

Chapter Two – Business and Pleasure

Coruscant

Jedi Temple

2 Standard Days after the Escape of Darth Tremar and Iliyana Partan

The four Jedi Council members sat in their tower, facing each other. The holo-projector in the center of the room had finished playing an old, and classified, holo-recording, the trial and sentencing of Darth Tremar. Jedi Master Kaesar Caestol lounged back in his chair, arms spread wide over the back. His Jedi Robes, a plain and serviceable white, stretched tight across his heavily muscled chest. “It is obvious what Darth Tremar is. He’s as charismatic as Revan. He should have been stripped of the Force, and then frozen,” he said in his deep baritone voice.

Master Kadio, a Duros, spoke next. “Stripping the Force from a Jedi is not always a final solution. In the case of Kayl Redhand, he regained his Force connection.”

Historian Maj-Odo, one of two Cerean masters, spoke thoughtfully. “Kayl Redhand did not technically recover. He siphoned the Force from his Force Sensitive allies.”

Kadio shook his head. “It is still not always a permanent solution.”

Koyi Komad, a female Twi’lek, shook her head, her lekku twitching in agitation. “That is all ancient history. The question now is what do we do about it? Darth Tremar has escaped in an unmarked Jedi vessel, apparently with the aid of one of our own. Iliyana is impulsive, and enjoys the sensations of her flesh. With those two traits, she will be easy for Darth Tremar to manipulate.”

Kaesar sighed. “I doubt she is being manipulated. Her reactions were too smooth and fast to be the result of manipulation. Plus, our holo-records show her opening the freezer, and killing a fellow Jedi.”

Maj-Odo sighed. “I fear you are right Kaesar. Kadio, do you think that Darth Tremar will make for Hurcha?”

Kadio sighed. “It is unclear. He once had a fortress there right enough, but it has been abandoned for two and a half centuries now. I’m not sure what state it would be in, or if anything would be left to mark its location.”

“Regardless, we should have a Jedi Strike team check the planet out,” Koyi said, flicking one lekku over her pale green shoulder. “And not just once; at least once a month until we’re certain that they won’t return.”

Kaesar nodded thoughtfully. He was the only life-term member of the Council on Coruscant at the moment, and so his word, while not a deciding factor, carried weight. Koyi and Maj-Odo were both long-term members, and Kadio was a short-term member. They all exchanged glances, and nodded. Kaesar rose first. “I’ll lead the strike team. I’m best qualified for it, and I trained Iliyana to use her lightsaber.”

Nar Shadaa

Refugee Sector

3 Standard Days after the Escape of Darth Tremar and Iliyana Partan

Accompanied by elongated streaks of light, the vessel marked as *Saviour* returned to normal space. Sitting naked in the cockpit, Iliyana corrected for the spin of the ship, and guided it towards Nar Shadaa. She left her transponder offline, and headed to the Refugee Sector, sending a message to an old friend as she entered the atmosphere.

Tremar stepped into the doorway behind her, dressed in his black tunic, pants and robe. He eyed her nude form as she worked the controls, weaving through the building of the Smugglers Moon. Ever since they had escaped the Temple and he had torn her tunic open, she had refused to wear any clothing. She seemed to delight in her casual nudity, and he personally didn't mind.

A beeping tone came across the comline, a sequence of rapid fire dots and dashes. Iliyana listed carefully, and adjusted her flight path. "I have an old friend here on Nar Shadaa. He's a decent mechanic, and more importantly he can change transponder codes. We'll be able to hide ourselves after this."

Tremar smiled at her. "Figuratively speaking?"

Iliyana giggled. "Maybe." With practiced skill, she turned *Saviour*, and guided it into a large, but nearly empty, hangar bay. Before she touched down, she manoeuvred the ship around so that the nose was facing the exit. The ship settled onto the landing struts, and Iliyana walked to her room, threw her belt around her waist, slipped into her Jedi robe and secured it from the collarbone to just below her pelvis, making sure she still had freedom of movement. The idea of going out naked below her robe was exciting, and she felt herself growing wet at the thought. She stepped into her boots, tied them up, and hurried after Tremar.

Tremar, meanwhile, was already on the lower deck, opening the airlock ramp. It hissed open, and he strode down the ramp, his eyes scanning the bay for any threat. Iliyana came down the ramp soon after, and flipped her hood up. "Over there Milord," she pointed, "far side of the hangar. That hatch will lead to Larian's office."

Tremar nodded, and strode towards the hatch she had pointed out, but before he reached it, it opened of its own accord, and a young looking human stepped out. He was dressed in plain black trousers and a black leather vest. His chest was bare, and a heavy blaster hung at his hip. Tremar's eyes also spotted the grips of two hold out blasters in the tops of his boots. The young man brushed a strand of reddish blond hair out of his eyes, and approached calmly, extending his hand to Tremar, who ignored it.

"Lord Tremar? Larian Naver, at your service. Ili tells me you need some work done on your ship, yes?"

Tremar nodded to the young man, who had lowered his hand. "The transponder requires changing, and the hyperdrive must either be fine tuned or replaced. It is a class 3 hyperdrive, which is insufficient for my needs. The weapons and shields also need to be overhauled, and one of the cabins must be renovated into a meditation chamber. Will this pose a problem?"

Larian smiled at him. "Of course not milord, but it will take time. I'll need to see which cabin you want renovated, as well as inspect the other systems. Until then, I don't know how long."

Tremar nodded. "Understandable. The cabin is on the top deck, portside aft. I intend to remain aboard ship, so you may find me when you know how long it will take." With that, Tremar turned on his heel and re-entered the ship.

Larian whistled. "So, that's a true Sith Lord huh? Impressive guy; doesn't give away much about himself. Anyways, I need to get started. What are you going to do?"

Iliyana smiled at him. "I need to do a bit of shopping," she said, and then impishly opened her robe wide. She saw Larian's eyes go wide, and then an approving smile as he eyed her nude form. She pulled it closed before he got any ideas, and walked out of the bay, securing her robe again. She walked for hours through the crowded streets of Nar Shadaa, peeking into shops, and avoiding the areas she remembered as the most dangerous. She slipped into a small clothing store that she remembered as being run by the most honest people she had met on Nar Shadaa, meaning that while the owners were criminals, they did most of their work behind the scenes in a brothel.

She walked through the racks of clothing, selecting several different outfits, and then slipped into the changing room. She pulled off her robe and hung her belt, knowing the well hidden camera would be recording. She bent over with her back to it, giving them a nice view of her ass as she grabbed a pair of pants. She pulled them on and then a tight top. She tried on one of the half jackets she had grabbed. She examined herself in the mirror, nodded and stripped again.

This time, however, she stripped far more slowly, pulling the top up over her breasts, biting her bottom lip as she looked directly at the camera. She set the top aside and ran her hand down over her breasts, kneading them slightly, pulling on her nipples, opening her mouth slightly as she let out a quiet moan. She slid her hands around on her breasts, pressing her nipples around in circles before pinching them roughly and gasping at the lightning bolts of sensation that shot through her, imagining it was Tremar's strong hands pinching her nipples. Her hands slipped down across her stomach, rubbing in circles, her eyes still locked on the camera, and she began to sway her hips as she pushed the pants down, the crotch sticking to her wet pussy. She slid a hand along herself, separating the fabric from her wetness, and then bent over again, presenting her ass and glistening pussy to the camera lens as she finished removing the pants.

Instead of straightening, however, she slid one hand down to her pussy, and braced herself on the bench with the other, and spread her pussy with two fingers, her thumb rubbing at her clit, making her gasp and moan. She pushed two fingers into herself with a long, drawn out moan, spreading her legs for better balance, and began to push the fingers into herself, moaning as she fingered herself in this cramped stall. Moments before she came, she pulled her fingers out, and turned to face the camera, letting them see her lick her fingers clean. She gave her hidden watchers an impish grin, and pulled a flashlight from her belt, then sat on the bench and spread her legs wide. She'd used it like this before. She slowly pushed the cold metal into her pussy, moaning louder and louder, no longer caring who heard as the cold metal violated her flesh. She began to stroke it back and forth, fucking herself with it, ramming it in harder and faster, groaning and moaning, her free hand clenching at her breasts. With a loud cry, she came, arching her back and covering the flashlight in her sticky juices.

When she came down from her orgasm, she slowly pulled the light out of her pussy, and then licked it clean, bobbing her head up and down along it as though it was Tremar's cock. With a sucking pop, she pulled her lips off of the end, replaced it on her belt, and winked at the camera.

She casually tried on a few of the other outfits as though she had not just publically cum, rejected a few but kept most, and then redressed in the first one. She put her belt and boots back on, paid and left, slinging her robe about her shoulders.

Meanwhile, aboard the *Saviour*, Tremar sat at in the cockpit, using the holonets resources to see if he could find out what the Order might be planning. He ran a search on the ship, and found its transponder listed as a stolen vessel, and paid it no heed. That problem would be fixed soon enough. He ran a search on Hurcha, and found that there was a travel advisory. Apparently it had become a base for some kind of cartel. He sneered at the screen. If there was a cartel operating from his fortress on Hurcha, they would be in for a surprise when he returned. He turned his chair when he sensed Larian approaching. The young man, while respectful, showed no fear of dealing with a Sith Lord.

“Milord, I’ve completed my inspection. The hyperdrive will have to be replaced. The Jedi installed some kind of remote failsafe that, when activated, can melt the drive. They must not have had time when you left Coruscant, and I don’t know how to remove it,” the young mechanic consulted his datapad before continuing, “The weapons have only minor targeting miscalculations, and the shields I can strengthen by installing redundant generators. The transponder is easy to do, and remodelling the cabin will take the longest, but all in all, no more than a week until you’re able to leave.”

Tremar nodded slowly. “I will need another vessel then, a single pilot unit with a decent hyperdrive and combat abilities.”

Larian chewed his lip before responding. “I have a small one man fighter that I have heavily modified. While I perform the necessary work, you may use that.”

Tremar noted the lack of his title, but brushed it aside. “Very well then; I will leave as soon as the vessel is ready. When Iliyana returns, tell her she is not to leave Nar Shadaa until I return.”

Less than an hour later, Tremar, dressed in a borrowed flight suit, was underway. He plotted his course, using his astrogation skills, and then initiated the jump.

Churba System
Hurcha
Tremor Fortress – Western Wastes
5 Standard Days after the Escape of Darth Tremar and Iliyana Partan

The sleek fighter Tremar had borrowed from Larian emerged from lightspeed, and he quickly gained his bearings. Hurcha, its two moons and faint ring, was directly in front of him, and he scanned his radar for any signs of other ships. Larian’s fighter was obviously designed for small scale smuggling, with a chameleon skin system and radar deflection. Tremar guided the fighter down into the atmosphere, his scanners not detecting any other ships. He flew over the Western Wastes, the snow and howling winds familiar and comfortable. He passed over the site where his fortress had once stood, a pile of stone and durasteel. He manoeuvred around on thrusters, and touched down in the ruined courtyard. He grabbed a heavy jacket from behind the pilots couch, and pulled it on as the canopy slid forward to admit the screaming wind.

He dropped to the snow covered ground, and started inwards, his eyes and mind seeking any life. The great doors of his fortress were destroyed, and snow was piled deeply inside. He moved through it,

following memories through corridors until he found the concealed entrance to the lower levels of the fortress. It slid open easily, fuelled by its own separate system, and he descended into the colder air, a coldness made all the more severe by the heavy breathing and shuffling from below. He paused, and activated his lightsaber.

When he reached the bottom of the stairs, he smiled. An array of massive force shields, triple layered on redundant generators, lined the sides of two large reserves. Small chutes trapped unwary wildlife, funnelling them down here to make sure that his captives always had food. One creature walked up to the force shield, its massive twelve foot frame bristling with spikes, its eyes glowing like coals behind its embers and it moved smoothly on its clawed hands and feet. [i]The beast remembers[/i], Tremar thought, gazing at his Terenatek. Slowly, the other seven moved up on either side of him. He had not killed them, as the Jedi demanded. Instead, using the Force, he had subdued them, shattering their bestial minds, and reforming them into the tools he required. He smiled chilly, and spun on his heel. Hurcha would no longer be secure. The Jedi knew about this place, but not the Terenatek pens.

As he ascended the stairs, too narrow for one of the beasts, he considered alternatives, discarded planets too heavily populated before his thoughts brought him to a small planetoid he had discovered centuries ago.

Yes, it would be perfect.

He reached the surface, resealed the hatch and released a wave of force, hiding his foot prints as he exited to the courtyard. He climbed into the fighter, and lifted off the ground on his thrusters. He checked his sensors once more and then launched himself into space. As he crossed from the day side to the night side of Hurcha, a group of six fighters jumped in, and swerved towards the world. Tremar pulled up one of the ships profiles, and cursed. It was a Jedi fighter, which meant that he had either been followed, or they were being overly thorough. Regardless, he kept his course until they entered the atmosphere of Hurcha, and then made his jump into hyperspace, plotting a roundabout route back to Nar Shadaa.

Nar Shadaa

Refugee Sector

9 Standard Days after the Escape of Darth Tremar and Iliyana Partan

Iliyana stood at the entrance of the hangar, hands on her hips as she watched the sky, knowing Tremar was on approach. Finally, she spotted his borrowed fighter as it flew lower and lower, and approached the open doors. Iliyana stepped beneath [i]Saviour[/i] as Tremar landed the snub nosed fighter, and waited until he powered it down and climbed out before approaching him. She gave him a firm hug, deliberately squishing her breasts into his chest and rubbing her crotch against his leg. "I missed you!"

Tremar returned the hug, and lifted his leg slightly, pressing into her, making her squirm more energetically. "And I you; what have you been up to while I was gone?"

Iliyana gave him a wicked little grin. "Nothing too bad. Just teasing people mainly Larian. The [i]Saviour[/i] is ready to go. I helped out a fair bit with the heavy lifting."

Tremar smiled at her. "That would help. Now, show me the ship."