

A Galaxy of Magic

Chapter 10

K'aaka, the Nikto in charge of the gaming wheel, ushered in a new challenger. The furry pest sat down and put twenty-five peggats on yellow. The wheel was large and stood vertically on a metal stand. The front was sectioned off with colored triangles of varying sizes. The smaller the triangle, the more you could potentially win. It was designed to be simple, so even the dumbest species could understand. Yellow was relatively large and had five different triangles that could potentially hit. That meant the payoff would be low. As such, he spun the wheel and let it ride without any outside influence. K'aaka watched the wheel spin for a few seconds before it began slowing down. It slowed until the colors were no longer a blur. He watched red, then green, then blue. It slowed further, it passed yellow before finally stopping at brown. K'aaka chuckled with delight.

"Better luck next time," he spoke in Huttese. The furry beast roared in anger and made some ridiculous threats before leaving the table. The slight commotion brought in some onlookers. They drank and laughed at the beast's misfortune. "Anyone else?" K'aaka called out, looking for a new challenger. The more money he brought in, the more he got paid. "Don't be shy. You could get rich with a single spin!"

"I'll try," he heard a male voice from the small crowd. A fat, bearded human wearing a vest without a shirt underneath stepped up to the wheel. Judging by the amount of hair on his chest and shoulders, K'aaka guessed he might be half Wookiee.

"Place your bet," he told the human. The flabby human placed one hundred and twenty-five peggats on white. That wasn't a massive bet by any means, but it was large enough to ensure he wouldn't play fair. White was the second smallest triangle on the wheel, and there was only one slice. That meant the payout was ten times the initial bet, and K'aaka didn't want to risk losing that much. It would wipe out a large portion of his winnings from the last few hours. He stepped on a hidden button on the floor down by his feet. It would ensure the wheel didn't land on white or black, the two biggest payouts. "Any other bets?" he asked the small crowd. A few smaller bets were placed, and when there were no more takers, he spun the wheel.

K'aaka hid his smug smile as the wheel began to spin. He almost felt sorry for the human, but certainly not enough to give him a fair chance. The colors blurred wildly as the wheel spun. It then began to slow. Color after color passed under the pin, and all eyes were on the wheel. Because of this, no one noticed the human twitching his fingers toward the wheel. K'aaka watched it move past brown, then purple, then gray. It slowed further, and K'aaka began to sweat. It was going to be close. White slid into place, and before it could move past, it stopped. The small crowd cheered and patted the human on the back while he pumped his fists in the air.

"HOW DID IT LAND ON WHITE?!" K'aaka blurted out, enraged. "I PRESSED THE ..."

"You pressed what?" the human asked, looking at him with suspicion. The rest of the crowd turned their gaze on the crooked employee. The wookiee who had just lost twenty-five peggats to him was in the crowd, and he was already growling. K'aaka gulped loudly and smiled.

"Nothing at all, my friend. You just misheard. Here are your winnings," he pleasantly said. He slid one thousand, two hundred, and fifty peggats to the human. The human smiled in a way that made him want to shove a blaster barrel down his throat.

"Pleasure doing business with you," the human stated, tipping his head. He got up while receiving more pats on the back from the drunken crowd.

"A pleasure indeed," K'aaka said under his breath. He reached under the table and pressed a button. He couldn't afford to lose that much money. The Hutts didn't look kindly on that level of incompetence. The last guy in charge of the wheel ended up as Rancor food. Luckily, the casino was ready for just such a thing. As the human walked away, a group of casino thugs began slowly stalking him, and K'aaka was certain that money would be coming back.

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The human walked out of the side exit with a large smile. His money bag was significantly heavier than it had been a few minutes before. He increased his pace, walking through the thin alley between the backs of buildings. He had specifically chosen to exit this way. He didn't want anyone around. All he had to do was wait for the right time to strike. The firing of a blaster behind him told him the time had arrived. He spun faster than a blink, his hand raised. A blue translucent shield appeared before him, reflecting the blaster shot back at his attackers. There was a panicked cry from the four thugs who had followed him from the casino. The blaster shot hit one of them directly in the face. His body tumbled backward and landed face down in the sand. With a wave of his hand, the sand beneath the other three turned into liquid. Their faces showed the terror they felt as their bodies rapidly began sinking. He dropped the shield and held out his other hand. Four blaster pistols shot forward and hovered right in front of him. By then, the three thugs were down to their noses. The last thing they saw before being completely consumed was the human touching his chest. The illusion dropped, revealing a handsome human with dazzling green eyes and messy black hair. Harry smiled and waved goodbye as their eyes sank below the surface. Just to make sure, Harry magically levitated and dumped the fourth body into the pit. Like his brethren, he quickly sank below the surface. Harry waved his hand, and the ground turned back to sand. He pulled out his magically enlarged sack and deposited the four blasters.

Not wanting to hang around any longer than necessary, Harry left the alley and put some distance between himself and the small, dingy casino. Now that his funds were secure, Harry went to take care of his next order of business.

It took twenty minutes of walking under the early morning suns to reach his destination. The night chill had quickly vanished, and he could feel the heat returning. Harry entered the shop

and spoke with the male Twi'lek manning the counter. Harry was amazed by how the males and females of the Twi'lek species could be so different. The women were stunningly gorgeous with incredibly sexy bodies, while the males looked as though they had been stepped on by banthas and then run over with a lawn mower. The shopkeeper was no different. Instead of the typical lime green skin, or in Aayla's case, sexy blue, the shopkeeper's skin was a pale, fleshy color that wouldn't have looked out of place on a drowning victim. His head was lumpy and misshapen, and his teeth were pointed and crooked. Needless to say, he wasn't attractive. Thankfully, Harry wasn't looking for a date.

Harry was glad to see he didn't act the way he looked. The Twi'lek seemed to have a sunny disposition. He smiled widely, showing off his menacing teeth. "A fine morning to you!" he belted out in Huttese.

"And to you, my friend," Harry happily replied in the same language. "I'm looking for a landspeeder."

"We have many ... All at unbeatable prices," he promised. Harry, of course, didn't take him seriously. Every shop owner claimed theirs were the best prices on Tatooine. "Come out back and take a look!" he suggested, waving his hand for Harry to follow. He followed him out back and saw a couple dozen used landspeeders for sale. "Are you seeking anything specific?" he asked Harry.

"I need a large one that can transport cargo," Harry told him, running his hand along the front of one. Its paint felt old and gritty.

"I have just the one for you," he happily stated, leading Harry toward the back of his compound. He stopped in front of a beat-up, old landspeeder that had clearly seen better days. There was a big dent in the front-left portion of the body, the dark blue paint was scuffed and faded, and the windscreen was slightly yellowed and cloudy. The one thing it had going for it was that it was big.

"Does this old heap even run?" Harry asked, slowly walking around to the back.

"Of course, it does!" the Twi'lek said, sounding offended. "I even tuned it up myself. The repulsorlifts are in good shape, and the turbine engines are as strong as they ever were. Take a look at this cargo space," he said, pressing a button on the dashboard. The back cover slowly began sliding backward, exposing what appeared to be a flat truck bed. "You can pile your freight up high and strap it down. The RGC-18 can fly in this configuration. It was designed to move heavy cargo," the Twi'lek bragged. "The repulsorlifts and engines are more than capable of handling it," he added.

"Can we take it for a test flight?" Harry asked. He didn't want to get scammed after all.

“Certainly!” the Twi’lek said, running to one side of the compound and pressing a button on the wall. The side gate began opening while he went back to the speeder. He hopped in the passenger seat. Harry got in, and after a quick course on how to operate it, Harry flew out of the compound and spent the next ten minutes trying it out. Harry kept the smile from forming. He didn’t want the salesman to know how much he enjoyed flying it. It had nothing to do with the actual landspeeder. Harry just loved flying. He loved the wind hitting his face and blowing his hair in every direction. It reminded him of his old Quidditch days. Harry pulled back into the compound and shut it down.

“You see? Works like it’s brand new!” the Twi’lek said with a huge smile while loudly slapping the metal body.

“How much?” Harry asked. The Twi’lek pretended to be thinking. Harry knew it was all for show.

“For you ... Fifteen hundred peggats.” Harry obviously didn’t have that much.

“I dunno ... This thing is really old. How about eight hundred?” Harry countered.

“Eight! That’s less than I paid for it. Thirteen hundred!”

After a few minutes of haggling, they agreed on one thousand in cash and the four blaster pistols Harry had just stolen. Harry paid up and jumped into his new landspeeder. The Twi’lek opened the gate and waved at him as he left the compound.

Harry took longer than necessary to return to the ship. He was having way too much fun testing out the landspeeder. Once he exited the city walls, he pushed the engines to their limits, testing their speed. Harry whooped and hollered in excitement as he tore across the sand flats. “Pfft ... Pfft ...” Harry spat the sand that had flown into his open mouth, but that didn’t do anything to decrease his levels of delight. Eventually, he turned around and headed for the ship. As soon as he arrived, the ramp lowered, and three sexy women exited the ship.

Harry hopped out of the landspeeder with a big, goofy smile on his face. The three women walked over, eyeing Harry’s favorite new toy. Aayla sighed and looked at Harry with a small smile on her beautiful face.

“What have you bought now?” she asked with her hands on her wide hips.

“A hunk of bantha poodoo,” Maris answered, giggling at the sight of Harry proudly standing beside his latest acquisition. Shaak Ti laughed and shook her head.

“This is a finely-tuned machine,” Harry argued, running his hand down the side. “And I got it for a good price. You can use it to deliver the food pack crates,” he said, reaching in and pressing the button. The back panel slid back, showing them the cargo space. The girls stepped up and began examining the landspeeder in detail.

"Did you all finish training?" Harry asked. Before leaving, Harry cleared a space in his tent's storage room for the girls to continue their Jedi training. With everything going on, they hadn't trained in a while and wanted to get back into a routine.

"Yes. It felt good to train again," Shaak Ti admitted.

"Can you unload the crates and bring them down, Harry? We have about half an hour before they need to be delivered," Aayla told him, and he nodded. "I'm going to take this thing for a spin and see if you got swindled," she teased and jumped into the driver's seat. Maris joined her before they zoomed off.

Harry made his way to the tent and made several trips back and forth, levitating the heavy crates and stacking them outside the ship. By the time he was done, Aayla had returned. "What's the verdict?" he asked as they got out.

"For how old it is, it runs fairly well. It could use some maintenance, though," she told him as Harry began stacking the crates in the landspeeder. The metal groaned under the added weight. "And maybe a good greasing," she added humorously. Aayla used her Force powers to get them in the exact right place. "Shaak, can you bring over those cargo straps?" she called out.

When the cargo was stacked to her liking, she and Shaak strapped it down and got into the speeder. "We'll be back soon, and we can get started on the ship," she said excitedly.

"Call if you need help," Harry said before they zoomed off, leaving him and Maris alone. "Come on. Let's get out of this heat," he said, escorting her up the ramp. He noticed she was favoring one leg.

"Did you hurt yourself?" he asked.

"I think I tweaked an old hamstring injury," she confessed. "I injured it during training when I was young."

"Is it bothering you?"

"A little, but I can deal with it," she assured him, looking over her shoulder and smiling at him.

"I have some cream that will numb the pain and soothe your muscles. Do you want me to get it for you?" he asked her. Maris thought about it for a second. There was no reason to pretend it wasn't bothering her. The pain wasn't enough to be debilitating, only annoying.

"Okay. Thanks, Harry," she said and followed him to the tent. She followed him into their room and watched him dig through his bag. He finally found what he was looking for and pulled out a tub with a smile.

"Here you go," he said happily, holding it out for her. Maris took the tub of cream and pulled the top off. She gave it an experimental sniff. It didn't smell good or bad. It had a faint medicinal scent to it. As she stood there, she felt the muscles in her back aching as well. Deciding on the best course of action, she handed it back to a confused Harry.

"Can you rub it on me?" she asked. "I haven't trained in weeks, and my back and shoulders hurt as well," she explained. Harry looked slightly hesitant at first before nodding in agreement.

"Okay ... Hop on the bed," he told her. Maris smiled prettily at him and pulled the thin band of material covering her perky breasts over her head. She tossed it to the floor as Harry's eyes widened comically. Maris was still a little nervous about so blatantly showing off her body in front of him, but she had mostly gotten used to it by then. Besides, if they were going to be staying together long term, he would see a lot of it anyway, considering they shared the same bed and bathtub. She then sat on the bed and kicked off her boots before lifting her bottom and sliding her tight pants down her hips. Maris saw Harry's cheeks turn slightly pink as he looked away. Maris couldn't help but giggle.

"You don't have to look away, Harry. You've seen me undressed before," she reminded him. Harry cleared his throat.

"Yes, but that was different," he told her.

"How?" she asked, sliding her pants down her thighs until she pulled them from her feet. She folded them up and set them on the corner of the bed.

"We were in a group," he explained. "Now we're alone ... in bed ..."

Maris rolled her eyes and crawled into the middle of the bed, lying flat on her stomach. "Don't be immature," she teased. "This is a medical procedure ... remember?"

"Alright," Harry sighed and turned around. He saw Maris lying on her belly. Her pale skin looked incredibly soft and smooth. He stood there for a moment, wondering where he should start.

"I'm not going to bite. Hurry up," he heard her say. Harry kicked off his boots, crawled onto the bed, and settled next to her wide hips and jutting cheeks. Harry removed the lid and scooped out some of the thick cream.

"Which leg hurts?" he asked.

"My left one," she answered, closing her eyes and resting her chin on her crossed arms. Harry nodded and wiped the glob of cream on the back of her left thigh. He set the tub aside and began massaging the cream into her thigh. Just as he suspected, her skin was very soft and silky smooth. He ran his hands up and down the length of her thigh, from the back of her knee,

up to the bottom of her jiggly cheek. Being well-versed in the art of massage, Harry dug his thumbs into her flesh and worked her sore muscles.

"Mmm," he heard her hum as he worked on her thigh. His fingers drifted up her inner thigh, but he made sure to stop short of the promised land. Maris had parted her legs slightly, offering him more room to work his wonders. This, of course, opened her up to his wandering eyes. He saw her smooth, hairless slit and puffy lips hidden between her thighs, and the more he rubbed her body, the more he could smell her womanly scent.

"That feels good," she said in a satisfied voice. "Do the rest of my leg."

Harry did as she asked. He slid his hands down her thighs and over the back of her knee. Maris gasped, and her body twitched as he caressed her delicate skin. Harry scooped up more cream and rubbed it into her calf. His hands glided up and down her smooth, silky legs, and when he reached her foot, he began massaging that as well. Maris suddenly moaned. It was soft, and she sounded like she was trying to hide how good it felt. Harry couldn't help but smirk as he kneaded her soft skin with the pads of his thumbs.

"Sounds like someone likes it," he teased her.

"Shut up," she whined, turning her head so he couldn't see her face. Still, she didn't tell him to stop. He then moved on to her next leg. This time, he started with her foot and worked his way up her leg. When he reached her other thigh, his fingers reached so far up her inner thigh that he could feel the intense heat radiating from between her legs. He didn't need to hear her moan to know she liked it. He could smell her arousal and see how moist her lips were. Her body couldn't hide her desire.

"You want me to do your back next?" he asked, scooping more cream from the tub.

"Mhmm," she hummed as he smeared the cream over the outside of her thighs and up her hips. He squeezed her hips, kneading her flesh and making her squirm. He ran his thumbs over the sides of her cheeks, and he noticed she lifted her ass slightly. He took the bull by the horns and moved his hands directly to her ass. He squeezed her soft flesh, letting his fingers drift between her cheeks. As he kneaded her pliable flesh, her cheeks slightly spread open, making Maris whimper. He got his first look at her tight, crinkled hole. It was pale like the rest of her skin and looked so tight that he knew he would have trouble sliding even a pinky finger in. He squeezed her ass harder, spreading her open even more. She was repeatedly clenching her hole while a fat drop of arousal rolled down her slit and dripped from her swollen clit. Her tight pussy was absolutely soaked, and there was a large wet spot on the bed underneath it. He knew Maris must have been very turned on by then. He edged his thumbs close to her hole, but only toyed with the rim. Her hole clenched tightly, and Maris gasped. He ran his thumb up the crack of her ass, making her tremble.

Needing a better angle to continue, Harry straddled the back of her thighs and slid his hands from her ass up to her waist. He put some cream on her lower back and massaged it in. He paid special attention to the muscles around her spine. Slowly, he worked his way up her back, and his fingers accidentally brushed against the sides of her breasts. He then moved his fingers to the smooth skin of her underarms. Her body immediately broke out in goosebumps. Maris was now squirming hard, and she was rubbing her ass against his crotch. He knew she could feel how hard he was, but she didn't seem to mind. In fact, it seemed to encourage her to rub against him even harder. His hands glided up and down her slick back, feeling every curve of her feminine form. He reached her shoulders, and Maris moaned even louder.

"Well, well, well ... As soon as we leave, you two decide to jump into bed," Aayla's amused voice startled them. Harry looked over his shoulder and found the gorgeous blue woman smirking at Maris, who was blushing madly.

"Had I known that was an option, I might have stayed myself," Shaak Ti teased them. Harry chuckled and continued to work on Maris's sore body. Maris hid her face in her arms, trying to escape the two women's teasing.

"I blame you two," Harry good-naturedly shot back. "It was your training that made her sore."

"Well, I'll be expecting a massage tonight, too. I can't let Maris have all the fun," Aayla giggled, and Shaak Ti laughed.

"Now that you mention it, I'm feeling a bit sore as well. I could use a good, strong pair of masculine hands to work me over," Shaak Ti joined in.

"I live to serve," Harry snorted in amusement.

"Clearly. Now come on, you two. I hate to cut your fun short, but we need help unloading all the parts we brought back," Aayla said. Harry rolled off Maris, and she begrudgingly sat up and fixed her hair. Harry saw that her nipples were hard enough to cut glass. His eyes raked down her body, over her smooth belly and bald mound. Maris saw him looking, but didn't cover up. She just grabbed her trousers, stuffed her legs through the holes, and stood up. He happily watched her squirm and bounce into her tight trousers as she struggled to get them over her hips. Her breasts bounced and swayed spectacularly, hogging his attention. Suddenly, his arm was tugged, and Aayla giggled.

"Come on, loverboy. I need your powers to unload the heavy parts, but if you're lucky, I might even give you a massage tonight," she temptingly stated.

"I'll hold you to that," he joked as they made their way outside and into the scorching desert heat.