San Korinar Week One Fiction:

Unsmuggled

by 4856 Macron Sadow

Gem Smuggler’s Lair

East

San Korinar

Amphor

“Did you get them?” asked the Duros as he eyed his partner. Klim Leen respected the human’s muscle, but not his brains. Or lack thereof, as it were. “Don’t tell me you came up empty-handed again Parmus. That tipoff was solid. Place is owned by some gem trader all the way back on Coruscant. Human ape hasn’t been there in years.”

“The karking trader never showed,” replied the large and scruffy-looking Human. “But I did run across something else, dipstick. Couple ‘o droids carrying a package inside. Unmarked too, no ID inside.” He unslung a silenced blaster rifle and propped it against the door frame. “Had some platinum bars, too.” The thug dropped four half-meter long thin rods of grey metal on the table with thuds.

“So you jumped a pair of droids and stole their package. Big deal,” scoffed the Duros as he opened up the load of highly illegal gems smuggled out by miners on Sepros. Seven rubies, one sapphire, and a red adegan. The rubies and sapphire had undoubtedly come from the Last Breath mine from desperate miners who wished to feed their families after they died. A lot of them did that, smuggled gems out by bribing the guards and overseers.

Scarlet…. his own huge red eyes narrowed. The shape was a dipyramidal prism, and had an almost inner light of deep wine red. The compu-loupe registered the shade and refraction of the gem. *~Red Synth-Crystal~* The Duros frowned and turned to his compatriot. “Parmus Li Chun, do you have any idea of what this is?”

“No clue boss,” shrugged the thug. “I smoked those two crummy labor droids and brought the goods. What gives?” The large man took a curved vibroblade from his belt and began to spray it down with a can of gunk-out. “Fracking mess.”

“This is a synthetic gem. A synthetic crystal used by lightsabers.”

“Oh you mean a Jedi crystal?” oohed Parmus. “I’ve heard of them. Rare, right?” His brown eyes lit up with greed. “Bet it’s worth a pretty credit. Lemme see it.”

“It’s worth our heads,” yelled the Duros as he threw up his hands. “That’s a SITH crystal, you karking idiot! You son of a kark-holeing mynock! You mother’s eggs spawned a *geep’gubsl <scumbag idiot with weak brain genes>*! Take this right back to where you got it and leave it immediately.”

“But it’s worth scads, right boss? Shouldn’t we keep it?” the Human looked confused as he scratched his head. “I mean, I only killed that one dude inside the door.”

“You…. killed someone?” asked the Duros as fear registered on his blue face. The large red eyes closed to slits. “Who, and what did they look like?” The alien strode to a nearby locker, opened it, and removed a flight suit and blaster pistol.

“Some kid, begged me not to kill him. Said he was waiting on the bad man, some pudu about his parents making a deal because of his gifts or something. Some dude that he had to go learn from on a spaceship.” The hulking thug shrugged. “Kid had a blaster. Hell-if-I-know.”

“We’re getting out of here, right now. Get your kit in a rucksack, put on a suit, and follow me. The transport get us out of here. My birth-mate cousin on Duros will give us shelter for a bit. they won’t find us there.” Klim Leen placed an energy clip into the butt of his blaster pistol. “Move it ape-brain. You stink and Time is wasting.”

“You mean you think they will… uhhhh…. find us?” asked the scoundrel as he grabbed a bug-out bag. “Really?” He changed the powerpacks in his rifle, stripped, and stepped into an armored flight suit. Parmus strapped a blaster pistol, the vibroblade, and a few grenades on his harness and donned a vac-helmet.

“Yes, yes, the old owners of this system were the Dlarit Corporation, and they are- were, bad news. I’d never try something as bold as what you did today back then. We’d be dead already.” Klim leaned down to a mouse droid. “Go tell our R3 unit to fire up the *Golden Sheen*.” The little boxy droid gurgled a few beeps and zipped away on tiny wheels. He placed his own vac-helm on. “Let’s go. I’ve transferred all the virtual funds to our holonet bank on Duros. Good thing they haven’t found us yet.”

Twin thumps of exploding explosives shuddered throughout the building. Smoke billowed into the chamber, obscuring vision. A pressure wave moved through the smoke as darkness fell in the room. The Duros could still see- his eyes worked under infrared conditions. Parmus was not so lucky. “Can’t see! Urrrgggk! Kakurrrrrghaaaaah!” \*snap\*

The room lit again from backup lighting as Kilm hid under a table. The Duros peered out. A tall, stout man in red and black armor with blinking red lights on it loomed over his friend’s unmoving body. The prone human’s head had been neatly rotated one hundred and eighty degrees to the left, and his tongue and bulging eyes stuck out horribly. The death-grimace was ghastly as if he had died in abject fear.

The Duros jumped from beneath the table to run. He found his double-jointed knees going weak. Klim stumbled and caught himself on the wall. A wave of the utmost horror washed over him. His entire body clenched and seized as he voided his excretion systems. Every fear he had ever felt came rushing at him, waves of insecurity and self-loathing washing over him like tides on a never-ending beach. He fell to his knees and could not raise his head from the unseen pressure holding it down. In front of him were two armored greaves with a few red lights strobing slowly on them. An evil voice spoke through an unseen vocabulator.

“You killed the Apprentice who was to be delivered to Antei, and stole the gems bound for our Clan trade agreement with Lord Ashen’s business on Coruscant. Make peace with your Ancestors, as you are about to meet them.” The snap-hiss of an igniting lightsaber echoed in the room as it split the Duros in two at the chest. The stench of cauterized guts, blood, and seared alien flesh wafted across the chamber.

Behind them a B-series droid exited a med-center emergency locker. “Med droid. Gather up the bits and put them on my ship. Keep them alive. He can enjoy the hospitality of my laboratory. No one steals from Sadow, you maggot. Whether we battle Marka Ragnos or not, my duty is to Clan and Brotherhood.” The Alchemist gathered up the crystals and platinum. “Tracker within the bars worked perfectly. Hehe.” The Adept keyed a comlink in his gauntlet. “With the general assault as a distraction, I have managed to stop the gem-thieves as ordered.”

“Very good, my Apprentice,” replied the unseen voice. “Very good. That will keep our trade agreement with the Dark Council in order. The next assignment will be transmitted to you.”