

Character:

Bartender/Bouncer: BE-37

Brief description:

KX-series security droid model. Loves to write droid erotica.

—

Aboard the ISD II Hammer...

*You walk through the large, cold, lifeless durasteel sliding door. When the hiss of stale, recycled air hits your face you start to wonder why you ever took this job to begin with. It's clear your robust physique was a factor in your hiring, but you long to be more than just a piece of eye-candy for gawking admirers. However, when you see the new busty hospitality droid walking by, you slyly calibrate yourself for the occasion; this definitely isn't going to be a typical Monday.*

"Beet, this is garbage. It reads like dirty fanfic for droids." Lieutenant Commander Xye said, looking up from the data pad the droid had given him for review.

"Well, it is." BE-37 said.

"Ok, well, your droid erotica is garbage, and so is writing in the second person."

"I'll take your feedback in to consideration, Lieutenant Commander Xye," BE said, the servos in his arm spinning up.

"Turn down passive aggression by 45%." Xye said.

"That's not how that works, sir."

"Well, this also isn't how my drink order works. You're a lousy bartender and writer, BE." Xye dropped the datapad menu turned droid novella on the bar.

"Oh. Sorry. I'll go find that," the droid said, walking away toward the refresher.

-

"Stupid! Stupid droid. Why can't you ever get anything right?" BE said, glaring at himself in the mirror.

"Excuse me," someone said, trying to squeeze in behind BE.

"Greetings, Major Genie. Are you inquiring about this bag of spice on the sink?"

"Um. No. Never mind. I'll be going." Major Genie said, leaving, probably without flushing.

"Excellent. Have a wonderful day, sir." BE then filled a glass with refreshing recycled water and inspected the glass for contaminants.

He then walked back to the bar with the cup in his three-clawed hand.

—

"Wow, thanks BE. The old refresher special again?" Xye asked.

"It merely adds some tang to the beets, sir." BE said, his photoreceptors scanning for literally anyone else to talk to. Captain Bai'et is sitting at the end of the bar, alone. Like usual, not really in a sad way just in a way that kind of make you think.

"Greetings, Captain Bai'et!" BE said.

"Here, I had BE make you his special." Xye said, sliding the glass down the bar.

"Thanks! You know how much I love to shotgun entire glasses of lightly fermented beet juice!" Captain Bai'et said, then did exactly that.

"BE, will you ever learn?" Xye asked.

"Learn what, sir?"

Captain Bai'et suddenly stumbles off his stool and runs for the refresher.

"Fool me once, BE. Fool me once."

—

"Admiral, the effects of my BE-37 special have only been rumored to have mild hallucinogenic properties at best; the reports of feeling the durasteel walls breathing around you while under the effects of my BE special can't be proven."

BE said, looking at itself in the mirror of the refresher again. "Ok. You can do this, BE. They'll buy it this time. You're not going to get a memory wipe." BE walked out of the refresher and back to the bar, where a technician in a completely regulation mustache sits. Captain Bai'et is still at the bar, now talking to an artificial plant about the nature of the universe.

"Well, time for your memory wipe!" The tech said as he switched BE off.

—

"Can it all be saved?"

"Yes sir, I believe most of it can be. Some may just be partial however, I'm afraid that—"

"Forget that! I'll take what I can get."

BE's photoreceptors flickered on briefly, just long enough to see the image of Major Genie go by. BE felt his entire catalogue of droid erotica being uploaded to the Commander's personal terminal as he faded away in to his regulation bartending program.

—

"Greetings, Lieutenant Commander Xye! Here's the drink data pad, but first if you wouldn't mind reading over here..."