“Where is he!” The Zabraki old woman yelled, showing her fangs to the scared blue Twi’lek.

Yet she wouldn’t say a word. And for that, she got slapped hard.

Amis Jumah was tied to a metallic chair. Her hands were tied in the back with barbed wire, and blood was dripping out her hands. Most of her clothes were in tatters now. She had several cuts all over her face, all of them with blood stains around.

“Shock her.” The lady said.

One of her assistants placed on hand on the chair and released a stream of electricity. Amis’ body stiffened as she grunted with pain.

After it stopped, she panted hard and struggled to breath.

“Feeling more talkative now?” the old lady grinned.

The poor Twi’lek remained silent. Her vision was getting blurred, and she couldn’t keep her thoughts clear.

“She’s passing out. Bring me the whip.”

Two Zabraki assistants picked Amis from the chair and hung her from her wrists. Then, the older lady unfurled her whip. It was dripping with a green slimey liquid. She smiled as she pulled her arm back and whipped Amis’ back hard.

The Twi’lek screamed hard and high in tone. She shed tears of pain with each slash the whip would inflict on her. And the pain would then be greatly increased by the liquid on the whip, which was some sort of acidic mixture.

“Aru…” Amis cried for him.

“Yes! Scream for your man! Call him out!” She whipped her with increased vigor. “Call him!”

“Amis!” There was a scream. Then a flying bolt. Then silence.

A huge red man burst through the stone walls and lunged straight for the two assistants, taking them down with two simultaneous punches.

Then, from behind the old Zabraki torturer, Aru Law came into view from thin air and slashed her in half with his lightsaber.

“You fraking piece of kark!” His eyes were drenched with rage, and the usual chill look on the Gray Jedi was replaced with a serious tone.

With a rapid swipe, he cut through the chains holding Amis up, and then caught her on the way down. He held her carefully in his arms, trying to make her as comfortable as possible.

“Ah mate, there’s more coming down.” Sage Cormac warned his adoptive brother.

“Go crazy on them.” Aru told him. “Spare no one.”

Sage grinned with joy. “Gladly.” He then went outside and wreaked havoc on the oncoming Zabraki women.

Aru felt a soft hand on his face. Amis’ touch felt weak. Yet she was still capable of smiling.

“I’m sorry.” He told her., cleaning some blood of her lips.

“You came,” she whispered, “that’s all that matters.”

“You should have told them what they wanted.”

“And betray you?” Her eyes were once again happy, although still covered in tears. “Sweetness, I love you. I would never betray you.”

“I know,” Law said, “and I admire that in you.” He then kissed her lips. They felt warm, like they always had.