Gang Warfare

 Malfrost could hear the blasters and screams as he rushed down the street, his HK unit doing its best to keep up with him as the young man as running with all the power the Force could grant him. He had heard from one of lieutenants in his family that some of local enforcers as bumped into Black Sun at the bar and that a shouting match had rapidly degenerated into a fist fight which by this point had spilled out into the streets into a full-on skirmish. Malfrost knew the longer the fight dragged on the more innocent people would be dragged into the crossfire and the more Black Sun forces would show up. His family did not have the manpower to compete with the much larger crime syndicate at the moment, so his only option was to in the fight quickly and with brutal efficiency.

 As he neared the bar, he could see some of his men taking cover behind anything they could find: trash cans, street lights, dumpsters and hovercraft were all used to shield themselves from the blaster bolts of the more numerous Black Sun enforcers, many of whom were moving out in the open with cover fire from their comrades to try and force the Xeon family members out of cover. Malfrost did not hesitate.

 He jumped high into the air, undoing his cloak so his golden Sith armor could shine in the electric glow of neon and the streetlights as he ignited his two lightsabers, currently in the form of a saberstaff due to their maglocks being on. He landed between two Black Sun enforcers and before they could blink, they were bisected, their upper halves falling to the ground and their legs remained upright for a few moments. It took a moment for the other enforcers to realize what was happening but all of them could hear the hum of the lightsabers, the sound of death incarnate.

 There was a man in front of Malfrost, a Quarren that look perplexed at the fact that two of his comrades has just be cut clean in two but as he moved to try and level his blaster pistol at young man in front of him he would find a purple blade of pure energy plunged though his chest as Malfrost as driven one end of his saberstaff clear through the man. The man looked down and blink and the last thing he saw was a smirk on the Human’s face before his body was kicked away.

 By now all the remaining enforcers had realized what was going on and they quickly trained their pistols and rifles at the golden clad warrior and fired away. Malfrost was quick to react as he disengaged the maglocks and now his saberstaff was a saber in each hand and he used them reflect their fire back at them with seemingly no effort on his part. Some of the enforcers managed to take cover to avoid the parried bolts but those in the open were not so long as they were all hit squarely in the chest and dropped to the ground.

 Malfrost covered the distance between him and the remaining enforcers in the blink of an eye; four of them taking cover behind a nearby wall. As he appeared before them like a golden shimmer, they all screamed and tried to either flee or shoot the specter in front of them, but it was too late. Two men had their heads lopped off with effortless slashes of his sabers, while one had a blaster bolt directed straight back at him a moment later. The last enforcer attempted to flee but was much too slow; Malfrost jumped up and ran along the wall of the alley above the man before descending on him from above and with two clean cuts from his saber the man had lost both of his arms and fell to the ground screaming.

 With that done, Malfrost let out a sigh and let the Force leave his body as he felt the fatigue of pushing himself starting to settle in. He turned off his lightsaber and bucked them to his waist but as he did, a Black Sun member walked out of the bar. It took him a moment to process the scene in front of him but once he did he leveled the barrel of his blaster pistol at Malfrost at near point blank range. An explosion rang out and the man in front of Malfrost’s collapse to the ground wordless, a bullet hole right between his eyes. As the corpse collapsed before him, a few meters away stood HK-47, the barrel of his slugthrower smoking slightly as the droid twirled the gun around his finger and holstered it.

“Statement: We call that delivering justice lawman style around these parts.” It proclaimed proudly as Malfrost chuckled and shrugged before moving towards his men to see if any of them were injured. This little fight would without a doubt be reported to higher ups at the Black Sun and now…maybe the local bosses would think twice before trying to muscle in on Xeon family turf.