***First Kill***

*Stay calm, Qek. Th-they can’t see you.*

A freighter is often easy-pickings for pirates of any sort, and this was for the most part no exception to the rule. The pirates had not anticipated as much resistance, and had paid for it with several of their crew. This only angered their leader, who was suddenly no longer interested in taking prisoners.

So Qyreia hid, shaking in a random wall locker with a small blaster pistol in one hand. Sweat poured over her face and through her long hair. This was nothing like picking a fight with a rowdy customer at the cantina. People were dying – friends and pirates alike – and the Zeltron was scared. A yelp almost escaped her lips when she heard the captain’s labored breaths as he crawled past her hiding spot, already wounded by his pursuer: the pirate leader.

“What’s the hurry, gramps? Can’t take yer medicine for killing my crew?!” As if to emphasize his point, the pirate broke a few of the old man’s ribs with a swift kick. “I’m gonna have my fun with you for that.”

*Stop hurting him*, Qyreia thought, holding back a cry as the pirate kicked the captain again.  *Stop it!* Another kick, this time to the face. *Stop it!* …And another.

“Stop it!” she screamed, hurling herself from the locker and into the bandit. He tried to right himself, but the Zeltron was up first. Qyreia was also the first to shoot; and the last.