

*Click click click*

*Click click click*

Agron pulled his head out of the access hatch he was working in on the ship, and looked around, "Repo... what the hell is that clicking?" He called, trying to find the source of the noise.

His green and cream protocol droid, R-3PO, stepped around the corner, and it was obvious that the source of the noise was the droid himself. Every move of his head was jerky and unnatural and each one came with the same *click click click*, "I'm terribly sorry, sir. I believe it's me."

Agron gave the droid a worried look and stood up, walking over to check his neck servos, "Why didn't you say something, buddy? I could have fixed it."

"Oh, it's my fault, sir. I apologize. During our last... delivery... I wasn't paying attention and lost balance. When I fell I hit the console over there and it's knocked something out of alignment."

Agron carefully traced the pistons and servos, "Keep still for a second," He said, gently. Sure enough, he found a misaligned servo, "There it is... hang on."

"I'm terribly sorry to be an inconvenience, sir. I know you're incredibly busy," The droid said, his words punctuated by the *click click click* as he shook his head sorrowfully.

Agron fished for the servo tool he was looking for in one of the many tool boxes on the shelving unit in the maintenance bay, but paused to look back over to the droid, "Repo... I'm not Kaldor," He said, his tone gentle.

R-3PO's last owner had been rough on the droid, to put it nicely. Kaldor was an info broker and arms dealer that felt owed everything. Agron had watched him kick, hit, and scream at the droid until his programming was just about to fritz out. He'd risked a lot of money playing a Sabacc game with Kaldor, but he had to push the man to bet the droid. Agron had gotten lucky with an Idiot's Array and won the pot. He'd ushered R-3PO out as quickly as he could and put as much distance as possible between them and Kaldor as quickly as he could.

Once they were clear, he decided that the nickname Repo was only appropriate since he'd sort of repossessed the droid. After an oil bath, a polish, and some minor repairs, Repo was a new droid, and had been extremely grateful to be in Agron's possession, but still struggled with asking for help. Agron had thought about wiping his memory and letting the droid start from scratch, but he had so much personality that felt like murder. So here he was, providing therapy services to a droid.

"I know, sir," Repo replied. "I just hate to be a bother."

"You're not being a bother, buddy," Agron held the droid's head to the side as he spoke and stuck the tool in his neck joint, trying to pry the servo back into place. "I don't want you to be walking around broken like this. You're not a trash pile, okay? You're my droid, and I depend on you just like you depend on me. So we gotta talk, okay, buddy?"

Repo was quiet for a long moment, then finally spoke, "Very good, sir. I apologize for not speaking to you and causing you concern."

Agron snorted out a laugh, "Would you stop apologizing? You're fine. Just let me know when stuff is broken, okay?" He said, grinning a bit.

There was a sudden snap and Repo's head shifted a bit. The droid let out a happy moan and started moving his head around freely, with no more clicks, "Oh, sir! Thank you, that is so much better."

"No problem," Agron said with a grin. "Anything else out of alignment?"

"Oh, no sir. Thank you for asking, sir. I'm as fit as the day I came off the assembly line!" Repo declared, happily.

"Good," Agron tapped the droid on the chestplate with the servo tool a couple times, then pointed at him, "No more not telling me when stuff is broken, got it? I take care of you, remember?"

"Yessir," The droid replied, bowing his head slightly, "I do struggle to remember that I am in a better place sometimes," He admitted.

Agron tossed the servo tool back in the box and smiled at the droid, "I get it. Believe me. But you are, and I got your back, okay?"

Repo perked up, and cheerily said, "And I yours, sir! We do make an excellent team, don't we."

"We do," Agron replied with a chuckle. He looked back at the console behind him as an indicator alarm went off, "And we're home! Prep the ship for landing," He said, patting the droid on the shoulder as he stepped past him.

"Yessir!" Repo called, "I am very fortunate to work for you, sir!" He added, earning a smile and a wink from Agron as he disappeared around the corner to the cockpit.

Repo stood for a long moment, his head cocked to the side as though thinking about something, "Very fortunate, indeed." And with that, he set about making landing preparations.