

Chapter One – Awakening of Power

Coruscant

Jedi Temple

250 years after the Capture and Imprisonment of Tralin, also known as Darth Tremar

Iliyana stood naked in her small room in the Temple. Her wardrobe was open so she could admire her body in the full length mirror mounted inside the door. She let her eyes slid down the mirror, over her slightly more than a handful breasts, flat stomach and shaved pussy, her hands following just behind her eyes. She cupped her breasts and squeezed them lightly, toying with her nipples as she did so, sending a tremor of pleasure throughout her body. When her hands slid over her bare pussy, she rubbed her middle finger against herself, pausing for a moment before deciding not to insert it.

She let her hands drop to her sides, and began to get dressed, pulling on serviceable Jedi pants, tunic and robe, and neglecting both her panties and bra. She hated the restraining feel of both. She wrapped her utility belt around her waist, clipped her lightsaber onto it, and bound her thick red hair into a ponytail before leaving her room.

As usual, Iliyana wandered without purpose. She had been recalled from the Rim to the Temple, to be disciplined for her, as the Council called it, shocking displays of sexual enjoyment. Personally, she thought that made it sound far worse than it was. In five years on the Rim, she'd slept with perhaps four men, admittedly many times, but still...

Her unthinking footsteps carried her into the Archives, where she wandered for a time among the computers and displays. One pedestal held the mask of Darth Revan; another held the mask of Darth Nihilus. She moved past them. Ancient relics of the Orders history; unimportant figures in today's society, but the Council still feared either could be reborn from a modern day Jedi.

She paused before a tall, full length display. Inside was a set of black robes, and suspended in front of the robes was a double-headed lightsaber. She read the small plaque, and found that both had once belonged to Darth Tremar, a Sith Lord from almost two hundred years ago. He had been captured by Jedi Master Jeanne Stardream, but nothing of his sentence was mentioned.

She moved to an archival computer, and punched in his name, pulling up his history. Once a promising padawan, he fell to the Dark Side after a trip to Korriban, supposedly part of a four man cell sent to hunt down Terentetek sighted by the Republic on the surface. His entire cell had been slain by the beasts, and only he survived by falling to the sway of Korriban's dark pull.

Afterwards, he had formed a small Sith army, and struck dozens of Republic worlds, from Onderon to Kashyyk, seeking out the Terentek but never killing them. He seemed to be collecting them. Finally the Order had caught up to him in his fortress on Hurcha.

She frowned at the file. While it contained full holo-logs of his Trial, they contained no mention of his sentence. She went to one of the Archival Jedi, and asked her quietly what had happened to him. The young woman smiled at Iliyana. "He was put into cryogenic suspension, in the bottom of the Temple. I doubt very much that he's still alive down there though. Even cryogenic freezers fail after so long." The archivist bustled away, and Iliyana returned to her rooms to think.

Late the next day, as she was on her way back to her rooms after a long and arduous training day with several members of the Council, she stood in the lift that would whisk her away to the dormitories, but instead pressed the button for the lowest level the lift could reach. When it opened, Iliyana felt an immediate chill, and felt her nipples hardening from contact with her rapidly cooling sweat covered tunic. She stepped into the misty room, amazed that cryogenic freezers like this existed below the Temple itself. Long rows of coffin-like tables stretched as far as she could see, with only a rare gap to break the monotony.

She walked among them, pulling her thin robe close about her to try and stay warm. Each gap in the rows had an active ray shield over it, and a plaque on the floor. She scraped frost off of the plaques, noticing that some of these had been sealed for over six thousand years. She wondered if this is what happened to all Jedi who were captured and supposedly exiled from Republic space.

Would it be her fate if the Council decided they couldn't rehabilitate her?

Finally, she found the coffin-like she had been looking for without really being aware of looking. She crouched before the release controls, and hesitated for only a moment. She had been a part of the Order her entire life, but still, she missed her family, and enjoyed all the pleasurable sensations the Order said she wasn't allowed to have. The Sith, in fact everybody but the Jedi and a few monastic orders, had no qualms against pleasures of the flesh. She broke the seal and stepped back.

Super-compressed gas hissed out of release vents as the coffin slowly rose up from the ground. The ray shield remained in place as the coffin slowly lifted from the ground. Iliyana's eyes slid across the frost covered chest of Tremar as it slid into sight. Her eyes drank in his muscled but lean torso, strong arms and legs, and she was jerked from her reverie when the table stopped moving with a metallic clank.

Tremar's muscled chest took a single shuddering breath, and then another. His eyes fluttered open, and fixed upon hers. Iliyana drew a shuddering breath, captivated by the shifting blue haze of his eyes. She felt a tingling burst of pleasure run down her spine, and she could feel her body responding. She sucked in her bottom lip as Tremar turned his head from side to side, looking around. "Who... are you," he asked in a dry, cracked voice.

Iliyana spoke slowly, hesitating slightly. "Ili... Iliyana Partan."

Tremar's eyes moved along her body, noting her stiff nipples poking against her tunic. "And you are a Jedi? Has my sentence been rescinded?"

"No, it hasn't. I... freed you, in hopes of being taken away from Coruscant and the Jedi My Lord," she blurted. It was a truth she had barely considered herself.

Tremar smiled faintly. "I will not be able to take either of us from here without both a lightsaber and the removal of the rayshields."

Iliyana cast her eyes to the floor. "Your lightsaber, and robes, are in the Archives my Lord." She looked up to the emitter of the ray shields, raised her left hand, and clenched it tight. The emitter crushed inwards as though gripped by an immensely powerful fist. The ray shields flickered, and failed.

Tremar drew a deep breath, and wrenched his arms and legs free, augmenting his physical strength with the Force. He brushed the remnants off of his arms, and stepped forward to Iliyana. He reached out one hand and cupped her chin, staring deep into her eyes. He sensed her resentment of the Jedi Order, and knew he could use it. "Shall we be going then?"

Iliyana nodded, feeling another electric thrill at his touch. She struggled not to moan as she grew wetter, and led the way to the lift she had used to come down here. "This lift isn't far from Archives my Lord."

As the lift doors hissed shut, Tremar nodded. "Excellent. From Archives we must go directly to the landing pad and get ourselves a vehicle."

"I have access to the hangar my Lord," Iliyana said, mentally recalling the lockcodes she'd been given on her arrival on Coruscant. She could go anywhere on the planet, but she couldn't go off planet. The Jedi, however, stored their starships in the same hangar as their speeders. "There are a few small spacecraft there we can take."

The lift reached the main floor, and Tremar, still half naked, nodded. "One will be sufficient." The door opened, and Iliyana stepped out first, moving quickly through the thankfully empty halls towards Archives, followed by Tremar, who drew an aura of dignity and power around himself. When they entered Archives, he was ready. He strode directly to the case that held his robes and saber, and swept his arm to the side, shattering the glass and spraying it across the room, causing frightened shouts and screams. He pulled out his clothes first, pulled on his robe and handed the rest to Iliyana. She accepted the bundle without question, and as two Jedi rushed forward she stepped meekly aside.

Tremar spun, his lightsaber streaking out of the case in response to his manipulation of the Force. The forward end ignited in a blaze of brilliant ice blue energy, and it slammed into, and through, the chest of one of the Jedi. His eyes widened in shock, as he looked down at the new hole in his chest and the blood pouring out of it as he dropped to the floor, and collapsed backwards, creating a new pool of blood right there.

The second Jedi spun, and knocked his lightsaber away with an electric sizzle, but Iliyana, who had moved closer under the guise of aid, pressed her lightsaber against the Jedi's back, and activated it, sending the blade burning through his chest and heart. She pulled her lightsaber free, and felt Tremar's hand on her shoulder. It slipped down, tracing her spine and she shivered again. "Come. We have little time for pleasure here."

Iliyana nodded, and began to run from Archives, followed by the sound of Tremar's bare feet slapping on the marble floor as they raced down the halls to the hangar bay. From behind, she heard startled shouts and yells, but paid them no heed. She slapped the door panel, punched in her access code, and it hissed open. Tremar entered before her, his black robe billowing open behind him, revealing his bare chest and tight trousers. Two mechanics looked up at him, and then began to gasp for breath, clutching at their throats. Iliyana walked beside Tremar, her eyes flicking from ship to ship until she saw the one she'd hoped would be here. "My Lord, there," she said, pointing at the ship. It was a small ship, designed as a courier vessel. It could be operated by one person, and carry five comfortably, and, unlike many of the small ships here, it had a decently powerful hyperdrive. She quickly explained this to him, and he nodded.

When they reached the ship, Tremar held out a hand to one of the now-strangled mechanics, and an access card slipped from his belt to Tremar's hand. He slid it through the access slot, and the airlock hissed open. As Iliyana stepped on board, she heard a shouted challenge. The voice, a deep baritone, was familiar, and she tossed Tremar's clothes onto a changing bench and bolted for the cockpit. She began to fire up the systems, running a shortened systems check, only the essentials. She glanced out the window and saw Jedi running for the ship, darting and dodging flying objects and bursts of lightning.

The lead Jedi was a bull of a man with a polished bald head. He held an over-long lightsaber in both hands, and he expertly sliced through objects and deflected lightning, moving in a straight line to the airlock. His name was Kaesar Caestol, and he was a life-term member of the Jedi Council as well as one of the most skilled Guardians the Order had seen since Jedi Master Kavar. Iliyana flicked a toggle, and tapped a control, pivoting two linked laser cannons in his direction. She pressed the firing pad, and the cannons began to unleash bolt after bolt of deadly energy. Kaesar rolled to the side behind a speeder, and Iliyana activated the thrusters, lifting the ship up. The hangar bays were closed, and Iliyana transmitted the codes to open it. The great door began to separate, opening slowly.

She pushed the throttle up, and the ship surged ahead. She glanced once over her shoulder, and saw Tremar gripping a bulkhead with one hand, working the remote airlock controls with the other. Their small ship slid through the doors, and Iliyana pushed the vessel higher, up into space, and switched from their thrusters to sub-light engines. She punched in a pre-programmed hyperspace course, a single jump to the gas giant of Yavin. The stars outside began to spin and the small ship rocketed away into hyperspace.

Tremar stepped into the cockpit, taking a deep breath. "Well done Iliyana Partan. You have an impressive array of skills."

Iliyana smiled. "Not much to do on the Rim but pod-race, and most of the Jedi pilot their own ships from place to place."

Tremar nodded, and shrugged off his black robe. "Yes, they do." He placed his hand on her shoulder, and she bit her bottom lip again as his hand slid down under her tunic, and he was surprised to find her breast bare. He began to knead and squeeze her breast, eliciting a small moan from her. She leaned back into the chair, licking her lips as he rubbed and squeezed her breast. She rubbed her legs together and moaned again, encouraging him.

Tremar turned her chair, and tore open her tunic, ripping it in half and baring both her breasts. He knelt down and began to suck on her breasts, switching from breast to breast, biting and tugging her nipples as she moaned and squirmed in her chair, gasping for breath.

He pulled her pants down, and pressed his hand against her shaved pussy, rubbing and manipulating her clit, and then pressing one finger into her. She let out a loud gasp that turned into a moan as he began to push his finger in and out of her wet pussy. She squirmed more energetically, pushing her hips down on his finger. Without warning she lunged off of her chair, his finger sliding out of her, and pushed him to the deck. Her hands slid over his chest, and she spun, pressing her pussy against his face. Her hands scrabbled at his pants, and finally she tore it open with the Force, and took his hard manhood into her mouth, moaning with pleasure. She sucked on his head for a moment, and then began to bob her head up and down, sucking energetically, one hand sliding down to caress his balls. She took his cock as deep

as she could, until her lips were pressed against the base, and its tip was in her throat. She moaned again, savouring his taste before coming up for air.

Tremar groaned as she began to suck him off, and he pushed his face into her sopping pussy, digging his tongue into her pussy, making her squirm and moan around his cock, the vibrations intensifying his pleasure. He groaned into her, and dug his tongue in deeper, pulling her into his face with both hands. Her body began to jerk and buck as she came on his tongue, moaning around his cock. He rolled her off of him, and slipped around to rest between her legs. She gazed up at him through lust-clouded eyes, and he pushed into her, sliding his cock deep into her drenched pussy. Her back arched as she felt him fill and stretch her walls. He grabbed her hips, and began to rock in and out of her, making her gasp and moan with each thrust. Her hands scrabbled on the deck as he continued to rock into her, picking up his pace, feeling his own orgasm coming on. He drove in to the base of his cock, burying himself in her pussy and groaned as he came, filling her with his seed as she came again, her pussy clenching and pulsing around him.

When Iliyana came down from her lust-induced haze, she found herself in one of the small cots in the crew cabin, still dressed in her torn tunic and soiled pants. She reached down between her legs, and pressed two fingers into herself, moaning softly as she dug for his seed, and brought her fingers out with their mixed juices. She licked them clean, and could taste his seed mixed with her own cunt juices. She stretched happily against the cot, glad to be free for the first time since she was about five years old.