The galaxy wasn’t a safe place, even in the so-called centers of civilization. Kiva knew that very well.

And Nar Shaddaa? Everyone knew it was as far from safe as you could get. This planet-wide city was a bastion of scum and villainy, to the point that it had barely changed at all from here to the 31st century. A thousand years earlier and the cartels and crime syndicates still ruled this place, Kiva wagered that if she were to travel a thousand years more into the past then she’d still find Nar Shaddaa to exist in a perpetual state she could only call ‘crime in progress’.

She adjusted the cloak that covered her bright bodysuit. A red-haired humanoid would not call any attention on the streets, but her gear contrasted a lot with the dark shades and neon lights of Nar Shaddaa’s streets. She walked into an alleyway, passing by the many-tentacled street vendor offering some form of noodles made from something that could not be found on earth. Yet the smell reminded her of the Chinese Coop and Jamie would often get for take-out, so it brought a nostalgic feeling to her.

Her communicator beeped in her ear; she answered the call with a tap of her fingers. *‘Shows about to start. You there?’*

“Gonna be a bit late,” Kiva replied. “Got word of Eclipse meeting in the area for a drop, about to intercept”

Her partner’s reply was frantic. *‘Wait what? Kiva that wasn’t in the plan!’*

“It’s just a few thugs,” Kiva shrugged, “Nothing I can’t handle”

*‘You don’t know that Kiva, they might have enforcers with them. This is why we plan things in advance!’*

“I did plan it, I have the layout of the area along with the time and location” She clicked into her wrist bringing up a holographic display, she was close.

*‘Yeah, without me’*

“You’re busy with the show, this was a productive use of my time” Kiva explained, “Besides, long term it furthers our goal here”

A long-suffering sigh came from the other end. *‘Just be careful, okay?’*

She chuckled, “When am I not?”

*‘Oh boy let me start by the time we-‘*

And with that, Kiva ended the call. She grunted under her breath, oh like her partner was the soul of caution too. Hypocrisy of the highest caliber. “And yet somehow I’m the Coop here…?” She muttered.

The elite soldier reached her destination, one of the millions of dingy and unsafe alleyways in Nar Shaddaa, but this one held something important. Rather than waste time looking for it, she decided to let the Eclipse thugs do it for her. She looked over a few crates haphazardly stacked by the corner and then up to the open window of a rundown abandoned apartment. With great dexterity, she jumped up the crates and darted through the window with a perfect spin. The place was completely deserted, good.

Kiva positioned herself by the window and waited.

She enjoyed this part of the job. The parameters, the planning, the execution. A mission, the hunt. She felt… at ease when she had an objective. It was something she lacked back on Earth, she loved Coop and Jamie, she did, they were her best friends but… idleness did not suit her. Kiva felt she’d go stir crazy if had to sit around living that laissez-faire lifestyle of theirs.

She had to leave, she needed to do something, to keep on fighting in a galaxy she knew was unfair and full of danger. The Glorft were gone, and the future of Earth was secured, but they would not be the only evil to face between now and the next millennia.

Kiva just… felt she needed to do something.

That didn’t mean she didn’t miss them. She idly checked her wrist and brought up the latest message she got from Coop and Jamie, a picture of the two doing the devil horns atop Megas, sticking their tongues out, in the distant background she saw a concert of one of their beloved bands playing. The sight was enough to make her smile.

It would have been a lonely experience, but thank the stars she ended up meeting someone who shared her ideals and values. Someone who wanted to right the wrongs of an unjust galaxy, and live a little on the way.

Her musings were cut off as she heard voices. Quickly she hid behind the corner of the window and looked out, spotting three figures approaching.

“Boss said the drop’s here, right?” A scale-faced gordanian spoke in that rough voice of theirs. He was large and possessed a dense musculature as the rest of his species, Kiva prioritized that one to take down first.

“Right here,” The second one. Orion, green hair and green skin, medium build. She spotted a blaster holstered on his jacket.

The third member of the party shuffled. “You don’t think the boss will mind if I take a sample? Stars, the look of those gals, what I’d love to look like that…” Twi’lek, lithe build, purple-skinned. Honestly, she had all the signs of a rookie.

“Sure, if you want to take a tour through the waste disposal processor” The gordanian grunted with a cruel smirk.

“Eeek” The twi’lek let out a pitiful sound.

“Quiet you two,” The orion ordered as he knelt by the alley’s corner, removing a loose piece of metal from the floor to reveal a hole in the ground.

Kiva’s eyes narrowed as he pulled out a small container, twice the size of his hands.

“Here it is,” The orion said, turning to his companions. “Let’s get out of here”

Kiva leaped into action.

She jumped from the window, twirling in the air before landing feet first on the gordanian’s head. His species was tough, as evidenced by the fact he was stunned instead of instantly knocked out. The twi’lek shouted, and the orion swore.

“What the-?!” The orion fumbled to pull out his blaster, sloppy with the panic he felt at her entrance.

Kiva wasted no time in jumping from the gordanian’s head, letting his body stumbled backward, and slammed her fist directly across the orion’s jaw. He was down for the count an instant.

She landed and reached towards the container, but grunted as something tugged at her coat. The gordanian snapped out of his stunned state, now all he felt aside from the throbbing headache was pure fury. He snarled as his clawed fingers tore through her cloak as he pulled it tightly, ripping the material in the process.

Kiva dexterously slipped out of the cloak, rolling back regaining her balance, crouching on the ground with one hand to the floor. Her wild red locks swayed as she lifted her gaze, determined eyes narrowed at the gordanian who just threw the now useless cloak away and charged at her.

Kiva pulled out a cylindrical object from her waist with her free hand, and with a press of a button, it extended into a metallic staff. Another click and the ends were humming with kinetic energy building up.

The gordanian roared, swiping at her with his large clawed hands. Kiva deftly dodged his strikes, darting around him from side to side, spinning her staff around before landing a solid painful blow to his arm, the energy on the weapon causing more than enough damage to the strong gordanian musculature.

The large scaled alien grunted in pain, yet still tried to take her down, swiping widely and without purpose, other than to cut her to ribbons. But Kiva was faster, far more controlled, and trained, she saw right through his chaotic flailing and delivered precise strike after strike. Taking advantage of every opening and slamming her staff into his exposed weak points.

A swipe at the back of his leg and the gordanian stumbled forward, falling to one knee, leaving him open for one final spinning attack to the underside of his squared jaw, sending him flying away into a bunch of loose crates.

Kiva held her weapon at the last Eclipse thug, who merely let out a panicked ‘yeep!’ and held out her arms. Her panic gave way to fascination as she took in the looks of the woman in front of her. Looking fascinated by Kiva’s bright red hair, and the various tightly-packed and well-shaped muscles displayed by the form-fitting suit. Her cheeks blushed dark purple at the sight of those sizeable biceps and forearms coiling from the grip on her staff.

Kiva just stared at the young girl with a growing sense of pity. No fighting instincts, no weapons, no training. Just a dumb kid who joined with the wrong crowd.

“Go home, kid,” The redhead said, collapsing her weapon and pulling it away. “And rethink your life”

“Y-Yes!” The twi’lek stammered, slowly backing away before running off.

Kiva sighed, hopefully she’d take her advice. In moments like this, she wished she had her partner’s ‘magic hand’.

Stepping over the unconscious orion, Kiva reached into his jacket and pulled out the container. Opening it, she stared inside and grinned. To quote Coop; “Jackpot”

She pocked it inside a pouch on her belt and went on her way. She still had time to make it to Ahsoka’s show.