“Could you pass me the spanner?” The Human yelled through muffled cloth that covered the main engine of his YT-2000 Light Freighter.

He didn’t hear a response, much because he was fully focused on repairing what he had caused, but felt a familiar touch sitting on his legs.

“You mean this?” A sweet happy voice handed Aru a spanner.

“Not that one. The bigger one.”

Without looking, he felt Amis move away, but instinctively he grabbed her with his right arm. “Wait!” The Human said, untangling himself from the cloths. His face was covered in oil, but his breath was of alcohol mixed with tabac.

He stared at the Twi’lek for a few seconds, while she smiled, aloof of his next move.

They locked lips, or rather, Aru launched forward and Amis couldn’t react.

Even though she didn’t stop him, she did complain afterwards.

“I didn’t say you could.” She told him, getting up and handing him the correct spanner.

“Didn’t say I can’t either.” The Human mocked, getting back to work. “Besides,” his voice got muffled again, “It’s cold here, I needed some warmth.”

“Hm-hm.” She played. “I’m going to make dinner, you want some?”

“Not until I finish repairing this damned engine.”

“Wasn’t it you who got it malfunctioning?” A certain tone of awe was in her voice.

“Well, if a certain Wookie knew how to write Aurebesh, this wouldn’t have happened?”

“You shouldn’t have made a deal with a mechanic you don’t even know.” She then deepened her voice and jokingly mimicked Aru’s way of speech. “When it comes to starships, never trust someone whose work you haven’t witnessed.”

“Aha, someone seems to be enjoying her time stranded.”

“You’re not?” Amis flirted. “Just the two of us, it’s been a while.”

Suddenly from behind, Aru grabbed her by the waist and lift her up. She screamed, scared.

“When did you?”

The Human had taken the time she got distracted speaking to vanish from her view and sneak behind her.

“Secrets Smal’lek, secrets.”

“Yeah yeah, I know what it was. And don’t call me that!” She angrily said.

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“Fricking Gundark!” Aru yelled. The engine was nowhere near fixed, and now he had cut the wrong wire. “I really gotta stop drinking.” He said while sipping from his glass of whiskey.

“If only.” Amis entered the engine room with a plate on her small blue hands.

“What?” The Human was angry.

“You need a rest.” Amis told him. Her tone wasn’t angry nor very strict. But the way she said it, Aru obeyed. He rolled from below the engine and blinked several times to adjust his eyes.

Inf his front, the beautiful Twi’lek he was so used to have around looked even prettier. And he felt an urge, something calling to him, to grab her and kiss her and never let go. In fact, he went for it.

“Aru!” Amis screeched, struggling to grab the falling Human.

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He opened his eyes. The closed them. His hand was around Amis’ waist. And hers around his shoulders. And they were close. He could feel her breathing. It smelled pleasant. He fell asleep swiftly again.

“Good morning pretty boy.”

“Who’s the pretty boy?” Aru mocked. “I’m the only one around here.”

“It’s you silly.”

“How did I end up here?”

Amis giggled.

“It wasn’t easy.” She said. “Tinker helped.”

“I usually keep my drinks. I don’t know what happened this time.”

“I do! You’ve been over that engine for three days straight now. No food, no rest.” She sniffed him as to emphasize her next sentence. “No bath!”

“Hm, I have an idea.” He smirked.

“What is it now? No more repairing the ship until you’ve eaten!”

“Could you prepare the shower please?” He winked.

Amis paused, then got out of bed. “Sure.” She winked back