

## Chapter Four – Start of a War

### Cyprixxia In Orbit Around Nar Shadaa

Tremar stood in the nerve center of Cyprixxia, the reprogrammed droids moving around him, keeping the station in a stable orbit. Iliyana was preparing to depart for the Refugee Sector to collect Larian, and he had opted to remain aboard to keep an eye on the station. In the return journey from Cyprix, he and Iliyana had discovered much about the station. Parts of it had been modified into large scale holding bays, others into torture chambers.

A small signal lit up on the main panel, one of the commlines he and Iliyana had set aside for their private use, and Tremar touched it, opening the line on this end. “Yes Iliyana?”

“I’m ready to depart milord. Do you have any other instructions for me before I depart?”

“Be watchful. I doubt the appearance of this station has gone unnoticed, and it is possible the Jedi are here seeking us,” Tremar replied, his voice stronger than it had been before from continued use.

“Yes milord. *Saviour* departing now.” Iliyana clicked off her line, and Tremar watched on holo-cams as the ship lifted off the ground and smoothly backed out of the hangar, spun about and streaked down to the planet. His brow furrowed. Even with the teeming life on the moon below making it hard to sense anything specific, let alone a Force Sensitive, he sensed something was wrong.

### Nar Shadaa Refugee Sector

Iliyana piloted *Saviour* down into the teeming sky lanes of Nar Shadaa, weaving through other vessels without concern. She had called ahead to warn Larian of her impending arrival, telling him that they needed to talk. She slowed as she approached his hangar, slightly startled to see the bay doors closed. She opened her commline to his hangars frequency. “*Saviour*, to Bay 630058, requesting access for landing, do you copy?”

No answer came across the commline, but the hangar door began to roll open. Iliyana frowned. It wasn’t like Larian to leave her call unanswered. She brought the ship in for landing, scanning the hangar with her eyes. It looked much the same as it had the last time she had been here, a little dirtier perhaps, but essentially the same, yet something was different. She landed the ship, and programmed it to only open from an interior command, then descended to the main ramp. She checked her blaster and lightsaber under her black robe, and then lowered the ramp. She descended cautiously, her eyes flicking around, searching for answers as she crossed to Larian’s office, one hand resting on the butt of her blaster.

The door opened at her approach, and she found Larian asleep in his chair. She let out an irritated sigh, and gave him a shove. With a startled curse, he toppled out of his chair, and landed hard on the floor. He blinked several times. “Ili! I was waiting for you, must have dozed off.”

Iliyana rolled her eyes. “Yea, you did goof. I guess you got my message then.”

Larian nodded, eyeing her in her tight black clothes with an appreciative grin. "I did, and it looks like you're sending another right now."

Iliyana laughed in spite of herself. "Maybe I am, but I need to ask you something. How attached are you to Nar Shadaa?"

Larian stood and dusted himself off. "Not very much; It pays the bills, but the expense of doing business here is horrendous."

"Well, Lord Tremar and myself are in need of a good mechanic to take care of a station we've recently come into possession of, if you're interested," she said, turning slightly and giving him a clear look.

Larian laughed. "How can I refuse such a pretty lady?" He stepped closer to her, and took her hand, then kissed it. "Larian Naver, at your service."

Iliyana laughed and pulled her hand free from his, then stepped up very close to him, smelling his odours. "Mmmm, at my service hmm? And what services shall I have you perform," she asked with an impish cast in her eye.

"I am available for whatever you require," Larian said, sliding one arm around her waist, and started to open her shirt with the other. Once it was opened, he slid his hand along her smooth skin, to her braless breast and began to squeeze it, kneading it harder and harder, tugging on her nipple, twisting it, encouraged by the moans and groans of pleasure that escaped her lips.

Iliyana slid her hands down into his pants, and found his stiff cock, pre-cum already making the head slightly sticky, and she giggled. "Had a bit of a naughty dream did you," she asked, and began to stroke his cock, slowly at first, and then with increased speed. She twisted her hands when she crossed his head, and saw and felt his body shivered and his knees buckle. By now, both of his hands were working on her breasts, and she wanted more.

As she grabbed one of his hands, intent on guiding it to her crotch, she paused, something intruding on her senses. She stepped away, pulling her hands out of his pants, gasping when Larian didn't immediately release her nipples. Her eyes darted from door to door, looking for whatever it was that had disturbed her, looking with her mind and the Force as well as her eyes.

Then she saw it. One of the doors was beginning to turn a cherry red around the edges. Either a cutter, or a lightsaber, and neither were good signs. "Grab your gear, hurry. Get anything you want to keep onto *Saviour* now!"

Larian leapt into action. He had seen Iliyana respond like this before, and didn't question it. He slapped his hand on a row of switches, and heavy emergency blast door slammed down over every door leading outside. Another switch activated his droids, and yet another brought up the platform with his fighter. Iliyana stepped into the launch bay, leaving her shirt open. She activated her lightsaber, taking comfort in the bronze light of the blade, and flicked her free hand at *Saviour*, lowering the main ramp as Larian's droids approached, each carrying a bag or heavy looking box. They trundled up the ramp, and Iliyana kept her eye on the doors.

The blast doors were beginning to glow cherry red now, all of them. *The Jedi spread out, to hit us from all sides*, Iliyana thought. One of the presences she felt was familiar, and she felt a tremor of fear. Caesar was no Jedi to be trifled with, and his Mandalorian heritage gave him an added edge in battle. He was fearless where death was concerned.

She chewed her bottom lip, and started towards *Saviour's* access ramp as she saw Larian running to his fighter. Its engines were already humming, and his droids had obviously been getting *Saviour* ready as well. Thruster gasses hissed down, forming thin white pillars that she walked between as she ascended the ramp. She turned off her lightsaber, and broke into a run for the lift. Instead of waiting for it, she leapt to the second level, aided by the Force, and then ran to the cockpit. She jumped over the droid and lifted off as the emergency doors gave way. Four Jedi ran into the room as Iliyana backed *Saviour* out of the bay, pulling in the landing gear and starting to close the main ramp, and two of the Jedi ran towards her, leapt with powerful Force assistance, and made it inside. She cursed, and set a course for Cyprixxia, telling the droid she had jumped over to land them safely. She felt the main ramp seal, and drew her lightsaber again. The corridors of the ship weren't very wide, so she walked to the lift, drew a deep breath, and stepped into the open air.

She rolled when she hit the floor, and darted for the cargo bay, ignoring the humming swings of lightsabers behind her. The cargo bay doors opened at her approach, and she ran inside, spun and backed to the center of the room, stripping off her robe and shirt, deliberately leaving herself bare breasted, her breasts gleaming in the ship's lighting.

The two Jedi entered, one man and one woman. They ignored her semi-nude form, and spread out like great hunting cats. Each held their lightsabers in the Makashi form, best used against lightsaber wielding foes, and Caesar's favourite style. Iliyana smiled at them, and spun her lightsaber into the Shii-Cho form. She identified the Jedi by assigning them the colors of their lightsaber blades. Blue, the male, stepped to her left while Green, the female, moved to her right. Iliyana feinted at Green, whirled out and struck at Blue. Their lightsabers met with a humming crash, and she aimed a kick at his knee. He twisted to avoid the kick, and spun away. Iliyana spun in the other direction, whirling her lightsaber to deflect Green's. The lightsabers crashed together and came apart, and Iliyana found herself facing them on the same side. She was grinning now, enjoying herself. Blue leapt at her, swinging his lightsaber in a wide arc, and Iliyana stepped back, letting the lightsaber impact the deck, watching it as it jarred to a stop. She jumped back in, and delivered a crushing kick to his throat. He fell back from the force of the kick, and Iliyana pulled his lightsaber into her hand.

She spun both lightsabers about herself easily. While one was her preference, she was fully proficient in dual wielding. "Ah, a word of advice hun, the decks and bulkheads are made of a durasteel cortosis alloy. Completely impervious to lightsabers," Iliyana said sweetly, stepping over Blue's still body. She felt a change in the way the ship moved, aware that it was no longer under its own power. Either they had been caught by Cyprixxia's landing assistance, or the Jedi had a Republic Cruiser with them. Either way, she had to end this soon. She leapt at Green, whirling like a bronze and blue dervish, driving her back to the fore most point of the hold. Green's defence was masterful, giving ground grudgingly, deflecting both lightsabers, never stopping them, always redirecting them. When Iliyana spun to the side, narrowly avoiding a thrust from Green, she kicked once, expertly striking the back of Green's knee, causing her to sink to the deck on one knee, and activated the ray shields for that corner.

She kicked Green's lightsaber away, then crouched in front of her, taking deep breaths. "You fight well, but this ship was always less a courier and more a transport for unruly Jedi, and prisoners. But don't

worry," Iliyana said, and then realization hit her, and she giggled. "I know you, don't I? Reanne Ren Doris isn't it? Yes, you were Kaesar's Padawan, after myself." Iliyana stood up and putting away the two lightsabers she held, and then pulling Green's across the deck and up to her belt. "Your fate is not death. Not today."

Tremar stood in the hangar bay of Cyprixxia, watching as *Saviour* was pulled in by the tractor beam. He held his deactivated lightsaber in one hand, and he was tensed, ready to leap into the ship the moment the hatch opened. Nearby, Larian had just finished setting down his fighter. The canopy cracked open, and he hauled himself out, pausing just long enough to retrieve a heavy blaster rifle from behind the pilot couch. He sprinted over to Tremar, and slid to a stop as *Saviour* touched down on its extended landing gear. With a hissing rush of coolant, the vessel began to power down, and the main hatch opened. With a smooth and casual pace, Iliyana descended the main ramp, naked to the waist, her nipples stiff and her cheeks flushed. "Milord Tremar, we have an unexpected guest. Reanne Ren Doris, a Consul of the Jedi Order."

Tremar gazed up the ramp, a faint smile coming across his mouth. "Is that so? What an interesting turn of events this is." He pulled a commlink from his belt, and keyed it open. "EnDee One, set a hyperspace course for the Churba System, the planet Hurcha. Make it roundabout, and jump when ready." He turned his blue hazed eyes to Larian. "Larian, come with me please. There is a significant modification that must be made before we arrive at Hurcha."

Larian nodded, and they both left, Larian slinging his rifle over his shoulder as Iliyana stepped back aboard. She activated a small droid with a ray-shield emitter, and it followed her into the cargo hold where Reanne sat cross legged, meditating. From the doorway, she examined Reanne, paying closer attention than she had when they were fighting. Her hair was a sun streaked black, cut in a tomboy style. Her face was a delicate oval, her nose continuing the smooth unbroken line of her forehead. Her skin was tanned, which coupled with her hair suggested she was from a desert world, Tattooine perhaps. Iliyana touched a control on her datapad, and the droid cast another ray shield onto Reanne, and the main one de-activated. She smiled sweetly at Reanne. "I want to show you something. Come with me."

Reanne raised an eyebrow at Iliyana. "And if I chose to sit here?"

Iliyana smiled. "Then your future is measured in moments, and not minutes."

Reanne sighed, and stood up. Iliyana led the way out of the cargo bay and across the hall way to the door of a small stateroom. She turned back to Reanne, still wearing her cheery smile. "Strip."

Reanne's eyes widened as she blushed furiously. "Excuse me?"

Iliyana's smile didn't waver. "Strip, Reanne. Take off all of your clothes, and hand them to me. I know just how many pockets a Jedi outfit has, and how many tools and tricks tend to be in those pockets. You are a prisoner of Darth Tremar, make no mistake of that. This ship is manned only by droids, so you can't persuade them to release you with the Force. I don't intend to let you reprogram them with any tools either."

Reanne was still blushing as she fought for a moment, torn between the desire to try and attack Iliyana, despite knowing she was confined to the ray shields, and simply obeying, despite the embarrassment.

Finally, she sighed and her shoulder slumped. She stripped off her robe, dropped it to the floor at her feet, and unclipped her belt. That joined the robe on the floor, followed soon by her tunic and pants. She stood, shivering in the corridor, and stepped out of her boots. "There. Can we go inside now?"

Iliyana ran her eyes over Reanne's body, noting the way she held her hands and arms over her breasts and crotch for modesty. "Not yet. Lose the bra and panties too."

Reanne's blush grew deeper, and she unclipped her bra, and dropped it to the ground, then bent and primly removed her panties. Iliyana licked her lips. Reanne's breasts were noticeably bigger than her own, and her mocha brown nipples stood stiff in the chilled air of the hall. Her pussy was hidden by a small tuft of black hair, both quickly covered by Reanne. Iliyana opened the door, and waved her inside. Reanne darted inside, leaving a pile of clothes on the deck as Iliyana activated a room wide ray shield, blocking Reanne's connection to the Force. The door, as well, could only be opened from the outside, by two handprints. Iliyana smiled into the room at Reanne. "I hope you enjoy your stay."

Meanwhile, Tremar walked into the deeper levels of Cyprixxia, accompanied by Larian. "This area, according to the schematics, used to be used for the handling of highly unstable materials. It already has a set of double layer shields. What I need is a third layer installed before we reach Hurcha. When Iliyana and I obtained Cyprixxia, there were a few heavy cargo haulers in the hangar bay. We will use one of those to bring aboard my eight pets. After that, it would be unwise to come down here without myself or Iliyana, once I have taught her the mental keys to controlling my pets."

Larian nodded, running his eyes across the facilities. The span of the shields wasn't overly large, but he could see the engineering challenge in it. "I'll have the few droids we managed to salvage start right away Lord Tremar."

Later that night, Iliyana lay reading in her stateroom on *Saviour*. She had considered moving to one of the executive suites on Cyprixxia, but reconsidered when they had captured Reanne. Her eyes moved across the datapad, reading on the various methods used in the past by the Sith to convert Jedi. Darth Revan had used subtle stresses and tensions, where Darth Malak had preferred outright torture, as indicated by the report of Bastila Shan. She had an idea though, that might make it less painful and far more pleasant. She slipped off her bed, and activated one of the ray droids, programmed its actions and headed, naked, to the meditation chamber. The droid entered Reanne's quarters, where she was awake, meditating until it encased her in a ray shield. It began to herd her, bumping her with the edges until she walked where Iliyana wished. Reanne moved up to the second deck, and then back to the meditation chamber.

When Reanne entered, she averted her eyes from Iliyana's naked body, eliciting a wicked giggle from Iliyana. "Really Reanne, we're both girls. Why so shy? I saw you naked, and thought I should return the favour."

Reanne said nothing, but kept her gaze firmly averted. "Very well then," Iliyana sighed, and with a precisely judged blast, she threw Reanne into one of the corner tables. The ray droid floated up to the ceiling, where it remained steady on the darker girl. Iliyana walked over, and bound Reanne spread eagle on the table, then smiled wickedly at the other girl. "Let's see how long you can hold out against me hmm?"

Reanne struggled, writhing about, trying to break free of her bonds, but without the Force, she was simply an athletic girl. Iliyana climbed up on top of her, ignoring the fact that she was now trapped as well, and pressed her smaller breasts into Reanne's larger ones, rubbing their nipples together, brushing them back and forth. She sighed with pleasure, then slid down and took one of them into her mouth, sucking on it, playing her tongue across the hard little nub. Reanne let out a gasp that turned to a low moan when Iliyana sunk her teeth into it, tugging on her nipple.

Iliyana released it with a grin. "Ah, you like that do you? Well, you can have as much as you like." She bent back down and began to suckle and bite once more, running one hand up to Reanne's other breast as she slid her legs apart, and started to rock up and down Reanne's leg, grinding her pussy into Reanne. Her other hand slipped down and started to rub and caress Reanne's pussy, thumbing her clit and poking at her tight entrance.

Reanne moaned and groaned, fighting the sensations her body was giving her. Iliyana was obviously no stranger to making love to another woman, and Reanne felt her defences weakening, especially when Iliyana's teeth sunk into her sensitive nipple. Then Reanne let out her moans, and tried to twist away, which only caused Iliyana to pull with her teeth, increasing her pleasure all the more. Reanne could feel an orgasm building, and finally gave in to the lust, grinding her body around, lifting her hips as best she could, gasping for breath as her orgasm drew nearer.

Iliyana felt Reanne give in, and, with exquisite timing, she pulled away to the edge of the ray shield watching as she panted and squirmed, letting out a low, pitiable whine of a denied orgasm. Her eyes found Iliyana, and pleaded for release, but Iliyana just smiled. "Not today, Reanne. Perhaps tomorrow I'll let you cum, but today you just get to think about it." With a cheerful smile, Iliyana stepped out of a well timed flicker of the ray shields, and slipped out the door. As it slid shut behind her, Reanne, still bound to the table, let out another whimper, wishing she would come back and finish the job.