

It was a nice day in the Nar Shaddaa, if you can consider any of the days as nice there. The umbrellas were spread at the street making it more civilized, comfortable and hidden from above view.

Red was drinking his first round of the dark beer from this bucket. The cold brew was the best he could dream right now after diplomacy meetings, keeping an eye on his House Qel-Droma members, and answering messages from Tajga and Aksel. Now it was time for rest, and to not think about obligatory paperwork which was laying at the table next to him.

People were happily walking around the street of the "Smuggler's Moon" exchanging information and their goods.

It didn't look like there would be any trouble, especially that his Scurrier was left with Ronto next to the water station before Archian decided for a drink. Ronto never had to be tied up to the pole, he was patient, and well trained to stay in one place - additionally to get a good grip on the small mammal in case Scurrier would like to run into troubles.

The group of merchants with their carts approached the street where Slag Pit was placed, and where Archian was at this exact time enjoying his brew.

It was the four carts, and ten merchants - that was a crowd - Archian didn't like crowds, so he speeded up drinking.

He also looked at the opposite side where an unspecified gang was taking "taxes" from the traders who were continuing their daily business.

When the carts reached Archian's side of the road, their leather covers had lifted and shot from the blasters had started.

Red immediately laid down, and turned the wooden table to make a small barricade between him and gunfire.

He lifted his head and saw that the shots were not aimed at him, but at the "taxing" gang from the opposite side, who now started to shoot back.

Blast hit directly at the table, and Archian had to hide again.

Shall stay here or move away, and let them kill each other. He thought.

At that moment the unaware Zabrak waitress came out through the doors holding the next drink for Archian.

Before she could react, she got shot into her leg, and fell at the ground spilling the dark beer around.

Archian quickly ran to her in a low position, and pulled her behind the temporary wall made from the table.

He saw suffering and pain in Zabrak's face, and decided to help her. He didn't have his medical backpack with him, so he reached for the not damaged bottle of vodka at the table next to, and poured it all over the wound, tore part of his own clothing, and set up temporary dressing at Zabrak's leg.

Shooting innocent people and spilling his favorite drink was enough. He stood up, and quickly came closer to the first cart.

Took the leather cover to his paws, and threw it back at the gangsters. Straight after he punched and kicked each other heads pointing from under it, and made them unconscious this way.

He sneakily reached the seat on the second cart, but it was only full of weapons, and two of the gangsters who previously were pulling it now were dead.

He just smirked and went to the third one. Cart wasn't heavy so he lifted part of it to distract shooters, and whistled.

The fire was taken at him, but he hid under the cart, and slowly made his way to the opposite side.

The fourth cart's passengers split their attention to the third cart, which resulted with two of them getting shot alongside two from above Archian.

Now it was time for some exercises. Aedile took a careful position, and while assecuring himself at the strong legs, lifted part of the cart, and with problems tipped it to the Slag Pit side.

Before the gangster realized what happened, Archian took one of the abandoned blasters and shot both of them.

He stood up, and hid behind the tipped cart.

Two last gang members were focusing shots at him, and didn't notice a huge reptilian with Scurrier at its back rampaging at them. The impact made them fly, and shots from the other side of the road reached them, making them lose their lives.

The shots has stopped, Archain reached his table, lifted it in the right position and reached for his bucket with beer which luckily still had some beer left inside.

Beer was warm now, and this now was a really bad day for Archian...