

“Give it up, Dyrce!” Var Narga called from his perch atop the hanger bay’s catwalks.

Agron gently pushed Repo further back into cover as he heard Var’s men moving to try and get an angle on them, “You don’t have to do this, Var! I lived up to my end of the bargain! Just let me and Repo go and you don’t even have to pay me!” He hated offering that, but he couldn’t make up the loss if he was dead.

The Nikto arms dealer laughed raucously from the catwalk, “You’re surrounded by 30 of my best men. You’re in no place to negotiate,” He boasted. “I think I’ll not pay you, kill you, and then take your ship,” He replied.

“It’s bad business, Var!” Agron called back. That was a piece of information he needed. 30 targets, then Narga... Might be easy enough. He could remember how the cargo was scattered throughout the hangar bay floor, so ultimately it came down to a process of elimination.

Agron drew his DL-44 and took a deep breath. Var was responding, more boasts and gloating, but it was nothing that concerned him at the moment.

“Sir... What exactly are you planning?” Repo asked, looking down at the blaster in his hand.

“Nothing smart,” Agron replied, honestly.

“Then may I suggest a reconsideration?”

Agron looked over at the droid that had become his most faithful companion over the years and grinned, “Repo... There’s a time in every smuggler’s life where he either goes out in a blaze of glory, or becomes a legend. I’m hoping today is option two, but even if it’s not... When I start shooting, you get to the ship and get her fired up. Got it?”

Repo nodded.

“If I go down, you take off and get out of here. Let Kal Dega know that Var set us up. He’ll take care of the rest,” Agron replied.

Repo didn’t speak for a moment after that, but finally gave a nod, “I’d like to file my formal protest against that part of the plan, but I understand sir. I will do as you order.”

Agron patted the droid on the shoulder, “Var! This is your last chance, let us go or you’ll regret it!” He called, regretting not purchasing that personal shield unit he’d seen on Correllia.

“Oh, I am shaking in my boots!” Var jeered.

Agron pressed himself back against the wall, bouncing lightly on the balls of his feet as he took three deep breaths, “Go!” He barked at Repo as he spun around the corner and started firing.

He was in luck. Several of the pirates hadn’t even made it to cover yet, no doubt overconfident from the fact that they had him and Repo vastly outnumbered. In his mind, Agron ticked off the number. Down to twenty-five after easy shots on those five. Twenty-four after one of the ones he’d fired on gave his gun a death squeeze and lodged a blaster bolt right into the back of one of their companions.

Agron pushed toward the closest cover, an alcove with an opening on both ends, taking out two more on his way. He ducked into the alcove as gun fire started pelting the cargo containers and walls around him. Agron looked up, realizing he could hear Var stomping back and forth over head, probably trying to find a clear shot. Agron tracked the central catwalk to the joists that held it up and fired at the couplings. A moment later, the catwalk screeched against

the duracrete walls, and gave way. Agron grinned as he watched Var go flying by, completely off of his footing.

With the overhead threat eliminated, Agron made his way to the other side of the alcove and stepped back out onto the floor, now with a much better view of his assailants. Blaster fire flew wild around him, but he tried to clear his mind of the fear. He had to focus. Out of the corner of his eye, he saw Repo's feet disappearing up into the ship, and that helped ease his worries a lot.

Two more down. Three. A fourth and a fifth. Over the din of the blaster fire, he caught the light beeping of a thermal detonator activating. With lightning speed, he swung his blaster around and dropped the man holding it, taking a blaster bolt to the side for his efforts. It was worth it though: The detonator dropped to the floor and exploded, taking out ten of the pirates.

Nine left. Agron mentally assessed the damage from the blaster bolt as he continued to fire. Of course it was on his dominant side, which was throwing off his aim. Felt like it was a glancing blow though, so plasma burns at the worst.

Agron ran forward to the closest cover he could find and returned fire. The remaining pirates were faltering, trying to find cover and regain control of a situation that was supposed to be the easiest thing ever. Three more down with careful shots, but his side was killing him. He was far from ambidextrous, but he didn't have much of a choice. He swapped his blaster over to his other hand, and hoped for the best.

He frowned, his shots were wide. The pirates realized that he was losing his focused edge and regrouped taking up cover together behind a stack of containers, trying to find angles on Agron through his cover.

Agron was getting worried that maybe he'd pushed too far this time and started looking for another way out. He might be able to make it to the ship, but judging by the blood now seeping into his shirt around the blaster wound, that was definitely not just a burn.

With the force of a tidal wave, the ship's guns activated. The pirates that had been standing so firm before were suddenly either vaporized or tossed across the room like ragdolls. Agron ducked back behind cover as chunks of cargo container and duracrete hit the ground around him.

He looked over to the ship to find Repo waving at him from the cockpit. Agron chuckled, and waved back, but paused as he heard some commotion from the far side of the hangar: Var was still alive.

Agron stood with a grunt and marched over to the gun runner who was nursing a clearly broken leg as he tried to crawl away from the stack of crates he'd fallen into. He saw Agron coming and started stammering, "No. No no, I-- How did you... How could--"

"Cause I'm the best damn gunfighter in the galaxy," Agron replied, leveling his blaster at Var. "Now, pay me."

Var raised a hand up in defense and grabbed the bank controller from his belt and punched in a few commands, then showed him the readout.

"Plus twenty-thousand for hazard pay," Agron bit back.

Var nodded his head vigorously and punched in a few more commands, then showed Agron the screen again.

"Pleasure doing business with you," Agron replied.

He holstered his blaster with a flourish and started walking toward the ship. He shook his head when he heard it: The faint scrape of gunmetal on leather. With blinding speed, Agron spun, drew his blaster, and put a blaster bolt right between Var's eyes. The man's arm, which had been previously aiming his Bryar pistol at Agron, dropped and his gun clattered away as he slumped to the ground, dead.

"Now that's just bad for business, Var," Agron replied, walking back over and snatching the bank controller from his belt. He turned back to the ship, but stopped halfway and grunted, grabbing at his side.

Repo walked down the gangplank and looked at his owner, "Sir... Medkit?"

"Medkit," Agron grunted, walking gingerly toward the ship.

"Yessir. I'll prep the bacta patches."