to control their urges and blanket their emotions for so long that it was like a breath of fresh air now that they were free to act of their own will. Not to mention, the Force practically purred when Harry touched them, especially when things got sexual. The sensation could be very addictive. In fact, there were times when Aayla desperately wanted to skip work and training and keep Harry in bed. Shaak proved her point when she reached down and tried to stuff her hand down the front of his trousers. Unfortunately for her, his trousers were a little too tight.

"There will be plenty of time for that tonight, Shaak," Aayla chuckled. Harry broke the kiss and gave her round ass one last squeeze before they broke apart. "How did the sale go?" she asked.

“Don’t pretend like you weren’t fooling around with him while we were gone,” Shaak smiled knowingly while raising an eyebrow. Aayla held her head high, but blushed a darker blue nonetheless. “And the sale went fine. We received a little less than I had hoped for, but more than I had feared we would,” she said, handing Aayla the bag. “I’m going to go have a quick shower and change. I’m drenched in sweat,” she told them, wiping the sweat from her forehead with the back of her hand. That day had been particularly hot, which was why they had been staying on the ship for the most part. Harry eyed her sweaty cleavage, wishing it was time for bed.

“I’ll come with you. I need to cool down,” Maris said as her chest glistened with sweat.

“Now that you mention it, I could use a sh...”

“Oh, no you don’t!” Aayla interrupted him and grabbed his wrist. “We have work that needs to be finished. Work now ... Fun later,” she wisely stated. Shaak and Maris burst into giggles and sauntered off to the tent, their wide asses swaying and bouncing with every step. Harry longingly eyed their womanly forms as they left.

“Thank the Force. I thought they’d never leave,” Aayla cheekily said and pulled him into a passionate embrace, their tongues dueling and their hands exploring.

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Shaak and Maris stepped out of the bathroom and were instantly hit in the face with the smell of cooking meat. Maris’s stomach rumbled, and she blushed in embarrassment. Shaak chuckled and led her into the kitchen, where Harry was hovering over the stove, and Aayla stood behind him with her hands around his waist. The side of her head was flat against his back, and she wore a contented smile on her beautiful face. Shaak was very happy to see the peaceful scene. Aayla’s eyes opened, and she lifted her head from Harry’s back. “Done in the bathroom?”

“Yes. We stayed in a little longer than necessary, but the cold water felt really good after being in the heat for so long,” Shaak said, smiling at her. Aayla pulled away from Harry and stretched. Her large, round breasts lifted with her arms and jiggled when Aayla dropped them to her side.

“How long until the food’s done?” Aayla asked Harry. He looked over his shoulder at her.

“Not too much longer. Fifteen minutes, I’d say,” he said, flipping over four thick, juicy steaks. They sizzled loudly when he pressed them against the hot skillet. Aayla nodded and yawned.

“I’ll go take a quick shower then,” she told them and left for the bathroom.

“Feeling refreshed?” Harry asked them as he closely watched the steaks. None of the women liked their meat overcooked. He flipped the steaks again.

"Very," Maris answered, eager to get her hands on him again. Harry turned and smiled at her. He then eyed her up. On top, she wore a baggy tank top that was cropped very short. The hem barely covered the bottom of her breasts. He swept his eyes down her toned belly and saw that she was only wearing a pair of white panties. They looked very tight and hugged her womanhood perfectly. Shaak, on the other hand, wore her typical strappy outfit, which showed off most of her athletic physique. Maris sat down while Shaak took Aayla's spot behind him. Her arms snaked around his waist, and one of her hands slid under his shirt while the other squeezed the bulge in his trousers.

Maris watched as Harry spun around and wrapped his arms around Shaak's waist. His lips found her neck, and Shaak tilted her head and moaned when he began sucking on her skin. "Mmm ... I like that," Shaak moaned in a breathy voice.

"How about this?" Harry teasingly asked and pulled the string from between her red, pillowy cheeks.

Shaak's legs were slightly open, and Maris could see her exposed, puffy lips right before Harry's hand slid between her thighs. Harry began massaging her lips, and within seconds, the entire kitchen smelled like wet pussy. The erotic smell heightened her own arousal, and Maris could feel her pussy getting wet as well. She couldn't take her eyes off the erotic sight of Harry so blatantly playing with Shaak's pussy right in front of her. It was obvious Shaak didn't mind at all. Her wide hips began wiggling from side to side as she ground her pussy against his fingers. Maris gasped when she saw one of his fingers penetrate her, and Shaak seemed to really enjoy it. Shaak Ti moaned and threw her head back. Harry's mouth was sucking on her throat, and Maris could see a look of pure lust written across her face.

Maris's hands were slightly shaking as she spread her legs slightly. She ran her fingers down her hips and caressed the highest part of her inner thighs as she watched Shaak getting fingered right there in the kitchen. Maris then noticed streaks of wetness running down the inside of Shaak's thighs, and when she looked back up, Harry's lips had left her neck and were now peppering her cleavage with soft kisses. Maris couldn't take it anymore. She had been so horny all day, and all she could think about was when they would finally go to bed. The tingling in her pussy was getting very annoying, and she desperately needed to do something about it. Her legs spread wider, and the tips of her fingers slipped under the waistband of her panties. "Faster! Harder!" she heard Shaak gasp, and Harry responded by moving his finger faster. The sound of squelching echoed off the walls of the kitchen, nearly drowning out the sizzling of their meat.

Shaak gripped his shoulders roughly, trying to keep her legs from giving out as her wet, silky walls clung to his thrusting finger. Maris trembled badly, and her fingers pushed deeper into her panties. She shuddered when they brushed across her perfectly smooth mound and bumped into her hard clit. Lightly biting her lower lip, she moved her fingers in circles around her swollen bead. Though she tried not to, a moan escaped her lips. The show was simply too good.

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Aayla left the bathroom and headed straight for the kitchen. As soon as she entered, the smell of sex hung thickly in the air. She caught sight of Shaak Ti, and she couldn't help but roll her eyes. It didn't shock her at all to discover that Shaak had decided to indulge herself as soon as she had left the room. Harry's fingers were buried deep between her legs, and Shaak was crying out as her body trembled badly. Pussy juice was rolling down the inside of her thighs and dripping on the nice, clean floor. The straps of her top had been pulled apart, exposing her breasts to the room. Harry's mouth was firmly attached to one of her hard nipples, and Shaak was arching her back, trying to stuff as much of it as she could into it. At the dinner table, Maris had her legs spread wide and was furiously fingering herself while watching the spectacle. A sizzling sound pulled her attention away from the erotic scene. "Harry! You're going to burn the food," she whined, deciding to be the voice of reason.

She quickly moved to the stove and pulled the steaks off the skillet. "Sorry," Harry apologized after letting go of Shaak's stiff, crinkled nipple. Shaak squealed and fell into his arms as she continued to orgasm. Maris was still squeaking and trembling while her hand was stuffed down the front of her panties. Harry turned off the stove and moved the plate of meat aside. He looked at her, and his eyes roamed up and down her body.

Aayla had decided to tease him by only wearing a pair of panties. Her bare breasts were on full display, and as Harry gazed at her mostly nude body, she teased him further by slightly arching her back to accentuate her breasts. She smiled sweetly at him. "So what do you think?" she asked, shaking her chest slightly, causing her big tits to sway from side to side.

"I think I'm about to skip dinner and take you straight to bed," he teased her back and reached out. He hooked his fingers under the waistband of her panties and pulled her forward. Aayla giggled as she was pulled into his arms, and her breasts were pressed against his chest. Her nipples were rock hard from the cold shower, and she knew he could feel them poking his skin. Maris looked to be about three seconds from lunging forward, dropping to her knees, and sucking him off. Instead, Aayla wrapped her arms around the back of his neck and kissed him deeply. She moaned as his fingers glided down her back and tickled her delicate skin. When his hands found her ass, Aayla broke free and lightly smacked him on the chest. She knew that if they started up, she would never be able to stop until she was properly satiated.

Harry seemed to know what she was thinking and sighed. Maris squeaked as she came around her fingers while Harry plated their food. They were all eager to get to bed and ate as fast as possible.

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Harry lay in the middle of the bed with two satisfied women on either side of him. Shaak Ti was nearly there and was rolling her hips wildly as she straddled his lap. "I love how tight you are," Harry moaned as he caressed her smooth thighs. Shaak loved hearing this, and her pussy

clenched even tighter. She was leaning back and holding onto his thighs, and her round tits were perfectly displayed as she rode his cock to completion. Her head tilted back, and she let out a guttural moan just as her body began trembling. Her jiggling tits caught his attention, and Harry ran his hands up her sides and squeezed her breasts. He could feel her walls rippling and contracting around his shaft.

“By the Force!” Shaak Ti cried out and fell forward. Harry caught her in his arms and held her tightly as he thrust upward. Her cumming pussy felt too good, and he couldn’t hold on any longer. Harry grunted and spilled his seed into her. Her quivering pussy milked him for every last drop, and when he was spent, Shaak flattened out and laid directly on top of him. His cock was still hard and buried deep inside of her. “It’s been such a long day,” she said, breathing heavily. “I really needed that.”

“Happy to help,” Harry chuckled, making Maris giggle. All four took a few minutes to catch their breath, and Shaak didn’t seem like she was going to get off of him any time soon. He slid his hands down her back, lightly grazing her soft skin. When he reached her ass, he grabbed two handfuls and began kneading, making Shaak mewl sexily. “Do you know how much longer it’ll be until the ship is finished?” he asked, turning to Aayla.

The sexy, blue-skinned Twi’lek was flat on her back with one bare leg lying straight and the other bent at the knee and spread open. Harry could see that her pussy was still very wet. Her fingers were caressing her lower belly and smooth mound while watching him.

“A couple of days at the most. I need to work on the shield generator, and the cable connecting the power core and the weapon system needs to be replaced,” she explained and used her free hand to caress the length of his forearm. Aayla watched Shaak Ti pepper his bare chest with soft kisses while her ass wiggled around. She had learned that Shaak was quite voracious in bed and would go again and again if allowed. Aayla pushed herself into a sitting position and reached over, smacking Shaak on the ass. “It’s my turn,” she told her.

Shaak sighed and scooted up his body. Aayla saw his cock slipping from Shaak’s wet, messy pussy, and when it finally pulled free, she could see that it was smeared with her thick, white cream. Shaak had made a mess of him. Instead of getting off of him, she simply moved so high up his body that she was now straddling his chest. Her hips began to roll, and she was soon full-on grinding herself against his skin. Aayla rolled her eyes. ‘At least she gave me enough room,’ she thought as she crawled between Harry’s legs. On her hands and knees between Harry’s legs, she wrapped one hand around the base of his cock while the other cupped his arousal-slickened balls. Leaning down, she dragged her tongue up the length of his shaft, licking up all of Shaak’s drippings. She moaned and wiggled her tongue around the tip, making his cock jump in her hand. She then popped the head into her mouth and began sucking him like there was no tomorrow. Aayla found she enjoyed the taste of Shaak Ti on Harry’s cock. She especially enjoyed the sensation of her throat stretching around his impressive girth.

It made her feel good to hear him moan, and Aayla doubled her effort. While sucking him off, she gently massaged his sack. When Harry was nice and clean, Aayla pulled him from her mouth and mounted his lap. Her front pressed against Shaak's back, and Shaak's movements caused her nipples to rub against her warm skin. Aayla shuddered and reached down, grabbing hold of Harry's shaft. She dragged his thick head up and down her slit, making sure he was fully lubricated before stuffing the head in. Her hairless lips stretched around it, and when she dropped down, Aayla threw her head back and gasped. Her pussy was already contracting as though it knew what was going to come next. With not a lot of room between them, Aayla had to place her hands on Shaak's wide hips. Shaak didn't object and kept rolling her hips and rubbing her pussy all over Harry's chest. Aayla quickly got into rhythm with her friend, and soon their hips were rolling in sync. "He's only been inside of me less than a minute, and I'm already going to orgasm," Aayla moaned as her pussy clung to his skin.

Shaak Ti chuckled and arched her back, pressing harder into Aayla's tits. "I know the feeling," she happily stated as Aayla's hands slid up her sides and made her skin tingle. Meanwhile, Harry was playing with Maris's breasts as she rubbed herself beside them. Not even a minute later, Aayla cried out and collapsed onto Shaak's nude back as her pussy clamped down on him.

When they had all finished having their fun, Harry found himself tangled up with his three women. Maris was cuddled deeply into his side with her head resting on his chest, while Aayla, on his other side, was resting against his shoulder. Shaak was pressed against Maris's back. He gently stroked Aayla's lekku and asked, "Where do you think we should go when we leave Tatooine, Shaak?"

She propped her head up and rested her chin against her flat palm. "I've been thinking about this a lot," she said. "This whole Galactic Empire garbage has just begun, but it's going to get worse before it gets better. Truthfully, I doubt it will get better at all unless someone does something about it."

"The Jedi are no more," Aayla told her, the sadness evident in her voice. Harry tickled the base of her neck, which made her shudder.

"The Jedi Order is no more," Shaak Ti corrected her. "Though the Jedi have certainly dwindled in number, there are still some out there who are ready to fight back."

"So you're saying we should find them?" Maris asked as her delicate fingers toyed with his skin.

"I think we should at least try, and the best time is now. The Empire hasn't yet taken hold of the galaxy, and the longer we wait, the more Jedi will perish," Shaak Ti wisely told them.

"So where do we start?" Aayla asked. "We have no clue as to where the Jedi have scattered. Those who survived the purge are likely spread all throughout the galaxy."

"I think our best bet is to try Alderaan," Shaak said.

"Senator Organa?" Aayla asked, and Shaak Ti nodded.

"He's always been a staunch proponent of the Jedi and one of our greatest allies. Perhaps some of our brethren have gone to him in our time of need," Shaak concluded. Harry didn't have much to add since he had never heard of Alderaan or the Senator. Instead, he just listened. Aayla was quiet as she thought it over.

"Alderaan's in the galactic core. That's probably the most dangerous place to be right now," she warned, and Shaak couldn't argue with that.

"It's potentially dangerous, but I think it's worth the risk. We can go in undercover as merchants and have a look around. If we deem it safe, then we can try to make contact. If we find the planet crawling with clone troopers, then we'll leave," Shaak Ti said.

"I think we'll be safe if we stay together. If something goes wrong, we'll use an emergency portkey to take us right back to the ship," Harry added.

"Alright ... Let's do it. I want us to be cautious, though. I don't want us to take any unnecessary risks," Aayla told them. Besides their betrayal at the hands of Palpatine, Aayla was enjoying her life more than she ever had, and she didn't want to lose that. Neither of the others did either. They all quickly agreed and stayed up several hours working on their plan.

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The following day, Aayla was busy working on the ship and didn't need his help. Shaak and Maris were trying to sell as much of their stolen loot as possible, which left Harry with nothing to do. As such, he apparated into a back alley in town and was immediately met with a terrified scream. Turning around, he saw an old human woman turn and try to get as far away from him as possible. Harry pointed a finger at her, and she froze in place. Not wanting to harm her, but also not wanting her to remember him appearing out of thin air, Harry was as gentle as possible as he erased the last few seconds from her memory. With that done, he unfroze her and walked away as she blinked away the brain fog.

With nothing to do, Harry walked around for a while, seeing what kind of trouble he could get himself into. It was easy to see that Mos Espa was a crime-ridden city. Everywhere he looked, various scumbags were doing something they shouldn't. One particularly slimy alien that appeared somewhat aquatic in nature actually kicked a child into a large pile of bantha shit. The alien and his friends had a right good laugh at that. Harry was less amused and didn't feel bad at all when he used his magic to make the alien trip and fall, his face landing in that same pile of shit. His friends laughed even harder at his expense. When a scuffle broke out between them, Harry tossed up a subtle repelling charm on the area and summoned their coin pouches. He removed the charm and left the area with a smile.

A short time later, he came upon a cantina and was thinking about getting himself a nice, cold drink when a dozen men of various species came flying up on what could only be called a motorcycle without wheels. They were all wearing brown leather vests, and everyone around them took a few steps back and gave them a wide berth. Harry easily spotted the leader of this gang. He was the biggest and most dangerous-looking. He also had the coolest-looking bike. The other bikes were scuffed and looked heavily driven. His did have a few scuffs and was quite dirty from riding over the endless sand of Tatooine, but it looked in much better condition than the others. Harry had never wanted anything more in his life. The leader pulled a bottle from one of the saddlebags and drank down the remaining liquid. He burped loudly and chucked the empty bottle at a passing bystander. It got a good laugh from his mates. They laughed, cheered, and punched each other on the shoulder as they walked into the cantina. Harry remained outside until everyone went back to their normal business. Harry walked up to the bike and examined it closely.

It had handlebars, bars on the handles that looked like brakes on a bicycle, and several buttons on the dash. Harry climbed on and looked around. "How the hell do you start this thing?" he asked himself. He didn't realize he had spoken in Huttese until the man who had had the bottle thrown at him walked up.

"Press that button right there and twist the hand grip toward you," he said with a smirk and walked off.

"Thanks mate!" Harry called out and did just what he said. He pressed the button and twisted the grip. The bike hummed to life, and Harry was flooded with excitement. Not knowing how to fly it, Harry tested it out. He pressed down on the right handbar very lightly, and the bike jerked forward. He did it again, holding it down by the slightest amount, and crept forward inch after inch. He then pressed the left handbar, and the bike stopped instantly. "Alright ... Right one go ... Left one stop. Let's give it a try," Harry said with a huge smile.

He hit the accelerator a little harder than he should have, and Harry shot forward. He was barely able to turn it in time to avoid crashing straight into the cantina. Instead, he rammed several of the other bikes and sent them tumbling across the street with a loud, metallic crunch. "Woah!" Harry's voice warbled as he avoided hitting a building on the other side of the street. He flew down the street a little too fast and nearly plowed right into a group of onlookers. He hit the brakes and turned the handle, forcing him into an uncontrolled slide. Seeing that he was going to ram the side of the bike into a different building, Harry hit the accelerator and shot forward, heading straight back toward the cantina. By then, the ruckus had brought out the gang, and they were none too pleased about what he had just done. Blaster fire began whizzing past his head, and Harry quickly tossed up a magical shield to protect himself. The shield flashed violently as blaster shots impacted it. Through the magical haze, Harry could see some of the gang jumping on the bikes that he hadn't wrecked, and he was sure they were going to try to catch him. As he passed, Harry hit the bikes with a powerful Banishing Charm, sending the

bikes and their riders crashing in all directions. Their screams were music to his ears, but he didn't expect the leader to so brazenly jump onto the passing bike.

"Give me back my speeder bike, you lump of shit!" he yelled over the wind and repulsors.
"You're a dead man!"

The leader was dangling over the side of the bike, his booted feet scraping along the sandy street. He tugged hard on Harry's shirt, nearly pulling him over the side. "Get off my bike, asshole!" Harry yelled back, raining hammer fists down on the top of his lumpy head.

"It's my bike, you human pit-stain!" he shot back, moving his head from side to side while trying to avoid Harry's fists. Harry was having quite a time trying to hit him while avoiding the many obstacles in front of him.

"No, it's not!" Harry yelled and started swerving the bike from side to side, trying to wrench him loose.

"Yes, it is!" the man childishly screamed louder and threw his hand out. Harry's eyes flashed as he was punched in the temple by a very hard right cross. The guy was stronger than he had thought.

"I said ... GET ... THE ... FUCK ... OFF!" Harry yelled, whacking him on the head after every word. When all the words had left his mouth, Harry leaned his body to the left and put his boot right in the man's face. He pushed hard with his leg, sending the leader flying off the bike at breakneck speed.

"AAAAAARRRRRGH!" Harry heard him yell, and when he looked over his shoulder, he saw the leader sliding down the wall of a building. It was clear he wouldn't be getting up any time soon.

Harry followed the road until he reached the main street. He followed it and eventually passed the city wall. Out in the open desert, Harry whooped and hollered with joy. "WOOOOOHOOOO!" she shouted, punching the air in triumph. "Pfft ... Pffft!" Harry spat after getting a mouthful of sand. He spent the next hour learning how to properly ride his new toy before turning around and heading back toward the ship.