**Chapter 11**

**A Practical Guide to Nefariousness**

Disclaimer: I don’t own Star Wars, thanks the Force for that. While it would undoubtedly make me very rich, I would not try to make scenarios as boring as some of the ones which were imagined for certain movies. I don’t own A Practical Guide to Evil. I have neither the talent nor the hours to do such a majestic work justice.

“*Keep your personal politics out of this, Hasan. That Emperor Nefarious turned his seraglio in some sort of...sordid sex dungeon was a sign he’d lost the ability to rule, and he paid for it with his life*.” Tribune Aisha Bishara about Dread Emperor Nefarious.

**One thousand and two years after the Ruusan Reforms**

**Fourth year of the Clone Wars**

**Core Worlds**

**Coruscant System**

**High Orbit over Coruscant**

**CIS Battleship *Invisible Hand***

Anakin was really surprised the Separatists had gone through the trouble of bringing B-1 droids and their multitude of variants aboard the *Invisible Hand*.

In small units, the clankers had been obsolete things before the Clone Wars began, and placing them as the sole protection of the hangar bay was a monumental idiocy if there ever was one. Granted said hangar bays had been filled with vulture droids before they launched their rescue mission, but still...

No, there was no use sending B-1 droids to ‘protect’ the hangar bay. Either the *Invisible Hand* had taken far more damage than it appeared – unlikely given that his shields had been perfectly functional before he blasted a section of them – or more likely, it was a trap and the wastes of metal were the bait.

“By the signal of the tracker Master Ti was able to give him, the Chancellor is here, on the shielded observation platform.”

“I feel the presence of Count Dooku.”

“Personally, I feel it is a trap.”

“What do we do?”

“We jump in it, of course.”

Anakin grinned, despite the hungry, vicious shroud of the Dark Side engulfing their surroundings.

Yes, it was a trap, and Dooku had most likely a few nasty surprises waiting for them.

But watching the battle raging everywhere around the enemy fleet flagship, the former Jedi turned Sith Lord was going to meet several major challenges if he wanted to escape like he had done the last times.

More and more fleets of the Core Worlds were arriving as the minutes passed; the Separatist Navy’s chances of taking Coruscant were quickly fading away, and provided the Republican Admirals were competent, most of Grievous’ fleet was going to be slaughtered in short order, and the surviving hulls would have to endure days of hot pursuit with their engines crippled and their systems failing.

And if Obi-Wan and himself managed to decapitate the Separatist leadership, they could transform the massive defeat into an unimaginable rout.

“R2, unlock this turbolift, please.”

The next minutes were an unpleasant succession of near-disasters. Anakin swore he was going to kill the engineer who had first thought about the B-1 droid, assuming the moron wasn’t already in a Republic prison. Seriously, asking to raise his hands while he was trying not to fall into the turbolift conduit...

But the first turbolift and its droid defenders – there were three they had to take – were the biggest challenge. The other droids were soon converted into scrap metal, and the main source of annoyances came in fact from the sheer damage the *Invisible Hand* was taking from the Star Destroyers’ pounding.

At least they were a few B-2 droids to dismantle along the way. It would have been insulting to have the B-1 for sole opponents.

The pressure of the Dark Side was getting stronger, and Anakin tried as best as he could to ignore it, focusing on making his mind a cold and silent fortress. Dooku had tried to make him angry many times before; he wouldn’t succeed today.

The third turbolift opened at last, and a smell Anakin recognised arrived to his nostrils. But he had to be mistaken, there was no way anyone could have *sex* while one of the biggest space battles of the war was raging on...

But as he advanced with Obi-Wan, the young Jedi Knight discovered the observation platform...and for all the self-control he had imposed himself, he gaped.

Anakin Skywalker had expected an observation room which managed to be both luxurious and intimidating: according to Republic Intelligence, Dooku loved ‘convincing’ ambassadors and other diplomats to join his ‘nation’ while parading hundreds of warships nearby.

What he hadn’t expected was...fine, there was no way to say otherwise: there was an *orgy* currently organised on this very observation platform!

Anakin closed his eyes before reopening them. Unfortunately, the sound of sexual moans, tongues, spanking, and many other things he had never dared do to Padme continued, and the spectacle of decadence and depravation didn’t disappear.

Because, yes, it was absolutely...the Tatooine-born Jedi wasn’t able to find appropriate words for it.

First, the person who had redone the decoration had not been interested in watching what was going on outside: all the reinforced hyper-glass alloys had been removed, and tapestries showing various species fornicating and rutting were now impossible to miss. As the ‘scenes’ were in gold on black, there was no way it could be a misunderstanding.

Obi-Wan’s visage had taken an impressive red colour, and his former Padawan couldn’t blame him. Because the tapestries were only a small part of the problem they faced.

The stairs were ‘covered’ in various bras and lingerie no one wanted to be caught in public save if you wanted to be the subject of ribald jokes for decades.

And once you had finished stepping down, there were only mattresses and couches were a lot of females were...okay, they were having sex.

Anakin tried to look somewhere, elsewhere where he couldn’t see naked breasts, and extremely interesting positions he wasn’t sure he could imitate, despite his Jedi training and the Force. Moreover, it didn’t help a lot of the furniture was designed to be as ‘flashy’ as possible and provide vivid contrasts between the gold, red, and black of the couches and the naked skins of the female ‘participants’.

The only thing which was more or less the confirmation they had arrived on the right location was Supreme Chancellor Palpatine himself.

Tied to a dark seat at the other end of the observation platform, the man he had come to consider a second father was looking at them with an expression of relief.

At least the orgy momentarily stopped when their presence was impossible to miss. The women stopped...whatever they were doing and took improvised seats out of their way while their duo walked. Anakin couldn’t help but notice there were a lot of species represented. Twi’lek females of all colours were the majority of the ‘assembly’, and they were ‘supported’ by many humans. But they were three Zeltron, two Falleen, one Kiffar...and even a Chiss? How in the name of the Force had Dooku found one, never mind convinced the militarist-oriented society to participate in this sordid spectacle?

Okay, maybe it was the wrong question. Dooku had most likely used violence and threats to put her in this imitation of a whorehouse, the same way he had the Mirialan, and the Togruta...thank the stars Ashoka wasn’t here, because Anakin wouldn’t have a doubt she wouldn’t have enjoyed seeing a female of her race do...err...do things with a Twi’lek no one underage should be doing if you didn’t love very much your partner.

“Chancellor,” Obi-Wan said weakly as they arrived in front of the Chancellor’s restraining seat, “you are safe and...” The Jedi Master coughed. “Is there an explanation for that...”

“For this spectacle of sex and carnal pleasure?” For a fraction of a second, Sheev Palpatine gave him a sardonic look. “Not as far as I am aware, but you can ask the guilty party yourself. The Count Dooku, gentlemen.”

The Dark Side pulsed, and sure enough, a new turbolift opened.

Dooku had arrived.

And...that was pretty much the only thing which was going according to the plan – though Obi-Wan and himself improvised so much the plan had been pretty much twisted into something unrecognisable since their arrival into the capital system of the Galactic Republic.

“Dooku...” if Anakin hadn’t been intimately familiar with his Force presence, he would have thought the man descending the stairs was an impostor. “What happened to you?”

“It’s *Dread Emperor Dooku* for you, Skywalker,” the man who was the supreme leader of the Confederacy replied. But where the Dooku they had battled on Geonosis had been haughty in the ‘refined nobleman’ sense, this was one was extremely different.

To begin with, Dooku had shaved his beard. This might seem a small thing, but for Anakin who had always seen him with it, it was significant. Dozens of Separatist worlds had built statues in this image...an image which wasn’t there anymore.

The white hair had been reasonably short; they were now long and tied into a hair bun.

But the greatest shock was the clothes. Where before no one would have raised an eyebrow when Dooku entered a diplomatic meeting or an upper-class restaurant, today people would certainly do.

He was nearly bare-chested, as the large gold medallion was hanging upon his torso and the partial tunic couldn’t be described as ‘real clothes’. And the less said about the kind of...pants...he wore under his belt, the better.

“What happened to you?” Anakin wasn’t going to call the former Jedi by any mark of respect, not after the traitor had cut his arm.

“What happened to me?” Dooku jumped, but not in their direction. Instead he ‘fell’ on one of the largest couches, and immediately kissed – with the tongue – a blue Twi’lek who wore absolutely nothing on her luminescent oiled body.

“What happened?” the man who had forged the megacorporations into the largest threat to the Republic chuckled, “I realised I was an Emperor in all but name, and I didn’t have a successor for my future empire...or the seraglio to sire him or her. And it would be a crime not to have one, given how many beauties there are in this galaxy!”

And the Sith Lord proceeded to grope the breasts of a red Twi’lek while murmuring something in her which made her smile and moan. Or maybe was it the fact his hands had descended lower than her breasts?

“This,” Obi-Wan swallowed loudly before clearing his throat, “is a shameful display, Dooku. You spat on many oaths before, but this debauchery is absolutely something you should be ashamed of!”

“I **lust**,” and for an instant, the eyes of Dooku turned black and an enormous surge of the Force struck...strangely while Obi-Wan was thrown on his knees, it did nothing to him, “and I won’t be judged by a Jedi who is still a virgin.”

“This isn’t the question!” His teacher shouted.

“Of course this is the question!” Dooku went to grope another Twi’lek while the Chiss woman lowered his pants while Obi-Wan continued to struggle on his knees as his face was again red and violently sweating. “What I just did is only effective on men and women who haven’t lost their virginity.”

The former Padawan of Yoda gave him a nasty smirk.

“I am not surprised by Skywalker, but I wasn’t expecting this from you, Supreme Chancellor!”

“While it is true the duties of my office leave few hours for carnal pursuits, I have not sworn any oaths preventing me from engaging in any sexual-based relationships,” Sheev Palpatine admitted easily before giving a disapproving glare to Dooku. “Unlike some, however, I refuse to mix business and pleasure.”

“You should,” their enemy caressed the belly of one of the Twi’lek as yes, the Chiss went on to suck his genital parts. “If there is no pleasure in business, what is the point of ruling the galaxy? Look at young Skywalker, how do you think he is so healthy? Regularly copulating with Senator Amidala is half of the reason he is so efficient on the battlefield!”

Ah, damn.

While he had been debating to reveal everything to Obi-Wan – the Supreme Chancellor was aware of his relationship if not the extent of it – Anakin had not thought *Dooku* would be one of the people in the know.

“You know?” He tried to ignore what the female ‘professionals’ were doing to Dooku.

“My poor Jedi, a third of the Confederacy leadership knows!” Anakin had the urge to strangle the old man immediately. “How could it be otherwise when every time your beloved wife is captured, it’s only a matter of hours before your arrival is announced? I think the only reason there aren’t more millions aware of this young love is because the Supreme Chancellor is censoring the news every time a journalist finds out.”

Dooku kissed languorously the Togruta female before returning to a haughty expression.

“Not that I am displeased, mind you. Journalists those days have to be hot and sexy, thus plenty of the ones who rally my banners are invited into my seraglio.”

“You...they don’t like ‘journalists’ to me.”

“Of course not,” Dooku scoffed. “I am not going to take more than a small minority of my concubines into a war zone of my own making! The majority of my seraglio awaits my return on Serenno, in the soon-to-be-completed Palace of Pleasures!”

It was only a small minority of his harem? There were...forty-two females of different species here!

“You are a lecherous and decadent sinner, Count.” The Supreme Chancellor declared as Obi-Wan finally managed to rise up. Anakin winced as his mentor gave him a betrayed look. Yes, in hindsight, hiding the truth until an enemy revealed everything wasn’t the most brilliant idea he’d ever had.

“What us is there living in this galaxy if you can’t sampling the most beautiful beauties to have ever lived?” Dooku asked rhetorically and unrepentantly. “Twi’lek females are evidently the greatest gift of the Force **ever**.”

“You are wrong.” Sheev Palpatine articulated each word slowly and filled them with venom. “Human women are the greatest gift of the Force.”

“I approve,” Anakin supported his Master.

“You see, Count?”

“Of course your protégé is going to answer that!” the Sith gave him a disdainful glance...or as much of a disdainful glance as one could give when a green-skinned Twi’lek pushed forwards her breasts into his face and another yellow Twi’lek had replaced the Chiss in her ‘duties’. “Senator Amidala has whipped him into submission.”

The young Jedi Knight had to remind himself that for all his carnal distractions, Dooku was undoubtedly trying to rile him up so that he attacked recklessly and was delivered another beat-down.

Anakin Skywalker breathed out.

It still took him several seconds before he found gaining back half of the self-control he had.

Then he summoned telekinetically his lightsaber and activated it.

His blue blade flashed into existence.

“This time you won’t escape us, Dooku.”

“**Lust**.”

A new wave of power slammed into them, and this time Dooku was definitely not playing around.

All the female ‘concubines’ were rather pretty, but in a single second it was like they had all become pure incarnations of beauty and sensuality and-

It took all Anakin had to concentrate and protect himself from this arousing Sith sorcery. Even then, he had to focus on Padme and only Padme, close his eyes, and repel this foreign influence telling him to jump on the Twi’lek females...or the other members of Dooku’s harem.

The married Jedi was very well aware that as he fought internally, he was unable to fight. Any second now Anakin expected to be struck by a red lightsaber or be manacled by some sort of device cutting him off from the Force.

But the lethal blow never came.

And as he opened his eyes again, the former slave of Tatooine could see Dooku was staring at him with some...respect?

“I suppose his attraction for his wife is sincere...oh, well, I got one out of two, fifty percent of success is better than zero.”

Anakin turned his eyes...and felt the inappropriate urge to snicker.

It had taken most of his mental strength to fight back the influence...but Obi-Wan hadn’t succeeded.

Or he hadn’t tried very hard.

He was currently kissing in the arms of a blonde woman...who when it came down to it, had a superficial resemblance to this Duchess of Mandalore, what was her name, Duchess Satine Kryze?

“Master!” Anakin shouted. “Master!”

But far from being shaken off from whatever Dooku threw at them, Obi-Wan began to do various things Anakin was near-certain the member of the Jedi Council had never thought he would ever do, never mind in public.

“It doesn’t matter,” the Hero Without Fear growled out when a blue Twi’lek decided to join the ‘fun’, and far from finally realising the compromised position he was into, Obi-Wan Kenobi groped the newcomer and things rapidly unravelled from there. “I can deal with you myself.”

“Of course, young Skywalker!” Dooku had stopped groping and kissing, now he was outright having sex with a yellow Twi’lek. “But first, you will have to fight my Apprentice!”

If anything, this reassured Anakin.

“I defeated Ventress many times, remember?”

“Oh, my mistake...I meant my new Apprentice.”

And from the group of concubines resuming their orgy, a single person stood.

It was the red-skinned Twi’lek.

And suddenly, Anakin realised the black tattoos on her legs and back were really similar to the Sith who had killed Master Qui-Gon Jinn.

The veteran of countless battles of the Clone Wars cursed himself internally. So convinced was he that all the women and other females of different species were brought here for sex purposes he hadn’t even tried to truly distinguish if they were what they pretended to be.

And now as the yellow eyes were revealed and a Makashi-style curved lightsaber flew in her right hand, it became obvious how huge the error was.

“Skywalker, I present you Darth Talon,” the bastard had the gall to gloat. “Today she has been chosen to teach you a lesson of **humility**.”

“And when I will have disarmed you,” the Twi’lek said in a sultry voice, “you and I will speak about consummating our union, my hero.”

“I am already married!” Anakin replied instinctively.

“They all said that,” Darth Talon purred. “And I’m sure I will be able to convince your wife to join us-“

“Anakin will defeat the porn star you chose as your Apprentice,” Palpatine showed this moment to support him.

“Don’t try to intervene, *Darth Sidious*,” Dooku’s voice had returned to a more common threatening tone. “Your potential Apprentice will fight mine. I will tolerate no interference.”

Then the real meaning of the words truly sunk into his brain.

Oh, no. Oh, no.

And when he watched Palpatine...there was a lot of Dark Side’s energy beginning to be summoned.

“Dooku or whatever is possessing you,” the Supreme Chancellor’s voice thundered. “You are not part of the Great Plan anymore!”

“Mighty words for someone who hasn’t realised I bribed Tarkin under his nose,” Dooku stopped having sex with the Twi’lek before grabbing his lightsaber.

He was just in time, as the restraints of Palpatine exploded and a cascade of Sith Lightning was hurled at him.

Dooku’s red lightsaber and Sith powers were barely enough to parry the attack.

“You have become a hindrance and an obstacle, Darth Tyranus,” the newly revealed Sith Lord hissed, all traces of benevolence or affection banished from his face. “And obstacles exist to be removed!”

“I am not Darth Tyranus anymore, fool!” Dooku shouted, and many lightsabers flew into the hands of the women he had called his ‘seraglio’. Not all of the forty-two women began to use the Dark Side of the Force, but half of them were true Force users. And the ones who weren’t were seizing blasters and other conventional weapons...well, except those who were engaged in kissing and having sex with Obi-Wan. Those two were too busy fornicating with the ‘mastered’ Jedi. “**I am Darth Nefarious and this is the first step of my plan**.”

**Author’s note**: When I began all the thread of these one-shots, it was not my intention to include Dread Emperor Nefarious. Without spoiling anything for those who want to read A Practical Guide to Evil, the man was the predecessor of Dread Empress Malicia, and he was, to put it politely, a screw-up. His first military campaign was such a disaster it made his Empire the laughingstock of the continent, and it all went downhill from there.

There were attenuating circumstances, but well...he’s a fairly unpleasant guy to go around, even by the standards set by other Dread Emperors and Empresses.

Of course, put him into Dooku’s body and with a half-restored cunning and ability to scheme, and the only thing he loved during his reign can be a devastating threat...provided his concubines don’t stab him while he’s asleep, of course.

But one way or another, this Battle of Coruscant would change....pretty much everything.

The other links to the sites where An Impractical Guide to the Force can be found:

www. alternate history forum /threads /an-impractical-guide-to-the-force .499018/

www. p a treon Antony444

archive of our own works /27421807 /chapters /67028977