It was days like this Koji had wished he’d undertaking his Force training, but noooo. No time for that, always busy with someone else's war. He sighed as the cold breeze caressed his bare flesh. Nothing had arrived, no clothes, no armour, no weapons. Instead a bunch of useless junk lay before him with a strange bird waddling its way over the majority of it. He didn’t know what the creature was and wondered where it had come from, and why the kiff it had been put in the mission box.To this end he’d decided to call it WUFB, Weird unidentified flying bird, and to that end he had a new friend of sorts.

Wufb looked up at him, it’s big eyes staring strangely and Koji felt a little exposed. But he took it in his stride, taped the majority of the gear to his body, perched Wufb on his shoulder and strode proud as could be from the ship and directly into the spaceport crowd.

People stopped, a barely dressed man, droid leg in one hand, Wufb on one shoulder and an assortment of strange items taped to him was bound to arouse some form of odd looks but this was one of Aethoreans leisure cities and the Keibatsu was pretty much aware things had been seen that was worse than how he looked. So he strode on, the city lights danced across him as he neared the last known location of the collective infiltrator.

It was a bar in one of the seedier districts of the city, posters and holo displays of naked dancing girls illuminated the streets, and here and there males and females of all species plied their trade. The bar he wanted sat snug in one of the corners and as he made his way towards it he was approached at least half a dozen times asking if he was providing services. He shooed them away with an angry glare and a wave of his droid leg. As he made his way into the bar a few cat calls wound their way to him and without hesitation he pressed one of the keys on the datapad, returning the calls with a wild rancor cry of his own.

The bar went silent, as one would after such a weird exchange, and Koji made his way upto the bar and nodded to the keep.

“A Correlian, no ice.”

“You know, usually we prefer you to have the majority of your clothes on and not look so...weird when you come into the establishment,” the keep mused as he poured the Colonels drink. “Bad day?”

“You could say that. Never trust anyone to pack your bags.”

“Oh that happened to my wife once, couldn’t get through the spaceport because someone else totally stuffed her luggage full of drugs. She’d never seen them before in her life.”

“And yet I suppose you had?”

There was no response but Kojiro was certain the barkeep had thrown him a quick wink. He surveyed the bar then, taking in the patrons. Most had returned to their drinks but one he noticed out of the corner of his eye kept throwing him quick glances and trying to move himself further down into his seat.

“So who are your regulars?” He asked the barman.

“Why’d you wanna know?”

“Military business.”

“Ah well, I don’t want no issues with the military I must say but no real harm in saying I guess. Most here are regulars, work the docks or the establishments. That one of there though, the one keeps throwing you weird looks I aint seen him before.”

Koji nodded and made his way over to the patron and took a seat opposite him. The man didn’t look up but Koji could feel the tension between them.

“What do ya want? I‘m drinking alone, can’t ya see that?” The man queried.

“Oh I can, but you see I’m after a Collective scumbag and I have reasons to believe it’s you.”

“Wait, no. I’m not one of those creeps. Look I don’t look like one of them, you look like one more than I do with that creepy arm of yours, and the droid leg,” the panic in the voice was evident. “Yeah I ain’t no cyborg scum unlike you…”

The droid leg collided with the mans face before he could finish his sentence. The crack was audible. Wufb fluttered over and began pecking madly at the man. As it did, a chair to Koji’s side scraped and he heard the tell tale signs of a pistol being drawn. A man he hadn’t noticed had risen and taken aim at the Colonel, Kojiro ducked haphazardly as the first shot went overhead. The Clone ripped off one of the stones taped to him and launched it at the infiltrator, it hit him with a soft clunk.

“Well that was useless.”

The second shot went wild though and a soft quark was heard as Wufb disappeared in a ball of fleshy smoke.

“As was that.”

He ripped the slugthrower from his side and lined up the shot. The trigger pressed and the bolt flew true, taking the agent directly between the eyes. Koji pushed himself up and towards the attacker and struck him several times with the now dented droid leg ensuring the thing was dead.

“What on…?” The barkeep just stared at Kojiro, covered in blood and machine fluid. “He was the one I pointed at earlier, not the other one you’ve knocked out. He’s my son in law you idiiot!”

“Ach, he’ll be fine. I just had to utilise a distraction to get the real culprit to make his move. Just bill me later for damages.” Kojiro wrote down his details and passed them to the keep.

“Oh eh, a Keibatsu Colonel? Maybe he shouldn’t have given you all that lip to be fair. Had a good smack coming one of these days. Anyway, enjoy your day Sir!”

With that the semi clothed Colonel made his way back out into the night. The chill air stung when it hit the areas the tape had been pulled from. But it made him feel alive, and with that he strode back to his ship and made his way back home to fight another day.