

*“Nah, ya stay here, Jean. I’ll handle the port mess a bit, kay?”*

*The white-haired woman slowly nodded her head after looking from the faux-Zelosian to the red-skinned hybrid on her lap, then to the still shaking grey Wookiee. “Fine, but comm me if anything important is found or you need backup. Good luck, Diy.”*

*“Heh, I have luck running through my veins. See ya!”*

*Luck does **not** run in my blood, kark!* Orange-skin scraped against the rocky allyway as Diyrian rolled behind a dumpster with a series of blaster bolts searing into her abandoned position. With a sharp inhale, she shoved the silver muzzle of Whyell around the durasteel container and fired off a couple loosely aimed shots. A grin played on her lips as a cry of pain and explicit streamed towards her when one of the bolts actually found a mark. *That’s two for me, boys. Zero, you,* she mused, taking cover once more.

The Kiffar had encountered the friendly four back a couple alleys. Each had sported their own rolled up joint of the Port Ol’val favorite concoction. Having considered it a good time to sweet talk some info, Diy went to butter them up. How was she supposed to know their past gangs’ tensions wert still living? Or were they less enthused about joining under the Blindman? Regardless, she was gonna send these men home licking their wounds — might be a bit of that old Crimson Hound pride flaring up.

“Bloody firespit!” Diy exclaimed, coiling away from the new melting hole in the giant tin can behind her. Maybe she shouldn’t take on four guys at once, well, two guys now. Her blue-green eyes flit about the debris-filled alley, noting a flickering lamp-lit door several paces being her. Through soot and dirt smudge, she could barely make out a loop of silver with a red line running through it painted on the entryway. The gold band of the Grivna clan arced with the pull of yet another grin.

The sound of footsteps approaching tugged the ex-gangster’s attention back to her two opponents. Pivoting on the balls of her feet, she swung Wynnetta up alongside her sister-pistol and unleashed an onslaught of crimson bolts through the alley. As the two bantha-rugged criminals dived for cover, Diy quickly paced backwards towards the doorway. Maintaining a few shots to keep them down, she finally slam the entry’s controls and slipped within.

*Thank you, good ol’ Threader’s House,* Diyrian rejoiced internally, holstering one of the blaster pistols. She swiftly moved her way to the racks of clothing deeper within the barely qualified ‘house.’ Gracefully weaving throw the dimly lit room, her hands busied themselves with swiping up items. A veiled hat, the kind of style one would see on one of them fancy planets like Coruscant, had found its purpose with obscuring her bush of forest green dreads. A layered cloak wrapped about her shoulders before the faux-Zelosian smoothly donned a pair of tinted shades — just in time to hear the door open again.

“Where’s she go? That *akk*’s gonna pay for shootin’ Jimmie in the—”

“— Quiet, just get lookin’ before she gives us the slip.”

The two Bantha Mitz gangsters parted ways, pulling out their vibroknives as they started circling the main room of the establishment. Diy tipped the brim of her hat lower and snaked past a gruff looking lady with ripped jeans. She made herself busy with a newfound interest in jeans, one eye tracking the men and a pistol held close to her hip.

“Forget this,” the tall one muttered with agitation. He raised his blaster to the ceiling and let loose a duo of snapping bolts. “Akk-toy, get out ‘ere ya red hound! No need for anybody ta get hurt now.”

Heartbeats passed, all several heads of shoppers turned towards the new intercomers. Nobody really gave them to much heed besides that, turning back to the items they were browsing and moving through the place. The Bantha Mitz weren’t really taken seriously back in there day anyways, especially with those ‘horns’ tattooed on their brows.

*Ka-thunk, step, ka-thunk,...*and alternating footfall and metal clank upon the rock floor filled the fairly silent place. A brown and black striped hand arced through the air, connecting squarely with one of the lads’ jaw as he spun around. The gangster stumbled backwards into a rack of clothing, sending it crashing to the floor. His short buddy whipped about to face the Zabrak that just hobbled into their mist, only for his blue skin to pale at the blaster rifle centimeters from his skull.

“Ain’t no shooting holes through my ceiling here,” the man spoke around the bunt of his cigarra. “Now, get out of my shop before I put holes in you.”

They scampered off with a few explicits and a couple more upturned racks. Diy watched them go, that smile dancing on her lips as she thanked the spirits of luck. *Mr. Threader gracin’ his first establishment? What good timin’ ya have.*

**“Diy.”**

That sharp, grinding, yet familiar voice rang out authoritatively with no shy hint of mild annoyance. The ex-gangster’s peeked around the line of plastic-covered clothing between them before sauntering on over. She pulled the silly black hat down off her head and tossed it to the side. “Whatever they wanted, I didn’t do nothin’.”

“There’s not another *akk-toy*,” he grunted with the name, “that’ll piss off a group of gangsters that badly.”

“Hey now, I ain’t no *akk-toy* and if ya wanted me to be, ya should’ve joined when I asked.”

Diy leaned in, tapping the metal plate on his lower left jaw playfully before letting her hand trail down his leather jacket. His hand traced its own way to her thigh, hovering over the stylized white fangs and crimson blood drops inked there. She resisted an inhale as she drank in the musky memory trapped in the coat of painted lips and telltale Selenian blond. It wasn't surprising to see, both of them attracted to the chase, even when some have stopped short. Threader grasped her hand, lifting it from his chest, yellow eyes holding captive her blue-green.

"I couldn't do that, business—" he wasn't talking about business, "— is an inclusive operation. Hounds weren't my only customers."

"Must be yer lucky day that we're all under the all seein' gaze of the Blindman." Diy countered, with a light smile on her lips as he resisted pointing out the controversy in her statement. The Kiffar tossed her dreads with her free hand. She was recalling why she hated meeting up with the man, just a memory of what was, could be, and didn't happen. "I heard the Majordomo of the man's into fashion. Could hook ya up or something."

"Or something?" The Zabrak tossed a look about the shop, the few folks who had stayed during their talk whipped their heads back to the wares. He cleared his throat, clearing the building. With the last tail out the door, he leaned back against the counter of what used to be a bar. "What do you want from me Diy?"

"Lots of things," she followed him over, settling herself on a secure bit of surface beside the man. "But for now, names. Who's causin' trouble on the Port now?"

"Bogan, Diy, there's always trouble here. Never concerned you before, why now?"

"Let's just say a girl of mine is high up in these stakes."

"Girl, huh?" His brown lips twitched into a grin around his ciggara. "Would that be the white-haired lass I heard you took in before Akk spilled his brains?"

"Off-limits, kay. Anyways, ya know anythin'?"

Threader exhaled, shifting his bum cybernetic leg a bit. "I haven't heard a thing, been managing the Selen shop. But I, uh, know a guy."

"And?" She leaned in towards him, tan skin peeking through her crop top.

"His name's Gerrack Venbrook. He's the butcher on Tattoine lane. Well, was, I'm not sure the shop's still standing."

Diyrian planted a kiss on his horned scalp, his dark, braided mohawk tickling her nose. She retreated with her signature grin on her green painted lips. "Thanks, Thready! If yer still here when I'm done, maybe I can fix that metal knee of yers."

"Hmph, you're the one who broke it," Threader's yellow eyes twitched with amusement, and he aided her off the bar top with a firm grip on her rear.

"I know, like I said, I'll help *fix* it." She bit her tongue coyly before turning and swaying her hips with every step out of the house. Diyrian had work to do, playtime was for later.