Shocking Development

OP Furios Morega

*Hyperdyne Industries Kitchen*

*Lethra City, Cadinth*

*38 ABY*

The storage room smelled like some kind of industrial strength cleaner with an underlying hint of old grease and sweat. The shelves were cluttered with dishware, pots, pans, and an assortment of other kitchenware items. Some had a thick layer of dust coating them and others were still a little wet from being washed that morning. Several appliances were littered between the slew of other items including a toaster and a blender. In one corner, a cook’s uniform hung on a wall peg from a hanger along with a couple of aprons on adjacent pegs. Furios sighed at the poorly organized scene. He pulled the hanger from the wall and held the outfit up to his long, thin body. The pants were a good foot too short and the sleeves of the jacket only reached halfway down his forearms. The only redeemable measurement was that the chest size was useable thanks to an extra tail length for tucking. The Epicanthix slipped it on and rolled up the sleeves the short distance to his elbows. The bottom of the top only barely reached his belt so he grabbed an apron off the wall, put it on over his head and tied it together in the back. Picking up the pants, he noticed an extra weight to them and checked the pockets. Inside the right one was a small, personal blaster. He snickered just a bit. Apparently cooks need some kind of defense in such a secure building. Checking the weapon, Furios frowned. *Maybe they don’t need it. The trigger is broken.* He set the weapon and pants on the counter next to the remaining aprons.

Satisfied with his disguise should anyone walk in and discover him, Furios opened up the large Durasteel fridge. The only thing inside was half a pot of stew. Next he yanked open the equally large metal freezer next to it. All that it contained was a box of frozen steaks. Neither were particularly useful items for the situation. He could hear people chatting in the dining area, including his four targets. He had to kill them somehow. Quickly and quietly would be preferred or at least in a manner that won’t link it to a Force-user. He considered the possibilities and finally came to a conclusion, electrocution. As trained investigators, if anything were to happen they'd come running to find out what’s going on. *So all I need is a distraction, water, and some electricity.*

First and foremost was the electricity. The Obelisk scanned the shelves and found a toaster to set aside. Next was the water. He walked back to the corner, grabbed the pants, stuffed one of the legs it into the drain on the right basin, and ran water over it. The water level rose very slowly. Too much of it was going through the fabric. Furios sighed again and twisted the knob shut. He looked around for something better to plug it up with but nothing really seemed to be able to do the trick. He would have to improvise. He noticed the Bespin 3000 Flash Freezer and an idea formed in his mind. Grabbing the blaster off the counter by the corner, the Equite popped off the power cell and pulled out the small tibanna cartridge. He placed it in the Bespin 300 and activated it. He opened the steaming container door and with a couple of pot holders picked up the cartridge, now filled with liquid tibanna. He turned to the refrigerator and took out the pot of stew with his other hand. Furios walked over to the sinks and placed the stew on the counter. He popped the vacuum sealed cap off the tibanna cartridge and set the vapor-spewing liquid on the counter. Using the lid as a sieve, he poured a large quantity of cooled grease off the top of the stew into the drain with the pants leg. He immediately chased this with the liquid tibanna. The grease froze in the pant-leg fabric instantly, creating a solid clog in the drain. He ran cold water on it and the level rose much faster. Now it was time to make the distraction.

The Plagueian pulled open the freezer again and tore open the box of steaks. Grabbing several of the fattiest ones, he put them in the free sink, ran hot water over them, and proceeded to tear the fat from the meat. Satisfied with the small pile of bad nutrition, the Prelate tossed them in a nearby pan, turned on the gas stove to the highest setting, and began heating it up. Moments later, the fat began pooling into grease. At the same time, water was starting to pool up and spread along the floors between him and kitchen doors. Furios quickly grabbed the toaster, set it to on, and placed it in the water with its cord pulled up near an outlet on the counter. He took a few sloshy steps to the kitchen door and peered through the round windows. The investigators were still there, chatting, lazy bums.

The Aedile splashed back over to the stove, picked up the grease, and walked back to the toaster, perching himself on the counter, out of all the water. Furios Morega splashed the grease across the expanse of kitchen. When the flames plumed up to lick the ceiling, causing a loud whoosh of burning noise, he feigned a yell of surprise and knocked the empty pan onto the ground, making a loud clang. “What the heck was that?!” he heard one of the four yell, followed by the approaching pounding of four sets of feet. He held the end of the power cord next to the outlet and waited.