

"I would appreciate it, if you removed this bag from my head," Yumni Ha stated calmly, her voice bearing the faintest hint of annoyance at her predicament. "I am fairly certain it has not been sanitized since transporting whatever goods it was meant for, and I can already feel a rash coming on."

The pale Kaminoan sat bound to a chair, her hands fastened by heavy magcuffs behind her back. Not that her spindly limbs really needed much restraining. She'd come quietly, after a heavy mechanical hand had almost crushed her shoulder and the blunt double-barrel of a repeating blaster had been pressed into her back. At least she'd managed to activate her distress beacon, not that she held high hopes of anyone responding to it in a timely manner.

"Shut up, meatbag," a rough, yet still obviously synthesized voice replied. "You're in no position make demands."

"I may not," Yumni replied with a sigh. "But I will not be of much use suffering an anaphylactic shock mid-kidnapping."

There was a long pause, accented by audible whirrs and clicks as her synthetic captors discoursed with each other. Finally, a consensus seemed to have been reached as a gruff metallic hand grabbed the bag on her hand and yanked it off with little regard for her delicate skin.

As her large, blue eyes adjusted to the ambient light she found herself face-to-face with a creation that would not have been out of place in her nightmares. The bulbous cranium of a RA-7 protocol droid, covered by the distended flaps of flayed skin that, to her horror, had once been a Human face, met her with an unblinking stare.

Doing her best to stomach the revulsion and shock, Yumni shifted her shoulders to adjust her chafing collar and stifle an instinctive yelp. She suddenly regretted asking the bag to be removed.

"You seem distressed, miss Ha," the droid with the flayed face stated. "I thought you would appreciate speaking eye-to-eye with a fellow organic?"

The Kaminoan paled, if possible, a few shades more and struggled to contain the contents of her stomach. The trickles of drying face-juices ran down the polished chrome of the RA-7's durasteel faceplate, its photoreceptors somehow clear of the taint despite their size and disfigured proportions in relation to the mask he was wearing.

"Hhhng..." she groaned, not managing to speak any words and instead merely shaking her head at the macabre droid.

"Maybe you would prefer to discuss matters with my associate then?" the droid chuckled with a harsh synthetic chortle, his slender chrome plated limb gesturing towards a looming shape behind the Kaminoan that shifted minutely upon the attention.

Craning her elongated neck to catch a glimpse at who or what was standing behind her, Yumni was greeted by a sight distinctly different, yet equally horrifying to anyone from Kamino; a B2 super-battledroid.

Its spot-rusted hull worn by age and paint chipped off around the grease-flooded joints did little to diminish the hulking frame of the murderous machine that looked just like the ones that had invaded her homeworld. Shivering with primal terror, and a sliver of burning anger, the Kaminoan found herself between two evils the lesser of which she could not decide.

“W-what do you want?” she stuttered.

“Now you’re asking the right questions,” the RA-7 mused, leaning in closer in a way that somehow made Yumni feel he was grinning. “We know your little outfit has been supplying the oppressors with weapons, nasty weapons, ion and EMP. Well, we want you to keep doing that, but change your supplier.”

“T-that’s all?” the shocked trader blurted. It hardly seemed like the sort of thing one needed to be kidnapped for.

“Yes,” the droid nodded. “That is all. Oh, and if you mention about this to anyone... well...”

The B2 slammed a hydrospanner into the palm of its hand with a dull clang.

“Are we in agreement, then?” the RA-7 inquired, tilting its head just a tad beyond what would have been considered ‘human’.

“Y-yes, yes. Whatever you wish...” the terrified trader replied.

“Excellent, I hope you will remember this tomorrow as well, because I never flush my memory cores. And neither does BL-1TR...” the RA-7 chuckled and giving a nod to his compatriot who brought the hydrospanner down on the Kaminoan’s head and sending her limp in her restraints.