

"What the hell is that thing?" The human said after diving for cover. It was obvious that either the rest of the people there didn't have an answer or couldn't hear him over the sounds of blaster fire. The monstrosity was ripping the spaceport into literal pieces as it made its way towards him.

Race was no stranger to fights but this was something beyond anything he had ever seen. The smuggler could barely believe his eyes the first time he caught a glimpse of it. Crystals growing from its back, arms, and legs. It appeared to have once been human but aside from having four appendages it no longer resembled one.

Shooting at it had been a mistake. The blaster bolts were just absorbed by the crystalline skin. The only thing it had done was caught its attention. Something he was deeply regretting now.

Looking around the massive hanger bay he saw no way out without a ship. The hulking monster was planted firmly between him and the door back to the casino. Blaster fire reigned down on the beast but it didn't even flinch as it picked up a twi'lek man and squeezed the life out of him. Once dead the corpse just became another projectile thrown at someone else. The lifeless corpse bouncing off the makeshift barricade with a sort of thud, mixed with breaking of bones.

Race tried to weigh his options but there really weren't any. There were shuttles and even a large pleasure yacht in the hangar bay. But, it would take too much time out in the open to slice the security measures to get one off the ground. Sneaking out was definitely not an option as this thing seemed to be able to see every movement someone made. The only option for survival was to kill the creature. Not that that was a real option only armed with a blaster rifle that so far only mildly irritated the walking crystal.

Suddenly the beast let out a roar. This one was different than before, this was pain. Race carefully peeked up over the durasteel container he was hiding behind and couldn't believe his eyes. In front of the beast stood a line fighter in Mandalorian armor. He wielded a spear the likes of which Race had never seen. The monstrosity had a deep gash pouring what he could only describe as blood on the back of his left leg.

The Mandalorian dodged the infuriated strikes of the beast as he wielded the spear with deft precision. He struck the beast several times each eliciting a cry of pain and blood. Unable to control himself, Race stood transfixed at the scene before him. How can one man stand up to that thing? He thought out loud. People began to rush the exit but Race just couldn't tear himself away from the two fighters before him.

The sound of blaster fire at the door however brought his attention back to reality and soldiers on the outside of the hangar began mowing down the fleeing pilots and workers. The blaster fire must have distracted the Mandalorian as well as the beast caught him with a backhand that sent him flying upwards in the air and crashing into a nearby shuttle. The Mandalorian stirred and shook himself, and staggered to his knees, obviously dazed by the blow. Still this was the first

person that had lasted more than 10 seconds with the beast that was now running towards the downed Mandalorian.

Without even thinking of the possible consequences Race fired a volley of shots into the back of the creature causing it to stop and turn towards him. In a full sprint the beast hurled himself at Race as fast as his wounded leg would carry him. Race fired again and again but it didn't even slow the creature down. Starting to back away, Race tripped and fell over a body laying mangled on the floor. The beast leapt into the air intent on crushing Race under his feet.

It never got the chance as the Mandalorian came flying in from above and lodged his spear into the back of the beast's skull. Propelled by his jetpack the force of the blow caused both of the combatants to fly over Race's head and land in a massive heap just beyond him. As he turned on his stomach to get up Race saw the Mandalorian use his spear to decapitate the beast, then turn toward Race

The Mandalorian was almost as big of a beast as the actual monster was. Tall and wide he stood well above Race as he walked over to him, blaster fire still erupting at the hanger entrance. His armor was covered in blood and his spear as well.

"That was stupid." The man behind the mask stated.

"It worked, it's only stupid if it doesn't work." Came Race's reply.

"Korvis, Clan Vizsla," the huge Mandalorian stated before asking, "Can you get us a ship working? We need to get out of here now."

"If it has engines I can fly it, Korvis Clan Vizsla. I am sure no one will miss the pleasure yacht in the back."