

星球大战第二章(2) PDF转换可能丢失图片或格式，建议阅读原文

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sat sprawled in a chair behind the station's unkempt control desk. Sunscreen oil had kept his skin from burning. The skin of the girl on his lap had been equally protected, and there was a great deal more of the protected area in view. Somehow even dried sweat looked good on her. "Hey, everybody!" Luke yelled again, having elicited something less than an overwhelming response with his first cry. He ran toward the instrument room at the rear of the station while the mechanic, half asleep, ran a hand across his face and mumbled, "Did I hear a young noise blast through here?" The girl on his lap stretched sensuously, her well-worn clothing tugging in various intriguing directions. Her voice was casually throaty. "Oh," she yawned, "that was just Wormie on one of his rampages." Deak and Windy looked up from the computer-assisted pool game as Luke burst into the room. They were dressed much like Luke, although their clothing was of better fit and somewhat less exercised. All three youths contrasted strikingly with the burly handsome player at the far side of the table. From neatly clipped hair to his precision-cut uniform he stood out in the room like an Oriental poppy in a sea of oats. Behind the three humans a soft hum came from where a repair robot was working patiently on a broken piece of station equipment. "Shape it up, you guys," Luke yelled excitedly. Then he noticed the older man in the uniform. The subject of his suddenly startled gaze recognized him simultaneously. "Biggs!" The man's face twisted in a half grin. "Hello, Luke." Then they were embracing each other warmly. Luke finally stood away, openly admiring the other's uniform. "I didn't know you were back. When did you get in?" 100Test 下载频道开通

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