

Chapter Six – Challenge

Cyprixxia Dantooine System Dantooine

Dressed in a tight black leather singlesuit, the front open to her navel, Iliyana stood beside Tremar. Her lightsaber hung from her slim belt, and her blaster was holstered under her arm. They had come here, to Dantooine, to begin Tremar's plan. Below them, the planet looked sleepy, peaceful, spinning in space. Relics of the old Jedi Order were buried there, along with the long forgotten star map. On the navigation deck behind them, Larian stood, dressed not in his usual mechanics outfit, but a military combat suit, well protected but with good mobility, and a heavy repeating blaster rifle was slung at his side. Beside him, Reanne was dressed much the same as Iliyana, but a black collar encircled her neck. Her eyes were clearer now, not hazed with lust and sexual aggressiveness.

"Remember," Tremar said, "the Jedi have a base here. It is not large, I doubt there are more than twenty Jedi, but it must fall. We need some of them alive as well. The Terenateks will listen to your commands Iliyana. Use them well."

Iliyana bowed her head slightly. "Yes Master."

"Larian, our armada?"

Larian smiled. "Four hundred light bombers are ready for launch, with two hundred fighters programmed for escort. When Iliyana gives the signal, the first wave will start in. By the time the Jedi can react, at least the first two waves will have struck the defences, and by then they'll be more concerned about the Terenatek rampaging through the streets. The third and fourth wave will come in from behind the settlement, bombing the hangars and communications. I've timed them so that if everything works close to how we want, they'll hammer the hangars as the second wing strikes."

Tremar nodded, and then turned to look at Reanne. "Reanne, your sole task is to keep Larian alive. Do you understand?"

Reanne nodded, her dark face flushed with excitement, and Iliyana noticed she was rubbing her legs together, working the leather against herself. "Yes Master Tremar."

Tremar nodded. "Good. You may proceed."

Iliyana, Reanne and Larian trooped to the now full main hangar. Every ship that could be spared had been scrapped and used as raw material for their armada. The small droid ships were humming to life as the group boarded their re-inforced shuttle. Two Terenatek were aboard, sitting docilely in the cargo area. Larian slipped into the pilots seat, and Iliyana into the co-pilots. Reanne sealed the hatch and rushed to the cockpit, where she stood behind Larian, one hand under her leather singlesuit, kneading her breast.

Larian flew the shuttle out of *Cyprixxia*, and angled steeply down to the planet below. As they entered the atmosphere, Iliyana activated the droid armada.

The small bomber wings flashed past them, traveling faster than a human body could bear, and descended upon Khoonda spaceport with no warning. The first wave of explosions rippled across the tarmac, tearing holes in the ground and blasting walls apart. Bodies flew through the air as Larian sped down, seeking a safe area to land as the second wave descended. As it struck the port, more explosions drowned out the wailing alarms as hangars went up in smoke. The shuttle crunched onto the edge of a crater, and Reanne opened the back hatch. Iliyana stepped up to the Terenatek, and cast her thought as she had been taught.

“Hunt.”

The two Terenatek barrelled out of the ship, and the screams from outside suddenly lifted higher. The three followed, ready for whatever may come.

The battle on Dantooine was not what any soldier would call pleasant. Despite its past troubles, Dantooine was still a world of farmers, not soldiers. The sudden appearance of a Sith fleet and two Terenatek sent people screaming in fear, scattering to the winds. Those that fought back soon discovered the energy resistance of the Terenatek's hides as their blaster bolts simply bounced off, and then it was too late.

As the beasts rampaged through Khoonda, the Jedi appeared on scene, spinning into sight with their lightsabers ignited, blades humming as they beelined straight for the Terenatek. The two mighty beasts roared their bestial challenges, and plowed towards the Jedi. Now the settlers were rallying, giving the beasts and Jedi room, aiming their blasts at the bombers, unaware of Iliyana, Reanne and Larian until it was too late. Iliyana scythed into a group of farmers, her lightsaber whirling through the air, slicing through the barrels of rifles and limbs of farmers with equal ease.

Larian hunkered down behind a slab of concrete that had toppled from a wall in the initial waves of bombing, and laid the barrel of his rifle on top. Although it was a heavy repeating rifle, he had attached a powerful scope to it, and right now, it was on its single shot setting, to both save energy and make it more accurate. He settled the stock against his shoulder, laid his cheek on the stock and peered through the scope. With practiced ease, he squeezed the trigger, felt the hammering recoil or the rifle thud into his shoulder and saw the bolt tear through the shoulder of a militiaman. He aimed again on another, and fired. And fired. And fired.

Reanne knelt beside him, her mind off of her sexual desires, at least as much as was possible. Since she had been broken, sex was always on her mind, but the battle had pushed it far into the back of her mind. Her lightsaber rested in her hand, inactive but ready. She smiled happily as Larian's rifle made its steady, dedicated pulse each time it was fired. She relaxed into the Force, drawing on it as she had not had the time to do lately. She was unaware of how long she knelt like that, listening absently to the pulsing thump of the rifle, the screams of the battle and the detonations of the continuing over flights of the bombers. Without knowing why, without even questioning it, Reanne spun to her feet, igniting her lightsaber, its green blade leaping into existence. She stretched it out, and deflecting one of the incoming blades, slapping it aside and whirling up to block a second lightsaber. She swung that one up over her head, and down to slam into the first blade. She lashed out with her foot, leaping into one of the Jedi, and drove the toes of her foot into his throat, then spun away from the crumpling body. She lifted her left hand, and thrust it at the second Jedi, launching the concrete slab she had gripped with the Force into his chest. He crumpled to the ground with a moan. Reanne marvelled at what she had done. Somehow, being broken had stripped away the usual limitations to the Force.

She turned to face two more Jedi, and lifted her blade, calm, ready, waiting.

On *Cyprixxia*, Tremar's fingers danced over his controls, directing the droid bombers, using a squadron as surveillance, staying focused on Larian, Reanne and Iliyana. Reanne was moving fluidly, in full touch with the Force, and Iliyana was scything through militia and farmers with ease. Larian was dropping nearly as many, each bolt of his rifle cutting through three or four bodies at a time. Tremar flicked over to one of his other surveillance units, and saw the Jedi rallying at the academy. He flipped a switch, and two squadrons of bombers swept towards it. The Terenatek were almost there, slamming aside kath hounds that attacked. The Jedi noticed them, and leaped into action. They swarmed towards the Terenatek, lightsabers active. The battle began, fierce and powerful.

He sent a message to Iliyana, advising her, and she disengaged from the militia, leaving them scrambled and disorganized. He watched her motion to the other two, the three ran to their assault shuttle, and then moments later, it lifted off, swung about and screamed low over the plains towards the academy.

As it touched down, blasting the grass away, the bombers swept overhead, hammering the academy with their high explosives. Iliyana stepped out and surveyed the fought. One Terenatek was dead, the other wounded, but all but four of the Jedi were dead. She smiled, advancing on them, judging their conditions. They were already exhausted from killing one of the Terenatek, and were circling the second, recovering their strength, but it wouldn't be enough. Iliyana and Reanne leaped into their midst, their lightsabers flashing and whirling in deadly humming arcs. The Jedi turned to face this new threat, and the Terenatek raged on towards the academy.

The fight was short, and ugly. The Jedi fought with an edge of desperation, but as tired as they were they were no match for the two fairly well rested ladies. Within minutes of attacking them, the four Jedi were down, but not dead, merely unconscious. Iliyana smiled at the unconscious Jedi, and turned to look at Reanne. "Get Larian, and take the shuttle back to *Cyprixxia*. Put these four in the Meditation chamber of *Saviour*, and then report to Lord Tremar."

Reanne nodded to Iliyana. "Yes M'Lady." She walked towards the shuttle, waving at Larian to come and help as Iliyana followed the Terenatek to the academy. The ground level was a nightmare, and Iliyana averted her eyes from dead children, hopefully killed in the bombings, and not by her Terenatek. She stretched out her mind, and reined it in as she proceeded inside. One of the Terenatek's arms lay just inside the door, and more Jedi were dead nearby. She came into the central hub, and found her Terenatek standing shakily beside a white tree. It was not long for life, she noted, and then brushed the thought aside. She could not feel for it, and moved on to the room where the Dantooine Council usually met. The door was sealed, and Ili smiled. She raised one hand, and worked mental fingers into the thin gap between them, and wrenched them open. She stepped inside, and frowned slightly.

The room was empty. The Dantooine Council wasn't here. She walked along the side of the table that dominated the room, and activated the holo-recorder. She scanned through the holo-net link system, and found what she was looking for. The Council had been called to Coruscant three days before to begin planning for a response to Tremar. A faint smile flickered across her face as she started towards the archives. The Archival staff was gone, dead or fled already. Her commlink chirped, and she clicked it on. "Yes?"

"Iliyana. Status report?" The voice that issued from the link was Tremar's.

“Master, the Dantooine Council is en route to Coruscant. They were called in to begin planning action against us.”

“I understand Iliyana. Khoonda has suffered extreme damage, the Academy is nearly ruined. I am sending a shuttle to retrieve you. Hurry back so we can begin interrogation of your prisoners.”

“Yes Master,” Iliyana said, her stomach giving a happy leap. Three of the captured Jedi were male, and each was fit and looked incredibly strong. As she strolled out of the Academy, ignoring the now-dead Terenatek, she decided that she’d let Reanne help her in the interrogation. She waited patiently on the plains for her shuttle, watched it descend through the smoke filled air, and boarded it as it hovered without landing, running on an auto-pilot system. Once she was aboard, it rocketed away into space. Once aboard *Cyprixxia*, Iliyana made her way to the navigation deck.

Tremar was leaning back against a console, smiling faintly. Reanne and Larian were standing by the far door, talking quietly, waiting for her to arrive. She went to one knee before Tremar, her head bowed. “Master, both Terenatek’s were lost in the battle, but we achieved the mission goals,” she reported simply.

Tremar nodded. “And our four guests, what will you do with them?”

“I doubt they have any truly useful information M’Lord, but I wish to interrogate them nonetheless. I haven’t had any practice in some time, and I believe that they might be useful, and rather soon, in your daring plan.”

Tremar considered this, the blue haze over his eyes swirling faster, and then steadying. “You have my permission to proceed.”

An hour or so later, Iliyana stood naked in the meditation room. Her four guests had been stripped naked as well, and were now secured to the tables. The three men each had impressive erections, and the woman was averting her eyes. Iliyana smiled playfully. “Now, we are going to talk for a bit. If you have any useful information on the movements of the Republic Fleet and the Jedi Order, then I ask you to tell me now. Co-operation will be rewarded, stubbornness will not.”

“We would all die before telling a Sith what she wants to know,” one of the men said defiantly. Iliyana giggled. “Who said I was a Sith?” She tapped her foot onto a small control on the floor, and the man who had spoken suddenly arched in his restraints, his lips peeling backwards as massive charges of electricity flooded his body. She removed her foot, and he slumped against his restraints.

The woman was still averting her eyes, and Iliyana sauntered over to her, swaying her hips seductively. She turned the woman’s face to her own, and smiled at her. “Never been alone with naked men before, or a naked woman? You’re probably still a virgin too, aren’t you,” she asked, and laughed when the Jedi blushed furiously. “You are! Well, maybe one of these boys would take that troublesome virginity off your hands before the night is through.” She slid her hand down to the Jedi’s breast and began to play with her nipple, rolling and tugging on it, lightly, gently. The Jedi squirmed, moving against Iliyana’s ministrations, which was only increasing her own pleasure. Iliyana smiled, and released her nipple, then slowly walked around the room, lightly gripping each of the Jedi’s erect cock in her hand as she passed them. Each of the Jedi pulled their hips away from her touch, their faces flushed. Iliyana walked back to

the center of the room, and slowly turned in a circle. "So, tell me, where does the Order believe we will strike next?"

The female Jedi wriggled against her bonds. "How could we know that? We didn't even know you planned to strike here!"

Iliyana frowned at her. "Really? So I should simply kill you all and be done with it? Where is the fun in that," she asked impishly, and then walked to one of the males, who's cock was impressively thick. She pressed herself up against him, squishing her breasts across his chest. "Maybe you just need a bit of convincing," she whispered into his ear. She wrapped her arms around his neck, and pulled herself up. She looked into his eyes for a moment, and then, working by feel, let herself slide down onto his cock, gasping slightly at its thickness. She moaned as she began to rock up and down on it, driving it deeper into her. Her victim's eyes were wide, and she could feel him twitching inside of her, almost ready to cum already. She pulled herself off of him, and he made a faint whimpering sound.