

"I can't reach the landing pad. Hold on, I'll try something else."

Aru switched to another seat on his E9-Explorer and quickly sliced into the weather station surveillance systems. Tinker, his droid, was handling the landing.

"There's several thugs in hoods waiting for us outside," he said.

"Shouldn't we fly somewhere else?" Sage asked. He had been tasked with taking care of Alana. "Nene doesn't look like she'll wake up anytime soon."

"That's exactly why we must land. She needs immediate medical attention. Tinker! Set us down!"

The R2 unit happily beeped and steered the ship into the landing pad.

Meanwhile, Aru made his way into his bedroom, where he armed himself with his blasters and his newly acquired lightsaber. It was fitted with a Solari crystal, said to flatten the blade of a lightsaber, making it easier to return blaster bolt volleys.

He was about to find out.

As the ramp of his ship slowly opened, the buzzing sound of his now ignited blade illuminated the dark around him. A warm yellow glow of a larger blade was waiting for action.

Five of the hooded figures were waiting on the outside, hiding partially behind crates or fences. They all had their blaster pistols out and ready to fire on the Arconan.

Through the commlink, Aru ordered Sage "After I've dealt with these ones, take Alana with you and run for the medical station. I'll cover for you."

The Zeltron confirmed to be ready to go. And soon enough, the ramp was down.

Without a word, the figures opened fire. Peppering Aru, not caring if they were actually hitting him or not. Amidst all the blaster chaos, he could hear laughs and shouts of faith for Alla'su or Eulauti.

After twenty seconds of nonstop fire, they all stopped. Convinced that Law would already be dead, they waited for the smoke to dissipate. But, to their concern, Law was nowhere to be found.

"Fire everywhere! Eulauti witness me!" one of the figures shouted as it started firing in random directions.

One of the bolts, however, got flung back into its sender, piercing the cultist right in the middle of the head.

From the dark of the night, Aru slowly appeared from thin air, holding a defensive stance with his blade pointing up. He had made sure to position himself between the ship and the cultists.

“Sage, now!”

Right on cue, the towering Zeltron darted out of the ship, with no concern at all for the snow or potential incoming blaster fire. He ran as fast as he could, while carrying Alana carefully on his hands.

“They’re trying to escape!” One of the cultists shouted.

His hand got blasted into oblivion, by an opportunistic Law, who had drawn his blaster like lightning.

“Eyes on me, buddy.”

After a loud shout, the three remaining cultists opened fire yet again on Aru.

The Gray Jedi easily parried all the incoming bolts, sending some back at their origin. It took a few shots, but eventually, the cultists killed themselves by being reckless against a Soresu Master like Aru.

After all the fighting was over, Law too made his way into the medical station.