Never Enough Cuffs

Aura Ta'var #10388 (670 words)
Draxion Durk #16277 (640 words)

Sorilis Satellite Station
39 ABY

Aura Ta'var and her old padawan Draxion Durk held on tight as the shuttle zipped towards the landing zone on the Sorilis satellite. They couldn't see the windows but they could feel the pull of the shuttle as the pilot darted left and right to dodge what she assumed was starfighters. She just hoped it wouldn't loop anymore. The first time was not enjoyable. Drax didn't seem to be enjoying it either.

"You know if I was—," the shuttle rocked hard to the right, cutting off his sentence. "IF I was flying this bird, we'd already be there and we wouldn't get sick." The Twi'lek sighed dramatically. "No one listens to me."

"Being a pilot wasn't your job today. Next time, and if I get sick, I'll let you know," replied Aura with a grin.

"Please, you've seen how I handle your ship."

Aura was about to reply but then the thud of a landing and the resulting tussle of momentum silenced her. One moment later the landing bay door opened the pair of Jedi walked out onto what was for the moment a silent dimly lit corridor. The door shut behind them and the shuttle zipped back out to support the rest of its squadron. Aura held up her wrist and activated her comlink.

Team Bravo landed. Headed to objective.

The two Jedi consulted the schematics of the satellite for a moment, using Aura's datapad, and acknowledged their attack plan with a nod. They would be going for the direct approach today. The Zeltron put away the pad and the two Jedi grabbed their lightsabers just in case. They ran down the hall to the lift, which would take them straight to the top of the satellite. They didn't expect it would be easy, of course, but it would be swift.

They had made it halfway to the lift before both them sensed hostiles incoming. Aura in particular was able to get a rough count. The Zeltron nodded and the two rushed forward as one. Aura led in front and used the Force to shape a barrier in front of them. Blaster bolts reflected harmlessly off it, leaving the stray bolts for Draxion to handle. Once they were within a few meters of the nearest grouping of mercenaries, both Jedi reached out with the Force and pushed

outwards as hard as they could. Bodies were flung down the hall, landing unceremoniously in a heap on the ground. Some had gone limp as their fellows accidently shot them.

Taking advantage of the moment, Aura took point and deflected back the shots from mercenaries entrenched by the lift doors. Angry red singes dotted the walls as the troops hid behind their makeshift cover, consisting of moved crates. Meanwhile Drax had already disarmed the existing mercenaries, some no longer had a gun and some no longer had an arm. The screams faded quickly as they were either knocked out or fainted.

"Drax, ready to unleash some lightning? I'll draw them out."

"Hell yes," said Drax, his fingers already sparking with anticipation and focus.

Aura rushed forward with a lightsaber in hand, making the mercenaries panic. They stood up and shot for their lives. The Twi'lek took advantage of the moment, focusing his full attention on a single shot. The mercenaries started to duck from the blow but Aura erected a small barrier where the lightning was passing by, and redirected it into the closest guard. The man screamed out in pain and fell to the floor. The Zeltron took care of the other mercenary with a quick swipe of her saber, the man fell down clutching a stump of a hand. The Jedi stared down those left alive.

"Surrender, now," said Aura succinctly.

The mercenaries still alive assessed their options in a panic and then kicked their weapons away. Aura and Drax cuffed those they could and stashed them in a locked maintenance closet.

Team Bravo captured the initial forces. Arrested and put in the maintenance closet. Moving towards the main target.

Drax smiled softly, "Damn, we've come a long way since I first came into your care at the Praxeum haven't we?"

"Yes my puppy, we have," Aura said proudly.

"Puppy? I am *not* a puppy Aura."

"Oh, semantics."

Drax rolled his eyes, starting to walk away, "I'm walking away from you now."

"Wait up," Aura ran after her former Padawan, "I'm just teasing."

"I don't care, I'm going." Drax chuckled, softly running down the metallic corridor, occasionally trying to sense mercenaries with the Force, more often than not Aura would find them before he did though.

"Alright, so we should be…" he pulled out a small holoprojector and turned it on, displaying a map, "About here? I think? Ugh this layout is blasted confusing." Drax swore softly, "Hang on, yeah, here," he poked a point somewhere near the middle of the map, causing it to zoom in, "Wait no, not there, here," the map switched to another corridor, "Yeah that looks right, and we should be heading towards the data room here," he groaned softly, "It's not, far, but the corridors are laid out all weird, I'd say safest way? Through the vents, but those haven't been mapped out here… Aura, what do you think?"

"I think, if the corridors are better mapped, wouldn't it make more sense to use those?"

"Yeah but-"

"Oh come on, you're always up for a fight aren't you?"

"Yeah, that's true, I just, I'd like to get paid and all," he smirked, "After all, how else am I gonna get food?"

"You… Don't you get room and board at the Praxeum?"

"I mean, yeah, but the food there isn't that great- That's not the point, the point is I wanna hurry up so I can get paid."

Aura rolled her eyes, "So, corridors?"

"Corridors," Drax agreed, defeated, deactivating the map and putting the holodisk back in his pocket, leading the way down a series of passageways to the right, down a large maze of corridors and rooms, muttering obscenities the whole way through, he was antsy, and he wanted to go back home so he could continue his studies, sure he might be a Knight now, but he had so much more he wanted to learn about, recently he had taken up to lessons on how to duel wield his lightsabers.

Sure enough, after about 45 minutes or so of trekking through corridors they wound up at the central communications console, a large circular holoprojector in the middle of a large room surrounded by data discs, "Finally, we're here." His voice echoed throughout the room, causing the lights to turn on and illuminate a group of mercenaries hiding in wait behind a shelf, waiting to ambush them.

Aura tensed up for a minute, turning to Drax before leaping onto him, causing them both to fall to the ground, blaster bolts zipping over their heads.

"Thank you Master," Drax said incredulously, standing up quick as a whip and igniting his lightsaber, deflecting more bolts as they came screaming towards them, giving Aura time to ignite her own weapon.

They made short work of the mercenaries, handcuffing them to the console before Drax turned on the computer, "Alright give me a minute here…" he muttered, pulling out a data disc from his pocket, clearance codes he had been handed in order to gain access to the console.

He pulled the sensitive files and transferred them to the disc, "Okay, so, the Republic isn't gonna like me *much* but I figure, this is the best way to make sure that people don't you know, pull the files? Have it as a hard copy, encrypted of course, I might be planning to sell them their own data, but hey, it's fine isn't it?"

"Drax, put the files back on the computer."

"Ugh fine, you're no fun," Drax quipped.