

Option 2: Behind enemy lines

The lights were flashing between red and the usual. The sirens were going back and forth in tune. Soldiers went one way. Scholars and citizens went the other way.

In the station's cantina, Aru Law, whom had just returned to Clan Arcona, received a distress call, coming from the Voidbreaker's captain, Zig. Amidst his drunkenness, Law had only managed to discern the words "Rum" and "Stolen".

Obviously, that posed a serious crime in his whisky tipsy little head. And therefore, he immediately left.

"All this racket!" he complained. "It's MY Rum. MINE!"

The Qel-Droman made his way to the hangar. It didn't help that his already very wonky way of walking was even more horizontally challenged due to the constant shaking of the station.

Somehow, Aru managed to grab hold of his commlink, hidden in his pants. "This is Law to the Merc. How's things going there?"

There was some static, then a loud boom, and finally a response.

"Aru!" Law recognised Kali's voice in the comms. "Where the kark are you?"

"I'm on my way! Is the ship ready to leave?"

"Sage is fighting outside. I've been trying to cause distractions but now I've come down here to calm the animals down."

"Get the Merc ready to go. We're leaving as soon as we can." The Jedi closed his comms and tried to stumble across the debris and dead bodies.

Gosh kark it. The station's lost... There was no way he would even be able to save a single soul. This wasn't like last time. The Nesolat.

Finally in the hangar area, Aru quickly glimpsed at what could only be described as a feral Rancor fighting a brute. The Rancor was Sage, his brother, who seemed to have lost all reason, and was punching like crazy.

"Sage!" Aru yelled. To no avail. The Zeltron couldn't hear. He was too focused on his opponent. "SAAAAAGE!"

A moment of distraction caused by Law, led to the towering red man being flung across the hangar, against some durasteel crates, denting them hard.

"Kark!" Sage yelled.

The crystallised brute paced slowly in the Zeltron's direction. "Gib... Crystals..." he growled.

“Looking for this?” Aru appeared from behind, lightsaber in hand and ignited it. A long and elongated yellow blade formed, with a loud buzz, and emitting a strange energy. Almost as if his hilt’s crystal was responding to the monstrosity that was between him and his brother.

“Crystal!” the brute yelled. A guttural scream, followed by a hard stomp on the floor.

Aru quickly adopted a sideways stance, blade above his head and off hand pointing forward.

“Come and get it, you son of a Porg.”

The enraged crystal beast darted towards Law. Instead of parrying the foe, Aru rotated on his feet, letting the brute pass. He stumbled on his own feet and brandished his lightsaber back, hitting one of the crystals, which caused a loud boom in response.

However, there was no time to be lost. Kali came back in the comms. “Ship’s ready to leave. Come aboard!”

Aru ran towards the access ramp of the Flamboyant Mercorn, and was met by a limping Sage. “Good to see you’re fine brother!”

They boarded the ship. Sage fell right there on the floor. Aru made his way to the cockpit as quickly as he could.

“Where to?” Kali queried.

“Ol’val. To the Voidbreaker.” Aru said.