

Mako Henymory  
Pin 7640

## **Florum**

### **Ohnaka Gang Hideout**

Seer Mako Henymory crouched near the edge of a cliff face overlooking the Ohnaka gang's main hideout. Behind him Mystic Antar Locke sat fiddling with the scope of his favorite Verpine sniper rifle. The Quaestor's former apprentice had recently found his way back to the Krath. The younger man's presence brought a sense of nostalgia to Henymory. A bit behind Antar sat the Quaestor's usual companion, Lilly. The former Arconan Fade absentmindedly adjusted the fit of her Mandalorian armor as she waited impatiently for the raid to begin.

An hour ago the Sentinel Network had informed Odan-Urr that their Consul had been captured by the Ohnaka gang as was being held for ransom to the highest bidder. Also that Clan Plagueis had assembled a recovery team to claim A'lora free of charge. The preparations had been rushed and Antar had been the only combat ready asset outside of the Quaestor available. Turel had promised the two that reinforcements would be assembled and sent their way to assist in the recovery operation once they became available. In the meantime Mako and Antar would conduct a daring plan: using the Plagueis assault on the Ohnaka gang as a distraction they would covertly make entry into the hideout and sneak their Consul out under both parties collective noses.

"Just like old times," Antar said as a smug grin spread across the sniper's face.

"Indeed, it brings many memories to mind for me as well."

"How long until we move?"

"The Plagueis transport is about to touch down; we move now," the older human spoke slowly before leaping off the cliff.

"Yea, just like old times," Antar muttered as he followed his master's lead.

On the ground below, the two grey Jedi waited as Lilly free fell toward them. Tapping into the Force, Henymory slowed the young woman's descent, allowing her to land unharmed. The voices of the Plagueis acquisition force could be heard in the distance as they engaged the Ohnaka gang with their demands. The trio from Odan-Urr moved quickly through the terrain making their way toward a back entrance. The three had completed plenty of similar operations together during their time in Arcona. Each knew how the others would react to changing situations, rendering the exchange of words unnecessary.

Their enemies were playing their part beautifully and the small team had reached the back door as hostilities between the other groups began to escalate. The first shot rang out, whether it was the Plagueis force or the gangsters that fired first mattered not to the three. Antar reached into the Force and ripped the door out of the exterior wall. The two guards, distracted by the sound of blaster fire from the main entrance, made for easy marks for Henymory. It was over in a second, the trio slipping by the decapitated gangsters without a second thought. The interior of the hideout was almost maze-like in its complexity - though to the two Force users, A'lora's unique presence acted like a homing beacon, leading them to her location as a missile to a locked target.

Outside the Consul's cell the posted guards slouched over as Antar's rifle silently took their lives. The two men half slid, half pressed themselves against the wall beside the bodies, as Lilly went to work on the control panel. In a few moments the hiss of disengaging locks and ray shielding powering off signaled the Quaestor. Rushing forward Mako caught his Consul as she fell from the suspension cuffs.

"Henymory, figures he would send you and your pet assassin," the Togruta mumbled. Her ordeal at the hands of the gangsters left her too weak and tired to protest to Mako carrying her over his shoulder as one would a bag of food.

"I'm not his pet," Antar replied, his rifle discharging once more. The silent shot dropping a gangster retreating in fear from the Plagueis forces.

"Our time is up, move," the Quaestor ordered as he ran behind the other two. Locke's rifle quietly dropped those unfortunate enough to cross the trio's exfil path.

Once more outside the gangster's hideout, the trio disappeared into the maze of cliffs and narrow gorges. The rage of the Plagueis commander at winning the skirmish but losing the prize could be felt by the two Jedi as they made their escape into the oncoming night.