**Keep The Creds, You Filthy Animal**

“This is beneath me, Wulfram.” Work’t stated as his speeder bike tore down the long sweeping streets of the hydrostatic bubble the city was made of. He never had liked Celeste, and eying up the literal megatons of water above his head didn’t improve his opinion today either. The only wind in his fur was that caused by sheer air friction as his bike forced him along. “If parents not want child, they send into the forest. True clan way.”

“Work’t, that is child neglect.” Wulfram sighed into his helmet’s mic. “And if you want to get paid, you’ll meet the requirements of the unit.”

Work’t looked at a passing ship in the air. Noted the guns on it and sighed in longing. “Why make ships without guns Wulfram?”

“What?”

“Gah! I do it.” Work’t banked hard, swinging into the suburb proper. “Who kid?”

“I already told you this Work’t. Kehvn MkCal’der of the family MkCal’der. Whose parents apparently forgot an entire child when going on holiday.”

“Stupid.”

“I agree, but it’s our job to make sure he’s ok. And by our-“

“Me.”

“You.”

Work’t watched another furious driver flip him off as he flew between two hovercars, rapidly approaching the address Wulfram had given him. “I there. Call soon.”

“Be careful Work’t. Multiple marshals have already been dispatched and not come home. Local enforcement says this isn’t the first-time adults have had issues accessing the property.” The call cut off.

Work’t dismounted from his speeder back, fastening the seals on his armour. He highly doubted the child would resist being well if faced with a full battlewok in armour. Stretching as he dismounted his bike he looked up at the three story building ahead of him.

“Too big, what on Endor do they use all the space for?” Work’t said in Ewokese. He pulled the notes and saw that they in fact used it to breed, they had **how many** children? “Oh. This family does it like rat litters but one at a time.” Truly, that was a choice. As Zuza would say, the choicest of choices.

Work’t walked up to the door and immediately saw a problem. “Luka?” The human was hanging out on the door, literally. Work’t put his hands on his hips. “Explain.”

Luka groaned loudly. “He had adhesive traps. Some sort of modified mine. Doesn’t hurt much but the door when you land does. I think the others are still in there somewhere.”

Work’t sighed at the human’s foolishness and slowly stepped inside, looking around at the walls and ceiling. Remarkably, he found the white furred Kushiban form of Asani stuck up there, pinned by what appeared to be spikes.

“Are all morons?” Work’t asked, voice bursting out of his helmet’s speaker grill.

“He’s not just a kid.” Asani said, face scrunched up and twitching and normally light tan skin burning red. “Try using the Force. Go on!” Work’t tried to lift a nearby vase. It stayed put. He placed his hands on his hips. “See!” Asani said. “He’s some sort of suppression master.”

Work’t waved a hand and after a moment of waiting manually reached down and pulled his Lightsaber, setting it to training mode. The blade crackled on, if duller than usual.”

“Kehvn!” He yelled up the stairs. “I here to check you.”

“Yeah, that doesn’t work.” The voice drifted up from the stairs. Work’t moved in closer and found between the gaps of the stairs somehow Nicfer, a hulking Zeltron and also a master of the Force was trapped underneath the staircase.

“No.” Work’t said, turning around.

“What?” Said Kehvn, looking disappointedly at the camera feeds as Work’t turned around and walked out. He took his finger off the massive spider cage trap he had set up at the top of the next staircase, between Work’t and the next three incapacitated marshals.

Work’t stomped over to his bike while calling Wulfram. “Trap. Send Mon Calamari.”

He then rode off into the bubble equivalent of sunset, because if Work’t was one thing it wasn’t stupid.