Where did BB-8 come from?

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Summary: R2-D2 encounters a strange orange droid during his travels. Little does he know what this small round droid is capable of. *Chapter 1*: Where did BB-8 come from?

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Master Luke was gone. Not only was he gone, but he had the nerve to ask R2-D2 to deliberately maroon him somewhere, and then delete that portion of the map from R2's memory. Angry didn't even begin to describe how R2 felt about this turn of events. He flew the empty X-wing through an unfamiliar sector of the galaxy, right at the edge of the now blank space in his memory. The rendezvous point where he was to meet his comrades was a total of seven hyperspace jumps away. He entered the coordinates as indignantly as a droid operating a ship by wire possibly could and triggered the first jump.

Not one minute into hyperspace, all manner of alarms started going off. R2 cursed out loud at no one in particular. The appropriate emergency manoeuvre was to forcibly exit hyperspace, and R2 did just that. He quickly scanned his surroundings. They were utterly unfamiliar, but the source of his problems was clear as day: a debris field of crystalline shards. While the shards themselves didn't look terribly unusual, R2 found nothing in his data banks that matched their composition. Even more strange was the presence of a completely unfamiliar particle type.

As R2 plotted a new course that would take him out of this area, a proximity alarm sounded. What now? R2 prepared to activate the shields, but then noticed that the craft approaching him was nothing more than a very primitive looking transport pod. The pod hailed him on an unfamiliar frequency and in an unfamiliar language. For once, C-3PO might have been useful. R2 responded as best as he could, but only received silence in return.

He was about to give up and move on, when the floating crystalline shards suddenly sprang to life and launched themselves directly at the X-wing. R2 panicked and put up the shields. Obliteration seemed seconds away. However, rather than attack, the shards encircled both the X-wing and the transport pod, and before R2's sensors, reconfigured themselves into what closely resembled a docking bay. Air rushed in from newly constructed vents until the pressure stabilised to something suitable for most organisms.

"Bwoop," R2 said to himself after he realised he had absolutely no idea what to do.

The pod opened. Out of the pod floated an orange ball. On closer inspection, this ball had flashing red eyes, and also arms and legs that poked out from various flaps, and was in fact a small droid. It circled the X-wing. One didn't need to be fluent in six billion forms of communication to understand the universal body language of "you are being scanned".

After completing its little circumnavigation, the orange ball droid floated directly towards R2, stopping right in front of him. Its eyes flashed red.

"I'M HARO. I'M HARO. WHO ARE YOU? WHO ARE YOU?"

Remarkably, R2 understood this and responded with a series of beeps and clicks to identify himself.

"DON'T UNDERSTAND YOU. DON'T UNDERSTAND YOU."

R2 stared at Haro in stunned silence. This never happened to him before. Everyone knew Binary. Even humans could understand it if they bothered to learn.

"DO YOU HAVE A DATA PORT? DO YOU HAVE A DATA PORT?"

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This little guy got straight to the point. Usually R2 was the forward one when it came to these sorts of things. After all, he wouldn't be where he was today if he wasn't capable of sweet-talking a mainframe. Meanwhile, Haro seemed to want to get right down to business. R2 supposed that a physical connection was all one could hope for with a completely foreign partner who couldn't speak one's language.

R2 let out a sarcastically sultry beep and opened up one of his panels. Haro immediately extended what could only be described as a tongue and began probing around R2's data connector. They both fumbled with different connector configurations until they jury-rigged something that worked. It immediately became obvious that their data types were completely incompatible. Thankfully, R2 was very practised at this kind of thing and pumped down the most basic communication code he had through Haro's data cable.

Haro quickly figured it out, and after a very minimal introduction, started bombarding R2 with requests for any information he had. Where was R2 from? Where was he going? What was the propulsion system in R2's ship? Where was the pilot? Even R2 had standards regarding what sort of information he would share with whom, and wasn't about to break them just for a cute droid. Or so he thought.

Haro was rather persistent. Another tongue extended from within and proceeded to probe every nook and cranny that R2 had. It tickled his circuits. He even tolerated Haro's venture into his exhaust port, which would normally be met with an angry whir and an electrical shock directed at the perpetrator. Not this time, though. Somehow, what Haro was doing felt nice, and what was life without a little adventure?

"R2 WANTS MORE? R2 WANTS MORE?"

Without really considering the ramifications of what Haro was asking, R2 beeped in the affirmative. To his surprise, Haro's versatile appendage rapidly extended in length. It was as if Haro had an endless spool of flexible prehensile cable within that tiny orange body. R2 observed in awe as all of it slowly disappeared within him, stimulating internal circuits that he didn't even know he had. Faster than R2 would like to admit, his circuits were overwhelmed, and he let out a string of expletives as he reached a crescendo.

As R2's excited circuits gradually settled and Haro withdrew all of his protrusions until he was once again a smooth ball, R2 realised that during this little tryst, Haro had completely scanned R2's data banks. R2 was about to protest, but Haro's eyes flashed, and he said "HARO. KEEPS YOUR SECRET. HARO. KEEPS YOUR SECRET."

Too placated by the immediate events, R2 didn't have the energy nor will to put up a fight. Instead, he just sat quietly while Haro nuzzled him.

"HARO. LEFT A PRESENT. HARO. LEFT A PRESENT."

R2 beeped in surprise, asking what it was.

"YOU'LL SEE. YOU'LL SEE."