

Cyprixxia

Churba System

Hurcha

Iliyana stood beside Tremar, deep below the surface staring at the massive teranetekes on either side of the powerful force shields. Each seemed restless, stirring and striding away, only to return moments later. Beneath his hood, Tremar smiled faintly. "They sense that the time of their release is fast approaching. These will be our shock troops, inserted first onto worlds where the Jedi presence is minimal. We have no time for the training of our own, and so must break and turn Jedi to our cause."

Iliyana frowned slightly. "What is our cause Milord?"

"We use the Dark Side to carve out a small portion of the galaxy for ourselves, outside of the control of both the Republic and Jedi. Because of our so-called crimes, the Jedi will hound us until they believe us either dead, or vanished from known space."

Iliyana's eyes widened slightly as her mind made a predictive jump, from one fact to another and another. She smiled at her Lord. "I serve as you require Milord," she said sweetly.

Tremar chuckled, seeing how Iliyana had put together a small part of his plan, not yet realizing the full price that of his plan. He raised one hand, and a section of the roof behind to force shields caved in, revealing momentarily blinding white light, and then the drifting snow, swirling around the heavy cargo hauler they had brought down from *Cyprixxia*. Tremar laid on hand on Iliyana's shoulder. "Watch, with your mind as well as your eyes, and see how to control them." He sent out his thoughts, woven in a specific pattern with the Force, and the effect it had on the four Terenatek on the exposed side of the pen was immediate. Each straightened, and then made their way to the hauler, where they would board the aft ramp, and then sit down in a neat row. He looked at Iliyana. "Select one, and try."

Iliyana looked at the remaining Terenatek, and focused on it, recalling Tremar's weave, and inserting her commands. When it struck the Terenatek, it looked about in confusion, and then, almost shyly, did a handstand, and then lifted one massive arm off the ground. Tremar laughed. "A frivolous command, but it does demonstrate that you have the ability. They will all be docile around you now." He flicked his hand and the heavy shields shut down, and, with another thought-burst, the Terenatek joined the others on the ship, followed by Iliyana and Tremar.

When they docked at *Cyprixxia*, using a bay linked to the new holding pen, Tremar dropped the aft ramp, and the Terenatek calmly filed out into their new home, stocked with meat and water. The heavy blast door ground closed, and Iliyana and Tremar moved toward the navigation deck. "How is Reanne coming along," Tremar asked.

Iliyana giggled naughtily. "Quite well. She's exceptionally sensitive in her ass. I should get back to her soon, I left her with a vibrator in there, and she's likely made quite the mess all over that table."

Tremar chuckled. "Is she ready for the next step?"

“Adding a male? Soon I’d say. Once she’s come to love that, we can see if she wants to go back to the Order.”

“You may proceed then,” Tremar said, turning to the navigation bridge, and leaving Iliyana to run back to *Saviour*. She flew up the boarding ramp, then the lift, and then down the hall to the meditation room. She paused for a moment to catch her breath and compose herself, and then stepped into the room. Reanne was still bound to the table, squirming against her restraints and the vibrating dildo in her ass. Iliyana walked slowly towards her, noting the way the darker woman’s eyes locked onto hers the instant she stepped into the room. She swayed her hips seductively as she walked closer, and closer. The room was filled with the heady scent of lust. She ran her hand along Reanne’s body, caressing her face and then down to her breast. She rubbed Reanne’s stiff nipple with her palm, moving in circles, hearing her whimper and moan. With a smile, Iliyana pinched one nipple, then the other, and slipped her hand lower. Reanne moaned louder, gyrating her hips, wanting the release that Iliyana had denied her for the entire day by keeping the vibrator pushed almost far enough into her ass to fully stimulate it, and by keeping it set just low enough to avoid letting her cum. Reanne moaned again as Iliyana’s fingers touched her swollen clit. “Please... please... let me..... me cum....” she panted huskily, gazing into Iliyana’s eyes.

Iliyana smiled. “Why should I do favors for a Jedi,” she asked, rubbing Reanne’s clit lightly, teasing it. She took pity when Reanne’s eyes teared up, and bent down to lick and nibble on the sensitive piece of flesh, one hand pushing the vibrator deeper into Reanne, and turning up the speed. Reanne twisted and cried out, her hips arching as she came, squirting with the force of her orgasm. Iliyana felt the liquid hit her chest, soaking her top, and quickly clamped her mouth over Reanne’s waterfall orgasm, swallowing as much as she could.

When the flow finally stopped, Iliyana raised her head, looking into Reanne’s tired eyes. She slid up her sweaty body, and kissed her passionately, letting her last mouthful of Reanne’s cum flow back into her. Reanne swallowed greedily, anxious for any kind of contact. When they separated, Iliyana smiled at her. “Hmmm, maybe I’ll make a gift of you to Lord Tremar. He can always use a good slut.”

Reanne’s lust clouded eyes cleared slightly, and her expression became somewhat hopeful. Iliyana knew then that she had her. These sensations of lust and pleasure would keep Reanne close. The Order would never be able to cure her of the desires. “If I switch off these ray shields and remove the restraints, will you try and run away,” Iliyana asked, slowly pulling the vibrator out of Reanne’s ass, making her arch her back and moan again and she let out a long, quavering no.

Iliyana released the restraints and shut down the ray shields. “All controls on this vessel are voice encoded, except for the controls in the stateroom across the hall. Those will be your quarters for now. You will find clothes and a vibe shower. Make use of them. When Lord Tremar wishes to see you, he will send either an astromech or myself. Be ready at any time,” she said, and stepped aside.

Reanne slowly picked herself up off the table, and walked on wobbly legs to the door. It opened as she passed though, and the door across the hall admitted her just as easily. When the door closed, Iliyana

walked to her quarters and changed into a different outfit, putting her cum stained outfit, from as much of her own as Reanne's in an auto-laundrer.

On the Navigation Deck, Tremar guided *Cyprixxia* away from Hurcha, studying the newly updated astrogation charts. He scanned through the holonet as well, searching the inter-planetary news, as well as public shipping manifests, searching for the patterns that would lead him to an excellent first target. He narrowed his list, removing astrogation lines from Hurcha as he did so. Finally, he smiled. "EnDee, set course for the Rim, a world by the name of Antazi." He leaned back in his chair, his blue-hazed eyes staring at the ceiling. He required production facilities, as automated as he could obtain, and as remote as possible. If his suspicions were right, then Antazi would be perfect.

Cyprixxia began to slide through space, and hurtled into the void.

Coruscant Jedi Temple

Jedi Master Kaesar Caestol spun in a tight circle on the training floor, his overlong emerald green lightsaber humming as it sliced the air, carving a shimmering path as he practiced, deflecting blaster bolts from training drones and re-programmed training droids that leapt at him with copied lightsaber skills, copied from himself. He slapped the blades aside, whirling dervish like through a crowd of them, well aware that a group of Padawans was watching from an upper gallery with wide eyes, marvelling at how he seemed hell-bent on self destruction.

It was, he reflected, an unhealthy outgrowth of his Mandalorian heritage. He threw himself into the jaws of Death, over and over, striving to find an opponent strong enough to kill him, but never had he. Even now these droids, with heavily modified cores that allowed active learning and innovation, fell to his blade, arms and legs spinning away, on occasion even a head. A swarm of training drones swirled overhead, unleashing a rain of destructive bolts, but his lightsaber intercepted every one that would be a sure strike, and he dodged the rest. Finally, at a pre-arranged time, the droids and drones backed off, leaving the Jedi Master standing in an empty circle of space, his lightsaber humming, his chest heaving. He switched off his lightsaber, and spoke to the upper galleries. "If you would emulate me, understand this. One cannot simply lose themselves in the fight. You must always retain your head, giving yourself to the Force, not the rush of battle. The rush of battle is an insidious path to the darkside. Control always," he said solemnly.

From the main floor, Jedi Master Koyi Komad walked in, her hips swaying from side to side as she moved with a casual grace to stand beside him. "Iliyana was seen on Hurcha. She and Tremar went to the ruins of the fortress and collected something."

Kaesar looked her in the eyes. In another life, Koyi would have been his lover, but here she was simply his friend. "You are preparing some form of bad news for me."

“We have a picture of what was climbing into the cargo hauler they used. Caesar, it was a group of Terenatek. Not just one or two, but eight. Each was twelve feet tall, and judging by the dorsal spikes, I have to estimate that the youngest was two hundred years old.”

Caesar’s eyes widened. “Eight? One is a challenge for a group of skilled Jedi. Even I couldn’t kill eight at once.”

She nodded. “I know. Whatever those two are planning, it will be destructive. I think we need to inform the Senate.”

Caesar nodded thoughtfully. “Let me catch a quick vibe shower, and put on a fresh suit. This will be an unpleasant announcement.”

Antazi ***Cyprixxia Station***

Iliyana peered out at the small, pitiful looking planetoid. It was covered with small, prefabricated buildings, and the sensor reading indicated that there was barely a power output. “Milord, what is this place supposed to be?”

Tremar smiled. “That is what we must find out. You will go down, and investigate, however seems appropriate. I will remain on board. Go quickly, and may the Force be with you.”

Iliyana went to the hangar, and boarded a small shuttle in the hangar. It had belonged to a smuggler who hadn’t thrown down his weapon fast enough in the *Cyprixxia* takeover. Many of the inhabitants had started to surrender, but far too late to do any good for themselves. She activated the shuttle’s engines, and slipped out of the hangar, her mind suddenly pre-occupied. She had no idea what to expect down on this small colony, but she knew, or at the very least could make a good guess, what Tremar hoped to find.

As she entered the atmosphere of Antazi, with almost no atmospheric resistance, nobody challenged her approach, which immediately put her on edge, bringing her mind into full focus. Her eyes flicked across her scanners, searching for energy spikes that would signal defensive emplacements coming online. She saw none, but her senses were strung wire-taut. Her sensors illuminated a landing pad, and atmospheric data showed that a breather would be required. She touched down on the landing pad beside an ancient looking patchwork ship.

As she stepped off the shuttle, wearing her breather mask and warily holding her heavy blaster in her hand, she moved slowly to the patchwork ship. It was large enough for two people, but there was nobody in the bubble cockpit. She moved along the single pathway to the nearest pre-fabricated building, at least three storeys high. The access door was slightly ajar, and her senses kicked up a notch. Something was terribly wrong here.

As she stepped through the door, she realized what this building was for. Hanging motionless on a large assembly line was a single man fighter chassis, almost entirely assembled. She didn't recognize the design, but it was an ancient one, two forward sweeping wings, no visible cockpit and a large ion engine at the rear. She moved carefully through the room, calming her mind, she stretched out her senses through the Force, searching for life.

She found none, and keyed her commlink. "Milord, this appears to be an automated shipyard, but there is no sign of life. This world is simply... dead."

Aboard *Cyprixxia*, Tremar nodded as Larian strode onto the bridge, bringing with him the smells of oil and grease from engineering. "After the Jedi Civil war, when the exiled Kayl Redhand re-entered Republic Space, he drew in three old, and terribly powerful, Sith Lords. Darth Scion, a beast of pain and anger, Darth Treya the Betrayer, and Darth Nihilus. Through techniques lost in the destruction of Malachor Five, Darth Nihilus somehow learned to siphon life from the Force. Not just from one or two people, but he drained entire planets, leaving them lifeless, gaps in the Force. When I first became a Jedi Knight, I explored many of these places, and found that the Force had begun to return to them, but in a strange way. Now, instead of seeming to be a normal planetoid, no life can be detected from the outside. Our sensors don't even pick you up Iliyana. Here, we can be truly safe."

Iliyana smiled faintly. "But what will we ever do to pass the time?"

On the navigation deck, Larian smiled broadly as Tremar chuckled. "We shall eat, drink and be merry, for one day we die, but today, we begin to build our defences, bringing this place online as our main base. We must manufacture enough fighters to stock *Cyprixxia's* holds, and then we unleash our fury upon the Order, who have damned us for being simply who we are."

Over the course of the next several days, the three began to work on the factories, re-securing the airlocks and bringing down supplies from *Cyprixxia*. By the end of a week, the factories were ready to begin producing the first fighters. Mining droids in the small base had been activated, and were now combing the crust of the planet for raw materials, and Larian had managed to modify the fighters designs to turn them into droid-ships.

Reanne had been brought down from *Cyprixxia*, and, though still naked, aided Larian in whatever duties he required. Through intense use of alternating orgasm denial and massive stimulation, her mind had been broken, and she now lived only to serve. When Iliyana walked into the control center of the Antazi

factories, she wasn't overly surprised to find Reanne's head bobbing slowly up and down Larian's thick cock, licking and sucking on it happily. She leaned against the door frame, watching with growing curiosity and arousal, noting Larian's clothing scattered across the room.

Reanne was growing very skilled in giving head, twisting her mouth, and judging from her cheeks and Larian's groans, tongue around his cock, making obscene slurping noises and then humming as she slid his entire length into her mouth until she was kissing the base. She held herself down there as long as she could, and then slowly pulled her mouth off with a loud, sucking pop. She gazed up at Larian, a whimper escaping her throat, but he shook his head, and, with another quick whimper, slid her mouth back onto him, bobbing up and down again, a bit faster now, oblivious to anything else in the room.

Too excited to keep watching, Iliyana walked softly over to Larian and in a fast motion, grabbed his nipples. She tugged and pinched, knowing that his nipples were amazingly sensitive for a man, and his body bucked as a groan escaped him. Reanne gagged slightly as his cock plunged deep into her throat, but she adjusted quickly and lunged down on it. Iliyana watched, fascinated by Reanne's dark throat moving, swallowing pulse after pulse of Larian's cum. She released his nipples, and slipped out of her pants, leaving her tight top on for the moment.

When Reanne's mouth came free, a stringer of cum connected her mouth to Larian's cock, and she smiled up at him. Before Larian could do or say anything, Iliyana slid onto his lap, grabbed his cock in one hand, and slid down onto it with a soft groan. She began to buck up and down on him, riding him how she liked it, hard and fast, and he soon responded. She whimpered and moaned, rocking up and down on him, increasing her force and speed every time he tried to match her. Then, as she thrust down hard onto him, burying him completely inside of her with a long groan, she flinched as she felt a sudden wetness pressing against her ass.

She looked over her shoulder and moaned as Reanne's small pink tongue pressed inside her ass. Larian didn't pause and kept rocking into her, driving his cock deeper and deeper into her, making her moan louder and louder. When she came, she gushed her juice out along Larian's cock and collapsed against him, breathing hard. She heard murmured whispers, and paid no heed, enjoying the full sensation of the still hard cock in her, noting that Larian hadn't cum yet.

Before too long, she felt something pushing against her ass, warmer than a tongue, and looked back in time to see Reanne wearing a pair of black leather panties, with a large, dildo emerging from the front. She knew, because she owned an identical pair of panties, that the dildo was double ended, and that the far end was already buried inside her own dark snatch, and the end against Iliyana suddenly vanished up into her ass. She moaned again, feeling it filling her up entirely, and then Larian began to move, still using hard, jackhammer blows as Reanne began to thrust the dildo in and out. Iliyana came quickly, already sensitive from her first go, now doubly sensitive, and being fucked in both holes. She clung tightly to Larian when he suddenly stood, plunging her down on both of cock and dildo. She came again with a loud scream as both Larian and Reanne, equally all, began to rock up into her. She heard Reanne whimpering and moaning behind her, and then a long, drawn out gasp that told Iliyana all she needed to

know, and Larian, already groaning from the excess stimulation, came a moment later, coating Iliyana's insides with his sperm as the world went white.

When she came too, Iliyana was laying atop Larian, who was awake but seemed to be in no hurry to move, and she felt a tongue lapping at her pussy. Iliyana smiled, and opened her legs wider for Reanne.