“C’mon Smal’lek!” Aru law yelled from the shore.

The Human had water to his waist, covering his gambling themed trunks. He waved towards Amis Jumah, the blue Twi’lek, sitting by a palm tree, still with her clothes on.

“Don’t,” she started raising her voice, but quickly tone it down, “call me that.”

The Qel-Droman Aedile waved for her to come once more with his metallic left arm. After insisting, quite a lot, he gave up and approached her. He sat by her side.

“What’s wrong?”

She hesitated, but she couldn’t hide anything from him. “The marks.” She whispered. Even wearing beach clothes, Amis Jumah still wore copper bracelets around her wrists, ankles, and neck, covering her former slavery marks.

“I thought you were okay with having them.”

“I am,” she explained, “but I’m not comfortable with others seeing them just yet.”

The Human laid down with his arms behind his head. “Honestly,” he said, “people will be too distracted looking to your eyes to even notice your marks.”

The Twi’lek’s beautiful green eyes lit up with the comment. “You really think so?”

With an athletic jump from his hands, Aru law got back on his feet. “Maybe. Only one way to find out.”

Saying that, he ran towards the water and jumped far away, his impulse augmented by the Force, and dove graciously in the warm waters of Atolli. Amis followed.

\*\*\*

They walked down the beach. The sun was getting low and the skies had turned orange. Aru Law was walking backwards to where they were headed, as he was trying to explain something to Amis with his arms.

“And yeah, when we do get it, we can expand the cargo hold by installing…”

He kept talking and talking and was unaware to Amis futile attempt to warn the Human of an incoming obstacle. He tripped.

“Oi!” A deep, cocky voice yelled. “Look where you goin mate!”

Aru Law got up again, prepared to impose his stature on the unassuming passerby that had the nerve to yell at him.

“Or what?” He defied.

As he turned around, his head tilted upwards in order to see a massive, muscular, red skinned and rather finely dressed Zeltron.

“Sage?”

“Law?” They said simultaneously.

“You know him?” Amis questioned the Human.

Her question was unanswered as the Human and the Zeltron quickly got hold of each other. In a quick movement, Sage picked the much smaller Aru and pinned him down, although he seemed to know what to do to get rid of his hold. Aru started disturbing the sand quickly with his feet, causing the Zeltron to back off.

“These are my nice pants man!” He yelled, making sure no sand or dirt was in them.

“Who brings white expensive pants to the beach anyways?” Aru asked as he lunged towards the Zeltron and punched him with his left arm. Sage didn’t move at all.

“Is that all you’ve got?” He mocked.

Amis Jumah, tired of not knowing what was going on, stepped in. “You two, stop it right now!”

The fighting duo looked at the Twi’lek at the same time. Much to her awe, they hugged and fist bumped.

“What a surprise to see you here?” Aru said.

“I could say the same,” Sage added, “What are you doing here?”

“Well, the Boss Lady wanted us all here to go dig some ruins. But we’ve taken the chance to have a little time-off.” The Aedile explained. In fact, he had little to no idea of what they were supposed to be doing there.

“But what are YOU doing here?” The Human asked.

“Well, you know. Businesses to run, things to steal, people to kill. The usual.” The imposing Zeltron took a closer look at Amis Jumah. “What a beautiful specimen accompanies you. Are you not going to introduce us?”

“Right. Sage, this is Amis Jumah, my partner Twi’lek.” Hearing the word partner caused Amis’ cheeks to turn purple, even though she knew that wasn’t the meaning Aru intended to convey to Sage. “And Amis, this is Sage Cormac, an old friend and very much like an older brother to me.”

The Zeltron got on one knee, completely ignoring his nice pants, which he was very fond of, and grabbed Amis right hand. He kissed her, and she blushed even more.

“The pleasure’s all mine,” he said, “to get to know such beautiful woman.”

“Don’t mind him. He says that to every female he finds.” Aru mocked.

“At least now I Know where you get it from.” Amis mused.

“Right, introductions away. Let’s find something to eat! I’m starving.” Aru claimed.

“You’re right on time mate. I’ve got just the place. If you’ll follow me.” He gestured towards Amis and guided her towards the way, always grabbing her hand delicately.