

"You want me to what?" Howie blurted, a slight hiccup at the tail end of his question. A Trandoshan, Rort, stared him down. "You heard me silly little human. Drink ALL five."

Howlader had gotten himself into another.....situation. Rort had hinted to him that he knew someone that could give him info on traveling to the Muisyle System without being detected by the Children of Mortis.

"Grayblades," Rort had told Howie.

"The Police?! Are you crazy? They're the ones that hunt infiltrators down!"

"I know, that's why it's the perfect plan. They won't suspect it."

"Crazy damn lizard, they'll see right through it," Howie said laughingly at the large Trandoshan.

Before giving him any such information on how to get in with the Grayblades, Rort wanted Howie to drink five shots of something he had acquired near Muisyle. The flask he pulled out was dark, but the liquid that swished around inside was very bright and very green. Like a radiated ooze.

"What's in it? Howie asked.

"I'm not quite sure. The guy said something about blood from a creature with crystals for horns."

"Crystals?"

"That's what he said, I don't know. Trippy stuff though."

Howie was a little distraught, but not one for turning down free drinks, especially those that would lead to information.

"So, I drink this stuff, and I get information. What exactly are you getting out of it?" Howie asked.

"Your ship," Rort answered nonchalantly.

"My ship!? I'm not giving you my ship!" Howie retorted.

"Relax, I'll give it back. I just need it for a spice run. Besides, you won't be able to use it anyway. You'll need other means of transportation."

Howie didn't trust the reptile, but also didn't have too many options left.

"Line 'em up." Howie said bravely.

The sour taste hit him immediately. His face & muscles tightened and a warm fuzzy feeling shot down his entire body. "WOOOO" he yelled, slamming the glass down. The light went dark.....

Howie woke up with Rort towering over him, laughing. "You OK?" Rort asked. Howie had passed out and fallen out of his chair. He was now on the dirty cantina floor.

He could barely get any sound out, just a mumble. "Spit it out," Rort said.

Another incoherent mumble. "Geez, you really can't handle your liquor."

The next noise was a little more clear. Rort leaned in a bit closer as Howie repeated himself one more time. "Moooooore!" Howie moaned.

Rort couldn't believe his human acquaintance. The man had just drank some weird concoction, fell over and probably almost died, and now wanted more. Rort helped him from the floor back into his seat. Howie was a little wobbly, already feeling the effects of the strange alcohol. He wasted no time and once again, let out a "WOOOO" when he took down another green monster.

This time, Howie shot his head up when he woke. He hadn't slumped out of the chair, he merely lost consciousness and tucked his chin into his chest. The feeling was more energetic than sluggish. Quite the opposite of the normal alcoholic stupor that comes with shots. Sure, his motor function was impaired, but he never felt more alive.

"You like it?" Rort asked.

Howie smiled, his head slightly bobbing left & right, "I do indeed."

The next crystalline shot gave Howie a jolt as he popped out of his chair and pumped his hand in the air, "These are the most comfortable clothes I've ever worn!!!"

Basically the entire cantina was looking his way now. Almost everyone had the same opinion - his clothes didn't look all that fancy and they wondered how he was so comfortable.

"Sit down," Rort said. Not wanting to draw attention.

Howie gave Rort a proud look when he sat down. "I didn't pass out!" He said.

"Congrats," Rort told him, sarcastically. "Now finish the other two so we can get out of here."

Howie did not disappoint to put on a good show of the last two, but now the effects of five small crystal shots are embedded in his ability to function. Rort had to carry him out of the cantina. He had thought about dragging him at one point when Howie stuttered dumb lizard.

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Howlader had never felt so groggy in his life. The energy boost from the drinks definitely does not last. It took him a minute to realize where he even was. On a ship. Why was he on a ship? Why wasn't he on his own ship?

His memory cleared after a few minutes of concentration and remembered a big lizard setting autopilot for a rendezvous near the Muisyle System. The work was just getting started for him to infiltrate the Grayblades. He had only hoped they had an endless supply of his new favorite drink.