“How much can you afford?” the hooded man asked the bartender.

“That’s all we can spare good sir.” He cleaned the sweat of his forehead.

“It’s not enough. We need ten thousand more.”

“Ten thou…!” the bartender choked on his words, “There’s no way we can gather that much.”

The hooded man got up. With a quick sleight of his hand he pulled a blaster pistol and pointed it to the bartender’s face.

“How about now?” He asked.

\*click\*

“How about now?” The man behind him joked.

Aru Law stood behind the hooded man with his blaster *Alana* on his hand, pressed hard against the man’s head.

The man swiveled around his feet and down toa void the blaster’s barrel. But he was met with awe when he saw no one behind him.

“I’m here.” Said Aru, appearing suddenly on his right side.

Without warning, the Gray jedi fired on the man’s foot, causing him to scream in pain. Then Aru grabbed his chin hard and closed in on his face.

“You harass this good establishment again,” he stopped to let his words sink in, “and I will have you killed slowly by a bunch of Shriek-hawks. Now get the frak out of here.”

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“Thank you, Master Law.” The bartender sighed in relief. “Whatever we can do for you, please name it.”

“No need,” he said, “just get me a glass of your best booze and I’ll be on my way.”

“Coming right away Sir!”

As the bartender poured Aru his glass, he couldn’t help but notice, the Human was wearing a police badge.

“I’m sorry to ask Sir, but are you a cop?”

Aru laughed. Then nodded.

“Aren’t you from the same police force of that guy before?”

“I am. But not all cops are bad, if I may say.” The Human drank his beverage in one go.

“For sure for sure. But aren’t you gonna get in trouble later?”

Aru got up and left a handful of credits on the counter. He then made his way towards the door.

“If by later you mean now, then yeah.” He saluted to the air before leaving the establishment.

Outside everything was calm. No one was in the streets. The wind was calm. And the sun was about to set.

“Hi guys!” Aru waved towards five masked figures on the outside.

They were all distanced from each other, forming a semi-circle around the Gray Jedi.

“You’re coming with us.” A distorted voice said. “Do not resist.”

“I know it’s you Higgins. You can cut the act.”

Flustered for having his cover blown, the masked man simply raised his weapon, to which the remaining four mimicked. They all aimed towards Aru. And in a coordinated command, they fired.

A volley of red bolts flew in Law’s direction. However, they all got reflected away from the Human.

“So, this is the type of policing you guys choose to enforce? Fear?” He stepped forward and picked his guns. “Fine by me.”

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The bartender looked outside his establishment with caution, only to find five corpses laying on the floor. There were no signs of Law. But there was a bag filled with credits by one of the corpses.

He took the bag inside and hid it safely from view.