

Galactic Wizardry

Chapter 9

Aayla stared in amazement at the power of the lightsaber. She could sense the destructive power that it held. She only hoped that it never fell into the wrong hands. All three girls were shivering when he finally turned it off. Instantly, the chilliness of the room began to fade as the room compensated for the drop in temperature.

“Wow! I’m impressed,” said Sabe. Padme nodded in agreement.

“Unfortunately, I don’t know how to use it. So it’ll have to rest on my hip until I do,” Harry told them, clipping it to a magnetic holder on his belt that usually held a third Thermal Detonator. Two would serve him just fine. Soon after, the girls spent some time with him before they needed to do their duties for the day.

Galactic Wizardry

“Are you sure about this?” Mace Windu asked Master Yoda.

“Sure of what I saw, I am. Sure a Sith is close by, I am,” Yoda told him with confidence. The Force hadn’t been so clear for a very long time.

“This is disturbing. To have a Sith so close and actively plotting against us without us knowing ...” He trailed off while staring out of the window and watching the speeders flying by in the distance.

“This is a major failure on our part. A failure that could prove disastrous,” Jedi Master Shaak Ti joined in. She was the third member of their small band of trusted Masters. So far, only Mace and she knew what Yoda had seen. The fact that he only trusted the two of them told her a lot. It told her that he couldn’t even trust everyone in the Order just yet, and it told her that what he saw was serious enough to immediately start making plans to counter it, even years in advance.

Shaak Ti was considered one of the wisest of the Order which was likely why she was chosen to be let in on the secret.

“Perhaps not,” Yoda said in his strange way of speaking. “A gift from the Force we have been given. A head start we have. Make plans we must.”

Mace Windu nodded in consent. “Should we tell others, that’s the question.”

“Not for now. In time we will,” Yoda replied.

“So how should we start?” asked Shaak Ti. As patient as she usually was, she was eager to get started. She had given her life to the Order and didn’t want to see it destroyed.

“Master Windu and I to begin making plans, we will. Find Padawan Secura you must,” Yoda said, giving her his instructions. Shaak Ti nodded.

“Then there’s not a moment to lose. I’ll begin right away. May the Force be with you both,” she nodded and left the secure room. She made her way through the maze of living quarters until she reached hers. The door automatically slid open when it recognized her. Her room was small and contained only the basics. As a Jedi, it was forbidden to own anything beyond the necessities. As such, her walls were bare of any pictures, decorations, or mementos. Placing a soft mat on the floor, she sat down and began meditating.

Yoda had already inquired about Aayla Secura’s whereabouts. Not even her former Master knew where she was. Deciding that she would let the Force guide her, she meditated until she got a feeling on where to go. It wasn’t much, just a general direction, but while she was traveling, she would try and narrow it down.

Galactic Wizardry

“Harry?” Padme called out for him as she walked into her Royal Suite.

“In here!” he called back while sitting in his favorite chair and scrolling through his datapad. He liked to keep up to date on the prices of certain items. If some of the more expensive items suddenly disappeared from certain Trade Federation planets, then that would be a damn shame. Padme smiled when she saw him. Bounding up to him, she sat on his lap and kissed his cheek.

“I need a favor,” she told him sweetly. Aayla walked over and sat nearby. “When the Trade Federation invaded the planet, they stole some ancient Nabooan artifacts that we hadn’t been able to find. We just received word from a paid informant that they are being held on the planet Drexel.”

“Drexel?” Aayla asked, having never heard of it.

“It’s a water world with ships that act as floating cities. It’s in the Outer Rim, not far from here,” Padme answered her.

“I take it that you want me to go pick them up without paying?” he inquired, smirking at the young Queen.

“Yes. There’s no way that we’re paying for something that rightfully belongs to us!” she said heatedly. “I would normally ask someone else to go, but we’re running out of time. They’re scheduled to be sold within the next few days.”

"Well then, we better get going. Send us any relevant information that you can find," Harry said, kissing the top of her head as Aayla stood up and hugged her.

"I will! Thanks, Harry," she said waving at him as he apparated back to the ship.

As they sat in their chairs, Harry began calculating the hyperspace route. He heard a beep from the computer. "The information came through," said Aayla, reading through. "It says to watch out for pirates and slavers."

"Are there a lot of them in the area?" Harry asked, pressing buttons and flipping switches on the console.

"I'm not sure. It's the Outer Rim, so probably."

"Good to know," Harry replied as they lifted off.

The journey wasn't too bad. They had to make a couple of stops and go a bit off the beaten path, but after a few hours, they dropped out of hyperspace.

"Keep your eyes open," Harry ordered as he checked the sensors. Seeing as how there was no planetary security, he went to max speed and quickly broke through the atmosphere.

"Turn the ship to the right two degrees. The city that we're looking for is roughly a quarter of the planet away from here," Aayla informed him.

Harry nodded and did what she said. "I'll keep us at the edge of the atmo where the air is thin."

It wasn't long before they got close. "Take us down," she told him. "We're nearly there." Harry pushed down on the controls and dove closer to the water. As they broke through the cloud layer, their ship was immediately lashed with rain and wind. Vicious flashes of light lit up their front window as lightning battered the ocean's surface. "Right over there!" Aayla pointed. Harry squinted while trying to peer through the gloominess.

"I see it," he responded and aimed for the giant ship. Suddenly, the comms crackled to life. "Deal with them." He was concentrating on keeping the ship straight. The winds were fierce enough to make his large ship shudder. After a moment, Aayla cut off the communicator. She punched a few buttons on the console.

"Fly this way until you see a lit-up landing pad," she said, pointing in the distance. He flew for about five minutes until he spotted the lights shining through the rain. Pulling around, he expertly touched down and powered down the ship.

"The vault is on the bottom level. Do you have an idea on how we can get in?" Harry had been thinking about it during their trip.

"It has many security features, so using my powers against it may not be the best idea. To open it, the locks need to be activated at two different points. One at the vault entrance, and the other in the vault owner's cabin." Aayla nodded.

"Yes. One is a keycard and the other is activated through biometrics. The keycard is used at the vault entrance," she added, having read the same information packet. "We know where the cabin is, but we don't know who holds the keycard."

"We need to find this Zabrak that owns the vault. I can use my powers to figure out who has the card. We'll decide how to go about it once we have more information," Harry said, standing up. Opening the Armory, they each kitted out until they were satisfied. "R2!" he called out. "Watch the ship." Hearing a beep in the distance, they lowered the ramp and stopped short when they saw the amount of rainfall. Not being keen on getting soaked, Harry hit them both with Impervius Charms. Seeing him walk into the rain, Aayla followed him and squeaked in surprise when she found herself dry and warm. They walked into the closest entrance where Harry shrugged off the charms. "Over here," he whispered and led them to a computer terminal sticking out of the wall.

Aayla got on the computer and located the Zabrak's room. "Not even close to walking distance. We'll have to take the underground transport pods," she explained, typing in some more things. "I found the closest entrance to the underground. Follow me."

She expertly guided them down corridors and around corners until they finally went through an automatic door and a set of stairs. Immediately, he was overcome by the strong smell of stale piss. 'Why do subways always smell like piss?' he silently wondered. They ignored the grossness of it all and made their way to a free pod. Paying for it, Harry let Aayla get in first when the hatch had opened. Getting in after her, the hatch closed, and they zipped away. The pod moved incredibly fast, and Harry marveled as their surroundings blurred behind the windows. After a ten-minute trip, the pod slowed before stopping completely. The hatched opened once again, and they stepped out. Harry walked over to a holographic map and checked. He nodded in satisfaction. "It's in the building right above us. Level 680."

"Good. Let's go," Aayla said, leading him to an elevator. Getting in, they rode it all the way up until they reached the correct level. After exiting, finding the correct door wasn't hard. Harry cast a Homenum Revelio and saw a human-shaped outline inside.

"I think he's in," Harry whispered into her conical ear. "We need him conscious."

"There's a camera at the door, so I'll knock. He'll be much more likely to open it for me if I'm alone," she said, adjusting her top to show off the maximum amount of cleavage. "You go

invisible and get him when possible. Harry nodded and turned invisible. Standing off to the side of the door, he watched Aayla.

The gorgeous Twi-lek pushed a button on the door and suddenly what looked like an eye at the end of a stick shot out of a hole in the door. Harry saw it look her up and down and even stare at her sexy chest. Before long, it retracted. They waited for a moment before the door slid open. The pale white Zabrak in question casually walked out of the room and started hitting on Aayla. Seeing his chance, Harry grabbed him in a chokehold. Gasping and struggling, he pulled out a communicator only for Aayla to kick it out of his hand. As Harry pulled him into the room, Aayla grabbed the fallen communicator and followed them inside. The Zabrak was still struggling so Aayla punched him right in the kidney. Grunting in pain, the Zabrak dropped to its knees, clutching its side. Pulling out a small syringe, Aayla dosed him with a small amount of sedative.

"There! It's not enough to put him out, but enough to keep him weak and sluggish," she told him. Harry immediately got to work and dove into its mind. Going through his mind wasn't as easy as going through a human's. He wasn't sure how long it took, but eventually, he found what he was looking for. Tying up his hands and feet, Harry left him on the floor.

"The card is with a human named Rhanik. He lives in this building, down in the lower levels, but spends his free time in the strip club on level two. He should be there now," Harry told her. "You go get the card. I'll work my way down to the vault. Once there I'll memorize it so I can apparate back. I'll meet you back here and take you there once you have the card."

"Got it. Be careful!" she said, turning to exit the room.

"You too," Harry responded. When she left the room, Harry took a quick look around. The Zabrak was a piece of shit that was in cahoots with the Trade Federation. Harry had no qualms about stealing from this idiot. A few pieces of jewelry and a stack of credits later and Harry was on his way. Going into the elevator, he typed in a special code that he pulled from his mind. Most of the low-income apartments were located below deck, but the lowest parts were off-limits to most people. The only ones that had access were maintenance staff and owners of vaults. The elevator lowered deep into the bowels of the floating city, and when Harry finally stepped out of it, he heard the muffled songs of the Sea-Dragons reverberating off of the hull of the giant ship. It only took a short while before Harry found the correct vault.

Galactic Wizardry

As Aayla entered the club, she smelled the special blend of powder and lotion that was so popular with exotic dancers. Humans, Twi-leks, Zeltrons, and many more species were dancing on private platforms while horny beings of all kinds lusted after them. Aayla had never seen so many naked tits at once in all her life. Seeing a fellow Twi-lek walking by holding a tray of drinks, Aayla quickly stopped her.

"Can you point out a human named Rhanik for me? He's a regular," Aayla asked, holding up a stack of credits. The Twi-lek quickly snatched them up and stuffed them into her vast cleavage.

"Over there near the corner, with the green hair," she answered before walking off. The man was sitting alone, drinking a tall glass of some colorful liquid. She stopped and studied him. He seemed to always be eyeing up either Twi-leks or Zeltrons. It wasn't surprising. She heard that human males often had kinks involving those two species since they were near-human, but still different enough to make things exciting. Harry certainly enjoyed spending time with her, she thought with a smirk.

Taking a moment to come up with a plan, she finally made her way backstage. She had to be sneaky. She couldn't just go up to him and kick him in the head. He may have friends here that weren't afraid to fire a blaster in her direction. Going back into the changing area wasn't difficult for her since her species was often involved with dancing and prostitution. No one batted an eye as she walked through, seeing different females in various stages of nudity. Finding an empty area, she walked up to a rack of clothes and picked something out. Putting them on, she looked at herself in the mirror. Nodding with satisfaction, she grabbed a tiny pill from the belt that was still on her pants and stuffed it into the bra that she was wearing. Hiding her clothes nearby, she walked back into the bar with confidence.

Rhanik was swigging down his drink while trying to relax after a long day of blackmail and racketeering. Like most days, he spent his time off of work here so he could check out the local talent. If he had had a good day, he may even pay to enjoy the night with a dancer or two. His good days outnumbered the bad ones since joining up with the Trade Federation. They always had plenty of work and paid well. His thoughts were cut off when he spotted an incredibly sexy, blue Twi-lek walking toward him. He hadn't seen her here before, but that didn't matter to him. There were always new girls coming and going. When she stopped in front of his booth, she struck a simple pose that accentuated her curves.

"Would you mind if I took a seat?" Aayla smiled. The man happily scooted over and allowed her to sit down. Almost immediately, his hand was on her thigh.

"I haven't seen you before. New here?" he asked, taking another sip of his drink.

"My first day," Aayla answered, pressing in close to him. When he looked toward the main stage, she subtly pulled the pill from her bra and held it out of sight. "I was hoping to earn a few credits. How about we go into the VIP area and enjoy ourselves?" she asked, sticking out her healthy chest. The man didn't even pretend that he wasn't looking.

"I don't know. Is it worth it?" he teased. Aayla smiled sexily. She got up and leaned over, rubbing her cleavage all over his face. While he was occupied, she dropped the pill into his drink. It fizzed for a second before becoming diluted.

"You tell me?" Aayla said, releasing his face. He had a huge smile on his face.

“Definitely!” he declared. “Let’s go!” He got up and grabbed his drink. Swallowing the rest down in a single swig, he placed the glass down onto the table. Aayla grabbed his hand and led him to the VIP area. As they were walking, he was already beginning to stumble a bit. Anyone seeing it would assume that he had just had a few too many. Pulling him into an empty cubicle with a C-shaped couch, she pushed him onto it.

“Uuuugg!” he groaned as his back hit the couch. His head was spinning as was the room around him. He never noticed the fist flying through the air before it cracked his jaw. As he slumped over unconscious, Aayla frisked him. Grabbing his credits for herself, she continued to search before finding the card in his back pocket. Without any need for him, she grabbed him and unceremoniously tossed him behind the couch where he would hopefully go unnoticed for a good few hours. Leaving the VIP area, she went back to the changing area and grabbed her clothes. Changing back, she left the changing room and the club before making her way back to the Zabrak’s room.

Galactic Wizardry

Harry had been waiting for nearly half an hour, but he wasn’t worried. Aayla was more than capable of handling herself. Sure enough, a few moments later she knocked on the door. Harry opened it and let her in. She smiled and waved the card in front of him. Harry smiled. “Good job!” he praised her.

Her cheeks turned a darker shade of blue as she smiled back. “Are you ready?” Harry asked.

“I’m ready,” she said, taking his hand. He apparated her down to the vault.

“Turn on your communicator. When I say so, slide the card in here,” he told her, showing her the spot. “Here.” Harry handed her a folded-up bag from his pouch. “An expanded bag. You remember what the items look like?” Aayla nodded.

“We’ll only have five minutes before some nasty security features activate, so we need to be out by then. We first get everything on the list before grabbing any other goodies,” Harry smiled. Aayla smiled as well. “I’ll see you in a minute,” he told her, kissing her forehead.

Harry appeared back in the apartment only to see the Zabrak slowly slinking across the floor. Harry went up to the wall and typed in a code. A panel slid open and revealed the bioscanner. Harry turned on his communicator. “Can you hear me?”

“Loud and clear,” came Aayla’s voice.

Grabbing the drugged Zabrak, Harry carried him over to the scanner. He held his face up to it and waited for it to be scanned. When the light turned green, he dropped him like a sack of potatoes. “Now!”

"It's opening!" her voice rang out. Apparating to her side, Harry pulled out his own sack. As soon as the door was opened enough, both slipped in and looked around. There wasn't much. A small pile of credit ingots littered one counter, and there were items placed here and there.

"Right here!" Aayla declared and ran to one corner. They took inventory.

"Yep. That's all of them. Hurry and pack them up," Harry told her. Aayla nodded and began stuffing them into her bag. Harry ran over and scooped the entire pile of credits into his bag. After that, they grabbed everything else that they could, including a few pieces of moderately valuable artwork and sculptures, datacards, bootleg system software for starships, and anything else that they could get their greedy hands on. Checking the time, he said, "Alright. Let's go."

Aayla grabbed his hand and they reappeared on their ship. Placing their sacks down, they hopped into their seats and fired the ship up. A minute later, they were leaving the atmosphere. They were just about to congratulate themselves on a job well down when the ship was rocked with cannon fire. Another shot just missed and flew past them.

"Shields at maximum strength!" Aayla cried out, reading the instruments. The ship lurched again as it took another hit. Harry pulled up hard on the controls and did a loop-de-loop.

"Take the controls!" Harry called out, getting out of his seat. He moved over to an area that he installed not that long ago. Sitting in the seat, he pulled down a screen so that it was right in front of his face. Grabbing the hand controls, he turned them. At the same time, a massive turret lowered out of the bottom of the ship. Harry caught a glimpse of their pursuers.

"Five starfighters and a large freighter are on our tail!" he yelled out with a massive smile on his face. "Woohoo!" he whooped as he took aim.

"You're an idiot!" came Aayla's reply.

As Harry kept them in his crosshairs, he could tell that they were decent pilots, but not among the best. He turned the gun slightly to the right and opened fire. Twin cannon blasts erupted from his guns and made the lead fighter dodge. Unfortunately, the fighter tailing him took the full brunt of the blast. Harry watched happily as one fighter spiraled off to the side and exploded. Just then, cannon bolts whizzed past his camera.

"They're trying to take out my gun!" he warned Aayla.

Aayla closed her eyes and let the Force guide her. Immediately, Harry noticed the difference. Every blast seemed to miss them by mere inches. Harry returned fire and quickly took out two more. The freighter was trailing behind at a safe distance. Harry took a few potshots at it just to remind it to stay out of the fight. Suddenly, Aayla pulled up and gifted him with a perfect opportunity. Both fighters were lined up perfectly, and he let loose. Multiple shots raked the tops

of their fighters. One fighter was torn in two while another shot went directly into the cockpit of the last fighter. With what must have been a grizzly death, the fighter spun out of control and disappeared out of sight. Aayla pulled to the side at the last second only for a missile to fly past them. It looked like the freighter had decided to join in. Pressing a button on his panel, two mini-missiles became armed, and Harry took aim. Just as his finger was about to press the trigger, another fighter rocked the freighter with cannon fire. The freighter sparked before catching fire. Harry could see a flickering, orange glow through the cockpit window. It pulled away and out of sight.

Harry took aim at the fighter but didn't fire.

"Harry! We're getting hailed," Aayla called out to him.

"Answer it!" he called back, keeping the fighter in his sights.

"It's Master Ti! She's a Master on the Jedi Council. She's in the fighter behind us."

Harry turned off and retracted the turret before going back to the cockpit. Sitting back in his seat, he asked, "What does she want?"

"Greetings," came a feminine voice. "I am Shaak Ti. I've been tasked with finding Padawan Secura. The Grand Master of our order needs to speak with her urgently."

Harry looked at Aayla and muted them. "It's up to you." Aayla bit her lip and nodded.

"I'll speak with him." Harry unmuted them.

"We're on our way to Naboo. You can speak with her there," Harry told the Jedi Master.

"You can land on our private pad, NLP4B. I'll see you there Master Ti," Aayla told her.

"Very well. May the Force be with you."

"And with you," she replied before the communication was cut off. Harry looked at her.

"Any idea what this is about?"

"Not in the least. I guess we'll find out."

They weren't too worried. The Jedi wouldn't be dumb enough to try anything on Naboo, especially when they were so close to the current Monarch. Calculating the route back to Naboo, Harry pushed forward on the throttle and watched as starlines formed in front of his ship.