

## **Galactic Wizardry**

### **Chapter 31**

Mace Windu pulled back on the throttle as he suddenly heard a loud peeping. As a precaution, they had set up a scanning station situated a short way off of their normal Hyperspace route. The reason was simple. They wanted to protect the location of Eden for as long as possible. Anyone going to the planet had to first fly through the small station and have their ships scanned for anything giving off a signal that didn't belong. When he heard the beeping, Mace immediately knew that something was up.

"Curses!" Mace growled. Had he been getting sloppy? He shook his head. It wasn't the time to ask these questions of himself. He had to follow protocol. Pressing a few buttons on the Navigation system, he wiped the planned route and changed it to a backup. Now that he had received an alarm, he couldn't just go straight to Eden. He now had to go to a moon that they had set up with several bunkers and hangars. He would land there, switch to a different ship, and carry on to Eden. Meanwhile, his ship would be meticulously scanned by a group of droids until they found whatever had tripped the scanner.

Obviously, finding out who had placed something on his ship was more important than finding the tracker. Unfortunately, it would likely be impossible unless the culprit came to the moon himself. There were hundreds of monitoring devices spread out all over the area. Hopefully, whoever was responsible was a bumbling idiot without an ounce of common sense.

## **Galactic Wizardry**

"Excellent!" Dooku cried out in gee as he watched the monitor. His mutilated face twisted into a cruel smile. The tracker on Windu's ship had finally stopped moving. He immediately brought up a star map and referenced the area. It was an abandoned moon that had been completely mined of its resources a thousand years ago. It was quite close to the Unknown Region of space, and not only that but there was no other major planet even close to the moon. Whatever was going on there would easily go unnoticed ... if not for a certain cunning Sith Lord, Dooku smirked to himself. What could the Jedi possibly be doing there? It was a question that absolutely had to be answered. His Master's patience was running thin, and Dooku had to have something to give him ... or else.

Arriving at an unknown location was dangerous. Dooku knew this, but he had little choice. He ordered his droids to have his ship ready as soon as he arrived at the hangar. He got up from his comfortable chair and groaned. It wasn't only his age causing constant pain, but the damage that he had taken from the unknown bodyguard. Just thinking about the man made him growl in anger. He hoped that he would one day have the opportunity to pay him back in kind. He left his apartment and shuttled the short distance to the rented hangar. Of course, he had been paying for it with credits stolen from his dead victims. It was the only way to keep his Master and the Jedi from finding him. His shuttle dropped him off at the hangar, and he quickly boarded the

ship. Within ten minutes, he had received permission to take off. The hangar roof slid open, and Dooku shot off into the air, eager to find out what Windu had been doing.

## **Galactic Wizardry**

“Don’t worry. I followed all of the protocols that we had set out,” Windu assured them. The entire group was sitting in the Command Center, listening to Windu’s tale. “And like always, the ship was scanned before leaving the Temple,” he added.

“So whoever put this tracker on your ship had to have done so during takeoff?” Harry asked.

“Most likely,” Shaak Ti said.

“What about the tracker itself?” Harry asked and pressed a button on his personal console. The holographic emitter placed in the center of the large table came to life and showed a detailed, three-dimensional picture of the tracker droid. It looked similar to a dragonfly from Earth, Harry thought. “Are these cheap and readily available on the open market?” he asked. He knew nothing about these things.

“No,” Aayla joined in, her Datapad in hand. “It says here that these are military grade and are often used by government agencies. Very expensive and not available to the public. They’re manufactured by Velocicorp Holdings.”

“So definitely not a prank,” Harry said.

“No. Whoever it was, they’re either a member of the government or have connections to some high-ranking government officials,” Windu said. “I’ll contact Yoda and let him know.”

“Make sure to use the private connection,” Shaak Ti warned. Everyone got up and left the Command Center.

Later that night, Harry was visiting Shmi since he hadn’t had time to spend with her lately. Things were beginning to get busy, so Harry rarely had much free time. Shmi, for her part, really enjoyed their little, late-night meet-ups. As if to prove that point, she moaned loudly when Harry peppered her inner thigh with soft kisses. His lips traveled up the inside of her leg until his lips were nearing the junction of her thighs. Being so close to her womanhood, her scent was strong, letting Harry know how turned-on she truly was. And if her scent didn’t let him know, the slickness of her folds certainly did. They were shiny and wet, and Harry could see her wetness dripping down over her puckered hole.

Since she had been rescued from Tatooine, Shmi had been undergoing weekly treatments to help reverse some of the damage done from years of dehydration. She was continuing the treatments here on Eden. As such, her skin was getting softer and more supple. Harry highly encouraged her to continue them. Older women that could afford it often received the same type

of treatment to help “roll back the years” as it were. Harry could now see why. Shmi’s body was softer, smoother, and sexier since starting the medical procedures. Even her breasts were perkier. He would make sure that all of his girls had the opportunity to undergo the same treatments when they got older, assuming they wanted to, of course.

Shmi blushed deeply as she felt his warm breath down below. It had been a while since he had been in her bed, and she hoped to make the most of it while she could. When his lips moved from her thigh up to her smooth mound, Shmi bit her lower lip and gripped his hair tightly in her hand. She was desperate for pleasure. Pushing his head down while moving her hips up, she eventually got her clit right up against his soft lips. She couldn’t help but rub it against his mouth, letting him know exactly what she wanted. Harry took the hint and lashed out with his tongue. Shmi gasped and bucked her hips.

“Oh, my!” she choked out in a husky voice. “Harry, keep going!” she practically begged. He flicked his tongue against her throbbing clit once again. Again her body bucked from the pleasure. She loved how he teased her body. His hands crept up her slim belly, and Shmi grabbed them and placed them on her breasts. She trembled as his fingers brushed against her hard, pink nipples. Just then, Harry sucked hard, and Shmi threw her head back and came violently against his mouth. Her juices flooded his mouth, and Harry eagerly lapped them up. Wanting more, Shmi pulled on his hair, trying to get him face-to-face with her. Harry moved with her hands, kissing her soft body along the way. Her belly quivered as he nipped at her skin, and she nearly came again when he licked her crinkled nub. When his mouth was next to hers, she captured his lips in a deep, passionate kiss. She happily opened her mouth and let his tongue in.

Down below, she had parted her legs wide, letting him settle between them. She could feel his long, thick manhood pressed tightly against her slit. Her hips had a mind of their own, and without her permission, they began moving back and forth. Over and over she rubbed herself against him, smearing her juices all over his shaft. When his cock was nice and slick, she reached down and grabbed a hold of his shaft. Moving her hips, she was able to get his head to press right against her wet opening. As soon as she had, Harry’s hips pushed forward. Shmi moaned into his mouth as he stretched her opening. On instinct, her legs came up and wrapped around his back, pulling him deeper into her. She closed her fluttering eyes and enjoyed the sensation of being entered after so long without him.

Harry smirked into her mouth and broke the kiss. “If you want my hips to start moving, you’re going to have to loosen up your hold on me,” he teased her. His hips were thrusting, but he could only manage shallow thrusts because of her legs. Slowly her legs unwrapped themselves, and Harry quickly threw them over his shoulders and started moving. It felt incredible to be back inside of her, Harry thought. There was something about her complete submissiveness that really turned him on. Her tight walls were already clutching him as he pistoned in and out of her. The soft moans coming from her mouth, the wet sounds of penetration, and the soft clapping of skin were enough to drive Shmi insane. Her cheeks were bright pink from embarrassment as Harry used her body in any way that he desired. When she was just about ready to cum again,

Harry flipped her over so that she was straddling his waist. His hands went up and groped her naked breasts.

His hands grabbed her hips, and he started moving them back and forth. She then knew what he wanted. Pressing her hands against his pecs, she started rolling her hips and working his cock to the best of her abilities. Shmi was always a little embarrassed when she was on top. She was much more comfortable being below him and letting him take as much pleasure as he desired from her body. However, she owned him a lot, and if he wanted her to please him, she would always do her best. Squeezing herself around his thick cock, she worked her hips before grinding them in a circle. Harry moaned and thrust his hips forward. Shmi's heart fluttered at the indication that she was doing a good job. Faster and faster she moved her hips until she felt her orgasm creeping back up. The familiar shiver went up and down her spine. His hands were all over her chest, playing with her bouncing breasts and pinching her sensitive nipples. Shmi was just about ready to bust. Unable to stop herself, she fell forward against his chest. She let out a loud squeal as her insides began tightening around him. Harry wrapped his strong arms around her waist and thrust fiercely upward, hitting the deepest parts of her body. Shmi let out a pleased wail as she came hard. Harry could feel her insides fluttering around him. Moving his hands down to her ass, he gripped her cheeks tightly and pushed all the way in.

Shmi was thrashing around as Harry hit her g-spot and came deep inside of her. Lights were flashing behind her eyes, and she was getting lightheaded while Harry continued to thrust into her. Her body went limp on top of him just as Harry started to slow down, still pumping her full of his seed. When he was drained, he gently caressed her naked back. Shmi shivered as he dragged his fingernails gently down the middle of her spine. Overcome by emotion, she tilted her head up and kissed him. Harry happily kissed her back while he was still buried deep inside of her.

Later that night when he was fast asleep, Harry received a ping through his bracer. It was really more of a light shock that woke him up. Sleepily, he checked the bracer and saw that someone had arrived at the moon. Now wide awake, he threw his clothes on and apparated to the Command Center. As soon as he got there, he checked and saw that all of the visiting ship's telemetrics were being recorded. High-resolution photos were taken of the ship as well. The ship wasn't big. It was smaller than the Chimaera by a decent amount. It looked to be a ship that could be easily piloted by a single person.

Harry went to the console and pressed a button. His own tracker droid ejected from the nearest scanner, and Harry took control of it. He was flying it closer and closer to the ship when the door to the Command Center opened. He heard several feet walking across the floor but didn't bother checking out who it was. There were only so many people on the planet after all. Mace sat down next to him and began typing away on the console as well. A warm body settled behind him and placed their hands on his shoulders. The scent that filled his nose told him that it was Shaak Ti. "I wonder who it is," Shaak said as she massaged his shoulders. Harry blocked out the wonderful feeling of her hands working his muscles. Instead, he focused solely on flying

the droid. If he moved too fast, it might show up on his scanners ... too slow and the ship might leave before he could attach it.

"That's what I'm working on," Mace told her, still punching away at the console.

"Attach it right there ... in the gap between the two heat vents. It will be near impossible to see, and the exhausting heat should help block it from being detected by scanners," Shaak told him while Harry nodded. He carefully flew the little droid and slipped it right into the gap. He pressed a button on the console and activated the powerful electromagnet. When it secured itself to the ship, Harry looked over to what Mace was doing. Only a minute or so later, Aayla came in looking tired but still sexy. Her eyes were low and hooded. By her side was a droid carrying a tray on its head.

"Tea?" she asked. "It's laced with Stims."

She handed out a cup to all of them before taking one herself. She pulled up a chair and sat next to him, holding her cup between her two hands while slowly sipping it. Next to them, Mace piped up.

"I should have known," he scowled. Everyone looked over at his monitor. On his monitor was a zoomed-in video feed. The picture wasn't perfect, but they could clearly see the person sitting in the cockpit of the small ship.

"Is that ...?" Aayla began.

"Count Dooku," Shaak Ti growled. "Yes, we should have known that that rat was still scurrying around looking for us. Though it is nice to see that he didn't leave unscathed from our last interaction," she smirked. She was right, Harry thought. Through the transparent, plasteel cockpit window, Harry could see that half of Dooku's face was utterly ruined.

"How about a little counterintelligence?" Harry asked Mace. "Make him think that the moon is active. I'd really like to know what he's up to. We know that he was after the Forge Core, so whatever it is, it can't be good."

"Agreed," Mace said, and began pressing buttons. Small ships and shuttles began taking off from the moon and flying around on autopilot, making it seem like some type of operation was happening there. Almost instantly, Dooku's ship turned around and entered hyperspace. Harry looked back at his screen, but there wasn't much to look at yet. Ships couldn't be tracked while in hyperspace. They would have to wait until he came out of it, which would likely be several hours at least. The group talked a bit but eventually left to go back to sleep.

When Harry laid back down next to Shmi, she scooted closer to him, pressing her naked bottom against his equally naked crotch. A perverted smirk formed on his face. 'Since I'm already awake ...'

## Galactic Wizardry

After many hours of traveling through hyperspace, Dooku reluctantly landed on a landing pad on the capital city-planet of Coruscant. Hopefully, his master was in a good mood, he thought to himself.

As he entered Palpatine's office through the private entrance, he quickly kneeled and lowered his head in a show of respect. "Master," he greeted him. Sidious remained in his chair as he threaded his pale, bony fingers together while looking upon his apprentice with disdain.

"I knew that you were a failure, but a coward as well? Tell me, why have you been avoiding me, Dooku? Hmm? Perhaps you have no useful information to hand me?" Sidious toyed with him. It had been too long since he had last tortured anyone. He was looking for any reason to let his lightning free.

"No, Master," Dooku kept his head bowed. "I did not wish to waste your time as I had no solid evidence to share."

"Then I take it that you now HAVE something to share?" Sidious asked, steepling his fingers.

"Yes, Master ..."

Dooku told him how he learned about the strange behavior of both Yoda and Windu. He told him how he placed a tracker on Windu's ship and followed it to a supposed abandoned moon.

"I did not feel Windu on the moon when I arrived, but the tracker clearly shows that he visited. Not only that, Master, but there was definite activity. The moon is not as abandoned as everyone believes," he said, still groveling. Sidious tapped the tips of his fingers together as he thought over the situation.

"It seems that you have avoided my ire for today. I want to know everything about this moon. I want to know exactly where Yoda and Windu are going and what they are doing. I suggest you get started. My patience will only last so long," he warned. Dooku gulped and nodded.

As quickly as he could, he left his master's office and went back to his hidden apartment. The mission would be difficult. It would not be easy investigating Yoda while remaining unknown to him. The first thing he decided to do was to place a droid in deep orbit around the moon. He needed data. Unfortunately, it couldn't just be any droid. He needed one that was shielded against the powerful scanners that the moon would no doubt have. You couldn't just buy these on the open market. Thankfully, his Master had connections within many businesses, but he couldn't just call them up. The risk of the transmission being sliced was just too high. Any more failures and his life would be forfeit. No, he needed to visit in person. With no time to waste, he was back on his ship. Little did he know that Harry and the Jedi were tracking his every move.