

“Oh not you again,” Koji sighed as the tell tale sight of Gwendolin’s pink Lekku came into view. “Aren’t you dead yet?”

Kojiro’s only response was the crack of a blaster as the Twi’leks blaster bucked in her hand, it was a good shot despite the haste and the sorcerer had to hastily roll to the side and into the wall. As he rose lighting cracked from his fingertips and smacked into the wall where Sparks had just been. As he tried to locate his slippery foe something metallic and hard bounced at his feet and came to rest with a few soft beeps.

The detonator thrummed in place for a few seconds before its light clicked into a constant red, Kojiro had little time to react and with the Force managed to shove it far enough in the opposite direction that when it ignited all he could do was dive back and hit the dirt and hope.

His ears rang and his robes stank of burned material but he was alive. Like a rodent he scurried to his feet and dived behind a piece of twisted up metal that had once been a part of the wall section. He peered around the corner and as he did another bolt cracked into the makeshift cover. The saber at Kojiro’s side ignited and he moved towards where he assumed the bolts to come from, a haphazard block sent one bolt off to the side with no real grace and as he approached Sparks location something instinctively in the Force told him to stop.

A thin line of detonate tape lay against the wall. She was good, being able to set that up in time and Kojiro backed away as a further volley of bolts raced towards him.

“Clever girl,” the Warlord muttered as he stepped back. Lightning arced once more from his fingers to strike Spark’s position. A soft yelp hit his ears as by luck some of it had cascaded enough to strike her.

The yelp was followed by a soft “Oh no,” and a further rattling clatter as something was chucked away from Spark’s location with haste. Then the air was set alight as the thermal imploder sparks had been carrying ignited and filled the relatively small area with superheated oxygen which sent both combatants to the floor in raw panic.

“Who brings that sort of grenade into this sort of area,” was all Kojiro managed to get out as the hot air filled his lungs.

“I wasn’t planning to use that one idiot!” Sparks threw back. Both had managed to push themselves up into a sitting position and stared daggers at one another as the station’s oxygen system pumped fresh recycled air back into the chamber. Burns covered both of them and Kojiro’s cybernetic arm was busted and sparking at his side. His lightsaber had rolled away to some unknown corner and Sparks was in no better condition.

“This is stupid,” Kojiro muttered. “Politics and wars. Done with them,” with that he pushed himself to his feet for the final time and hobbled away from the wounded Sparks. “I’m gonna go

get fixed up. Suggest you do the same so we can have a proper fight later. Don't see any point in brawling it out."

With that both combatants hobbled from the corridor to seek medical treatment with hopes of a better fight the next time they met.