

“Oh god, the hell are they-”

Zacra’s head pulled back just as an sizzling blade of plasma shot past, narrowly missing her. Blinking, she stared incredulously at the other side of the doorway where Zakath was crouched and growling as he held up his BlasTech E-11 blaster rifle.

“Zakath, are they shooting-” She began before Zakath let out another rumbling growl.

“Yez. They’re firing lightsaberz at uz.”

Both of their gazes were drawn to the wall past them which were now speared with several lightsaber hilts sizzling their way slowly into the durasteel and disappearing from view.

“How- why... what kind of a weapon is that?” Zacra stammered as she stared at the wall in disbelief. “That’s gotta to be the most impractical thing I’ve ever seen!”

“I don’t karking know!” Zakath barked as another three lightsabers flew past them and slammed into the wall, the searing plasma instantly burrowing into the durasteel. “All I know iz that once we’re inzide, I am going to kill them all!”

“Oh come on Zakath, they’re Jawas!” Zacra protested teasingly as she popped her head back into the doorway for a quick look. “Would you really kill them for being... well Jawas?”

They could hear loud jabbering from inside the room, and then a loud rumbling. Zakath’s head popped out to look inside, and his eyes widened as he saw Jawas pushing a large ancient looking gun with a trail of lightsaber hilts coming out of the side. A second later, both Zakath and Zacra pulled their heads back as the cannon rumbled to life with a throaty roar. A heartbeat later, the cannon began to spit out activated lightsabers at a rapid pace, filling the air with hot flying plasma.

Zakath only gave the Miralian female a pointed look.

“Fine,” Zacra sighed. “Yeah, those bastards deserve to die. A lightsaber gatling gun, who would’ve thunk it?”

“Apparently them,” Zakath said dryly. “Fortunately, it haz one flaw.”

“Oh? What’s that?”

“You’ll see right...” Zakath’s voice trailed off, and an instant later, the cannon fell silent. “Now. In!”

Both Zakath and Zacra charged in, their blaster rifles barking out bolts of deadly energy, efficiently picking off the scrambling Jawas as they tried to find cover. But it was to little avail however as the aim of the deadly couple accurately picked off the jibberling rats. A minute later, it was all over.

“Can’t fire a lightzaber gun without ammo,” Zakath growled as he walked further into the room, his blaster sweeping for any remaining stragglers. Finding none, he relaxed and took a quick glance back at Zacra. “You alright?”

“Fine hun,” Zacra said as she slung her blaster onto her back. “That what we’re after?”

The Barabel looked in the direction of Zacra’s pointing finger and nodded as he saw the carbonite slab hanging off the wall. “That’z it. Let’z attach the repulsor sled to it and get it out of here.”

“What, we’re not going to thaw him out?” Zacra asked mildly.

“No,” Zakath said flatly. “The ratz haz already made me mad, I don’t need a whining prisoner adding to it. He can tell hiz tale of woe to the Conzul when we deliver him.”

“Eh. Fair enough,” Zacra said as she began to attach the pieces of equipment that made up the repusor sled to the carbonite slab. “He’s been frozen for a while, what’s one mor-”

Zacra broke off as blaster rifle erupted, flinging herself sideways and coming up with her rifle in hand.

“Watch ou- Zakath?”

“What?” Zakath asked as he looked over at Zacra. “Oh. Sorry.”

“What the hell are you doing?”

“Relieving some fruztration,” Zakath said flatly before unloading a whole clip of blaster bolts into the corpse of a Jawa, turning it into nothing more than a charred smear in the floor. “Lightzaber gatling cannon. Karking idiotz.”

“Goddammit, Zakath. We need to work on your temper,” Zacra sighed as she returned the blaster rifle to her back. “Let’s just get the damn prisoner out of here so you can relieve your stress in a more constructive way.”

“Like what?”

“I’m buying a new bed with the paycheck this one will net us.”

A long pause.

“Yeah, I can go for that.”

“Thought so.”