

## Never Gonna Give You Up

Teikhos was in no mood. First, the Collective shot at his ship. Then, some Sith idiot with a distressingly lack of appreciation for delayed gratification also shot at his ship. Then he crashed—the *Dandy Highwayman* wasn't even paid off yet—in the worst spot of the worst world of the worst sector of the galaxy.

The Badlands was crawling with Collective agents trying to hunt him down (who were, admittedly, pretty hot in an amazonian sort of way), there were sharp bits of debris sticking out in random places that kept snagging on his sweet cape, and everything was covered in a thick layer of grime with a thicker layer of dust on top of it. This wasn't flash. It wasn't flash at all.

The huntress who had been following him for a while now was starting to get closer, at least if that feeling was the Force and not the initial symptoms of a traumatic brain injury. Regardless, he needed to pause for a moment to set an ambush, and also to relieve himself while no ladies were present.

Sure enough, by the time he'd fallen over a couple of times, done his business, then fallen over again, his guest had arrived. The huntress announced herself in a particularly ladylike fashion by shooting at Teikhos' head.

“Hey,” the Zeltron grinned as the shot slammed into a transparent corona of energy instead of his face.

The Kiffarish woman-thing scowled, then tossed grenade at him before darting behind cover. The concussion blast sent dust flying in every direction, but didn't manage to penetrate Teikhos' impenetrable barrier.

“Hang on, I had something for this,” the Jedi said when the huntress poked her head out from behind the remnants of something large and metallic. “Um, are you an angel?”

“A what?” the Collective agent asked, the myriad of cybernetic enhancements giving her voice an eerily mechanical quality.

“An angel. They're the most beautiful creatures in the universe. They live on the moons of Iego, I think.”

Silence filled the gap between them, until the huntress raised her bow and shot at him again. Teikhos deftly slapped the... arrow? bolt? ...he slapped the magnetically-sealed plasma

projectile of indeterminate character off to the side, where it dissipated harmlessly into the side of some small mammal scavenging for food.

“Ok, ok, not my best line. Pretty sure I’ve got a concussion. Let me try again.” He deflected a few more shots before fixing the huntress with the most smouldering of smouldering gazes.

“I hate dust. But it’s got one thing going for it. Do you know what?” he asked.

The baffled huntress just stared at him.

“It’s not sand. I *hate* sand. It’s coarse and rough and irritating, and it gets *everywhere*.”

If this were some Jedi mind trick, the huntress wasn’t falling for it, but she couldn’t say that she had any idea what the hell the Zeltron was thinking.

“Not like here,” he continued, eyes slowly drinking in her lithe, athletic figure. “Here everything is soft and smooth.”

“What the *kark*?”