

Galactic Wizardry

Chapter 8

"Harry Potter," the being made of rags and shadows, greeted him.

"Death," Harry replied, nodding his head. "I didn't think that I would be seeing you again so soon."

"Under normal circumstances, no, you wouldn't. However, something that you have found intrigues me."

Harry didn't know what he was talking about. The planet maybe?

"The Pearl," Death answered.

"Ah!" Harry said, nodding his head. "It reminds you of the stone?"

"Yes. The beauty and power that it holds mesmerizes me. As such, I wish to make you a deal," it said as it flew closer. The chill became almost too much to bear.

"Go on," Harry said, wanting to hear what the deal was.

"You plan to make a lightsaber out of it. I am amused by the idea. This lightsaber will be an extension of me in this universe. It will become a weapon of legend and will reign supreme long after you have moved on," Death stated proudly before continuing.

"In exchange, I will change your body once more so that you can better enhance and augment yourself with your own magic. This will allow you to better wield your weapon. Keep in mind that you will not have the Jedi's ability of precognition, nor any other aspect of the Force that they wield. You will need to practice with your new magical abilities, just as you have with every other skill that you have obtained. Do you agree?"

Harry thought about it for a moment. All in all, it seemed like a win-win for him. "I agree."

A blinding pain erupted from every inch of his body. His screams seemed to echo throughout the ether.

"I apologize for the pain that you feel, Harry Potter. But there is always a price to pay for greatness," his voice echoed in his head as he woke up, his forehead dripping with sweat and his body shivering violently. He was gasping loudly, but he calmed himself when Aayla started stirring on his chest. After a moment, she fell back asleep.

Harry took stock of himself. His body was tingling, and his muscles were spasming uncontrollably. He felt incredibly tired and soon after, he fell back asleep.

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He wasn't sure how long that it was, but he eventually woke up. Sleepily blinking his eyes, he felt Aayla breathing slowly and steadily against him. Instantly, he could tell that the pain had dissipated at some point during his sleep. He really didn't feel any better, like he had some great power all of the sudden. He felt just as he did before. Remembering how Aayla wanted to be woken up, he gently removed himself from her and sat up next to her. Pulling down the blanket to expose her nude body from behind, he conjured warm oil in his palms and began massaging her back.

Aayla moaned as she woke up. Her sore body quivered in delight as his strong hands worked her aching muscles. "Mmm ... Harry," she sleepily whispered as his fingers brushed over the sides of her bare breasts. When his hands ventured down and squeezed her bottom, Aayla had fully woken. When his hands spread her cheeks apart, she buried her face in the pillow to hide the blush that erupted on her face. As he massaged her inner thighs, his fingers got dangerously close to her damp lips. Her breathing increased as his hands slid down her legs, coating them in sweet-smelling oil. When he began rubbing the soles of her feet, Aayla couldn't help but let out a loud, pleasure-filled moan.

Suddenly, Harry's face was near her conical ear. "I know what you've been waiting for," he teased her. Aayla was already trembling in anticipation. His hands sensually began rubbing her special area that was so well hidden underneath her long, lekku. Aayla's wet pussy began fluttering instantly. Her body desperately wanted to be mated by him, but she needed to resist. She had just left the Order and wasn't ready to fully take that step just yet. Still, her body wanted pleasure from him, and she was determined to let him give it to her. She bit down on the pillow hard to keep from making whorish noises. Then, out of nowhere, she was lifted and placed on her feet.

She felt something long and hard slip between her soft and smooth thighs. Looking down, she saw several inches of his monstrous cock erupting from between her pressed together thighs. Her poor little pussy lips were spread apart and hugging the top of his thick, veiny shaft. When he pulled back, she gasped wildly. His hand then landed on her clit. It was immediately coated in the same warm oil as the rest of her body. He made sure to smear the oil all over her nether region. "Harry!" she squealed in pleasure when he pushed forward with his hips.

The head of his cock parted her lips and mashed into her clit as he started slowly fucking her thighs. She couldn't help but tilt her head back and rest it on his broad shoulder. Lifting her arms up and reaching behind her, she threaded her fingers through his messy, black hair. His oil-slickened hands began their journey up her slim and toned belly. Her body shuddered when he tickled her belly button with his finger. As his hands climbed higher, they smeared more of the fragrant oil onto her. Once they reached her breasts, he squeezed and fondled them.

Expletives escaped her lips as one after another, his fingers brushed over her rock-hard nipples. Rubbing oil into them, he pinched and pulled on her crinkled nub and even rolled them between his fingers.

Aayla's legs were shaking so badly that she was surprised that she hadn't fallen over. It was only thanks to Harry holding onto her body that she was still upright. Suddenly, she let out a squeal of pleasure as she came all over him. Spinning around, she grabbed him by the cock and started stroking him vigorously while kissing him deeply. As he finished, they spent a while together kissing passionately.

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Harry was sitting on the cold floor of the empty Meditation Room with his eyes closed. During their flight back, Harry took the lightsaber and replaced the fried blade emitter before he started trying to imbue his body with his magic. Harry didn't have to start from scratch. He had learned to become an Animagus a long time ago, and the two shared some similarities. Thinking back to his form always made him shake his head. Only he would end up as a snake animagus. Not being overly useful kept him from using his form most of the time. He did change on occasion, just to make sure that he still could.

Changing the body's shape from human to animal, you had to force the magic to flow through every inch of you. At first, that's what Harry tried. While it did work, it wasn't as good as he had hoped. He hoped that he would be a natural at it, but he wasn't too discouraged. He would just have to practice harder. He looked back to his time when he was trying to learn to shift his shape, and he remembered the importance of meditation. Not really remembering much about it, he turned to Aayla, who as a Jedi, meditated quite often.

"I've heard Jedi say different things. Each meditates in their own way. I found that for me personally, I think of a small, simple object and focus only on that thought. Once I am zoned in, then I open myself to the Force. Perhaps you can try that with your powers," she said before going back to flying the ship.

So that's what Harry did. He sat in the barren room and only thought about a small marble that he had stolen from his cousin, Dudley, as a kid. He remembered the slight greenish-blue color of the transparent glass. He thought about the swirls of yellow and blue ribbons on the inside. He focused on the way that the colors blurred together when he used to spin it. As the marble spun in his head, he focused on the color. For what must have been hours, he sat there and remembered nothing but the color. It was only when a hand touched his shoulder that he gasped and jerked awake. Aayla's lovely, smiling face was looking down at him.

"We are nearly there," she told him. Harry nodded and got up. Stretching, he went back to the cockpit and sat in his pilot's chair. Half an hour later, the landing gear gently touched the duracrete landing pad on Naboo. When their checklist was completed, both got up.

"Do you need me to come with you to drop off the metal?" Aayla asked. "I'm eager to see the girls," she admitted cutely. Harry chuckled and shook his head. Aayla smiled and kissed his cheek as he quickly apparated her into the Royal Suite.

"If the girls are here, tell them I'll be back in a few," Harry said before leaving. Once back on his ship, he grabbed something and stuck it in his jacket pocket before grabbing the large crate of Nyix and going to the jewelry shop. The owner was quite pleased to have his five kilos of the silver metal. The payment was transferred before Harry asked him for his services.

"Oh? I didn't think that you were the type to enjoy a beautiful piece of jewelry," Veruna stated. "Perhaps you are looking for an engagement ring? The Rutian Twi-lek that you were with is certainly a stunning specimen ..."

"Before you go on any further, no, I don't need any jewelry," Harry cut him off, rolling his eyes. He pulled out his lightsaber and placed it on the table. Next, he pulled out the leftover amount of Nyix and a chunk of the Greater Krayt Dragon tooth and placed them next to the lightsaber.

"I want you to carve the tooth into a grip cover for my lightsaber. I also want all of the outer case to be made from Nyix," he told him.

"Working with the metal is difficult. It will be expensive," Veruna warned. Harry and the jeweler quickly agreed on an amount, and he left to let him start his work. As Harry walked out of the store, he pulled the black pearl from his pocket and rolled it between his fingers. Harry could feel the power of the small orb.

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Harry woke up and noticed that he was pinned down. Looking down, he saw Padme's lovely head resting on his chest. Harry smiled tiredly at her. Every time that he spent the night in her room, she always ended up sleeping on top of him. He looked to the side and saw Aayla and Sabe curled up and cuddling with each other. It wasn't surprising. Padme liked to keep her room chilly. Harry rubbed the sleep from his eyes and reached for his pad. Checking his messages, he saw that his lightsaber hilt was ready. It had been over a week since he left it at the shop. Harry placed the pad down and gently moved Padme. She groaned and rolled over before gently snoring again.

Tossing on some clothes, Harry apparated back to his ship and took his speeder to the shop. A chime alerted Veruna as soon as he walked in. The man smiled.

"Here to pick up the hilt?" he asked. Harry nodded. The man went to the back before bringing out a rectangular wooden box that was only a little larger than the hilt he left. He handed it to Harry. Harry opened it up and smiled. His lightsaber was sitting on a bed of red satin. The Nyix was engraved with what appeared to be the beautiful script of ancient Nabooan, and on the

handgrip were two Greater Krayt Dragons that were fighting. The metal was acid-treated which gave the engravings a darker look.

"You did a wonderful job," Harry praised the man. He smiled.

"I felt it was only fitting considering where the tooth came from."

"And the script?" Harry asked.

"The last enemy that shall be destroyed is death," the man told him. Harry raised an eyebrow. It seemed that Death may have had a hand in its creation.

After settling his debt, Harry took his hilt and apparated back to the Royal Suite. Once there, he sat down on the floor and began meditating, holding the hilt in his hand. He once again let himself open up just as Aayla had taught him. He focused on the magic within him and focused on how it flowed through his body. He started slowly, letting the magic travel through his arms and into his fingers. He could feel them tingle as his magic passed through them and permeated the lightsaber hilt. Harry had been listening to his young, Jedi co-pilot about how the Force worked, and how she used it. Instead of the way that he normally used his magic, he focused on asking it for its help. He could feel his magic begin to act differently. It seemed happier, like a pet dog when you first let it off of its leash and allowed it to run free. He felt a sudden rush as it eagerly left his body and traveled into the hilt. He didn't think about his desires, he only focused on letting the magic do its own thing. Harry could barely hear the soft clicks and clacks of the individual parts and pieces sliding together.

As that was happening, he reached into his pocket and pulled out his black Krayt Dragon pearl. Letting it roll around in his upturned palm, he patiently waited for his magic to act on its own. He suddenly felt it slip around the pearl, unsure at first ... almost like it was sniffing around. His magic slithered over the pearl for a few minutes before it began to hover over his palm. Slowly it floated over to the hilt and entered the crystal chamber before settling into its place. When it was finally done, Harry opened his eyes. The lightsaber appeared the same as before. It didn't look or feel any different to him. Hearing someone clear their throat, he looked up. Before him, he saw the three girls smiling at him.

"How do you think you did this time?" Aayla smiled, teasing him about his last failure.

Harry held the hilt in a safe manner and hit the ignition. An unearthly howling sound filled the room as the black blade erupted from the emitters. The blade itself was so dark that it was unsettling to look at. It was outlined by a thin strip of silver light that seemed to excite the light of the room. Harry instantly felt the room begin to chill and even saw his breath begin to fog. His body was racked with a sudden feeling of giddiness that wasn't his own. Death's emotions were bleeding through to him from the lightsaber. It seemed that Death now had its artifact in this universe.

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Harry didn't know it, but when the blade was ignited, Death's power overwhelmed the Veil of the Dark Side that Darth Sidious had been projecting over the galaxy. Screaming in pain, the Supreme Chancellor Palpatine dropped to the floor in the privacy of his office and began convulsing. Death found it amusing that this little man could claim to have mastered the darkness. Palpatine cried out pitifully as his body twisted and spasmed. At the moment, he couldn't control the Force any more than he could control his bowels. Squealing, he passed out in a puddle of his own mess. It would be a few minutes until his new apprentice felt the disturbance and took over for his Master with his limited abilities.

In the Jedi Temple, not so far away, Master Yoda of the Jedi Council was sitting in his small, comfy chair spending his time meditating as he normally did after a long day. As much as he enjoyed it, it always filled him with a bit of sadness. These days, peering through the Force was like trying to spot something in the distance through the fog on Dagobah. It was too murky. He remembered what it was like back when he was a Jedi Knight, fresh out of training. Back then, the Force was easy and clear, like swimming in a fresh mountain stream. Yoda had many theories as to why it was getting more difficult to see, but each was as unlikely as the last.

He had his eyes closed and was focused on the world around him when suddenly, it felt as if the weather had shifted. The Force went from feeling like a foggy morning to feeling like a bright, summer day. Quickly taking advantage, he used his centuries of experience and peered as deep as he could. Instantly, he felt something close by. Something nasty and twisted. He also felt something similar, only further away. It was angry and hateful. Passing over them, he looked deeper.

Outcomes unknown to him flashed through his head. Hidden secrets, hidden plans for the future. The Downfall. Feeling sick to his stomach, he looked closer. There was a mastermind behind this, but he couldn't be seen. He was too wrapped in darkness to be revealed. Yoda felt the Veil slowly coming back down. This was not the effort of the Master, but the clumsy effort of an apprentice. With the last seconds that he had, he looked for the source of this sudden clarity. All he got was a hazy figure and face before the Veil fully descended. The figure, he couldn't identify, but the face, he knew it well. It was the face of their lost Padawan, Aayla Secura. She needed to be found, but first, Yoda needed to talk to only his most trusted peers.

With some effort, he slipped from his chair and hobbled out of his private room to speak with Master Windu.