

Chapter Three – Scouring of Cyprixia

Nar Shadaa Refugee Sector

1 Standard Day after Darth Tremar's return from Hurcha

Iliyana stood in the cockpit of *Saviour*, running the pre-launch systems checks, skipping nothing. When they had left Coruscant, she had skipped almost the entire procedure, and risked blowing a vital system. Now, however, she stubbornly ran the entire thing.

Down the hall, Tremar was examining the meditation chamber in excruciating detail. The floor had been tiered up in five layers, leaving enough room on the top for a single person. In each corner, bolted to the ceiling on remote operated swivels, were large flat metal tables, each equipped with heavy leather straps, straps with built in electrical contacts. Mounted in the center of the ceiling, facing each table, were holo-recorders. Tremar mounted the short steps to the top tier, and sat down. He sealed the door with a flick of his hand, and dimmed the lights in the same way. He had already given Iliyana the coordinates for their destination, far outside the Outer Rim. His eyes drifted closed, and he drew long, deep breaths, drawing himself into a meditative trance.

As Iliyana finished the checklists, she heard a soft step behind her, and turned. Larian was there, standing in the door with a heavy duffel bag in one hand. "You left this behind the last time you were on Nar Shadaa, said that it wouldn't be wise to take them into Republic space. Since I doubt you will be any time soon, I thought you might want them back."

Iliyana took the duffel from him and set it on the deck, crouched and opened it, and blushed. Inside the duffel were several different dildos and vibrators, along with a heavy wood case, and three or four different adult magazines. She closed the duffel, and stood. "Thanks Larian. When we get to wherever it is we're going, and if Tremar allows it, I'll find a way to get a message to you."

Larian smiled. "I'd appreciate it. I still owe you a few favors, and I need to pay up. Let him know that if you need any more help, I'll come running."

Iliyana smiled warmly at him, and impulsively hugged him. "I will."

Larian returned her hug, enjoying the press of her breasts against his chest, and then disengaged himself, and made his way out of the ship. As he walked down the airlock boarding ramp, the thrusters were already hissing, releasing thin streamers of coolants onto the stained durasteel floor. By the time he reached his office door, *Saviour* had already lifted off the ground, and started to slide out of the hangar bay. Moments later, it was gone, burning its sublight engines up into space.

Iliyana double checked the astrogation data Tremar had given her. It was a convoluted route, passing through several systems before reaching Tatooine, and then from there their course hurled them far outside the Rim to a system labelled as Cyprix. With a mental shrug, she reached over, and engaged the hyperdrive. She felt the new hyperdrive powerup, building up as *Saviour* accelerated, and then leapt into hyperspace.

Churba System Hurcha - Western Wastes

Tremor Fortress
3 Standard Days after Darth Tremar's departure from Nar Shadaa

Kaesar stood in the center of the pile of stone and durasteel. Four of the other Jedi, each selected for their skill as pilots and combat experts, had ranged out through the building, while the fifth had gone to a nearby settlement of smugglers to see if any of them had seen a ship here.

Kaesar strode through the fortress once more, recalling details from the trial, and made his way to the central tower, where Jedi Master Jeanne had fought, and captured, Darth Tremar. He had to admit that her strategy was ingenious. While Darth Tremar had struck at Republic settlements, killing tens of thousands in seemingly random attacks, Master Jeanne had trained an elite team of Jedi to fight Darth Tremar by emulating his fighting style, and conditioning their every reaction. He paused at the base of the tower, and saw that at some time it had collapsed to one side, creating a pile of stone.

He set one foot on a tumbled block and sighed softly. Unless his Jedi reported sign of Tremar or Iliyana, he would recommend discontinuing the patrols. There was simply nothing here for anybody to come back to, and it would take little time for Tremar to realize it.

Cyprix System
Saviour
2 Standard Weeks after Darth Tremar's departure from Nar Shadaa

Iliyana sat in the cockpit, scanning the empty, lifeless space around *Saviour*. Aside from a few asteroids on the outer edges of the system, Iliyana saw nothing. She set a course for Xyth, the most promising planet in the system, engaged the autopilot, and then walked back along the corridor to Tremar's new meditation room. She tapped the call button once, and then waited. Within moments, the door hissed open and she entered, hands clasped before her. "Milord, we have arrived in Cyprix. Our scanners aren't detecting any signs of hyperspace travel or life in the system, and I have set course for Xyth."

Tremar, sitting cross-legged on his meditation platform, looked up at her. His eyes, covered with that shifting blue haze, gleamed brightly in the light from the hall. "Very well Iliyana. I will be out in a moment."

Iliyana gave a half-bow, and returned to the cockpit. She ran her sensors again, and found a blip. She homed in on it, and found traces of Cronau radiation, meaning a vessel had jumped to hyperspace. She disengaged the autopilot, and came about, starting an analysis of the ship's path, and she heard Tremar approaching. "You changed course."

"Yes Milord," Iliyana replied. "I found Cronau radiation that wasn't there when I spoke with you. The computer is analysing the flightpath and trajectory now."

Tremar nodded, and studied the readings. The radiation was close to an asteroid, one that had a familiar shape. He pointed at it through the cockpit window. "That one. I will fly the approach. Go and dress yourself for combat."

Iliyana's brows drew together, and slipped from the cockpit and to her cabin. She had moved her belongings to one of the larger staterooms and unpacked the duffel not long after they left Nar Shadaa. Her dildos and vibrators were set on her headboard, proudly displayed, the magazines were scattered

on her low table and the wood case was in the center of the table. She stepped to her closet, and tugged her tight top over her breasts. The top was flung onto her bed, and she pressed her breasts together, and pinched her nipples. She wiggled happily, released her nipples and stripped off her pants and boots. Those joined her shirt on the bed, and she pulled out a pair of black leather pants, shirt and her Jedi robe. She had dyed the robe black to match Tremar's. She pulled on her boots and belt, clipped her lightsaber to her belt and walked to the open case. She unlocked it with her thumbprint, opened the lid, and pulled out a heavy blaster that Larian had custom built for her, along with her leg holster.

When she returned to the bridge, Tremar said nothing about the blaster. Most Force users sneered at carrying one, believing that the Force and a lightsaber gave them a powerful edge, but Iliyana knew that a good blaster could come in handy. This one had a second barrel, with a small diameter, but instead of the usual chamber, it was set with an ion-pulse chamber, designed to fry any electronic system it struck. She glanced out the window, and saw the surface of the asteroid approaching, along with a set of blinking buoys. "Milord, what is this place?"

"Cyprixia. I found it shortly before I left the Order. Once, it contained a large amount of valuable ore, and resided in the Bilbringi system. When the minerals were depleted, some enterprising group of smugglers or pirates reinforced the mining tunnels and put in a system of powerful repulsor engines to move it in system, as well as a series of hyperspace engines. That rock has the same movement capabilities as a capital ship, and it will be the perfect base. First, however, we must get rid of the current inhabitants."

Iliyana nodded as *Saviour* entered the massive hangar. Several other ships were there, and Tremar deftly landed between a pair of cobbled together freighters. He lead the way to the lift, and Iliyana followed, flicking up her hood. The airlock ramp was already lowered, and they walked down it.

Two Gamorreans shuffled towards *Saviour* and Tremar raised one hand, palm out. Densely compacted air hammered into the Gamorreans, throwing them back with enough force to shatter their heads against the far wall, leaving bloody smears of brain on the wall. Shouts and screams erupted from other people in the bay, and the air became alive with blaster bolts. Iliyana spiralled away from Tremar, her lightsabers bronze blade igniting in a comforting snap-hiss. She whirled the blade about her body, responding to the urgings of the Force to intercept and deflect the blaster bolts. While she had never been overly skilled in returning bolts, she had always been remarkably skilled in deflecting them. Her free hand drew her blaster, and she unleashed precise shots, guided by the Force to find and strike down her targets.

Tremar, on the other hand, whirled his ice blue lightsaber about himself in the same kind of deadly whirlwind as Iliyana, but nearly every blaster bolt he intercepted returned to its point of origin, until the hangar fell deathly silent. No groans escaped the fallen, and Iliyana and Tremar stepped into the halls. The mining tunnels had been covered with heavy durasteel plates, graceless but effective. They stalked through the halls, the disorganized smugglers and thieves unprepared for such an attack.

Within hours, Iliyana and Tremar were the only ones left alive on the asteroid. Standing in the blood spattered control room Iliyana took deep breaths, her breast heaving as she struggled to catch her breath. The fight through the halls had been exhilarating, and her body was riding that adrenaline high. Tremar was working the central droid controls, setting the maintenance droids to begin clearing out the dead and injured. Both would be piled into airlocks, which would then sealed on this side, and opened to the vacuum of space on the other. While Tremar started that, Iliyana moved to the flight controls,

and pulled up the astrogation charts. She was amazed to find a mass of pre-plotted hyperspace jumps, from here to many systems in the galaxy. She called to Tremar, and showed him the mass of jumps. The blue haze in his eyes flared brighter. "This is an excellent start."

She nodded, chewing her bottom lip. "A start to what milord?"

Tremar smiled. "You will see. First, we must return to Nar Shadaa. We will need your friend Larian's expertise to modify part of the ship to hold my pets, then to Hurcha to collect them. And after that, well, we will see."

Iliyana nodded as Tremar activated the pre-plotted course for Nar Shadaa. The asteroid's massive repulsor engines came alive, and the hulk of rock slid through space to a pre marked point, and then launched itself into hyperspace.

Later that night, Iliyana lay writhing on her bed in her stateroom, moaning loudly, shoving one of her dildos deep into her pussy, twisting it about with every thrust, groaning and moaning. She rolled over onto the floor, bending over the bed with her ass thrust into the air, and slowly pulled the dildo out of her pussy, then rammed it back in. She was so caught up in her lust that she didn't hear her door open, or Tremar slip up behind her. Her eyes went wide with surprise when she felt something pressing against her sphincter. She looked back over her shoulder and saw Tremar grabbing her hips and pulling her back onto his thick cock. She let out a tortured groan as he pushed dry into her ass, a groan that became a lusty moan once he was past her initial tightness.

As Tremar began to slowly press in and out of her ass, Iliyana began to press the dildo in deeper, matching his thrust for thrust, her eyes rolling up in her head as she was fucked by both her dildo and Tremar. Her body began to shake, and she slid over the edge into orgasm, held up by Tremar's strong hands and his member still thrusting in and out of her ass. Her breath left her in a long moan, but Tremar didn't stop. Instead, he slid his arms under her, and lifted her up, letting her slide down onto his cock. She moaned once more as he began to bounce her up and down, enjoying the sensation of her tight ass gripping his cock with each thrust, and bouncing the dildo free of her soaked pussy.

Soon, Iliyana was whimpering again, and had one hand rubbing her clit hard and fast, getting closer to an orgasm. Just before she could cum, Tremar stopped thrusting, and pulled slowly out. She mewled in confusion, and he tossed her on the bed, climbed atop her and drove himself deep into her pussy. She screamed as he began to hammer himself into her deep and hard, and she grabbed at his back, wrapping her legs around his waist to pull him deep. With mingled groans, they came together, and then collapsed into a heap of mixed juices and tangled limbs on the bed.